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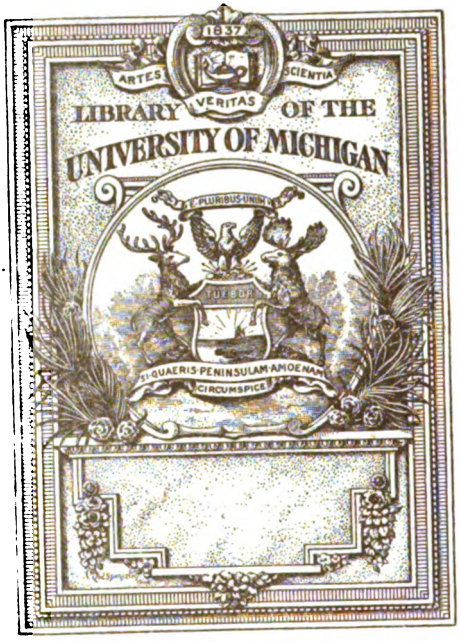
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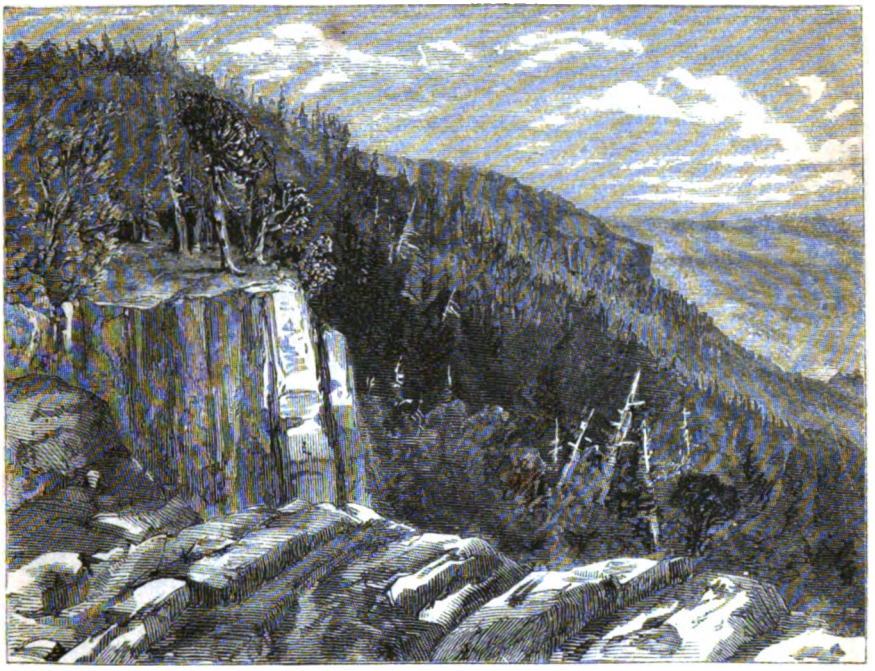
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXVII.—JUNE, 1868.—Vol. XXXVII.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, AND HOW WE WON IT.



SIGNAL ROCK, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN is properly a continuation of the range of mountains which, beginning in Pennsylvania, extends in a southwesterly direction through Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama; and which is known in the east as the Alleghanies, in the west as the Cumberland, and in the south as Lookout Mountain. The range would be an unbroken chain from the Susquehanna to the Coosa, from the iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania to the gold region of Georgia, if it were not for the existence of the Tennessee River. But the Tennessee River is a geographical inconsistency. It rises in one range of mountains to immediately force its way through another; it has a general direction and runs for many miles to the south, then runs as many to the west, and then again twice as many due north; it waters seven States, and floats the commerce of none; it flows through three large and distinct and separate valleys, but refuses to flow placidly through either. Running from Virginia through East Tennessee in a southwesterly direction is a great valley forty or fifty miles wide, and which, as far south as Chattanooga, is watered principally by this Tennessee River. But at Chattanooga the valley makes a sharp angle and runs due south, widening at Rome and running to the Gulf of Mexico. Naturally it would seem that the Tennessee River should flow through this valley into the Gulf; but at Chattanooga it encounters several isolated peaks which obstruct its way, and finally, running up against the highest and most abrupt of them all, it is rudely turned from its apparently natural course, and, as if abashed and confused by its repulse by the mountain, creeps through a narrow gap at its feet, and runs a

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GENERAL HOOKER, THE HERO OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

very undignified, zigzag course through the neighboring hills. Unable for a long time to regain the composure it had enjoyed in its valley beyond, it performs among these hills many queer antics, such as those called by the natives "sucks," "boiling pots," "shoals," etc., and does not again settle down into a composed and quiet stream until it has found at Florence, Alabama, another valley route northward. And even then so confirmed has it become in irresolution that for hundreds of miles it coquets with the Cumberland, running for the most of the way arm in arm with that more dignified stream; and finally, instead of joining its waters with those of that stream, with the same fickleness of character which induced it to leave its beautiful valley route to the Gulf, it rushes off into the arms of the strong and lusty Ohio, which bears it westward to the Mississippi, into which absorbed it finally reaches the Gulf, with not a particle of its purity or its blueness left it.

The high and abrupt barrier which is chiefly instrumental in turning the beautiful stream, which is, by-the-way, hardly less picturesque than the Hudson, is the Lookout Mountain which we began by alluding to. I have called the point of the mountain at Chattanooga an isolated peak, but Lookout Mountain properly is an extensive range extending from Chat-

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HOOKER'S POSITION IN LOOKOUT VALLEY.

tanooga to Gadsden, a distance of fifty miles; but as it is only with the peak near Chattanooga that we have to do, as that which our soldiers won, any description of the long, narrow, high wall of limestone — the sharp, hogback-shaped ridge which goes by the same name—is needless.

The United States troops first got possession of Lookout Mountain on September 9, 1863; but taking only time to give it a passing glance, they pushed on in pursuit of Bragg. They reached the Chickamauga; and here, finding that Bragg was not running away as rapidly as they supposed, their attention was seriously drawn to that spot and that personage, so that they now had neither time nor disposition to examine Lookout Mountain. Subsequently, during the siege of Chattanooga, their attention was retained by other more important if less interesting or agreeable objects. If they turned toward Lookout then, it was only to see the puff of white smoke from the hostile cannons' throats on its summit; so that it may be said that, before the famous assault, they had hardly looked at the mountain which they had once captured without a shot and relinquished without an effort. At any rate, it was not until late in October, 1863, when "Fighting Joe Hooker," coming to the rescue of the beleagured garrison in Chattanooga, had captured three small hills in Lookout Valley, which commanded the route of supplies and saved the garrison from starving (as Thomas had threatened they should before relinquishing the stronghold), that the commanders and troops began to regard Lookout with critical or covetous eyes. Fortunately for their purpose (and our own) the best position from which to examine it, either with an artistic or a military eye, is from the very positions in the valley which Hooker captured; and here, for nearly a month, he daily studied its peculiar conformation, the ambition to assault it being doubtless the father to his thoughts and the prompter to his close observance.

Hooker's position was near the point—Rosecrans, in his report, called it the "nose"—of the mountain, where it begins (or ends, as you choose) at the Tennessee, and immediately in the shadow of the frown—the look of defiance—which ever appears on the brow of the mountain. Here, where the mountain abruptly rises to a height of fourteen hundred feet above the river, it is not more than four hundred

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THE "PALISADES" OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

yards in width at its base, from Lookout Creek on the west to Chattanooga Creek on the east, and less than eighty yards in width on the summit. From the streams which bound it on the east and west the mountain rises abruptly for eight hundred feet, rough, gray limestone rocks cropping out from the thin soil of reddish clay, apparently almost washed away by the frequent rains of ages. At this height there is a singular change in grade of the mountain's slope. It suddenly becomes almost level, and there is a wide ledge, or "bench," a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet in width, which extends for miles on both sides of the mountain, and, although very much obstructed by huge rocks which have fallen from the mountain-sides above, is naturally a nearly level, greensward, made rich in soil by the washings of the mountain above. It is a good road, over which the pedestrian has no difficulty in passing, and which, but for the obstructions of the fallen rocks, would be practicable for wagons and artillery. The road across the nose of the mountain follows this ledge for some distance. The grade of the railroad is far below it, and, almost on a level with the river at high water, is cut through the solid limestone at the base of the mountain.

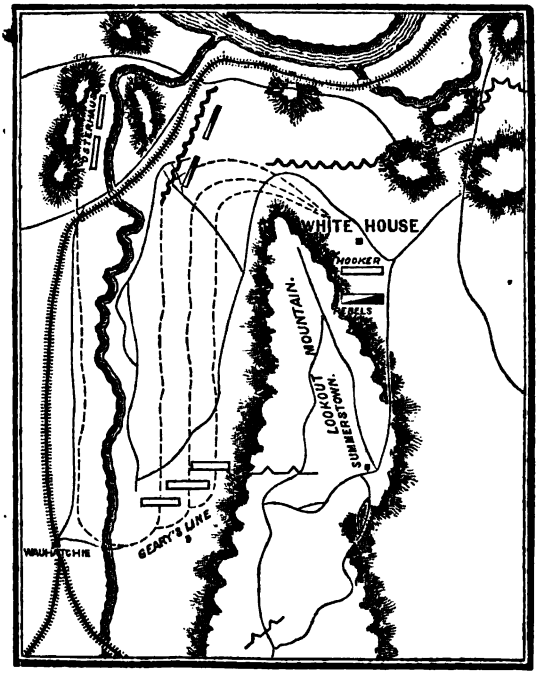
From this ledge or "bench," ascending, the slope of the mountain again becomes abrupt, more so than that of the part below this "halfway resting-point." Five or six hundred feet of this difficult grade, characterized by the same outcropping rocks noticeable nearer the base, brings the mountaineer to the foot of the "Palisades" which crown the summit—a ridge of dark, cold, gray rocks, bare even of moss, which rise to the height of fifty or sixty feet, overhanging, arch-like, the beholder who looks up at them from their base; and which, seen from the valley, have the appearance of a crown encircling a human brow, for the profile of the mountain at the Tennessee is not unlike the

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upper half of the human face. Early risers in Hooker's camp used frequently to discover, hanging about this head, a light cloud of mist, which would gradually rise as the day grew brighter and warmer; and when the rising sun's rays were reflected on the gray rocks, and the cloud of mist floated above the "Palisades" like streaming locks of white hair, it required but little of the poetical imagination to discover the resemblance to a gilded crown on an old man's brow. If there was any thing in the configuration of the mountain to dispel this joint illusion of the eye and imagination it was the fact that the "head" was "too long" (no matter how venerable-looking), for the Palisades which formed the brow, the ledge or bench which resembled the bridge of the nose, and the peculiar slope which was the nose itself, extended in the same manner and shape many miles southward; and as far as the eye could reach the gray rocks of the "Palisades," crowning the mountain as if intended to be a natural barrier to its summit, were seen forever frowning with angry scorn on the peaceful valleys on either side, which had so ignominiously surrendered themselves to the invading hosts.

But pride must ever have a fall, and Lookout was soon humbled. It is fortunate that the way in which Hooker scaled the mountain has been well preserved in painting and in print, or posterity, looking on the battle-field, would be certain to doubt the story as a legend—one of the many fables of history—or else conclude that Hooker and his men were giants, to have hurled an enemy from such a position. The "battle above the clouds," as Hooker's assault of Lookout was happily called by General Montgomery Meigs, was one of the most remarkable tactical operations ever accomplished. The title given it by General Meigs is a decidedly poetical one, but has fully as much truth as poetry in it; not only did Hooker fight above the clouds, but he manufactured the clouds in order that he might fight above them. During the night before the engagement (November 24, 1863) a slight, misty rain had fallen, and when the sun rose next morning, cold and dull, the fog hung heavily over the river, and drifting slowly southward, enveloped the mountain and admirably served as a convenient mask to Hooker's movements. As the day advanced, however, the fog began to lift, and was fast disappearing when the heat of battle was reached. Then the smoke of musketry and artillery mingling with the mist, the clouds grew heavy again, and settled down close upon the mountain, so that at one time they hid the contending forces from the view of those in the valley; and thus Hooker literally fought the bold and adventurous battle of Lookout Mountain above clouds of his own manufacture.

The plan of the battle was unique, original, and daring. A small force under General Peter B. Osterhaus was ordered to make a feint upon the enemy's rifle-pits at the point and near the western base of the mountain, while the commands of Generals Geary, Crufts, and Whittaker moved up Lookout Valley until they were a mile in rear of the enemy's position; these troops then ascended the side of the ridge until the head of the column reached the Palisades, and formed in line of battle at right angles with them, the whole facing to the north. The centre of this line ran across the level sward or "bench" of the mountain, and could move with little difficulty. Having thus formed, the right brigades somewhat advanced, they were ordered to move rapidly northward; and while Osterhaus made a sharp attack as a feint on the works directly in his front, Geary and the others appeared in the rear of the rebel line, and between their first and second line of defenses. Surprised at being thus taken in flank and rear, the rebels precipitantly abandoned their works and fled around the "nose" to the other side of the mountain, but were so nearly cut off and so closely pursued that they lost thirteen hundred prisoners and small-arms, and several pieces of artillery. Hooker pushed forward in pursuit, and still hugging the base of the "Palisades" with his right, swung his left and centre around the ridge of the "nose" of the mountain, and with his command moving southward instead of northward, attacked the rebel works



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

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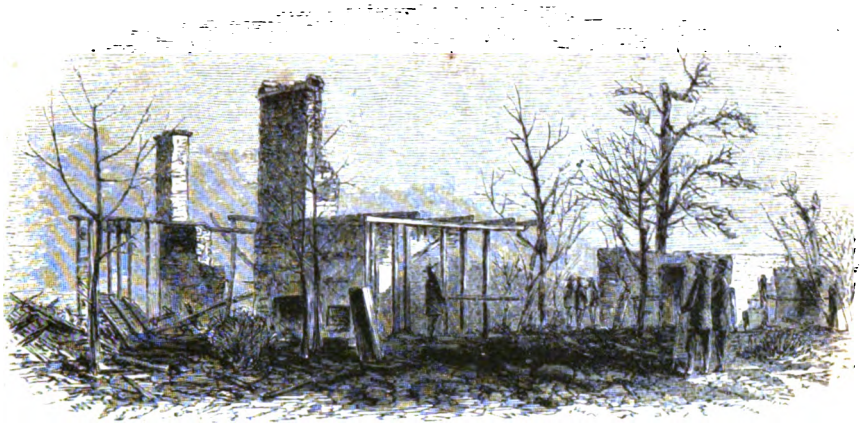


REBEL WORKS ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

on the eastern slope at the "White House." The most desperate fighting of the battle took place at this point, and it was not until midnight had overtaken him, and he had been reinforced from Chattanooga, that Hooker succeeded in dislodging the rebels from their formidable intrenchments at this place. His success was even now not complete. The enemy still held the summit, and the "Palisades" at the point of the mountain which Hooker had captured could not be scaled in the face of the enemy. It was a sheer impossibility. His plan of battle had not contemplated any such desperate undertaking, but he had hoped to push the enemy as far southward on the eastern slope of the mountain as a narrow defile known as the Summertown road, and the only practicable route to the summit which existed at or near that locality. This he did not fully succeed in doing, and the enemy, who still held it when the battle was ended at midnight, took the very wise precaution of escaping before morning. When morning came a reconnoissance of the road was ordered. In the mean time some of the troops constructed a rude ladder, with which they scaled the "Palisades," and planted the "stars and stripes" on the highest point of the mountain, and they have never since been removed by hostile hands.

When the battle was over, the pursuit of the rebels ended, and the army happily in undisputed possession, the pilgrimage to the mountain began; and daily, for months after the victory, whole brigades of the Army of the Cumberland visited the scene of the exploits of their comrades from the Potomac and the Tennessee. The "Bohemian Club," which had barely managed to exist through the long and tedious siege of Chattanooga, glad of new-found liberty, reinforced themselves with a photographer, and established themselves in "Camp Harper's Weekly," which they located on the eastern slope of the mountain near the base of the "Palisades," and just above the "White House." Here they painted and photographed, sketched and scribbled, until in the course of time all that was prominent, or picturesque, or interesting, on or of the mountain and the battle, was preserved on canvas or in note-book. Camp Harper's Weekly life, for the three months which the Club endured it, was hardly less horrible than that which they were forced to undergo in Chattanooga. The sweets of liberty, of which in their forced captivity they had formed such vivid impressions, were found to be not so decidedly enjoyable as they had imagined. There was plenty of pure air away up on the mountain—in fact a little too much of that good thing; for occasionally the tents in which the Club slept were blown down in

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RUINS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

sudden and unexpected wind and rain storms, and it was no pleasant job to rouse up from slumber at midnight and pitch them anew. There was plenty of fresh water too. At the "White House" a magnificent spring of cool, clear, crystal water burst from the side of the mountain, and formed a little lake in a large basin which the owner of the house, with more than the usual Southern appreciation of the goodness of nature, had cut in a huge limestone rock near by where the water flowed from the mountain-side. But pure air and fresh water do not constitute all the blessings or necessities of life, and otherwise than in these respects life in Camp Harper's Weekly was rough, laborious, fatiguing—every thing in fact but uninteresting and slow. Its vicinity was the chosen scene of the innumerable picnics of the army chivalry and beauty (for after the siege was ended the latter gathered there in great profusion of numbers and charms); and daily groups of officers and their wives were to be seen reveling on the "Palisades" just above, or dancing on the level sward at the "White House" just below. Besides, the camp was located near the pathway from Chattanooga to the summit, which the soldiers, avoiding the long Summertown road, had beaten out for



REBEL WORKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

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SCALING THE PALISADES.

themselves; and the Club usually found itself surrounded, whenever sketching, with numbers of soldiers curious to see the process of "takin' the mountain's pictur'." For many weeks after the battle long processions of men could be seen toiling up this path on their way to the



RAISING THE FLAG ON THE SUMMIT.

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"CAMP HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND ITS GARRISON.

summit, or in search of trophies on the battle-field.

The White House—a small but handsome cottage, built on the "bench" of the mountain (it belonged to a man named Carlin, and in the "battle above the clouds" was finally carried by troops under a general with the same cognomen)—early fell a prey to this passion for battle trophies which possessed the army at this time. It had been the scene of the hardest contest of the field, was General Geary's head-quarters the night of the battle, and the only hospital we had on the field; it was therefore of great interest, and was consequently stripped of every thing of the slightest value or interest. When the Club left camp the "White House" was in ruins. The sort of trophies most in vogue among the soldiers, however, were laurel roots. Laurel bushes grew in great plenty on the side of the mountain. The roots of these shrubs are large and knotty, and when first taken out of the ground are so soft and succulent that they can be readily carved with a penknife into any form desired. When they are a short time exposed to the air or sun they harden and contract without cracking. The men of the army used to make pipe-bowls, thimbles, drinking-cups, whistles, and many other like articles, ornamenting them by inlaying them with bits of the white and black walnut and red cedar,

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REBEL FLAG-STAFF ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

which also grow in great profusion. At one time the whole of the army encamped at Chattanooga may be said to have been employed in hunting for laurel. One of the Club at Camp Harper's Weekly somewhat astonished a group of these "laurel hunters" one day by gravely informing them that an order had been issued that no more laurels should be taken from Lookout Mountain.

"Why not?" queried one of the most astounded of his hearers.

"Because it has been settled that all the laurels of Lookout belong to Hooker and his men."

Nevertheless the laurel-hunting and the trophy manufacture continued.

From the heart of Chattanooga by the way of the Summertown road to the summit of Lookout is a distance of seven miles. During the siege an old rusty 62-pounder on the northernmost edge of the Palisades used to throw a solid shot into the centre of the town; and "triangulating" one day General Thomas's engineer discovered that the peak of the mountain was just two and three quarter miles in an air line—"as a bird would fly"—from the Crutchfield House. The air line is, of course, impracticable; the shortest available route—that of the "laurel hunters"—is not less than six miles, and must be done on foot; so the tourist to Lookout is advised to take the Summertown route to the "Palisades." He will be amply repaid for the fatigues and delays of that route by the view which will greet him from the summit. It is useless to attempt to reproduce the scene by description or drawing; enthusiasm congeals at the end of the pen, and the pencil is confused by the myriad outlines which present themselves. Rhetoric and drawing are at once abandoned in disgust. The only way to get an idea of the peculiar scene is for each to behold it for himself.

Standing under the old rebel flag-staff which our troops found on the Palisades one begins to understand why the old forgotten Indian name of the mountain has been changed into that of Lookout. You literally *look out* upon the world; as far as the eye can reach in every direction alternate mountains and valleys succeed each other; and the distinguishable landscape embraces parts of six States of the Union—Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. Each separate and distinct range of the Cumberland and Alleghanies are visible; and through the dim and misty atmosphere the tall peaks of the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, etherealized by distance, are seen indistinctly cut against the blue horizon. The Tennessee River is visible for thirty miles to the right and left, looking in the obscure distance, as at the foot of the mountain, fourteen hundred feet below the observer's stand-point, like a narrow strip of sky-blue ribbon, or a long silvery cord dropped carelessly among the green hills. No hum is heard from the villages below; Rossville looks like a country villa rather than a village; of Wauhatchie nothing remains but a dilapidated dépôt—perhaps nothing more ever existed; and the only distinguishable objects in Chattanooga are the mud fortresses which surround it and the vast city of the dead on Cemetery Hill in its eastern suburbs. On the left one looks down on Raccoon Mountain—rude and uncultivated, bleak hills—and turns with more concern and interest an observant eye toward Lookout Valley, and searches out the position which Hooker held before the battle of the mountain—the three hills which gave to his line its impregnability to rebel assault looking laughably insignificant in the distance below.



THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

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HOOKER'S POSITION IN LOOKOUT VALLEY.

More than ever, looking thus down upon the field, does one wonder how Lookout was ever captured, and begins to doubt the record that tells that 10,000 humans carried it with a loss of 960 men.

Numerous but not various are the natural objects of interest on the top of Lookout; they are chiefly curiously shaped rocks, to which new and amended names and legends have been attached since the battles occurred. The "Devil's Pulpit" is the name now given to a small heap of limestone rocks from which large pieces have been detached and hurled down the mountain-side, and which was formerly known as "Pulpit Rock." It now has a new legend as well as a new name, and it is thus related: In 1863, shortly before the defeat of Bragg by General Grant at Chattanooga, Jefferson Davis visited the rebel camps in front of the town, and of course ascended Lookout Mountain, in order to survey the position of the "Yankees" to better advantage. The summit of the mountain was at that time garrisoned by a portion of the division of the rebel General Stevenson. This command had been captured in the July previous at Vicksburg and paroled, and were now placed in active service again without having been duly and regularly exchanged. There were some fears felt among the troops that under these circumstances, if they were captured with arms in their hands, they would be shot, and great dissatisfaction prevailed in the command. Davis was urged while on the mountain to offer some explanation of the troubles about the exchange. In answer to these requests, and the call of the troops for a speech, Davis mounted "Pulpit Rock" and made a speech of several minutes duration, in which he explained away the difficulty, and then indulged in a flight of fancy as to what Bragg was going to do, when the proper time arrived, in the way of scattering the vile invaders who ravaged the beautiful valley below. Ever since "Pulpit Rock" has been not inappropriately known as the "Devil's Pulpit."

Near by this formation is another curiously shaped rock known as "Saddle Rock," from a fancied, or at least a very slight, resemblance to a "M'Clellan saddle-tree." A considerable exercise of the imagination is required to discover the likeness. This formation, like "Pulpit Rock," is of limestone, but instead of being

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SADDLE ROCK.

formed of several distinct and separate strata, is a solid rock; and instead of falling away in great blocks of stone, as does the "Pulpit," it crumbles away, small particles like scales falling off almost continuously, and peeling off in great profusion on the slightest provocation. Scaling it, at the expense of many of these small scales, used to be a favorite pastime of the soldiers who garrisoned the summit, and it was not infrequently adopted as a guard-post. The appearance of these and other rocks which are on the mountain, and which tower high above its general plateau, indicate that the Palisades at the point of the mountain were once much higher than they are at present, and that they are continually and slowly wearing away. It is not improbable that the top of the present Palisades was once the base of others that have almost disappeared, leaving only "Pulpit" and "Saddle" and other nameless rocks to mark where they once stood. The huge boulders which are found below the Palisades on the "bench" of the mountain are also adduced as proofs of this, and indicate that eventually (the theorists fix no date) the present Palisades will entirely disappear, whether or not to leave others as their substitutes the geologists are not agreed.

On the western side of the mountain, and near its summit, is a large overhanging rock, which has of late years been known by the name of "Signal Rock," in consequence of a singular circumstance which occurred during, and very much influenced the result of, the battle of Wauhatchie, fought on October 29, 1863. Geary's "midnight battle" at Wauhatchie was a sort of companion battle-piece to Hooker's "battle above the clouds." It took place in Lookout Valley, and was in a measure preliminary to the struggle on the mountain, having been fought for the possession of the position which Hooker subsequently maintained in the valley. The position contended for was of vital importance to both the rebel and Union forces, and consequently its possession was disputed with great desperation. The movement which brought on the engagement was the first of those looking to the relief of the starving army at Chattanooga, and the purpose was to cover a road by which provisions could be brought from the railroad terminus at Bridgeport. The occupation of this position in Lookout Valley was absolutely necessary, and Geary was fully impressed with the importance of quickly seizing and desperately holding it. By the success of the movement the route to Bridgeport would be shortened by many miles; on its being thus shortened depended the provisioning of Chattanooga; on this contingency depended the holding of that stronghold; and on its retention hung the safety of the army and its immense and valuable material.

Geary seized the position with great alacrity, and much to the astonishment of General Longstreet, who watched him from the summit of Lookout Mountain. From his position on "Signal Rock" Longstreet had before his eyes the whole country displayed as on a map, and

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when, in the dusk of evening, the camp-fires of the Union troops revealed the positions which Hooker had seized and was fortifying, the importance of the success which the Union commander had attained flashed upon Longstreet's mind in an instant, and he saw, in the seizure of Wauhatchie by Geary, the virtual relief of the besieged garrison of Chattanooga. He at once communicated with Bragg, and on explaining the altered situation to that officer, the latter at once directed Longstreet to attack Geary and drive him back at all hazards. Longstreet returned to his position on "Signal Rock," and soon had his troops in readiness to descend from their position on the mountain, and assault Geary at Wauhatchie. From his position on "Signal Rock" Longstreet directed the assault by signals, and, singularly enough, to this very circumstance he owed his defeat. Geary's force was totally inadequate to contend with the superior forces of the enemy, and but for the fact that Geary's signal-officers could read the rebel signals, he must have been overwhelmed and driven from the position. For some months previous to this battle our signal-officers had been in possession of the rebel signal code, and hence the flaming torches of Longstreet's signal-officers on "Signal Rock" revealed to Geary every order given to the rebel troops advancing against him. He was thus made aware of Longstreet's plan of attack, was enabled to anticipate and meet every movement of the rebels, and, thus forewarned, so employed his small force by concentration in the critical part of the field at the critical moment of attack that he repulsed every assault which was made, either by counter-charges or rapid flank movements. After repeatedly throwing themselves against Geary's force in vain, the Confederates drew off discomfited. During the whole battle the flaming torch of Longstreet flashed orders that showed, after each repulse, his increased desperation, and finally, much to Geary's gratification, he saw it signal the recall. All the while the figure of Longstreet on "Signal Rock," standing out boldly against the dark back-ground, was plainly visible in the glare of the signal torches to the combatants below.

As the Tennessee is a geographical inconsistency, so is Lookout Mountain a geological anomaly. On its summit, fourteen hundred feet above the Tennessee River and the general level of the country, there is a plateau of rich soil and large, fertile tracts, which, but for the lack of enterprise on the part of the settlers, might just as well be large, fertile farms under thorough cultivation, and annually producing not only grapes, but corn, wheat, rye—all the cerealia in fact; and there are even rich meadow lands for growing hay. But the laborers are few, though the farms are there in plenty; their distance *above* the markets as well as from them—the fact of the Tennessee being unnavigable and railroad transportation dear and inadequate, producing the latter difficulty—have deterred even the most enterprising among the Southern "poor whites" from locating on the mountain. When the work of rebuilding Chattanooga and completing its fortifications began, in 1864, several enterprising Yankees built sawmills on the side of the mountain, and reaped fortunes by sawing the timber which there abounds; but as soon as the barracks for the Government troops were finished these enterprises failed, and little has since been done either in that line or tilling the land. Nevertheless the fact remains that on this mountain-side are magnificent and boundless vineyards, and on its summit endless farm and timber lands, which only require cultivation and care to become productive and valuable.

In fact the whole table-land of East Tennessee is extremely rich and valuable, and its resources are not less numerous, valuable, and attractive than those of any State in the Union. The mountains are high, but their climate is not extremely cold, and their summits are never covered with snow for more than three months in the year, and seldom so long, and not always constantly from the opening to the close of winter. Though the soil is of course inferior to that of the valleys, it is highly adapted for grazing purposes, and produces corn and wheat in large proportions to the acre. The natural pastures of these summits afford grass for horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs in such plenty that the herds have to be cared for by the farmers only during a winter not as long or as severe as that of New England or the Middle States. The mean temperature of Knoxville is the same as that of Philadelphia. Wool-growing has long been a profitable occupation, and thousands of sheep find pasturage on the mountain-sides and summits as well as in the valleys. Before the war Tennessee raised more mules than any other State in the Union, and, with Kentucky, supplied the whole cotton-growing South with pork and beef. These same mountain districts produce not only grapes but fruit of all kinds, and the cultivation of the best kinds of apples, pears, peaches, etc., is largely pursued in connection with grain-growing. In short, unlike almost every other mountain region, East Tennessee is a thoroughly agricultural district.

And yet the mineral wealth of this boundless mountain region is exhaustless. Moreover, it is as yet almost entirely undeveloped, and so anxious are proprietors to attract immigration to that part of the country that great iron mines and vast marble quarries are, to a certain extent, thrown open to all who will work them. Rich veins of iron ore are found in nearly every county of Eastern Tennessee, copper abounds in many, and nitre is found in hundreds of caves of all dimensions distributed throughout the State. Professor Safford says that a large portion of the coal area of the Union "is found in East Tennessee. The coal of good quality, and in beds thick enough to be profitably worked, is at least equal in the aggregate to a solid stratum eight feet thick and coextensive with the table-

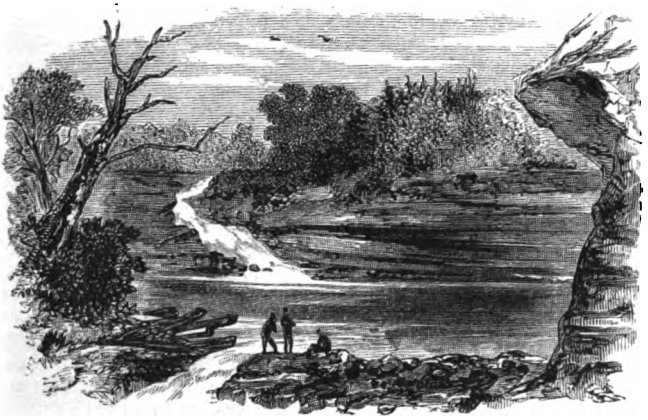
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land, and hence equal in extent to four thousand four hundred square miles, or, in other words, equal in volume to a solid block of coal eight feet high, twenty miles wide, and two hundred and twenty miles long." Iron is found contiguous to the coal beds, thus adding by its situation to its value; and smelting furnaces are quite numerous in East Tennessee. Marble and building-stone quarries abound; and the Capitol at Washington, and the State Houses of Ohio and several of the Southern States, are largely built of Tennessee marble. Lime, marl, zinc, salt, lead, slate, and various other less important minerals abound in rich profusion; and the gold regions of North Carolina and Georgia lie along the Tennessee border.

And yet these equally rich and vast tracts of land remain unpopulated, uncultivated, almost unclaimed. The valley bottoms and mountain plateaus are alike rich in soil, in timber, in water—in all that entices and charms, save and except in society and culture. The East Tennesseeans, like the great majority of the Southern people, are deficient in culture, and perhaps in industry, enterprise, and energy. They sadly need a wholesome solution of Yankee and foreign enterprise, thrift, economy, and perseverance, to make them a new people, and to render their naturally rich country not less productive and remunerative than the vast prairies of the West and the beautiful but contracted valleys of New England.

Another most remarkable phenomenon of Lookout Mountain is the existence within a few feet of its summit of large and abundant springs of pure water, like that mentioned as gushing from the mountain-side at the "White House," fed, no doubt, by the clouds which hang about them occasionally. One of the most remarkable of these, known to the Indians as Tullulah (signifying "lake on the mountain," and corrupted by the whites into "Tullulah Lake," "Lulah Lake"—sometimes "Lula Lake," for the sake of euphony—and various other names of like sound and like unmeaningness), is of unusually large proportions, forming a very considerable rivulet, gathering into a pool of such dimensions as to be dignified by the descriptive name of a lake, and falling over a cataract almost as high as that of Niagara, and far more beautiful and picturesque, though by no means so grand and impressive. It is situated about six miles south of the point of the Palisades, and bursts from the side of the mountain at a point only about one hundred feet from the summit, clearly showing, of course, that it is fed from other and distant mountains of a higher elevation.

To reach this beautiful lake and cataract, and the most naturally romantic spot on Lookout, one must pursue for the distance named a "country road" which follows the course of the mountain range. The deep ravine in which the stream which forms the lake and falls rises—in which the water bursts from its earthy confines and leaves the impenetrable darkness of its subterranean passage for the uncertain light of this deep and shaded ravine—is crossed by this road by a rustic bridge of unromantic appearance and illiberal proportions. It is unnecessary to cross this, however; to reach the lake the tourist descends by several rude steps formed by nature in the rocks to the bottom of the ravine, and finds himself by the side of the rivulet, which here, near its fountain-head, flows peacefully but in large volume from the mountain-side and through the ravine. At first, so peacefully does it flow, the water is held in slight consideration, and the towering and overhanging rocks, many rods in height, claim one's attention and admiration. Following the stream through the ravine it soon shows signs of restlessness, and not more than fifty feet from the bridge it begins to fall over a number of ledges of rock, forming many small cascades five or six feet in depth of fall and as many in width, yet each following so close upon the other as to appear one continuous cascade for at least seventy feet. At the foot of this cascade the stream spreads out into the calm and peaceful lake. Tullulah, or, to adopt the more euphonious and common name given to it by the white settlers, Lula Lake, is formed by a sudden and wholly unaccountable depression in a limestone rock of huge surface dimensions. This basin and the lake are of an irregular oval in form, about two hundred feet long and seventy-five feet wide, with an average depth of perhaps five feet. The blue water is clear as crystal, and one can see the solid rock bottom without difficulty. The lake is small—disappointing in that respect—but its



LULA LAKE.

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LULA FALLS.

quiet and beauty, the grandeur of the surrounding cliffs, and the exquisite beauty of the silvery white cascades, supplant all feeling of defeated expectation, with another and a not less gratifying sense of quiet satisfaction.

Circling and whirling, not wildly, but lazily, for a brief moment or two in this natural basin, formed by the slow but constant action of the stream, invested with new power by the rapidity with which it shoots down the cascade, the water of the lake flows again into the contracted channel of the narrow ravine beyond or below the lake, and continues a noisy course for perhaps forty yards, until it plunges over "Lula Falls."

He must be a good and true mountaineer who makes the descent of the ravine to the foot of the falls without many a stumble and bruise, for the rocks are rough, the undergrowth thick and tangled, and the pathways little beaten; but falls and bruises and trouble and vexations of spirit are fully repaid by the view which rewards the adventurer when he finally emerges from a dark and dripping overhanging ledge and finds himself at the foot of the cataract. Not more than twenty feet in width, and very shallow at the edge of the precipice over which it leaps, the stream here falls at least one hundred and twenty feet to the ravine below. That is to say, it so falls in quiet, unblustering, or dark and gloomy days; but on the bright days of summer, when the sun beams with a sultry heat, or the strong mountain wind whistles through the ravine and under the precipice over which the water plunges, it is dashed while yet descending into spray, and falls as the dew falls, only much heavier and more uncomfortable. But whether falling as a solid sheet, or in heavy and cloudy mists, the cataract is beautiful beyond the descriptive powers of the pen, and this recorder must leave it to the pencil of the artist to convey the impression which he has not the courage to attempt.

SPRING-TIME.

In the aisles of the orchard fair blossoms are drifting,
The white petals fall one by one;
And the tulip's pale stalk from the garden is lifting
A goblet of gems to the sun.

Come, ramble a while through this exquisite weather
Of days that are fleet to pass,
When the stem of the willow shoots out a green feather,
And butter-cups burn in the grass;

When pushing the soil from her bonny pink shoulders,
The clover glides forth to the world,
And the fresh mosses cling to the gray, rugged boulders,
With delicate May-dew impearled.

The brook in the pasture has hidden its pebbles,
Full-flooded with April rain,
And listen, my love, to the silvery trebles
That ring from the blossoming lane.

What vows to their sweet-hearts the gay robins utter!
No marvel such wooers are heard:
Heigh-ho! how the bosoms that scorn us would flutter
If man could make love like a bird!

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SHRINE OF NUESTRA SENORA DE COPACABANA, BOLIVIA.

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

III.—THE SACRED ISLANDS.

A LEAGUE past Yunguyo the traveler ascends a high transverse ridge, which is the boundary between Bolivia and Peru. Just within the line, and in the territory of the latter, stands the Calvario of Yunguyo, half church half fortress, which is the Peruvian bulwark against Bolivian invásion by way of the Peninsula of Copacabana.

Beyond the church militant is a sweet vale, circled in by rocks of fantastic form, which it requires but little imagination to shape into rigid and monstrous figures of men and animals. And I could well understand how the pilgrim in Inca times, wending his weary way to the Sacred Islands, might have his simple and superstitious mind impressed and awed by these stony effigies, which tradition says are the vestiges of impious men and giants whom an outraged divinity had congealed into stone, as a punishment for their iniquities and a warning to those who might follow them over this holy path without due preliminary fasting and penitential propitiations.

Climbing another ridge which shoots out abruptly into the lake from the high, rocky, central mass of the peninsula, and passing some fields of *oca* and patches of lupins, we came to a spot, marked by the ruins of an ancient church, where the Bay of Copacabana is first seen spreading out its blue tranquil waters, framed in by rugged headlands, and lending its liquid perspective to the Island of Titicaca, sacred to the Beneficent Sun, and on which first fell the footsteps of his celestial messenger. I am an old traveler, and not given to "sensations," but I must confess that here I experienced an emotion. At least I was so assured by H——, who felt my pulse for the purpose of ascertaining the fact. "Deducting for a slight irregularity, consequent on walking up the hill rather rapidly, he discovered a percussion in the pulse, such as often attends sudden excitement." And he recommended a tranquilizing glass of *chicha* from the stores with which Berrios had been supplied by the considerate commandante of Yunguyo. Satisfied with his diagnosis of my case, and accepting the remedy, I walked along the crest of the ridge to the point where it broke off in a sheer cliff, two thousand feet perpendicular, and occupied myself in timing the fall of stones into the water below, while H—— made a sketch of the scene.

Down the steep declivity of the ridge, between substantial stone-walls defining fields just cleared of their barley, or in which quaintly-dressed Indians were gathering the bright and tender *ocas*, we finally turned the point of a promontory, and came in view of the *Ciudad Bendita* of Copacabana—a large and rambling town, built on an eminence at the base of a

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VIEW OF THE BAY OF COPACABANA, LAKE TITICACA, BOLIVIA.

pyramid of lofty, splintered rocks, with the gray and solemn mass of the Shrine of Nuestra Señora de Copacabana rising grandly in the centre of its low and clustering habitations, just as the Cathedral of Strasbourg and the Duomo of Milan project their stately outlines above the haunts of men at their feet.

Minor shrines there were in the suburbs, gaudy in archaic coloring, in which pilgrims through prayer and penance prepare themselves to encounter the greater sanctities in store for them in the sacred village. Our commandante did not mind the shrines, but ordered up the first inhabitant he met, who removed his hat, touched his forehead to our stirrups, saluting us with "*Tat-tai Viracocha*," and directed him, in Aymara, to prepare some house that he designated for our reception, and to get barley for our animals. Clearly the commandante knew how to use his powers in Copacabana!

Nothing could be drearier than the streets of the seat of the famous Virgin. The houses are as close and repulsive as those of Tiahuanaco. The plaza is wide, but the buildings on three sides are dwarfed by the imposing architectural proportions of the shrine occupying the remaining side. The fiesta of the church was nearly over, and the candles had flared out and the flowers were withered in the improvised shrines or altars that had been raised under makeshift tents in the corners of the plaza. A line of Aymara women, each with her little store of *aji*, *ocas*, dried fish, lupins, or *charqui*, was ranged down the centre of the square, while a vagrant herd of thin, bow-backed dogs sneaked over the vacant space in hopeless search for some fragment of food to satiate their ravenous hunger. Squalid Indians and lean llamas glided around the corners, and shivering, unkempt Indian women glanced out furtively from behind the hide curtains that answer for doors of their wretched dwellings, as we clattered over the rough stone pavements toward the house of the commandante. Squalor of life was never more strongly contrasted with splendor in religion than in this remote and almost inaccessible town of Copacabana.

The house of the commandante was by no means imposing, his retinue was not grand, and his *ménage* was scant, but when we rode under the low and crumbling archway that led to the court-yard of his modest residence his retainers hastened, with uncovered heads, to touch their foreheads to our knees, and to hail us "*Tat-tai Viracocha!*"—Father Viracocha—for Viracocha,

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born of the sea, and one of the most conspicuous personages of the Inca pantheon, had blue eyes, fair hair, and a light complexion. They did not salute our dark-browed and sallow host with any such appellation, and he was evidently a little annoyed by the omission, since he asked us to pardon *los tontos*, "the idiots!" We were vain enough not to see the matter in the same light with the commandante, and H—— was at "a loss to know why a blue-eyed Irishman and a fair-haired Yankee should require to have an apology because they happened to be mistaken for demi-gods." In fact, we only regretted that we did not possess a first-rate *huaca* and a moderate knowledge of Aymara, to enable us to set up an opposition establishment to that of Nuestra Señora, on the hill opposite to her gorgeous temple. For the sanctity of Copacabana is by no means wholly due to Nuestra Señora, but rather to a certain "idol of vast renown among the gentiles," that preceded her here, to whom, the chroniclers tell us, were raised "sumptuous temples," and who was attended by "a multitude of priests and virgins."

The commandante secured us a vacant house, which from having been long shut up was a little close and musty, but as four months had passed since its occupants had died of small-pox it was considered safe for Viracochas. And he gave us a breakfast as sumptuous as utter disregard of expense and a reckless exercise of unrestricted authority could secure. A pig had been slain and paid for, but there was an Aymara household, like Rachel, comfortless and in tears, for it could not be replaced—there were only four more in all Copacabana! And the commandante exulted in producing a pound of Puno butter, golden under its transparent covering. Then we had *ocas* boiled and *ocas* roasted to eat with the butter withal. Still, *crescendo*, we had onions, small, it is true, but very strong; and I capped the topmost wave of our morning of enjoyment by producing a box of biscuits, crisp as when they came from the defty hand of the London baker. *Chicha* was not altogether a successful substitute for Falernian, but then all deficiencies were more than made up by a cup of Yungas coffee, fragrant and potential, a fortification and solace to the body, and a stimulus to the intelligence.

Any description of the church and shrine of Nuestra Señora of Copacabana would convey but a poor idea of its extent and magnificence. It is built mainly of brick, roofed with glistening tiles, and stands within a vast square surrounded by heavy walls and planted with *quenua*-trees and the shrub that produces the brilliant crimson trumpet-shaped flower called *Flor del Inca* (*Cantuta buxifolia*). The entrance is through ponderous iron gates, wrought in Spain, beneath a lofty gateway. In the inclosure fronting the church is a majestic dome of stone, ninety feet high, rising over three tall and elaborately carved crosses of *berenguela*, supported on a graduated base of the same material. Sculptured figures of saints and angels bend down from the cornice, and the mystic triangle appears in the midst of a painted glory in the dome. At each corner of the court are square substantial structures of brick, closed by solid iron doors, and without other opening except one or two narrow port-holes. In these are deposited the bones of the pilgrims who have died at Copacabana.

The church is high, and the interior so sombre that it is with difficulty one can make out the elaborate ornaments of the various altars and the subjects of the numerous pictures that cover its walls. Connected with it are courts and cloisters, sown with barley or choked with rubbish, the crazy doors creaking dismally on their hinges, and all things suggestive of decay and desolation.

The great feature of the edifice, however, is the *camarin* of the Virgin, which is a large room behind the great altar. Here is her shrine, and this is the Holy of Holies of Copacabana. Admittance here must be prefaced by confession and the payment of a certain sum of money. In this way the revenues of Nuestra Señora are kept up, and her corps of priests supported. The guardian of the shrine, a handsome, intelligent man from La Paz, on whose shoulders the mantle of the priesthood rested lightly, and who appeared better fitted for the camp and the forum than the services of the altar, received us in the ante-room of the *camarin*, and with a smile made a dispensation of both fee and confession in our favor. The *camarin* is reached by two stairways, one for ascent on one side and another for descent on the other, so that the crowds that pay their devotions here at stated periods may not come to an absolute dead-lock. The *fiesta* had drawn together a considerable number of Indians from the neighboring towns, and an unbroken line of them was ascending the stairs, the stone steps of which were deeply worn by pious knees, guided by a priest who, seated in a niche, drawled out certain chants or prayers in Aymara, which were responded to by the devotees. Our conductor ordered the dusky pilgrims peremptorily to make room for us, and they flattened themselves against the rough walls on either side that we might pass. The *camarin* or chamber of the Virgin is judiciously draped so as to secure only that "dim, religious light" of which poets write. A thick but rather gaudy carpet covered the floor, a cabinet organ stood in a niche near the door, and the walls were covered with votive offerings of every kind and every degree of value. Here were the diamond-hilted sword and the gold-mounted pistols of General Santa Cruz, and the jewels of his wife, as well as little rude silver representations of arms, legs, hearts, and eyes, deposited here by the Indians in token of the wonderful interpositions and cures of Nuestra Señora.

The image of the Virgin is kept in a kind of alcove, behind a heavy curtain of embroidered velvet, and shut off from too close approach by

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a stout silver railing. At the tinkling of a bell by some unseen acolyte, who next struck up a monotonous strain on the parlor organ, every body sunk on his knees, the spangled velvet veil was slowly withdrawn, and the *milagrosa imagen* of Nuestra Señora of Copacabana revealed to our heretical eyes. It is an elaborately-dressed figure, scarcely three feet high, brilliant in gay satins, and loaded with gold and jewels. Its head is a mite in comparison with the blazing crown that it supports, and its face is delightfully white and pink, and as glistening as the average of female busts in the windows of the shops of metropolitan *coiffeurs des dames*. It derives special celebrity and no doubt much of its popularity among the Indians from the fact that it was made, so runs the legend, in 1582 by Tito-Yupanqui, a lineal descendant of the ruling Incas, who had had no previous instruction in art, but who was inspired by the Virgin herself, who favored him with a special sitting, so that there should be no mistake in her portrait.

This shrine is the resort of pilgrims from almost every part of Catholic America, but especially from the provinces of Brazil and the La Plata. As many as thirty thousand have been known to visit it in a single season. Nor is the renown of Our Lady of Copacabana limited to America. Among the suffering faces of the devotees in the *camarin* I shall never forget that of a fair, pale girl who was reclining on a mat in front of the shrine, with her great lustrous eyes fixed immovably on the image of the Virgin. Every day for weeks she had been lifted to her place in the sacred chamber. She was from Barcelona, in Spain, and had come here as a last resort, after having visited every shrine of celebrity in the Old World.

Around the neck of the image of the Virgin were several strings of little wooden crosses, one of which the custodian reverently removed, and placed it in my hand as we descended the stairs. It is supposed to have imbibed special virtues and powers from having been hung around the neck of the Virgin for one single night. We saw and listened in decorous silence, but on our way with our conductor to his apartments, under his invitation to join him in a glass of sherry, H—— profanely observed that, except the convent at the foot of Mount Sinai, he knew of no place that would better repay the sacking than the shrine of Nuestra Señora of Copacabana. The guardian's eyes twinkled when I repeated to him the impious observation, and he gave me an answer which in its ambiguity led me to infer that the conservators of the shrine had long before taken judicious care of all the real diamonds and rubies that had been deposited there by pious penitents, and that the *loot* of the robber of the *camarin* would hardly repay him for his risks of detection in this world and damnation in the next.

The idol that lent its sanctity and fame to Copacabana, before it was supplanted by the handiwork of Tito-Yupanqui, also gave its name to the place and peninsula; the word signifying, according to the chroniclers, a precious stone from which one may see, or which gives vision. It was buried by the Indians on the arrival of the Spaniards, but subsequently disinterred by the latter and broken in pieces. It was of a beautiful blue stone, representing the human face. The temples of which the early writers speak have entirely disappeared, or left only few and unsatisfactory traces. Yet in the suburbs of the town, near the cemetery, we find a great number of niches, steps, and what appear to have been intended as seats cut in the rocks, which may have had some connection with the ancient worship. At the hacienda of Cusijata, half a league from the town, there are some scant remains of what tradition affirms was a palace of the Incas. These consist mainly of large and well-cut blocks of stone; but the sole remaining object of interest is what is called "the Bath of the Inca." It may be described as a huge vase of simple form, cut from a single block of fine-grained trachyte, having an inner diameter of three feet four inches, and a depth of five feet two inches. Its walls are six inches thick. It is now sunk in the ground, in a small, dilapidated building of *adobes*, and is still used as a bath.

Immediately on our arrival in Copacabana the commandante had sent an Indian with an order to the alcaldes of the island of Titicaca to have a *balsa* in readiness for us on the following day at the *embarcadero* of Yampupata, four leagues distant. We started for that point at noon, with the intention of reaching the island the same night. The road descends ab-



SEATS CUT IN THE ROCK AT COPACABANA.

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THE "BATH OF THE INCAS," COPACABANA.

ruptly from the rocky eminence on which the town is built into a beautiful level amphitheatre two miles broad, and curves around the head of a bay that here projects into the land between two high and rugged capes. The water toyed and sparkled among the pebbles on the shore, and along it a troop of lively plover was racing in eager search for the minute mollusks drifted up by the waves, with the advance and recession of which their line kept a wavering cadence. Past the little plain is what in Peru is called a *ladera;* in other words, the road runs high up along the face of the steep, and in many places absolutely perpendicular, headlands that overhang the lake, and becomes a mere goat's path, narrow and rugged, half worn half cut in the rock. But neither the difficulty nor danger of the path could wholly withdraw our attention from the hundreds of wide and wonderful views that burst on our sight at every bend and turning. The bold bare peninsulas, the bluff panoramic headlands behind which the lake stole in through many a rent in their rocky palisade, and spread out in broad and placid bays, the islands equally abrupt and bold and bare, the ruddy bulk of the sacred island of Titicaca, the distant shores of Bolivia, with their silver cincture of the Andes, the blue waters and sparkling waves, with almost every other element of the beautiful and impressive, went to make up the kaleidoscopic scenes of the afternoon, and with the cloudless sky, bright sunlight, and bracing air, to inspire us with a sense of elevation and repose inconsistent with the babbling of waters, the rustle of leaves, and the murmurs of men.

Beyond the *ladera* we came once more to the pebbly shore of the lake; then climbing the steep neck of a rocky peninsula, and skirting the cultivated slopes of a gentle declivity, between walls of stone inclosing fields of *ocas* which, newly dug, shone like gems on the gray earth, we descended to the *embarcadero* of Yampupata. Here is a sandy beach between rocky promontories, and a *tambo* of stone, windowless, and



VIEW FROM THE "LADERA," ISLAND OF TITICACA IN THE DISTANCE.

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with but a single opening into its bare interior, black with smoke, floored with ashes, and redolent of indescribable and offensive odors. There was no *balsa* to convey us to the island, which lay glowing in the evening sun temptingly before us, and appearing through the moistureless air as if scarcely at rifle-shot distance. We hurried to a group of huts clustered round a little church a mile to our left, but most of the population was absent in Copacabana or at work in the *oca* fields, and we learned little from the blind, the halt, and the deaf that remained behind, except that *balsas* would come for us from the island. Through our glasses we could discover a number of these moored in little rock-girt coves and indentations of its shores, but there was nobody near them, nor sign of life whatever. In vain as night fell we lighted fierce and ephemeral fires of *quenua* stalks; our signals were unanswered, and we were obliged to dispose ourselves for the night in the cold and gloomy *tambo*.



BALSA NAVIGATION ON LAKE TITICACA.

I was up at daylight and went down to the shore, where the lake-weed was matted together with ice, and where a group of Indian women were awaiting shiveringly the arrival of a *balsa* which I discerned just paddling out from under the shadow of the island. Although apparently so near, the *balsa* was several hours in crossing the strait, and it was ten o'clock before it ranged up alongside and under the protection of some rocks to the left of the *tambo*. It was small, water-soaked, and its highest part elevated only a few inches above the water. The Indian women endeavored to get aboard, but a personage in a poncho, and evidently in authority, for he carried a tasseled cane, forbade them. He approached us hat in hand, with the usual salutation of *Tat-tai Viracocha*, and announced himself as *curaca* of Titicaca, at our service. Berrios declined to embark on the *balsa*, which, to start with, was a ticklish craft, and with H——, myself, the alcalde, and the two boatmen, barely kept afloat.

Now sailing in a *balsa* is by no means the perfection of navigation, nor is the craft itself one likely to inspire high confidence. It is simply a float or raft made up of bundles of reeds, tied together fagot-like, in the middle of which the voyager poises himself on his knees, while the Indian *marineros* stand one at each extremity, where they spread their feet apart, and with small and rather crooked poles for oars strike the water right and left, and thus slowly and laboriously propel the *balsa* in the required direction. Of course this action gives the craft a rocking, rolling motion, and makes the passenger feel very much as if he were afloat on a mammoth cigar, predisposed to turn over on the slightest pretext. Then if the water be a little rough, a movement takes place which probably is unequaled in bringing on the pleasant sensation of sea-sickness. Some of the *balsas*, however, are large, with sides built up like guards, which can be rigged with a sail for running before the wind, and are capable of carrying as many as sixty people.

Leaving the little *playa* or beach behind, our Indian boatmen pushed along under a steep rocky cliff until they reached the point where the strait between the main land and the island is narrowest. The water at the foot of the cliff is very deep, but wonderfully transparent, and we could trace the plunge downward of the precipitous limestone buttresses until our brains grew dizzy.

We were upward of two hours in propelling the *balsa* across the strait, a distance which an ordinary oarsman in a Whitehall boat would get over in fifteen minutes, and landed on the island under the lee of a projecting ledge of rocks, full in view of the Palace of the Inca and the terraces surrounding it, half a mile to our right.

I do not think I shall find a better place than this for saying a few words about Lake Titicaca, which is to be for many weeks a conspicuous feature in our landscape, and which is in many respects the most extraordinary and interesting body of water in the world. It is a long irregular oval in shape, with one-fifth of its area at its southern extremity cut nearly off by the opposing peninsulas of Tiquina and Copacabana. Its greatest length is about 120 miles, and its greatest width between 50 and 60 miles. Its mean level is 12,864 feet above the sea. The eastern or Bolivian shore is abrupt, the mountains on that side pressing down boldly into the water. The western and southern shores, however, are relatively low and

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level, the water shallow and grown up with reeds and rushes, among which myriads of water-fowls find shelter and support.

The lake never freezes over, but ice forms near its shores and where the water is shallow. In fact it exercises a very important influence on the climate of this high, cold, and desolate region. Its waters, at least during the winter months, are from 10 to 12 degrees of Fahrenheit warmer than the atmosphere. The islands and peninsulas feel this influence most perceptibly, and I found barley, pease, and maize, the latter, however, small and not prolific, ripening on these, while they did not mature on what may be called the main land. The prevailing winds are from the northeast, and they often blow with great force, rendering navigation on the frail *balsas*, always slow and difficult, exceedingly dangerous.

The lake has several considerable bays, of which those of Puno, Huancané, and Achacache are the principal. It has also eight considerable habitable islands, viz.: Amantené, Taqueli, Soto, Titicaca, Coati, Campanario, Toquaré, and Aputo. Of these the largest is that of Titicaca, on which we have just landed; high and bare, rugged in outline as rugged in surface, six miles long by between three and four in width.

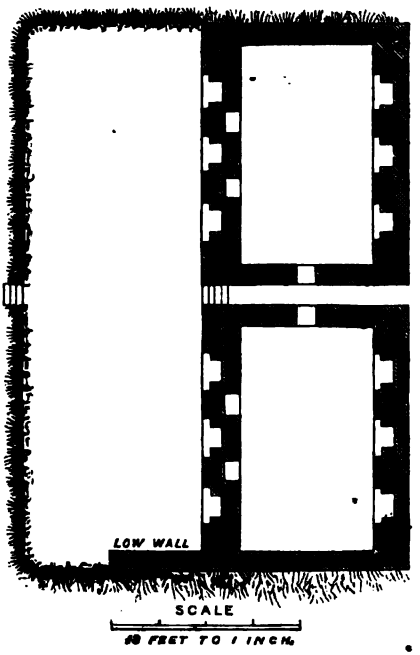
This is the sacred island of Peru. To it the Incas traced their origin, and to this day it is held by their descendants in profound veneration. According to tradition, Manco Capac and his wife and sister Mama Oella, children of the Sun and commissioned by that luminary, started hence on their errand of beneficence to reduce under government and to instruct in religion and the arts the savage tribes that occupied the country. Manco Capac bore a golden rod, and was instructed to travel northward until he should reach the spot where the rod should sink into the ground, and there fix the seat of his empire. He obeyed the behest, traveled slowly along the western shore of the lake, through the broad, level Puna lands, up the Valley of the Pucura, to the Lake of La Raya, where the basin of Titicaca ends, and whence the waters of the River Vilcanota start on their course to swell the Amazon. He advanced down the valley of that river until he reached the spot where Cuzco now stands, when the golden rod disappeared. Here he fixed his seat, and here in time rose the city of the Sun, the capital of the Inca empire — an empire larger than that of Adrian, grander than that of Charlemagne — which extended over more than 37 degrees of latitude, and from the eastern base of the Andes, where

"Huge Orellano rolls his affluent flood,"

westward to where the great Pacific heaves its unavailing waves against the deeply planted feet of the Cordillera.

Upon this island, the traditional birth-place of the Incas, are still the remains of a temple of the Sun, a convent of priests, a royal palace, and other vestiges of Inca civilization. Not far distant is the Island of Coati, which was sacred to the Moon, the wife and sister of the Sun, on which stands the famous Palace of the Virgins of the Sun, built around two shrines dedicated to the Sun and the Moon respectively, and which is one of the best preserved as well as one of the most remarkable remains of aboriginal architecture on this continent. The Island of Soto was the Isle of Penitence to which the Incas of the ruling race were wont to resort for fasting and humiliation, and it has also many remains of ancient architecture.

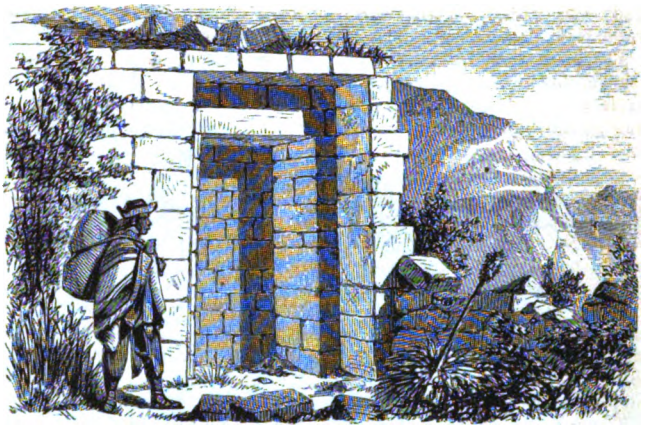
Two alcaldes of the island, residing in the little village of Challa, were waiting on the rocks to receive us, which they did with uncovered heads and the usual salutation. They told us that they had mules ready for us beyond the rocks, up and through which we clambered by a steep and narrow path, worn in the stone by the feet of myriads of pilgrims. This leads to a platform faced with rough stones carefully laid, and reached by a flight of steps. Above this is another platform, ascended in like manner, on the further side of which are the remains of two rectangular buildings, each 35 feet long by 27 feet broad, with a narrow passage between them. The front of each building is much ruined, but relieved by re-entering niches of true Inca type and characteristic of Inca architecture. Midway from the passage between the buildings, which is only 30 inches wide, doors open into each edifice, which is composed of but a single room. The further sides of these have niches corresponding with



PLAN OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS AT THE LANDING, ISLAND OF TITICACA.

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those of the exterior. If there were any windows they were in the upper portions of the walls, now fallen. Both buildings are of blue limestone, roughly cut, and laid in a tough clay. They were probably stuccoed.



NICHE IN RUINS AT LANDING, ISLAND OF TITICACA.

The purpose of these structures, or rather structure, is pretty well indicated by the early writers, who tell us that the pilgrims to the sacred island, after going through certain fasts, penances, and purifications in Copacabana, were permitted to visit the island, but on landing had to go, with many ceremonies and confessions, through three gates or doors—the door of the Puma, the door of the bird Kenti, and the gate of Hope—when they might continue their journey to the sacred rock.

After making a rapid plan of these remains and of some works apparently fortifications on the declivity above, we mounted our mules, and with an alcalde trotting along in front of us and another behind, we started for the holy *kaka* or rock of Manco, and the convent of the ancient priests, at the opposite end of the island. The path skirts the flanks of the abrupt hills forming the island, apparently on the line of an ancient road supported by terraces of large stones, at an elevation of between two and three hundred feet above the lake, the shores of which are precipitous. At the distance of half a mile from the landing we passed a fine ruin called "The Palace of the Incas," and further on passed also "The Baths of the Inca," in a beautiful protected amphitheatre, irrigated by springs, yellow with ripening barley, and full of shrubs and flowers. Here the path turns to the right over the *cumbre* or crest of the island, 2000 feet high, and runs along dizzy eminences, from which, far down, may be discerned little sheltered *enseñadas* or bays, almost land-locked, where there is a poor thatched hut or two, a *balsa* riding at her moorings or dragged up to dry on the shore, a few *quenua* trees, and whence comes up the sole music of the *sierra*, the bark, half yelp, half snarl of the ill-conditioned, base-tempered, but faithful dogs of the country. Sometimes our course was on one side of the crest, and sometimes on the other, so that we had alternating views of the Peruvian and Bolivian shores of the lake, and of the bays and promontories of the island.

At almost the very northern end of the island, at its most repulsive and unpromising part, where there is neither inhabitant nor trace of culture, where the soil is rocky and bare and the cliffs ragged and broken, high up where the eye ranges over the broad blue waters from one mountain barrier to the other, from the glittering crests of the Andes to those of the Cordillera, is the spot most celebrated and most sacred of Peru. Here is the rock on which it was believed no bird would light or animal venture, on which no human being dared to place his foot, whence the sun rose to dispel the primal vapors and illume the world, which was plated all over with gold and silver, and covered, except on occasions of the most solemn festivals, with a veil of cloth of richest color and material, which sheltered the favorite children of the Sun, and the pontiff, priest, and king who founded the Inca empire.

Our guides stopped when it came in view, removed their hats and bowed low and reverently in its direction, muttering a few words of mystic import. But this rock to-day—alas, for the gods dethroned!—is nothing more than a frayed and weather-worn mass of red sandstone, part of a thick stratum that runs through the island, and which is here disrupted and standing with its associated shale and limestone layers, at an angle of 45° with the horizon. The part uncovered and protruding above the ground is about 225 feet long and 25 feet high. It presents a rough and broken and slightly projecting face, but behind subsides in a slope coinciding with the declivity of the eminence of which it is part. In the face are many shelves and pockets, all apparently natural. Excepting that there are traces of walls around it of cut stone, and that the ground in front is artificially leveled, there is nothing to distinguish it from many other projections of the sandstone strata on the island and the main land. Calancha, one of the oldest chroniclers of this region, well observes that it has no special features to arrest the eye or fix the attention.

Its position, however, is remarkable. It is on the crest of a ridge connecting with a bold promontory—a high, rocky mass with precipitous sides and dark, cavernous recesses, which forms the northern extremity of the island. On every

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THE SACRED ROCK OF MANCO CAPAC.

side are bare rocks, heaped confusedly, except in front of the sacred stone itself, where, as I have said, there is a level, artificial terrace 372 feet long and 125 feet broad, supported by a stone-wall. At each outer corner of this terrace are the remains of small, square structures, probably those referred to by the chroniclers as the shrines of the thunder and lightning. According to tradition the earth of this terrace was brought from the distant rich and fertile valleys of the Amazonian rivers, so that it might nourish a verdure denied by the hard, ungrateful soil of the island.

From the front of this terrace the island falls off to the lake by a steep but smooth declivity, and the eye rests on the small but lovely bay of Chucaripe, in which the clear and sparkling waters ripple gently to a sandy shore, that contrasts pleasingly with the rugged cliffs rising on either hand. Black, rocky islets, frayed and shattered by earthquakes and storms, lift themselves up in the lake beyond; and away in the distance, sharply defined in the clear, rarefied atmosphere, are the hills of Juli and Pomata —the great church of the latter town gleaming out like a point of silver against the umber-tinted back-ground. Turning around and facing the sacred rock we find ourselves looking down on another similar bay or indentation, cliff-bound, and in which the waves, driven by the keen northeast wind, dash and chafe angrily against the rocky shore, in striking contrast with the soft and almost slumberous repose of the opposing bay. This is called the Bay of Kentipunca, in which the Inca landed when he came to visit the spot sacred to the Sun. On a narrow natural platform half-way down to the water are the remains of several structures, which were the residences, it is supposed, of priests and attendants. They are of rough stones, and not architecturally remarkable. From them, leading up to the shrine, is a broad road, partly hewn in the rock. About midway are what are called the "footprints of the Inca," revered among the Indians to this day, as indicating the place where Yupanqui stood when he made his pilgrimage to the island, and removed the imperial *llautu* from his forehead in token of submission and adoration of the divinity whose shrine rose before him. The so-called footprints certainly have a rough resemblance to the impression that might be produced by a sandaled foot; but they are rather large for those of even so mighty a personage as the Incâ Yupanqui—being upward of three feet long and of corresponding width. They are formed, in outline, by hard, ferruginous veins around which the rock has been worn away, leaving them in relief.

It was in *adoratorios* or chapels here that the chroniclers affirm was placed the triune statue of stone, three figures united in one, which uncritical writers have made to do such large service, as evidence of the existence of the doctrine of the Trinity in Peru. These figures had names, so state the monkish authorities, signifying Great or Lord Sun, the Son of the Sun, and the Brother Son. Calancha thinks that the making the third person the brother of the first was a corruption of the mystery as taught by the apostles who came to America, and was suggested by the devil himself, so as to delude the ignorant natives to their spiritual ruin.

To the front and northward of the sacred rock, and distant about 200 paces, are the ruins of a large edifice which the chroniclers call the *Despensa*, or Store-house of the Sun, but which is now called *La Chingana*, or The Labyrinth. It justifies the latter name. It is situated on the

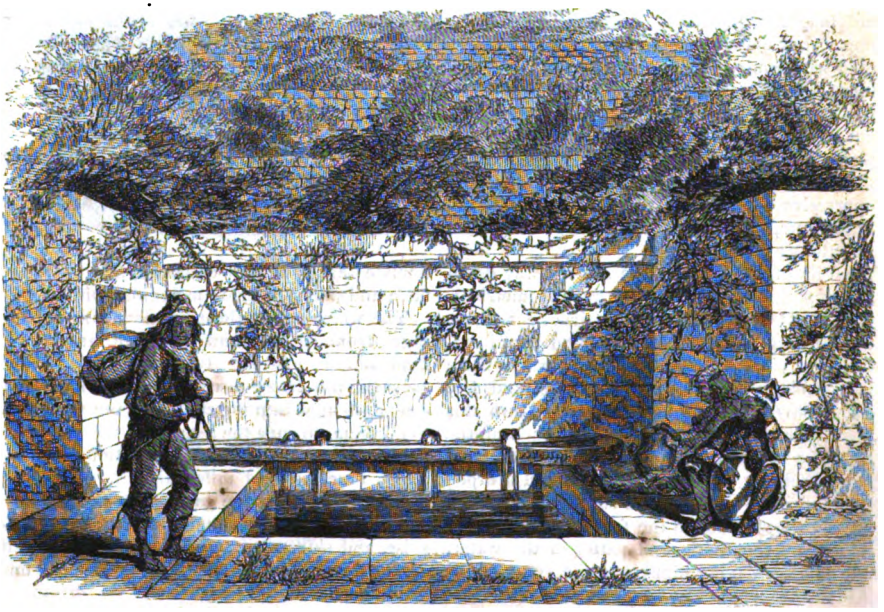
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slope descending to the little bay of Chucaripe, at a point where the ground falls off very abruptly, so that its lower walls must have been twice or three times as high as those on its upper side. Its leading feature is a court, with terraces cut in the rock, and with a fountain in its centre. The walls facing inward on the court are all niched, and on each side are masses of buildings, which had evidently been two or three stories in height. Some of the lower rooms or vaults, probably all of them, had been arched after the manner to be observed in the "Palace of the Inca" at the opposite end of the island. The passages leading to the various rooms were narrow and intricate, the doorways low, and the rooms themselves small and dark, almost precluding the notion that they were intended to be inhabited. From its proximity to the rock, and the identity of its leading features with those of other structures of Peru of known purpose, I am inclined to regard the *Chingana* as one of the *Aclahuasas* or Houses of the Virgins of the Sun, one of which existed on the island, and I found no other building that could have served as a retreat for the vestals.

The sun had set, casting a fleeting crimson glow on the snows of Illampu, which was followed by a deadly, bluish pallor, and it was beginning to be dark before we got through with our investigation of the rock of Manco Capac. We had arranged to pass the night at the little hacienda of the *Pila* or Bath of the Incas, and retraced our path thither slowly and with difficulty. The hacienda consisted of three small buildings, occupying as many sides of a court. One of these was a kitchen and dormitory, another was a kind of granary or storehouse, and in the third was an apartment reserved for the proprietor of the hacienda, a resident of Puno, when he visited the island. The room was neatly whitewashed, the floor was matted, and there were two real chairs from Connecticut, and a table that might be touched without toppling over, and used without falling in pieces. The *alcaldes* who had us in charge attended faithfully to our wants, and served us in person with *chupe*, *ocas*, and eggs. Their authority over the people of the hacienda seemed absolute.

The night was bitterly cold, and we had no covering except our saddle-cloths, having declined the use of some sheep-skins, which the alcaldes would have taken from the poor people of the establishment. A sheep-skin, or the skin of the vicuña, spread on the mud floor of his hut is the only bed of the Indian from one year's end to the other. It is always filthy, and frequently full of vermin. Before going to bed we went out into the frosty, starry night, and were surprised to see fires blazing on the topmost peak of the island, on the crest of Coati, and on the headland of Copacabana. Others, many of them hardly discernible in the distance, were also burning on the peninsula of Tiquina, and on the bluff Bolivian shores of the lake, their red light shimmering like golden lances over the water. Our first impression was that some mysterious signaling was going on, connected perhaps with our visit. We ascertained, however, that this was the Eve of St. John, which is celebrated in this way throughout the Sierra. On that night fires blaze on the hill-tops in all the inhabited districts of Peru and Bolivia, from the desert of Atacama to the equator.

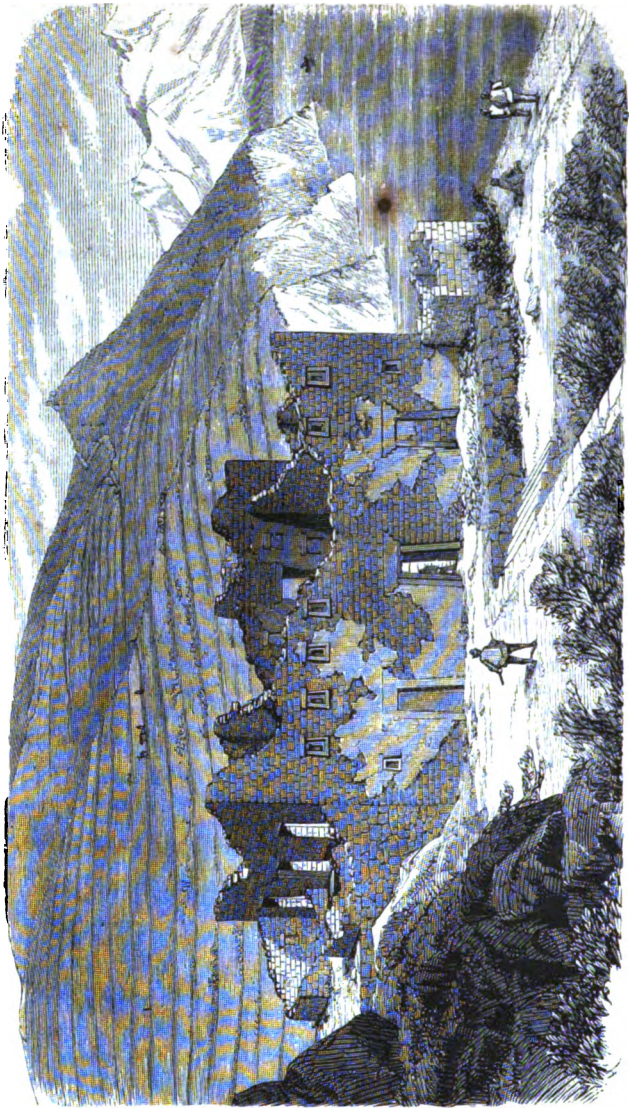
We were up early, and for the first time



PILA OR FOUNTAIN OF THE INCAS, TITICACA.

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ate our *chupe* with satisfaction, for it was hot. We found the houses of the hacienda seated in the saddle of a ridge projecting into the lake, and terminating in a natural mound or eminence, rounded with great regularity by art, and terraced up to its top by concentric walls of stone. Traces of a building, like a belvedere or summer-house, were conspicuous at its summit, from which a fine view of the lake, its islands, and the distant Nevadas is commanded. At the foot of this eminence, on both sides, are little bays with sandy beaches, that on the right pushing inland toward the terraced Garden of the Inca. Here is the most sheltered nook of the island, and the terraces are covered with barley in the ear, just changing from green to golden, and as we zigzag down we come to patches of pease and little squares of maize, with stalks scarcely three feet high and ears not longer than one's finger, but closely covered with compact, vitreous grains. We go down, down, until we get where we hear the pleasant plash and gurgle of waters; there is an oppressive odor of fading flowers, and in a few minutes we stand before the Pila of the Incas.



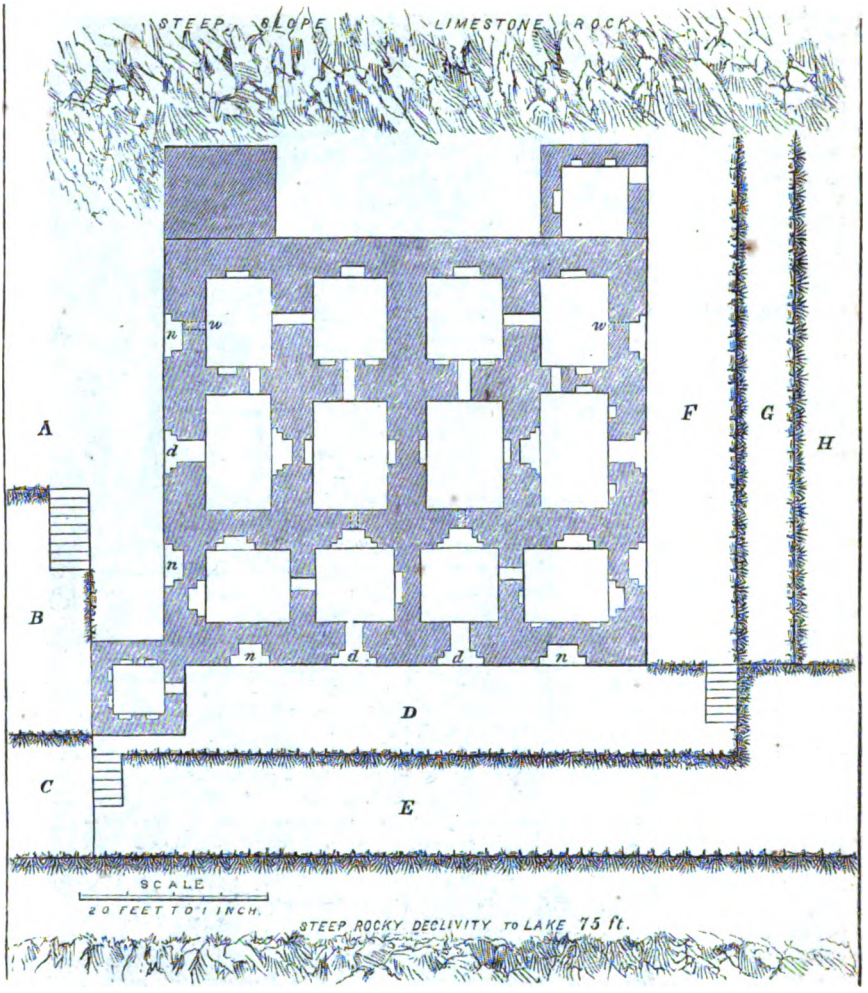
SIDE VIEW OF "PALACE OF THE INCA," ISLAND OF TITICACA

We are midway down the sloping valley, amidst terraces geometrically laid out and supported by walls of cut stone, niched according to Inca taste, and here forming three sides of a quadrangle, in which there is a pool, forty feet long, ten wide, and five deep, paved with worked stones. Into this pour four *chorros* or jets of water, each of the size of a man's arm, from openings cut in the stones behind. Over the walls around it droop the tendrils of vines and the stems of plants that are slowly yielding to the frost, and what with odors and the tinkle and patter of the water, one might imagine himself in the court of the Alhambra, where the fountains murmur of the Moors, just as the *pila* of the Inca tells its inarticulate tale of a race departed, and to whose taste and poetry it bears melodious witness.

The water comes through subterranean passages from sources now unknown, and never diminishes in volume. It flows to-day as freely as when the Incas resorted here and cut the steep hill-sides into terraces, bringing the earth to fill them, so runs the legend, all the way from the Valley of Yucay, or Vale of Imperial Delights, four hundred miles distant. However that may be, this is the garden *par excellence* of the Collao, testifying equally to the taste, enterprise, and skill of those who created it in spite of the most rigorous of climes and most ungrateful of soils.

Half-way from the Garden of the Incas to

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GROUND-PLAN OF "PALACE OF THE INCA," ISLAND OF TITICACA.

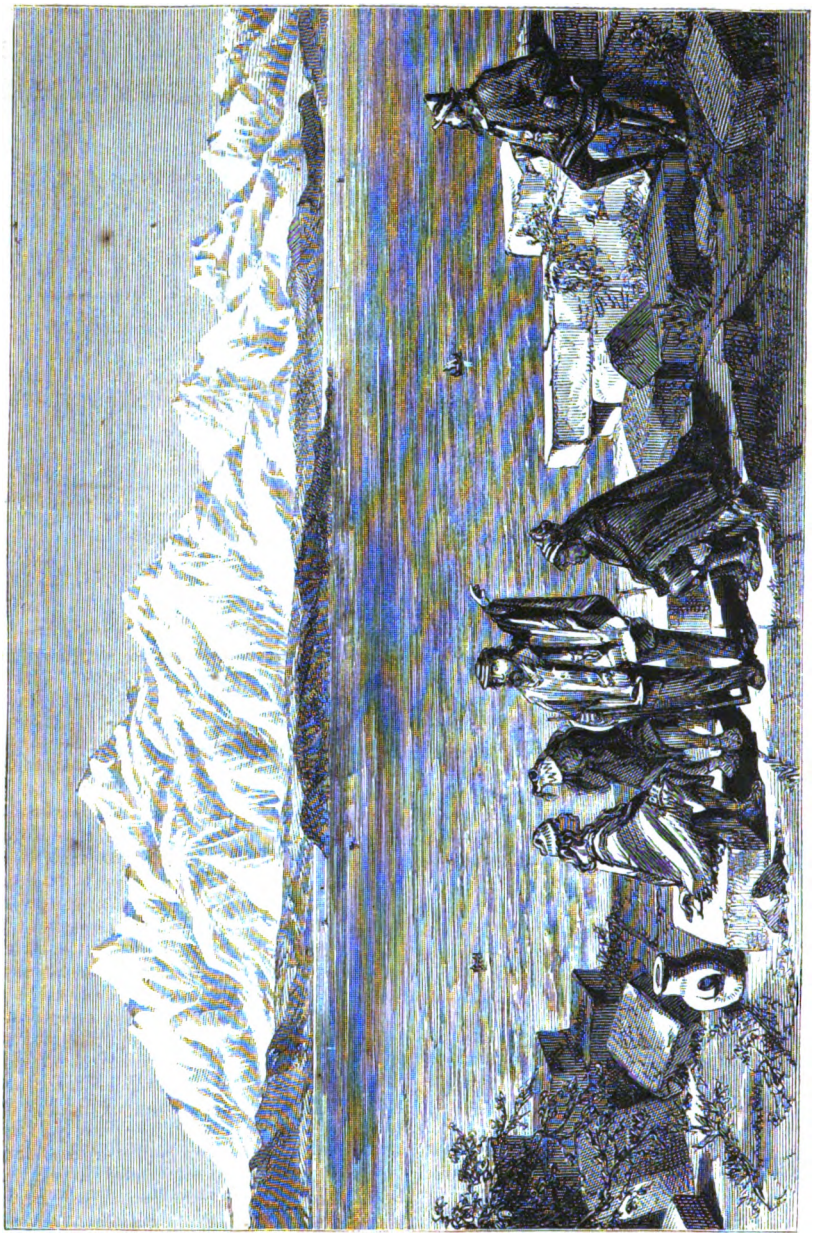
the *embarcadero*, standing on a natural shelf or terrace overlooking the lake, but much smoothed by art, is El Palacio del Inca, the Palace (so-called) of the Inca, to which I have already made a brief reference. Its site is beautiful. On either side are terraces, some of them niched and supporting small dependent structures, while the steep hill behind, which bends around it like a half-moon, is also terraced in graceful curves, each defined not alone by its stone facing, but by a vigorous growth of the shrub that yields the *Flor del Inca*, which blossoms here all the year round.

The building called the Palace is rectangular, 51 by 44 feet, and two stories high.

The front on the lake is ornamented or relieved on the lower story by four high niches, the two central ones being doorways. On each side are three niches, the central one forming a doorway. It is divided into twelve small rooms, of varying sizes, and connected with each other in a manner that can only be made intelligible by reference to the plan. There are altogether four sets of rooms, two groups of two each, and two of four each. These rooms are about 13 feet high, their walls inclining slightly inward, while their ceiling is formed by flat, overlapping stones, laid with great regularity. Every room has its niches, some small and plain, others large and elaborate. The inner as well as the exterior walls were stuccoed with a fine, tenacious clay, possibly mixed with some adhesive substance, and painted. Some patches of this stucco still remain, and indicate that the building was originally yellow, while the inner parts and mouldings of the doorways and niches were of different shades of red.

The second story does not at all correspond in plan with the first. Its entrance is at the rear, on a level with a terrace extending back to the hill, and spreading out in a noble walk faced with a niched wall, and supporting some

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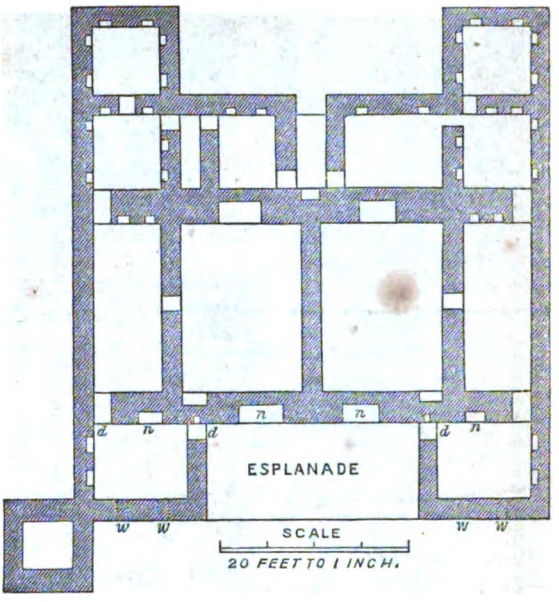


ISLAND OF COATI AND THE "CROWN OF THE ANDES," FROM ESPLANADE OF PALACE OF THE INCAS.

minor buildings or "summer-houses," now greatly ruined. It appears to have had no direct connection with the ground story by stairs or otherwise. The rooms, which are also more or less ornamented with niches, are separated by walls much less massive than those below, and do not seem to have been arched as those are, but to have been roofed with thatch, as were most of the structures of the Incas. The central part of the front of the second story was not inclosed, although probably roofed, but formed an esplanade 22 feet long and 10 broad, flanked by rooms opening on it. Two niches, raised just enough to afford easy seats, appear in the wall at the back of the esplanade, whence may be commanded one of the finest and most extensive views in the world. The waves of the lake break at your very feet. To the right is the high and diversified Peninsula of Copacabana; in the centre of the view, the Island of Coati, consecrated to the Moon, as was Titicaca to the Sun; and to the right the

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gleaming Illampu, its white mantle reflected in the waters that spread out like a sea in front. The design of this esplanade is too obvious to admit of doubt, and indicates that the builders were not deficient in taste or insensible to the grand and beautiful in nature. Tradition assigns the construction of this palace to the Inca Tupac Yupanqui, who also built the Temple of the Moon and the convent of the virgins dedicated to her service in the Island of Coati. He built it, so runs the legend, that during his visits he might always have before him the seat and shrine of the Inti-coya, the sister and wife of his parent the Sun. The rooms on each side of the esplanade have each two windows, opening on the same view that I have described as to be had from the esplanade itself.



PLAN OF SECOND STORY OF PALACE.

There are features, architectural and otherwise, connected with the Palace of the Inca which are of real interest, but which could only be rendered intelligible by minute plans and drawings, such as it is impossible for me to produce here. The manner in which light, or some light, was let into the lower cells or chambers, how communication was artfully established so that an order or command might be given from every point to every other point, how the terraces were sub-drained, and the water prevented from accumulating behind their stone facings, and how many other very necessary objects were accomplished—all this I must omit, and refer the inquirer to the *opus* that is to be, in which he will discover that the Incas and their subjects had solved very many difficult architectural and other problems, and attained very many important ends in the most rational, simple, and business-like manner.

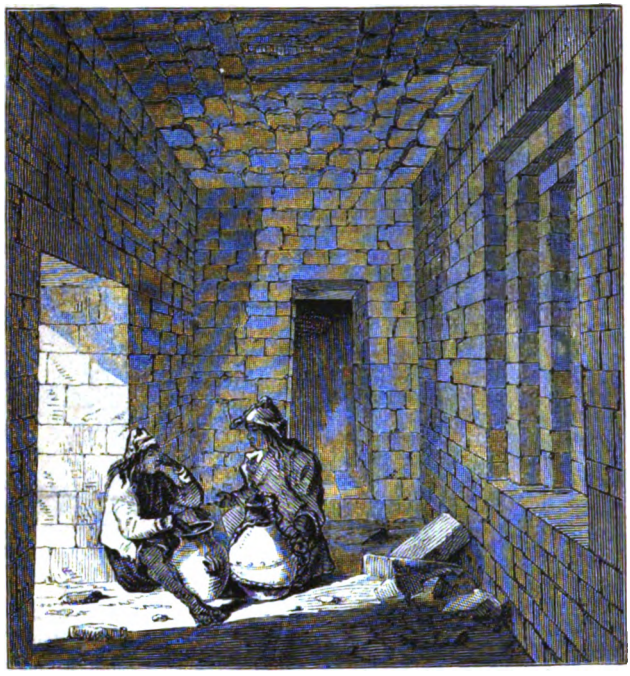
Finding that a proper investigation of the remaining monuments of Titicaca and the other islands would require many days, and that it was tedious and difficult to get from one island to another in the clumsy *balsas* of the natives, I determined to push forward to Puno, the capital of the department, and make that the basis of my future operations in the Titicaca basin. Our return to the main land was in a more pretentious and comfortable *balsa* than that in which we had first ventured.

Our ride back to Copacabana was a rapid one, and we found our commandante parading the streets of the town in high choler, shooting indiscriminately all dogs that he could bring his double-barreled gun to bear upon. "The miserables," as he characterized the people under his care, "haven't half enough to eat themselves, and yet they will fill the town with these sneaking, snarling, starving, thieving curs. It shall not be so any longer, and I—" Here he caught sight of a dog prowling around a corner of the street, and started in pursuit. A shot and a yelp told us what had happened. The commandante soon returned, apologized for leaving us so suddenly, and conducted us to his house, saying that he knew we must be hungry.

Our supper was scant, and the commandante, who was an able eater, rather checked his appetite, we thought, besides appearing a little abstracted and moody. The truth soon came out. Anticipating our arrival he had procured a kid in Yungnyo, and on it we were to have dined, but the famished dogs had somehow got at it, and when the time came for the cook to step in, lo! not even a bone was left. "*Ni un huesito, caballeros!*" said the commandante, with palpable moisture in the corners of his eyes. How many innocent dogs suffered for the sins of their fellows I know not, but they were counted by the score, and next morning not a living specimen of the genus *canis* was to be seen in the place. Those that survived had been carefully secreted by their owners.

I shall not attempt here to recount the details and incidents of our journey from Copacabana to Puno. Our path was that of the traditionary Manco Capac, along the western shore of the great lake. The disrupted carboniferous strata rise in a thousand contorted and fantastic forms around us, and we see occasionally stretching away over, or rather through the hills, long trap dykes which look like Titanic fortifications. We constantly encounter new and varying views, in which the lake, and its bold, brown islands, and the distant snowy Andes, are the ever-recurring features. Sometimes our path lies along

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CHAMBERS IN THE "PALACE OF THE INCA."

the sandy beach of the lake, on which the waves, driven by the fierce, cold, northeast wind, break with oceanic force. At intervals we reach long, straight, narrow causeways built through the shallows and marshes left by the subsidence of some ancient bay penetrating deep into the land, which were built by the Incas and have been suffered to fall into ruin by the Spaniards. Some of these are now so ruined as to be untransitable, and we find ourselves compelled to take tedious circuits along the bases of the hills to reach a spot on the other side of the morass not a thousand yards distant in a direct line. Scampering along the broken walls of inclosures, or peeping furtively out of crevices, we notice hundreds of *cues* or guinea-pigs, indigenous to the country. Marshaled in low meadows are thousands and tens of thousands of aquatic birds, apparently in solemn conclave, which rise, if we approach too near them, with a mighty rush of wings, and a noise like that of a hail-storm in a forest. At intervals of every four or five leagues we come to considerable towns, the size of which would surprise us if we did not know that in them nearly all the inhabitants of the country are gathered. Those whose occupation lies in the fields go out to their work in the morning and return at night; but during this bitter weather most of them wrap themselves in their ponchos of llama wool, and gather gloomily in their dark, filthy, unventilated cabins at night, or silently bask themselves by day on the sunny sides of their wretched habitations. Nothing more oppresses us than the stupor and gloom of the towns, which appear as if under the pall of a pestilence; and nothing repels us more than the sullen, almost morose aspect and manners of the inhabitants. A smile is seldom seen, a laugh is never heard. The impassive children never cry. It is only on the occasions of pagan festivals tolerated by the Church or incorporated with its own, and when warmed with *chicha* or maddened with *cañaso*, that the apathetic Aymara appears animated; it, however, is a savage, tigerish animation, which causes a shudder, but creates no sympathy.

In these towns are great churches whose massiveness bids defiance alike to time and neglect. That of Pomata is of stone, inside and out; the very altar is cut in stone, and its roofs and walls and the niches of the saints are covered all over with a lace-work of sculpture, as intricate in design as delicate in execution. The work must have been done by the Indians, before they lost the skill in stone-cutting which they possessed at the time of the conquest, and to which every *bolson* and valley of the Sierra bears enduring witness.

We hear as we proceed of fortresses and other works, "*muy desforme*," of "El Rey Inca," but they are always far off, and we know by experience how little dependence we can put on the representations of the ignorant, who so often confound the natural with the artificial, and the trifling with the important. It is only on our third day of journeying that we find any remains of antiquity worthy of notice.

Between Juli and Illave we come upon a mass of sandstone rock, by the road-side, a hundred feet long or more, and from fifteen to twenty high. It is naturally rounded, but a stairway has been cut to its top, which is leveled artificially. Here is a seat carved in the rock, resembling a large arm-chair in shape and size; while lower down, in front and around, are other similar but elaborate seats, reached by other flights of steps, also cut in the rock. This, says tradition, was the "resting-place of the Inca" in his journeyings or pilgrimages, where the people came to do him homage, bringing *chicha* for his delectation and that of his attendants.

Approaching the town of Acora, three days' journey from Copacabana, we come upon a broad plain, high and arenaceous, covered with

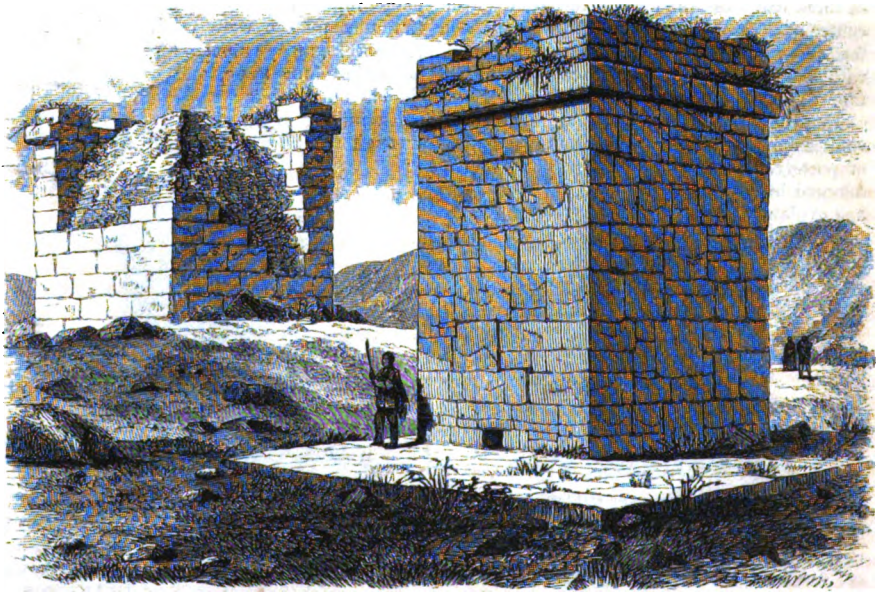
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THE INCA'S CHAIR.

ichu grass, across which the road stretches in a long line. The plain is covered with many rude monuments, small circles and squares of unwrought upright stones planted in the ground, and sometimes sustaining others which overlap and form chambers, with openings generally toward the north. They are almost identical in appearance and character with the *cromlechs* of Europe, and might be transferred to Brittany or Wales, and pass for structures contemporaneous with the thousand rude monuments of antiquity found in those regions. Subsequent investigation convinced me that they were sepulchral in origin, and that they were rude and *early* forms of what subsequently became elaborate and symmetrical *chulpas*, or burial towers.

In fact, at the base of the hills bounding the plain of Acora on the west are a number of these *chulpas*. Some are square, others round, but all of one plan and style. Their inner mass is of rough stones laid in clay, but they are faced with hewn limestone blocks. A description of one, with the aid of a view and section, will sufficiently illustrate the character of all.



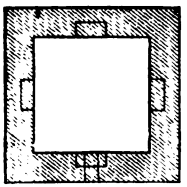
CHULPAS OR BURIAL TOWERS, ACORA, PERU.

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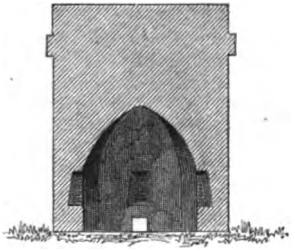


ANCIENT SEPULCHRES, ACORA, PERU.

It is seventeen feet square and twenty-four feet high, and rises from a platform of cut stones twenty-two feet on each side, and raised a foot above the ground. Three feet below its top is a projection or cornice, two feet deep, projecting about a foot on every side, forming a severe but effective ornament or finish to the structure. There is a square opening, eighteen inches high and broad, in the eastern face, on a level with the platform. Crawling into this with difficulty, for it was obstructed with rubbish, I found myself in a vault, or chamber, eleven feet square and thirteen feet high, the sides of which rise vertically to the height of eight feet, where the stones begin to overlap, forming a kind of pointed arch. At the height of three feet from the floor of the vault, in the centre of each of its four faces, is a niche three feet and a half high and eighteen inches deep, with sides inclining toward each other at the top. The entrance is immediately under one of these niches. I found nothing in this dark vault except some human bones and fragments of pottery, and the gnawed bones of animals dragged here probably by dogs, for whom this had evidently been a favorite retreat.



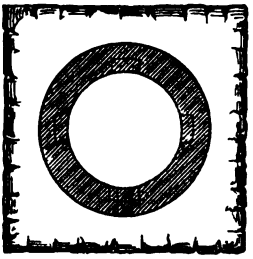
PLAN OF SQUARE CHULPA.



SECTION OF SQUARE CHULPA.

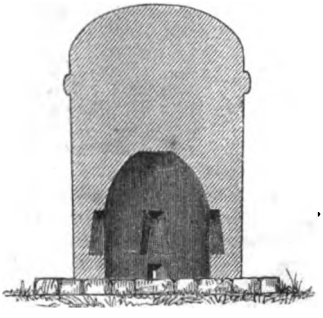
Chulpa is the Aymara word for tomb; and near that just described is another, twenty-six feet high, and with a similar niched vault, but round instead of square. Exteriorly it has a corresponding projection or cornice, and its top is dome-shaped. Its peculiar feature is that, in common with all the round *chulpas*, it swells outward or increases in diameter from its base to where the dome begins to spring, where it is sixteen inches more in diameter than at its foundation.

These *chulpas* are common in the Titicaca region, usually standing in groups of from twenty to a hundred, and almost invariably occupying some rocky ridge or spur of the hills and mountains, or some rugged eminence in the plain. Occasionally they occur singly, or in pairs. There is hardly a view to be had in the habitable districts around the head of the lake in which one or more groups do not appear, constituting a singular and interesting feature in the landscape.



PLAN OF ROUND CHULPA.

Almost every traveler in the Sierra is taken for an itinerant vendor of *joyas* or cheap jewelry, and our instruments and iron-clasped photographic boxes seemed to convey the notion that we too were vendors of paste and pinchbeck on a magnificent scale. Two leagues before reaching Puno, and just as we struck the bay on which it stands, we observed a man splendidly-mounted riding rapidly toward us through the heavy sand. He drew up as we



SECTION OF ROUND CHULPA.

approached, removed his hat, and saluted us in grand style. We responded with equal pomp, and were speculating mentally whether he was a messenger of the Prefect of the Department

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or the Prefect himself, who had come to tender us the freedom and the hospitalities of the city of Puno. But he turned out to be the resident vendor of trinkets, who, hearing of our approach, had made up his mind that we were peddlers, and had come out to make us an offer for our entire stock, rather than have us open a shop and undersell him in the town. He was slow to be convinced that we were mere travelers studying the country, but when satisfied on the point gave us a contemptuous glance, and without even an *adios*, spurred his horse into a gallop and left us to contemplate the flutter of his receding *poncho* as well as we could through the dust that he raised. I do not think scientific travelers are likely to inspire profound respect or secure a very high appreciation among the mixed people of the Sierra. He must content himself to be taken for a Viracocha by the shepherd Indians.

Turning sharp around a high, precipitous headland, on the shelves and among the crevices of which Indian fishermen had established their huts, looking like swallows' nests, we came in sight of Puno, standing on the shores of its bay, half grown up with *totora* and water-plants, at the foot of the silver-veined hill, or rather mountain, of Cancharani. To the famous mines of the Manto, and others, which have honeycombed the mountain, the town owes its origin. It is a large place, of between six and seven thousand inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are pure Indians — the Aymaras occupying the southern, the Quichuas the northern portion.

We had letters to Mr. T——, an American gentleman from Philadelphia, married in the country, and the leading merchant of the place, and rode at once to his house, formerly that of General San Roman, who had been chosen President of Peru, but had just died in Lima. Here we met a hospitality such as might be expected from an ardent American who had not seen the face of a countryman for years, and here we rested a time from our journeyings.

IMMORTAL.

Always to live, always to grow,
Brings finite close to infinite;
What we *shall be* God may know:
We can not guess such height.

But seeing how at such advance
Beneath us lies the former state,
When that now counted ignorance
Was wisdom's ultimate—

Infer at length a world outgrown,
With all known forms of life and thought,
And that discovered now unknown,
Or that which now is not.

Oh, men, who hold this life to-day
Look up! Ye are creation's heirs,
Albeit ye scarce have learned to say
"Our Father," even in prayers.

Learn to revere the glorious type
So dimly modeled in this clay;
Behold the tree and fruit full ripe
Live in the germ to-day.

So sees the Wisdom looking far,
To shape our widening destiny:
He keeps us not for what we are,
But what we yet may be.

Our after-selves: Such wondrous things
As those at thought of whom we bow;
They trembled late near angel wings,
Who may be angels now.

A soul that widens every day,
Claiming its kindred with far spheres,
And so anticipates its way
Along the path of years.

What end for such? The swift thought reels
In awful vastness venturing;
With vision of the burning wheels,
And each a living thing.

But what then? Do the Angelhood
Keep constant level round the throne,
Content with knowing only good,
To leave so much unknown?

Does not the blue sky every where
Open up, up, like that we see;
And larger vision but declare
Unseen immensity?

Then what can its fulfillment miss?—
Realities beyond our dreams
Lie all about us. That which is
Is more than that which seems.

Fear not to hope too much. Beyond
Our Possible God's sureties stand;
Our utmost would the bounties bound
Of an Almighty hand.

Even now those richer years supply
The glory that the Present wants,
The Future nothing shall deny
Of all for which she pants.

Ours are the things unseen, unheard,
The secrets of eternity;
We hold in one unfathomed word
Our Immortality.

We have been using angels' speech
Unthinking, knew not what we said;
The thought no mortal words can reach,
Is uninterpreted.

A little of its meaning guessed,
The shadowy greatness haunts us still.
Only with visions of unrest
Our littleness to fill.

The less is swiftest in the race,
The rivers run and can not cease,
Only the ocean keeps its place
And takes without increase.

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SHOOTING-STARS, DETONATING METEORS, AND AEROLITES.

By ELIAS LOOMIS, Professor in Yale College.

EVERY one has occasionally seen upon a clear evening a small bright object, in appearance very much like a fixed star, move rapidly across the sky and suddenly disappear, as if a star were shot away from its place in the firmament to a distant region of the heavens. This phenomenon is commonly known by the name of "Shooting-star," or "Falling Star." Occasionally the path of a shooting-star is marked by a luminous stream which continues for an appreciable time after the star has vanished. Shooting-stars may occasionally be seen on every clear night, and at times follow each other so rapidly that it is quite impossible to count them.

Ordinary shooting-stars are not accompanied by any audible sound, although they are sometimes seen to break into pieces. Occasionally meteors of extraordinary brilliancy, like globes of fire, presenting an apparent diameter of considerable magnitude, are succeeded by a loud detonation or explosion, followed by a noise like that of musketry or the discharge of cannon. These have been called "Detonating Meteors" or "Bolides."

No solid body has been known to reach the earth's surface which could be traced to an ordinary shooting-star; but occasionally solid substances descend to the earth from beyond the earth's atmosphere. These bodies are called "Aerolites." These three classes of bodies are known by the general term of "Meteors." It is convenient to speak of these classes separately, although it is not supposed that they differ from each other essentially either in their character or their origin.

Shooting-stars are not seen with equal frequency at all hours of the night. They generally increase in numbers from the evening twilight throughout the night until the morning twilight; and when the light of day does not interfere, they are generally most numerous about six o'clock in the morning. From a comparison of a vast number of observations it has been ascertained that the average number of shooting-stars which may be seen by a single observer upon a clear night, in the absence of the moon, about the middle of the evening, is four per hour; about midnight it is six per hour; about two o'clock in the morning it is eight per hour; and about four o'clock it is ten per hour.

In order, however, that an individual may see so large a number he must observe, not from an open window, much less through a pane of glass, but he must stand in the open air where the view of the sky is entirely unobstructed, and he must devote his exclusive attention to a constant watch of the heavens. Upon a cool night such exposure is far from agreeable, and few persons are willing long to persevere in it.

Professor Newton of Yale College has made extensive investigations to determine the relative number of shooting-stars which may be seen in a given period by different numbers of observers. For this purpose twelve observers were stationed upon the top of a tower from which there was an unobstructed view of the heavens, and they were intended to be so arranged as to divide the sky equally among them. Whenever a meteor was seen, each person perceiving it called out his own name, and a secretary entered the names of the observers upon a record. These observations were continued for several hours. From a comparison of these records it has been concluded that four persons, looking toward different portions of the heavens so as to divide the sky symmetrically among them, will see three times as many meteors as the average number seen by them individually; eight persons will see four times as many as one; and fifteen observers will see five times as many as one. The entire number of meteors which might be seen by a sufficient number of observers is about six times as many as would be seen by a single observer. The reason that four persons will not see four times as many meteors as one person is that two of them will frequently see the same meteor.

Combining these results with those previously stated we conclude that the average number of meteors that traverse the atmosphere, and that are large enough to be visible to the naked eye, if the sun, moon, and clouds would permit, is forty-two in an hour, or *one thousand daily*.

Shooting-stars are not seen with equal frequency at all seasons of the year. From July to December they are more abundant than during the other six months of the year; and they are ordinarily most abundant in the month of August.

If two observers, at a suitable distance from each other, note the apparent altitude and azimuth of a shooting-star at the commencement of its flight, and do the same also for its termination, they have the data for computing the absolute height of beginning and end above the surface of the earth. The earliest observations of this kind were made in 1798 by Benzenberg and Brandes in Germany, and since that time similar observations have been made in many parts of Europe, as well as in the United States. Such observations were made at New Haven, Hartford, Williamstown, Wolcottville, Albany, etc., on the night of August 10–11, 1863; at Washington and Philadelphia on the night of November 13–14, 1863; and again on the 13–14th of November, 1867, such observations were made at Washington, Richmond, New Haven, and several other places. It has been ascertained that when the base line employed is only three or four miles in length a shooting-

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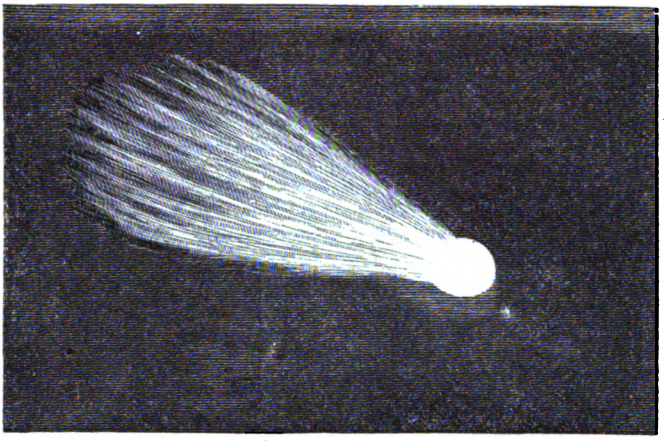


FIGURE 1.—METEOR WITH A FIERY TRAIN.

star is seen in nearly the same direction at both stations, showing that its altitude is much greater than the length of that base. When the base line is 30 or 40 miles, the average difference of the directions of the star at the two stations is about fifteen degrees. The base line should not be less than 40 or 50 miles in length, and one of 75 or 100 miles would not be too great. Observers at distances of over 150 miles from each other see for the most part different shooting-stars.

The heights of over 500 meteor paths have been computed, and we thus learn that shooting-stars begin to be visible at elevations of from 40 to 120 miles, and perhaps sometimes 150 miles, or an average height of 74 English statute miles. They disappear at elevations of from 30 to 80 miles, and perhaps sometimes 100 miles or more, giving an average height at disappearance of 52 English statute miles.

The length of the visible path of shooting-stars varies from 10 to 100 miles, though in a few cases they have been found to be even 300 and 400 miles long—the average length being 28 miles. The time of describing the visible path varies from less than one second to five seconds, and in some rare cases amounts to ten seconds; but their average duration is less than one second. The average duration of meteors whose brightness exceeds that of stars of the first magnitude is estimated at one and a half seconds.

Their velocity relative to the earth's surface varies from 10 to 45 miles per second, and the average velocity of the brighter class of shooting-stars amounts to about 30 miles per second.

Shooting-stars are seen to move in all directions through the heavens. Their apparent paths are, however, generally inclined downward, though sometimes they move upward; and after midnight they come in the greatest numbers from that quarter of the heavens toward which the earth is moving in its annual course around the sun.

The magnitude of shooting-stars is very variable. Some of them have been computed to have a diameter of 100 or 200 feet, and others 1000 up to 5000 or 6000 feet. We must, however, regard this as the diameter of the blaze of light which surrounds the meteor, while the meteor itself before it takes fire may have a diameter of only a few feet, or perhaps only a fraction of an inch. The apparent size of meteors is greatly magnified by irradiation.

Professor Harkness has undertaken an elaborate investigation to estimate the quantity of matter in shooting-stars by means of the light evolved during their passage through the atmosphere, and he concludes that the mass of ordinary shooting-stars does not differ greatly from one grain; that is, *four hundred and eighty of them would weigh only one ounce* at the surface of the earth.

Occasionally shooting-stars appear in great splendor, flashing with a brightness nearly equal

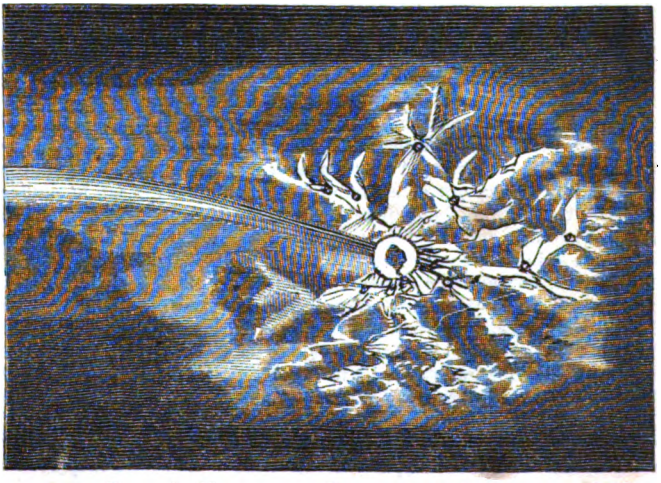


FIGURE 2.—METEOR WHICH BURST WITH AN EXPLOSION.

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to that of the full moon, and leaving behind them a train of dazzling light, which lasts for several seconds, and even for whole minutes. Their color is usually white, with a reddish tinge; but occasionally they exhibit a green light, and sometimes a mixture of green and blue or purple. Even quite faint shooting-stars sometimes leave trains. Fig. 1 represents a remarkable meteor seen in June, 1866.

The path of shooting-stars is frequently curved; sometimes the path consists of two portions inclined to each other at a considerable angle; and at last the meteor sometimes bursts like a rocket into numerous fragments. In such cases the place of explosion is usually indicated by a smoky cloud, which sometimes continues visible for ten minutes. Fig. 2 represents a meteor seen in 1850, which was followed by a long train of light, and which exploded emitting a large number of scintillating radiations.

Observers frequently imagine that they hear a whizzing noise accompanying the passage of a brilliant meteor. It may be easily proved that such impressions are an illusion. When we compute the path of the meteor from which the sound was supposed to proceed, we always find that it was quite distant from the observer, frequently 40 or 50 miles, and sometimes 100 miles. Now sound is known to move with a velocity of 1120 feet per second, or 50 miles in about four minutes. If, then, any noise was caused by the motion of the meteor, the sound could not possibly be heard until a considerable time after the meteor disappeared, viz., two, five, or even ten minutes, according to its distance.

The light of shooting-stars is probably due to the high temperature resulting from the resistance of the atmosphere to the rapid motion of the meteor. Since at the ordinary elevation of shooting-stars the air is exceedingly rare, some have supposed that the resistance would not develop sufficient heat to give meteors their brilliant appearance. The researches of modern philosophers have enabled us to compute the quantity of heat that may be developed by the stoppage of a meteor in the atmosphere. A portion of the living force of the body is expended in setting the air in motion, and a portion in heating the meteor and the air. This living force, and the consequent heat that may be developed, is proportioned to the mass of the body and to the square of its velocity. The arresting the motion of an iron meteor whose velocity is thirty miles per second would, if the whole living force were changed into heat, be sufficient to raise the temperature of the meteoric body more than four million degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. If even the larger part of this force was expended in giving motion to the air, there would remain enough to furnish a brilliant light and to melt the exterior portion of the meteor, or entirely to disintegrate it. Aerolites, such as will be hereafter described, always present a peculiar appearance upon the exterior, as if the outer crust had suffered partial fusion, and many of them when first discovered have still been quite hot.

The mean distance of shooting-stars from the observer is found to be about 105 miles, and the average height above the earth of the middle points of their paths is 63 miles. Hence the mean horizontal distance of the paths may be regarded as about 90 miles. It is estimated that the number of shooting-stars actually falling within a circle of 90 miles radius is somewhat greater than the number seen at one place. The area of this circle is contained nearly 8000 times in the entire surface of the globe; whence we conclude that the number of shooting-stars over the whole earth is more than eight thousand times the number visible at one place.

The average daily number of shooting-stars visible to the naked eye at one place has already been stated at 1000. Hence the average number of meteors that traverse the atmosphere daily, and that are large enough to be visible to the naked eye, if the sun, moon, and clouds would permit, must be more than a thousand times eight thousand, or more than eight millions.

The observations of two European astronomers indicate that the number of meteors visible with a telescope of four inches aperture is about forty times the number visible to the naked eye. A further increase of optical power would doubtless reveal a still larger number of these small bodies. Hence we must conclude that the source from which these meteors come is of immense extent, otherwise it would long since have been exhausted.

The quantity of matter in these bodies is, however, so small, and their distance from each other so great, that they exert no appreciable influence upon the motion of the planets. It is computed that the average distance from each other of shooting-stars, such as under favorable circumstances would be visible to the naked eye, is about three hundred miles.

Having determined the velocity and direction of a meteor's path with reference to the earth, and knowing also the direction and velocity of the earth's motion about the sun, we can compute the direction and velocity of the meteor's motion with reference to the sun. This computation has been made for several different meteors, and has shown that these bodies, before they approached the earth, were revolving about the sun in ellipses of considerable eccentricity. In some instances the velocity has been found to be so great as to indicate that the path differed little from a parabola.

It is thus demonstrated that ordinary shooting-stars are small meteoric bodies, moving through space in paths similar to the comets; and it is probable that they do not differ materially from the comets except in their dimensions, and perhaps also in their density.

THE PERIODIC METEORS OF NOVEMBER.

It has already been stated that the average number of shooting-stars for the different months

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of the year is quite unequal, and occasionally the display of meteors is very extraordinary. During the last two centuries the most remarkable exhibitions of this kind have occurred in November. On the morning of November 13, 1833, throughout most of North America, shooting-stars appeared in such numbers that it was found impossible to count them. The shower commenced about 10 o'clock on the evening of November 12, and became remarkable at 11 o'clock. After midnight the meteors rapidly increased in number and brilliancy, and became most numerous at 4 or half past 4 A.M. of New York time. The display continued with little diminution until the dawn of day, and did not entirely cease until near sunrise at a quarter before 7. An observer at Boston counted 650 meteors during the fifteen minutes before 6 o'clock, being at the rate of 43 per minute. During the first fifteen minutes after 6 he counted 98, being at the rate of 6½ per minute. Most of these meteors moved in paths which if traced backward would meet in a single point or small area situated in the constellation Leo, near the middle of the Sickle.

On the 13th of November in 1832 shooting-stars were seen in unusual numbers throughout Europe, and at several places in Arabia and Persia. The display continued from about 4 A.M. to 7 A.M., Greenwich time, and one observer counted 48 in five minutes, being at the rate of 9½ per minute.

A somewhat unusual number of shooting-stars was observed on the corresponding morning of the years 1834, 1835, and 1836.

On the morning of November 12, 1799, an extraordinary display of shooting-stars was witnessed in South America by Humboldt, and it was also seen throughout a considerable part of North America. The display commenced as early as 1 or 2 o'clock, and attained its maximum about 4 o'clock, after which hour meteors became less frequent; but some were seen a quarter of an hour after sunrise.

The examination of old historical records has led to the discovery of at least ten other similar appearances at about the same season of the year. These occurred in the years 902, 931, 934, 1002, 1101, 1202, 1366, 1533, 1602, and 1698.

These remarkable displays, having occurred at intervals of 33 or 34 years, or some multiple of that period, led to a general expectation of a brilliant shower in 1866. At New Haven, on the morning of November 14, from midnight to 4 A.M., 759 meteors were counted, being at the rate of about 3 per minute for a large party of observers, or less than one per minute for a single observer.

A far more brilliant display was witnessed in Europe. On the morning of November 14, at Greenwich, from midnight to 1 o'clock, there were seen 2032 meteors; from 1 to 2 o'clock, 4860 meteors; and from 2 to 3 o'clock, 832 meteors. The curve line, Fig. 3, shows the number of meteors seen each minute from 10 P.M., November 13, to 5 A.M., November 14, the number visible for each minute being indicated by the numerals 0 to 120, on the left of the diagram. The hours of observation are indicated by the numbers at the top of the figure. From this figure we perceive that up to midnight the number of meteors visible was less than 5 per minute; by half past 12 it had increased to 40 per minute; soon after 1 o'clock it rose nearly to 120 per minute; at 25 minutes past 1 it amounted to 124 per minute; at 2 o'clock it had declined to 80 per minute; at 3 o'clock it was only 10 per minute; at 4 o'clock it was 5 per minute—from which time the number still further declined, corresponding very well with the number observed at New Haven at the same instant of absolute time, since midnight at New Haven corresponds to about 5 A.M. at Greenwich.

Nearly all of these meteors moved in lines which, if produced backward, would meet in a point or a small area situated in the constellation Leo, near the middle of the Sickle. Fig. 4 shows a large number of these paths as they were observed at Greenwich, and it will be perceived that nearly all the paths seem to start from a small area in Leo. This indicates that the actual paths were nearly parallel to each other, and all were directed from that point of the heavens in which Leo was situated. A similar display was noticed in every part of Europe; it was also noticed throughout Western Asia, and was quite remarkable as far east as Calcutta, where a single observer counted 50 meteors in five minutes. The maximum at that place

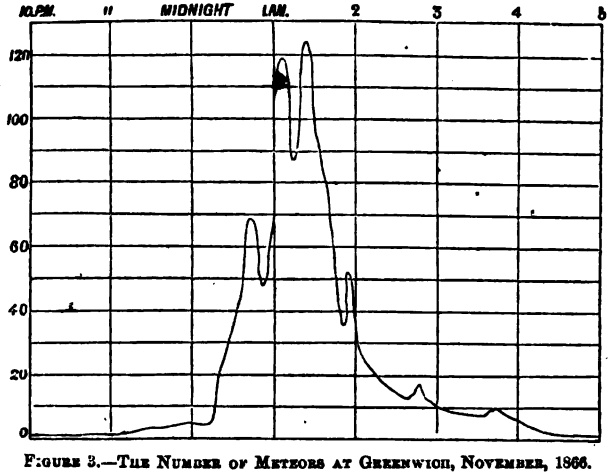


FIGURE 3.—THE NUMBER OF METEORS AT GREENWICH, NOVEMBER, 1866.

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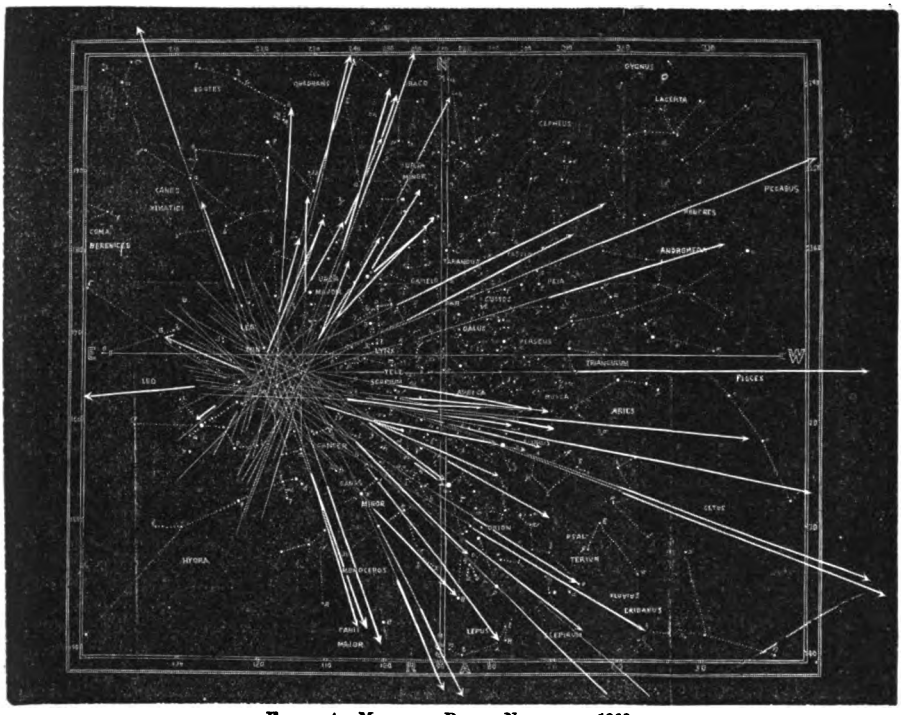


FIGURE 4.—METEORIC PATHS, NOVEMBER, 1866.

doubtless occurred after sunrise, and was therefore hidden from view.

In the Southern Hemisphere the display was about equally remarkable; and at the Cape of Good Hope 1700 meteors were counted in one hour. At the time of greatest abundance 86 were counted in one minute.

Throughout all this region the maximum display occurred at about the same instant of absolute time. In England, Scotland, and Ireland the maximum occurred from 1 h. 7 m. to 1 h. 11 m. A.M. of Greenwich time. At Malta the maximum occurred at 1 h. 19 m. of Greenwich time; and at the Cape of Good Hope it occurred two minutes before 1 A.M. These slight discrepancies are explained by the fact that the flow of meteors did not any where increase or decrease uniformly, but spasmodically, and hence observers at remote stations could not be expected to see the meteors most abundant at identically the same instant.

An equally remarkable display of meteors was witnessed in the United States on the morning of November 14, 1867. Until 3 A.M. the number of shooting-stars was not remarkable, but from that hour the number rapidly increased, and at New Haven attained its maximum about 4½ A.M., after which the number declined, and before 6 o'clock had ceased to be specially noticeable. The curve line in Fig. 5 shows the number of meteors seen at each minute from midnight to 6 o'clock, the hours being indicated by the numbers at the top, and the number of me-

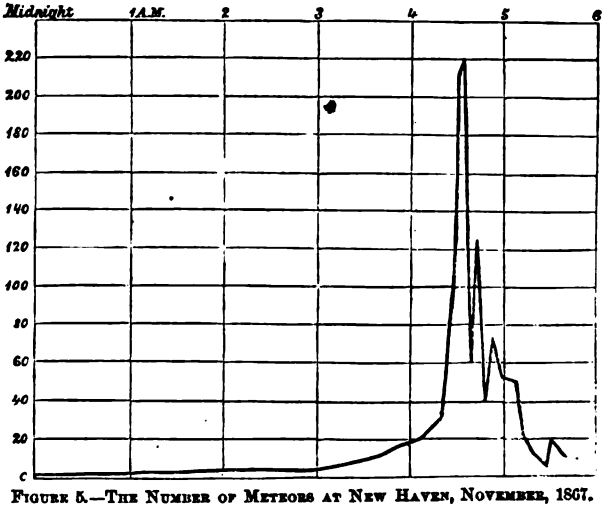


FIGURE 5.—THE NUMBER OF METEORS AT NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER, 1867.

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teors seen per minute is shown by the numerals on the left of the diagram. The entire number visible is assumed to be five times the number actually seen by one person. We perceive that before midnight the number of meteors was less than 1 per minute; at 2 A.M. it was about 3 per minute; at 3 A.M. it was about the same; at 4 A.M. it was 18 per minute; at 4 h. 31 m. it was 100 per minute; at 4 h. 35 m. it was 220 per minute; at 5 A.M. it had declined to 50 per minute; and at 5 h. 30 m. A.M. it was only 12 per minute. These observations were made in presence of a nearly full moon, which probably eclipsed two-thirds of those which would otherwise have been visible. Nearly all of these meteors moved in paths which, if produced backward, would intersect not all precisely in a single point, but within a small area situated in Leo. This area was of an oval form, having a diameter of about 5 degrees in longitude and one degree in latitude. Its centre was very nearly in the same position assigned to it by the observations made in Europe the preceding year.

Nearly all the bright meteors left phosphorescent trains which were distinctly visible for several seconds, notwithstanding the light of the moon. In a few instances the train lasted for minutes. One was observed to leave a train which was visible more than four minutes.

This remarkable display was witnessed throughout the whole of the Western Continent, and very careful observations were made at numerous places, viz., Philadelphia, Washington, Albany, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Toronto, as also in California and Mexico. Throughout all this region the maximum occurred within a few minutes of 4 h. 35 m. A.M. of New Haven time. This is nearly two hours later than the time expected from the European observations of the preceding year, and indicates that the meteors which compose the November group are distributed somewhat irregularly.

Among the numerous observations which were made at several stations for determining the altitudes of individual meteors, the results for Washington and Richmond, Virginia, have been computed and published. The paths of nine meteors seem to have been satisfactorily determined, from which it was concluded that the brighter meteors first appeared at an average height of 75 miles, and were extinguished at an average height of 55 miles above the earth. These results are almost identical with those before given as the average of 500 determinations.

It does not appear that an unusual number of meteors was seen in any part of Europe on the morning of November 14. The reason plainly was that the remarkable display did not commence until 3 A.M. of New Haven time, and at that hour the sun in Europe had already risen.

The day of the year upon which the great displays of the November meteors occur becomes gradually later and later. In 1866 and 1867 the great display was November 14; in 1832 and 1833 it was November 13; in 1799 it was November 12; in 1698 it was November 9; and the earliest recorded corresponding displays occurred in October. If we suppose that these meteors before they encounter the earth form a ring or a portion of a ring about the sun, then we must conclude that the point of intersection of this ring with the ecliptic moves eastward nearly two minutes annually.

A comparison of the dates already mentioned shows that the grand displays of the November meteors recur after a cycle of about one-third of a century, and that a grand display may occur on two consecutive years. A number greater than usual may be observed for three or four consecutive years. Hence we must conclude that these meteors belong to a system of small bodies describing an elliptic orbit about the sun, and extending in the form of a stream along a considerable arc of that orbit. It is evident that the meteors can not make more than two complete revolutions in a year, for the major axis of an orbit which should be completed in one-third of a year would not reach from the sun to the earth. In 1864 Professor Newton showed that the periodic time of these meteors must be either 180, 185, 354, or 376 days, or 33¼ years, and he remarked that a computation of the motion of the node would decide which of these five periods was the correct one. Professor Adams of Cambridge, England, has undertaken this computation, and has found that the computed motion corresponding to either of the four first mentioned periods would be entirely incompatible with the motion actually observed; but if the period be assumed 33¼ years the computed motion of the node due to the action of the planets agrees almost exactly with the observed motion. This coincidence is regarded as demonstrating that the true period of the November meteors is 33¼ years.

Assuming the period as thus determined, and also the position of the radiant point shown by the observations, it is possible to compute the elements of the orbit. Fig. 6 shows the form and dimensions of the orbit thus computed.

The first comet of 1866 is found to have described an orbit almost identical with that of the November meteors. Such a coincidence can not be supposed to be accidental. Through the telescope this comet presented the appearance of a mass of condensed vapor. We can not suppose the comet to consist of an elastic gas, because there is no central nucleus sufficient to prevent its expanding indefinitely and becoming diffused through space. Hence it seems probable that this comet consists of minute detached particles of dense matter like smoke, or clouds, pursuing the same orbit as the November meteors; that is, the first comet of 1866 is simply a cluster of meteors belonging to the November stream, and just dense enough to be visible by the reflected light of the sun.

The November stream of meteors is several years in passing the ecliptic. The length of

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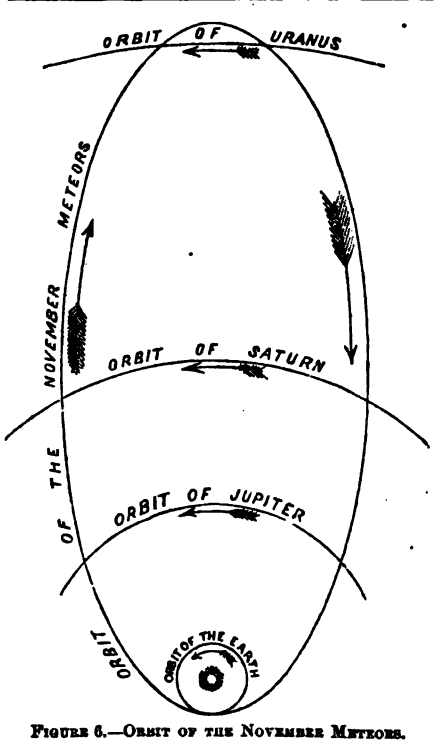


FIGURE 6.—ORBIT OF THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

the period during which extraordinary displays of meteors may occur is more than one year; and an unusual number of shooting-stars, sufficient to attract attention, may be seen through a period of at least five or six years. Hence we conclude that the length of the denser portion of the group, when nearest the sun, is at least one-fourth of the circumference of the orbit, or one thousand millions of miles; while a large number of meteors extend much further along the orbit.

Since the shower of 1833 lasted two or three hours, the thickness of the ring at that point must have been the distance traversed by the earth in that time, multiplied by the sine of the inclination of the orbit, or about 50,000 miles. The comet of 1866 passed the earth's path at a distance of six hundred thousand miles, which seems to imply that the breadth of the ring is more than ten times its thickness.

It thus appears to be pretty well established that the meteors of November are derived from a cosmical cloud, composed of very minute elements, each of which, before it encountered the earth, was moving in an elliptic path about the sun, with a period of 33¼ years. This cloud has the form of an elliptic arc, the denser portion of which is at least six hundred millions of miles in length when nearest the sun, and the rarer portion extends very much further along the ellipse; while its thickness where greatest is not much over fifty thousand miles, and its breadth is probably at least six hundred thousand miles. Although this cloud is of immense extent, its density must be very small. It is computed that the mean distance of the individual elements of the group from each other when nearest the sun is thirty or forty miles, and although some of the meteors may have considerable size, their weight is doubtless very small. As already stated, Professor Harkness estimates that their average weight does not exceed *one grain*. Hence the planets pass freely through the densest portion of this cloud without any sensible loss of motion.

THE PERIODICAL METEORS OF AUGUST.

Another season at which meteors appear each year in unusual numbers occurs about the 10th of August. The periodicity of this display was established in 1837, since which time an extraordinary number of meteors has been uniformly observed each year both in Europe and America from the 6th to the 13th of the month, the greatest number being generally seen on the morning of the 10th. At the time of the maximum the number of meteors visible by four observers has varied from 100 to 160 per hour, which is three times as great as the average number for the entire month, and five times as great as the average number for the entire year. This number appears very insignificant when compared with the November shower of 1833 or 1867, which surpassed at least fiftyfold the most remarkable August display on record; but on the other hand the August display is of much longer duration, and never omits its annual visits.

The meteors of August, like those of November, seem also to emanate chiefly from a fixed point in the heavens. This point is near the head of the constellation Perseus. Assuming the radiant point as determined by the observations, also assuming that the orbit is a parabola and that the earth crosses the centre of the group on the 10th of August, it is possible to compute the elements of the orbit. This computation has been made, and the orbit is found to be almost identical with that of the third comet of 1862. The difference is no greater than can be accounted for by the want of precision in the data for computing the paths of the meteors. Hence we conclude that the third comet of 1862 was probably but a cluster of the August meteors, crowded so closely together as to be visible by the reflected light of the sun, while any single meteor of the group is so small as to be entirely invisible until it plunges into the earth's atmosphere and takes fire. The time of one revolution is estimated to be about one hundred and twenty years, but since the observations only embrace a period of three months the time of a revolution can not be assigned with precision. Fig. 7 shows the computed orbit of this comet, which is also the probable orbit of the August meteors. It will be seen that this orbit extends to a distance much beyond Neptune, the most distant planet hitherto discovered.

It is considered then highly probable that

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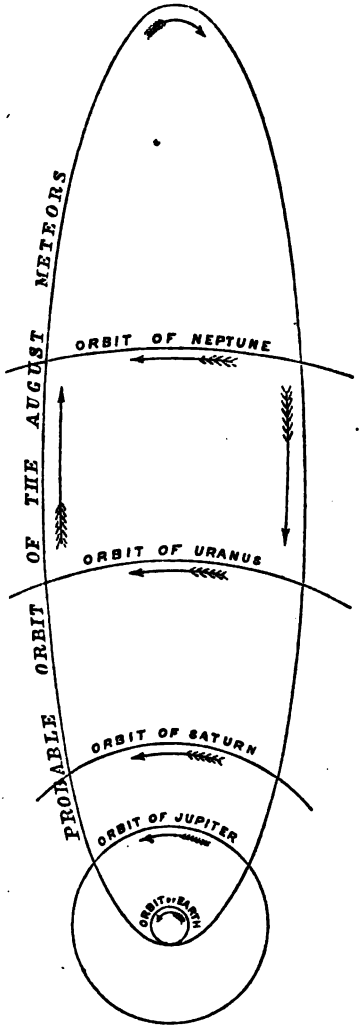


FIGURE 7.—ORBIT OF THE THIRD COMET OF 1862.

the August meteors describe a very large elliptic orbit about the sun, extending far beyond the orbit of Neptune. It is inferred that the meteors are spread over the entire circumference of this orbit, but not in equal numbers. There are on record 63 remarkable displays of meteors which are considered to belong to this group, the earliest having occurred A.D. 811. A comparison of these dates affords some indication of a maximum of brilliancy recurring at intervals of 108 years.

The earth, moving at the rate of 68,000 miles per hour, is at least seven days in passing entirely through the ring, which indicates that the thickness of the ring is more than eleven millions of miles. The density of this stream of meteors is quite small, the mean distance of the individuals of the group from each other being computed to be more than a hundred miles.

Besides the months of August and November, there are several other periods at which, either annually or occasionally, shooting-stars have been observed in unusual numbers. Of these the best established periods are January 2, April 20, July 28, October 24, and December 8–13. These meteors are generally found to have a pretty definite radiant point, like the meteors of August and November.

Hence we conclude that shooting-stars, before they encounter the earth, form in the planetary spaces numerous currents or continuous rings, differing greatly in size and density, situated at various distances from the sun, and having different inclinations to the ecliptic. Meteors show, therefore, a very marked tendency to cluster together in groups, whose length far exceeds their other dimensions; that is, they tend to collect in streams. There must be presumed to be some physical cause for this tendency. Such a cause is found in the laws of the motion of planetary bodies, which tend to impress this shape upon a group of meteors which originally formed a compact mass. Let us suppose a nebulous mass, consisting of millions of very small meteors, to be drawn from the distant regions of space by the attraction of the sun. The individual particles of the group will move in elliptic orbits about the sun, but these ellipses will not be exactly equal to each other. If the form of the mass were at first spherical, its shape would be gradually changed, and it would ultimately be drawn out into a parabolic or elliptic arc, of which the sun is the focus. If the orbit were an ellipse, the original form of the group would never be regained. On each approach to the sun the length of the stream would be increased, and after a certain number of revolutions the group would become a continuous ring. While the ring was incomplete, the earth would encounter it not every year, but occasionally, as happens in the case of the November meteors. After the ring became continuous, the earth would encounter it annually at nearly the same point of its orbit, as happens in the case of the August meteors. Hence it is inferred that the August stream is one of very ancient date, while the November stream is of more recent formation.

DETONATING METEORS.

Ordinary shooting-stars are not accompanied by any audible sound, although they sometimes divide into two or more distinct portions; sometimes they break up into numerous fragments, and sometimes they present the appearance of a violent explosion. Occasionally meteors of extraordinary brilliancy are succeeded by a loud detonation or explosion, followed by a noise like that of musketry or the discharge of cannon. These have been called detonating meteors. The following examples afford a specimen of this class of bodies:

On the morning of November 15, 1859, about 9½ o'clock, a remarkable meteor appeared in the heavens over the southern part of New Jer-

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FIGURE 8.—PATH OF THE TENNESSEE METEOR, AUGUST 2, 1860.

sey. It was so brilliant that, although the sun was unclouded, and had an elevation of about twenty degrees above the horizon, the flash attracted the attention of multitudes of persons as far north as Albany and Boston, and as far south as Fredericksburg, Virginia. Its apparent path was almost vertically downward, inclined a few degrees to the west, and it left behind it a cloud of a rounded form, like a puff of smoke. Soon after the flash there was heard a series of terrific explosions, which were compared to the discharge of a thousand cannon. These explosions continued for one or two minutes, and by some were thought to have been produced by an earthquake. They were heard throughout Delaware and most of New Jersey. From a comparison of numerous observations it was computed that the height of this meteor when first seen was over 60 miles, and when it exploded its height was 20 miles. The length of its visible path was more than 40 miles. It described this path in two seconds, so that its velocity relative to the earth was at least 20 miles per second. The column of smoke resulting from the explosions was a thousand feet in diameter and several miles in length.

Comparing the motion of this meteor with that of the earth in its orbit, we find that its velocity relative to the sun was about 28 miles per second, which is the velocity belonging to a parabolic orbit. The lowest admissible estimate of its velocity would indicate that this meteor was moving about the sun in a very eccentric ellipse; the most probable velocity would indicate that its path was either a parabola or a hyperbola.

On the 2d of August, 1860, about 10 P.M., a magnificent fire-ball was seen throughout the whole region from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and from Charleston to St. Louis, an area of 900 miles in diameter. Several observers described it as equal in size to the full moon, and just before its disappearance it broke into several fragments. A few minutes after the flash of the meteor there was heard throughout several counties of Kentucky and Tennessee a tremendous explosion like the sound of distant cannon. Immediately another noise was heard not quite so loud, and the sounds were re-echoed with the prolonged roar of thunder.

From a comparison of a large number of observations it has been computed that this meteor first became visible over Northeastern Georgia, about 82 miles above the earth's surface, and that it exploded over the southern boundary line of Kentucky at an elevation of 28 miles. The meteor's path is indicated by the long arrow on Fig. 8, while the dotted line shows the elevation of its path above the earth's surface. The length of its visible path was about 240 miles, and time of flight eight seconds, showing a velocity relative to the earth of 30 miles per second. It is hence computed that its velocity relative to the sun was 24 miles per second.

Examples of detonating meteors similar to the preceding are of yearly occurence, and if every case was duly reported they would prob-

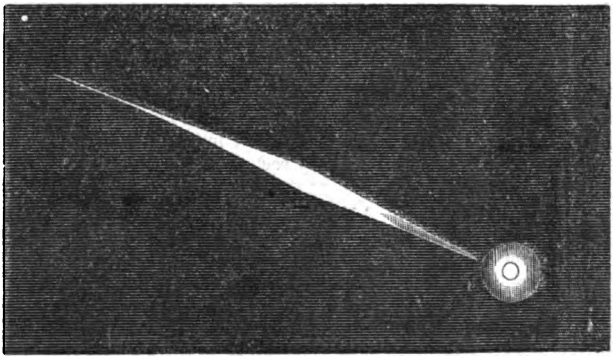


FIGURE 9.—METEOR WITH A LONG TRAIN.

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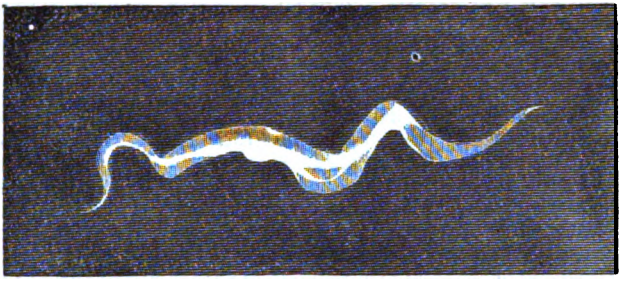


FIGURE 10.—FORM OF THE TRAIN AFTER THREE MINUTES.

ably be found to be of daily and perhaps hourly occurrence. The number of detonating meteors found recorded in scientific journals is over 800. Their average height at the first instant of apparition is 92 miles, and at the instant of vanishing is 32 miles. Their average velocity relative to the earth is estimated at 19 miles per second.

Sometimes the head of a meteor appears divided, consisting of two or more brilliant bodies in the form of elongated drops, each followed by a tail of fiery appearance. In a few cases as many as a dozen heads have been counted, but generally these secondary heads follow the principal body of light so closely that they give to the meteor an elongated appearance, which has been sometimes compared to a child's kite, a pear, a fish, etc.

The track of the meteor is often marked by a permanent streak, which sometimes continues visible for many minutes. This streak gradually changes its shape and position, like a cloud moved by the wind, sometimes assuming a serpentine form, sometimes bending up like a crescent or a horse-shoe, and drifting with a velocity of more than a hundred miles per hour.

Fig. 9 represents such a meteor, which left behind it a long, phosphorescent train; Fig. 10 represents the appearance of the train three minutes after the disappearance of the meteor; and Fig. 11 represents the appearance of the same train sixteen minutes after the disappearance of the meteor. Such changes can be explained by supposing that the different portions of the train encounter currents of air moving with unequal velocity, and perhaps differing somewhat in direction.

An unusual number of detonating meteors has been seen about the time of the grand meteoric display of November 13, also about the time of the grand display of August 10, and also December 8 to 13. Moreover, several detonating meteors have been recorded January 2 and April 20. This coincidence in the times of unusual display of detonating meteors and of ordinary shooting-stars, taken in connection with the results obtained respecting their paths and velocities, leads us to infer that both belong to the same class of bodies, and that they do not probably differ much from each other except in size, and perhaps in density. We conclude, then, that detonating meteors are small bodies which revolve about the sun in orbits which are generally ellipses of considerable eccentricity, but perhaps sometimes parabolas or even hyperbolas. They are bodies of considerable density, and the noise which succeeds their appearance is probably in great part due to the collapse of the air rushing into the vacuum which is left behind the advancing meteor. No audible sound proceeds from ordinary shooting-stars because they are bodies of very minute size or of feeble density, and are generally dissipated or consumed while yet at an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface.

AEROLITES.

There is no doubt that ordinary shooting-stars are material bodies, and therefore have weight. This weight is estimated to be quite small, so that these bodies are consumed or dissipated before reaching the denser part of the earth's atmosphere. But out of the many millions of these bodies which annually impinge upon the earth, it would not be strange if some of them should be large enough and dense enough to penetrate entirely through our atmosphere and reach the surface of the earth. There is no doubt that many cases of this kind have occurred. We find several accounts of such phenomena before the Christian era. Livy mentions a fall of meteoric stones near Rome about the year 654 B.C. Also in the year 465 B.C. a large mass of rock fell in Thrace. Others are said to have fallen in the year 452 B.C., etc.

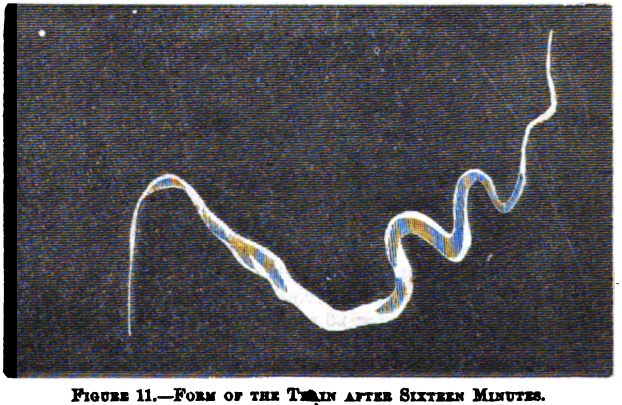


FIGURE 11.—FORM OF THE TRAIN AFTER SIXTEEN MINUTES.

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We also find that several objects were held sacred by the ancients on account of their supposed celestial origin—such as the Palladium of Troy, the image of Diana at Ephesus, and the sacred shield of Numa.

Since the Christian era the number of recorded falls of meteoric stones is very great; nevertheless, even down to the commencement of the present century such occurrences appeared so marvelous and improbable that many received the accounts with incredulity. In 1803, when a shower of stones fell in Normandy, the official accounts published in Paris were ridiculed in the public newspapers. The Academy of Sciences appointed a Committee to investigate the alleged facts; and the report of this Committee was regarded as settling the question that these stones and others had fallen from the atmosphere. In the United States there were many intelligent persons who were not well informed upon this subject, and who were therefore incredulous until after the celebrated fall of 1807. Since that time the number of well-attested cases is so great that any one who should refuse to admit that stones do sometimes fall from beyond the earth's atmosphere would deserve to be covered with ridicule.

Bodies falling to the earth from beyond the earth's atmosphere are called "Aerolites." When they present mainly a stony appearance they are called "Meteoric Stones;" when they are chiefly metallic they are called "Meteoric Iron." The following cases afford examples of these two classes of bodies:

On the morning of December 14, 1807, a meteor of great brilliancy was seen moving through the atmosphere over the town of Weston, in the southwestern part of Connecticut. Its apparent diameter was about one-half that of the full moon; and soon after it disappeared there were heard by those nearly under the place of disappearance three loud explosions, like those of a cannon, followed by a rapid succession of smaller reports, producing a continued rumbling. Immediately after the explosions one observer heard a sound like that occasioned by the fall of a heavy body, and upon examination found that a stone had fallen upon a rock near his house, and was broken into small fragments. The fragments were still warm, and together were estimated to weigh about 20 pounds.

In another place, about five miles from the former, a fresh hole was found in the turf, and at the bottom of the hole, at the depth of two feet, was found a stone weighing 35 pounds. In the neighborhood was found a third stone weighing about 10 pounds, a fourth weighing 13 pounds, a fifth weighing 20 pounds, and a sixth weighing 36 pounds. At a spot about four miles distant from the preceding a large mass of stones, estimated to weigh 200 pounds, fell upon a rock and was broken into minute fragments. It was estimated that the entire weight of all the fragments was at least 300 pounds.

The specimens from all these localities were quite similar, and their specific gravity varied from 3.3 to 3.6. Their composition was nearly one-half silex, about one-third oxyd of iron, and one-eighth magnesia, with a little nickel and sulphur. A specimen of this aerolite, weighing 36 pounds, is preserved in the cabinet of Yale College.

The same meteor was extensively seen as far north as Vermont, and as far south as New Jersey. Its path was investigated by Dr. Bowditch, and his results are given in the third volume of the Memoirs of the American Academy. Professor Newton has carefully examined the subject, with the assistance of some important observations which do not appear to have been known to Dr. Bowditch, and has arrived at results somewhat different from those heretofore published. In Fig. 12 the long arrow shows the path of this meteor according to the computations of Professor Newton, and the dotted line shows the elevation of the path above the earth. The meteor first became visible about 30 miles west of Albany, and it disappeared about 25 miles west of New Haven. When first seen its elevation was about 80 miles, and when it exploded its elevation was only about eight miles. The length of its visible path exceeded 100 miles, and was inclined downward about 30° to the horizon. This

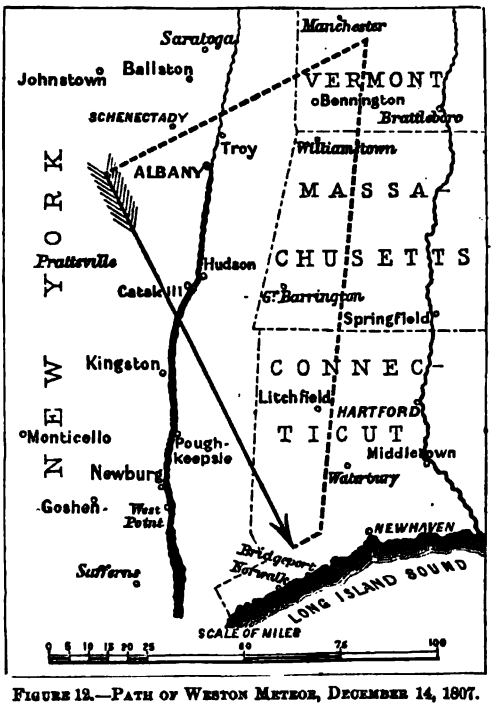


FIGURE 12.—PATH OF WESTON METEOR, DECEMBER 14, 1807.

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line, if continued, would meet the earth a little south of Bridgeport, in Long Island Sound. Hence it is concluded that the whole of this meteor descended to the earth, contrary to what was inferred from the computations of Dr. Bowditch. The time of flight of this meteor was probably between five and ten seconds. Hence its velocity relative to the earth was about 15 miles per second.

The following example is very remarkable on account of the large quantity of the stones which fell to the earth. On the 1st of May, 1860, about half an hour after noon, an aerolite exploded over Guernsey County, in Southeastern Ohio. A great number of distinct detonations were heard, like the firing of a cannon, after which the sounds became blended together, and were compared to the roar of a railway train. Several stones were seen to fall to the ground, and they penetrated the earth from two to three feet. The largest stone weighed 103 pounds, and is preserved in the cabinet of Marietta College. Another was found which weighed 53 pounds, a third 51 pounds, a fourth was estimated to weigh 40 to 50 pounds, and a fifth weighed about 36 pounds. About thirty stones were found, and the entire weight of all the fragments was estimated at 700 pounds. All these stones have the same general appearance. They are irregular blocks, and are covered with a very thin black crust, which looks as if it had been fused. Their specific gravity was 3.54, and their composition very similar to that of the Weston meteor. A specimen of this aerolite, weighing 15 pounds, is preserved in the cabinet of Yale College.

Owing to the cloudy state of the atmosphere, the time was unfavorable for accurate observations of the meteor's position in the heavens. It has been computed, however, that the meteor moved toward the northwest; that its path was nearly horizontal, and elevated about 40 miles above the earth's surface.

The following is a well-authenticated case of the fall of an *iron meteor:* On the 14th of July, 1847, about four o'clock in the morning, at Braunau, in Bohemia, there were heard two heavy explosions which followed each other in quick succession. Two streams of fire were seen to descend to the earth, and upon examination a fresh hole three feet deep was found in the earth, and at the bottom of the hole a mass of iron, which for six hours after the fall continued so hot that it could not be held in the hand. This mass weighed 42 pounds, and is preserved in the cabinet at Vienna. Another mass weighing 30 pounds fell upon a roof, and broke through large pieces of timber.

The composition of this meteor is 92 per cent. of iron and 5 per cent. of nickel, with a small quantity of cobalt, arsenic, etc. Its specific gravity was 7.71. The specific gravity of cast iron is 7.20; that of wrought iron 7.78.

The following example is peculiarly interesting from the accuracy with which the path of the meteor was determined: On the evening of May 14, 1864, a very bright fire-ball was seen in France, throughout the whole region from Paris to the Pyrenees. Loud detonations were heard in the neighborhood of Montauban, and a large number of stones fell near the village of Orgueil. The passage of the meteor was witnessed by a large number of intelligent observers. From a comparison of these observations it has been computed that the meteor was first seen at an altitude greater than 55 miles; it exploded at an altitude of about 20 miles; and it was descending in a line inclined 20° or 25° to the horizon. The length of its visible path was 112 miles; and the time of flight was estimated at five or six seconds, indicating a velocity of not less than 15 or 20 miles per second.

Nearly over the village of Orgueil this meteor exploded with a loud noise, throwing out numerous sparks and leaving behind it a white vapor. The fragments of the meteor appeared to be projected in every direction, like a splendid fire-work. Some time after this explosion there was heard a deep rolling sound, like that of artillery, which was succeeded by a shower of meteoric stones, which were hot when they reached the ground. One which fell into the granary of a peasant burnt his hand when he picked it up. The stones are similar in appearance to other aerolites, having the ordinary black crust such as can be produced by heating a specimen white-hot. Their specific gravity is 2.57, which is a little less than that of granite and marble.

There are eighteen well-authenticated cases in which aerolites have fallen in the United States during the last 60 years, and their aggregate weight is 1250 pounds. One of these is an iron meteor; the specific gravity of the others ranges from 3 to 3.6.

The entire number of known aerolites, the date of whose fall is well determined, is 261. There are also on record 74 cases of aerolites in which the day and month are not given, and sometimes even the year is uncertain. Besides these there have been found eighty-six masses which from their peculiar composition are believed to be aerolites, although the date of their fall is unknown. The weight of these masses varies from a few pounds to several tons. The entire number of aerolites of which we have precise knowledge is therefore about 420.

The actual number of aerolites which have reached the earth must have been far greater than this. Many must have fallen upon the ocean, or upon uninhabited lands where they were unobserved. During the past fifty years the fall of 115 aerolites has been recorded. If we suppose aerolites to have fallen over the entire globe at the same rate as has been observed over the more populous portions of Europe and America, we should have an average of over 300 annually. Now we can not suppose that even in Europe more than half the entire number are actually seen to fall; hence we conclude that more than 600 aerolites fall annually on various parts of the earth's surface. If we sup-

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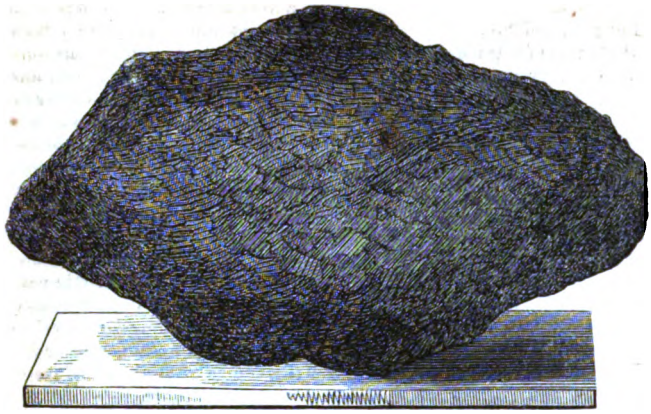


FIGURE 13.—MELBOURNE AEROLITE.

pose their average weight to equal that of those which have fallen in the United States, we should have for the entire globe eighteen tons of aerolites annually.

Aerolites are composed of the same elementary substances as occur in terrestrial minerals, not a single new element having been found in their analysis. The number of elements, or simple substances, as now recognized by chemists, is sixty-three. Of these, the following twenty or twenty-two have been found in aerolites:

METALS.—1. Aluminium; 2. Calcium; 3. Chromium; 4. Cobalt; 5. Copper; 6. Iron; 7. Lithium; 8. Magnesium; 9. Manganese; 10. Nickel; 11. Potassium; 12. Sodium; 13. Strontium; 14. Tin; 15. Titanium.

METALLOIDS.—1. Carbon; 2. Oxygen; 3. Phosphorus; 4. Silicium; 5. Sulphur; 6. Arsenic (?); 7. Chlorine (?).

Aerolites differ greatly in the proportions of their ingredients. Some of them contain ninety-six per cent. of iron, while others contain less than one per cent. Some contain eighteen per cent. of nickel, and others less than one per cent. On the contrary, others consist mostly of silica, magnesia, lime, etc. It is common, therefore, to divide aerolites into two groups, viz., meteoric iron, and meteoric stones.

The specific gravity of aerolites varies from 1.7 to 7.8. The lightest aerolite that has yet been met with is that which fell near Alais, in France, on the 15th of March, 1806, which has about the same density as anthracite coal. The densest aerolite is that which fell at Agram, in Austria, May 26, 1751, whose density is a little greater than that of malleable iron.

While aerolites contain no elements but such as are found in terrestrial minerals, their appearance is quite peculiar, and the grouping of the elements, that is, the compound formed by them, is so peculiar as to enable us by chemical analysis to distinguish an aerolite from any terrestrial substance.

Iron ores, such as oxyds of iron, carbonates of iron, etc., are very abundant in nature, but iron in the metallic state is one of the greatest rarities of the mineral world. Now aerolites invariably contain metallic iron, sometimes ninety to ninety-six per cent. This iron is quite malleable, and may be readily worked into cutting instruments. Meteoric iron always contains a certain amount of nickel, generally eight or ten per cent., with small quantities of cobalt, copper, tin, and chrome. This composition has never been found in any terrestrial mineral. Moreover, when the fragments of meteoric iron which are dispersed through those aerolites which are more or less earthy are carefully extracted by a magnet and submitted to analysis, they show the same composition, viz., about ninety of iron, with eight or ten of nickel, etc.

Many of the other constituents of aerolites are similar to those which are found in volcanic rocks, such as olivine (a silicate of magnesia), magnetic pyrites, chrome, iron, etc.

All aerolites without exception contain a substance called *schreibersite*, though often in very small quantities. This substance is a compound of iron, nickel, and phosphorus, and has never been found except in aerolites. Aerolites may therefore be regarded as being always of the same composition; although sometimes one ingredient and sometimes another predominates greatly over the others.

Fig. 13 represents a mass of meteoric iron found in 1861, at Cranbourne, near Melbourne, Australia. It weighed 2800 pounds, and was transferred to the British Museum in London. It has since been returned to Australia, and been exchanged by the authorities at Melbourne for a still larger aerolite, weighing 8287 pounds. The latter is

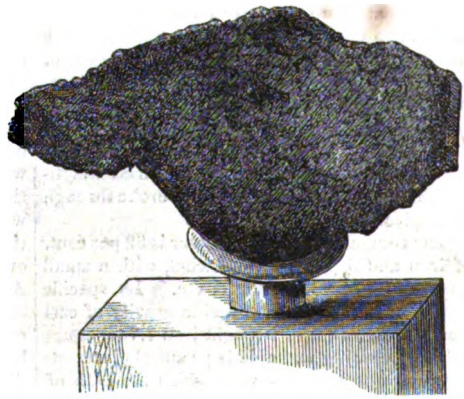


FIGURE 14.—OTUMPA AEROLITE.

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FIGURE 15.—SANTA ROSA AEROLITE.

the largest meteoric mass belonging to any Museum.

Fig. 14 represents the meteoric iron of Otumpa, South America, which weighs 1400 pounds, and belongs to the British Museum. It was found in 1784, and the entire mass of which this is only a small specimen is estimated to weigh 33,000 pounds.

Fig. 15 represents an iron meteor which fell in 1810, at Santa Rosa, in New Granada, and which weighs 1653 pounds. Its volume is equal to about one cubic foot. Its exterior is irregular and full of little depressions, as if they had been artificially excavated.

Fig. 16 represents the meteoric iron, weighing 1200 pounds, discovered at La Caille, France, in 1828, and now belonging to the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.

Fig. 17 represents an iron meteor found in 1818 in Cambria, near Lockport, in the western part of the State of New York. It weighed 36 pounds, and its exterior is marked by the same peculiar cavities noticed in the aerolite of Santa Rosa, and which is a very common feature of iron meteors.

Meteoric iron possesses a highly crystalline structure. If the surface be carefully polished, and the mass be heated to a straw yellow, after cooling the surface will be covered with curious lines and streaks, having considerable regularity in their position. Often we find a system of lines nearly parallel with each other, intersected by others at angles of sixty degrees, forming groups of triangles sensibly equilateral. These figures were first discovered by an Austrian iron-master, Widmannstäten, in the year 1808, and they have received the name of their discoverer.

It was afterward discovered that the same figures could be developed by the use of acids. For this purpose nitric acid is diluted with an equal volume of water, and the iron, having been previously cut and polished, is placed in the solution, the parts not required to be acted upon being coated with asphaltum. After five or six minutes the iron is taken out of the acid, carefully washed and dried. Fig. 18 shows the crystalline structure of the meteoric iron discovered at Elbogen, in Bohemia, in 1811. This mass weighed 191 pounds, and the principal portion of it is preserved in the cabinet of Vienna. Fig. 19 shows the crystal-

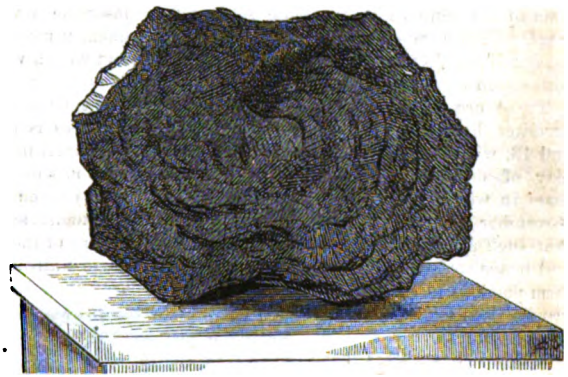


FIGURE 16.—LA CAILLE AEROLITE.

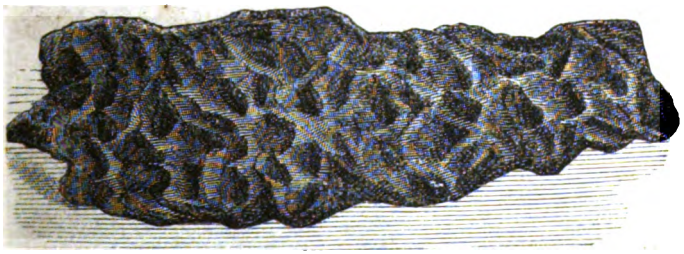


FIGURE 17.—LOCKPORT AEROLITE.

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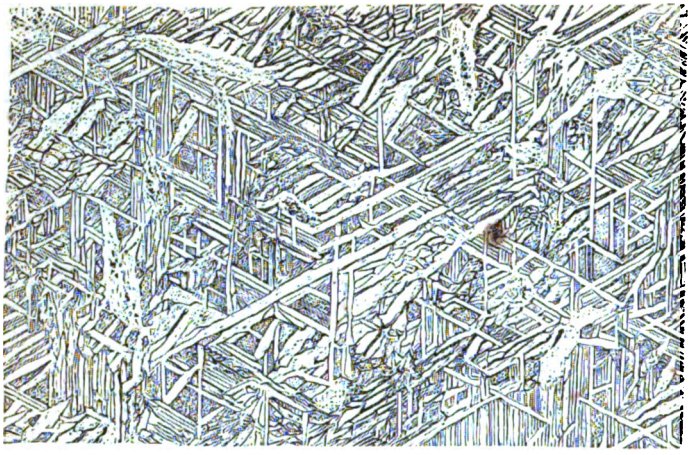


FIGURE 18.—STRUCTURE OF BOHEMIAN AEROLITE.

line structure of the celebrated Texas aerolite belonging to the cabinet of Yale College. Ordinary iron will not exhibit these Widmannstäten figures, but iron melted directly out of some volcanic rocks does exhibit them.

The falls of aerolites exhibit some indications of periodicity, and these periods correspond in some measure with those of ordinary shooting-stars. There are on record eleven cases in which aerolites have been seen to fall near the time of the annual display of the August meteors. This number is greater than we should expect if aerolites and shooting-stars had no connection with each other.

There are on record seven cases in which aerolites have fallen between December 7 and 13, which is also a period of unusual display of shooting-stars; and there are three cases in which aerolites have fallen between November 11 and 13. It is not probable that such a coincidence of dates is accidental, and hence we are led to conclude that aerolites form portions of the rings or groups from which shooting-stars are derived.

Various hypotheses have been proposed to account for the origin of aerolites. It has been conjectured that the materials of which aerolites are composed are raised into the air in the state of exhalations or gases; that in the upper regions of the atmosphere the particles by their mutual attractions rush together and form a mass which descends by its weight to the ground. This supposition is inadmissible, because allowing the ingredients, iron, nickel, silex, etc., to be elevated into the air, and the aerolite to be formed, there is no known force which could impel it in a direction nearly horizontal with a velocity of several miles per second. The earth's attraction could only produce motion in a vertical direction. The velocity of the most violent hurricane does not exceed two miles in a minute. The greatest force of gunpowder will only impart a velocity of half a mile per second, while the Orgueil meteor had a velocity of not less than fifteen or twenty miles per second. No well-informed person can, therefore, maintain this hypothesis for a moment.

It has been conjectured that aerolites are masses ejected from terrestrial volcanoes. This supposition is inadmissible, because the greatest velocity with which stones have ever been ejected from volcanoes is less than two miles per second, and the direction of this motion must be nearly vertical, while aerolites frequently move in a direction nearly horizontal, and with a velocity of several miles per second. This argument is unanswerable, and therefore it is superfluous to add that the composition of aerolites is different from that of any known terrestrial mineral.

It has been conjectured that aerolites have been ejected from volcanoes in the moon, with a velocity sufficient to carry them out of the sphere of the moon's attraction into that of the earth's attraction. It has been computed that

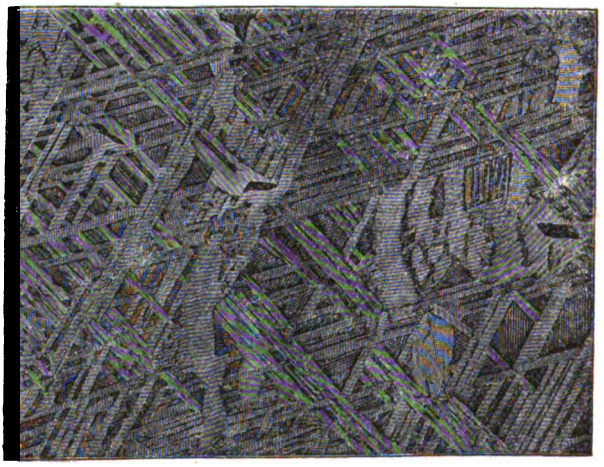


FIGURE 19.—STRUCTURE OF TEXAS AEROLITE.

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a velocity of projection of 8000 feet per second would be sufficient to produce such an effect.

This hypothesis is also encumbered with serious difficulties. If the earth and moon were at rest, and a body were projected from the moon toward the earth with a velocity greater than 8000 feet per second, it would strike the earth. But the moon revolves around the earth, and a body projected from its surface must partake of the motion in this orbit. The path described by a body projected from a lunar volcano would not therefore be a *straight line* directed to the centre of the earth, but a *curve* which would result from a combination of the projectile force with the motion of the moon in her orbit and the earth's attraction. Instead of striking the earth, the body would probably revolve around it. In order that the body may reach the earth's surface, its path about the earth must be an ellipse whose distance at perigee is less than the earth's radius. Hence the body must be projected from the moon in a particular direction, and with a particular assignable velocity.

It has been estimated that if an indefinite number of bodies, having different masses, were projected from the moon at random in all directions and with different velocities, not one in a million would have precisely that direction and that rate of motion which would be requisite to allow it to reach the earth. But we have computed that 600 aerolites fall to the earth annually. Hence the lunar hypothesis requires us to conclude that more than 600,000,000 of aerolites are annually expelled from the moon. But the lunar volcanoes are to all appearance nearly, if not entirely, extinct; and although the moon has long been carefully watched with the most powerful telescopes, in only one or two instances have astronomers suspected that they had discovered any indications of change. We can not, therefore, admit that lunar volcanoes have ejected rocks in such quantities as to account for the known aerolites.

Moreover, the observed velocities of some aerolites are incompatible with the theory that they are satellites of the earth. In order that a body may revolve in an orbit around the earth, its velocity must not be less than five miles, nor greater than seven miles per second. If the velocity were less than five miles, the body would fall to the earth; and if the velocity were greater than seven miles, the body would recede from the earth never to return. Now the velocity of the Orgueil meteor certainly exceeded seven miles per second, and therefore it was not a satellite to the earth. There are but a few cases in which the velocity of aerolites has been even rudely determined; but detonating meteors are probably of the same nature as aerolites, and the average velocity of detonating meteors is certainly greater than seven miles per second.

Finally, aerolites appear to be subject to a periodicity depending upon the season of the year, which indicates that they are satellites of the sun, and not of the earth. Although, then, we can not pronounce it impossible that a small body projected from a lunar volcano may occasionally have fallen to the earth, it is certain that aerolites generally can not have had this origin, and there is no reason to suppose that any aerolite has ever been derived from this source.

A comparison of all the facts which are known respecting shooting-stars, detonating meteors, and aerolites leads to the conclusion that they are all minute bodies revolving like the comets in orbits about the sun, and are encountered by the earth in its annual motion. The visible path of aerolites is somewhat nearer to the earth's surface than that of ordinary shooting-stars, a result which may be ascribed to their greater size or greater density. It is probable, also, that the velocity with which they describe their visible path is somewhat less than that of ordinary shooting-stars, a result which may be due to their descending into an atmosphere of greater density, which causes, therefore, greater resistance to their motion.

These three classes of bodies exhibit alternate periods of maximum and minimum abundance, and the times of maximum for the several classes correspond somewhat with each other, indicating that these bodies are collected in clusters or groups, and the three classes of bodies are grouped in a somewhat similar manner. The August meteors move in orbits which require more than a century to complete, and comprehend bodies differing considerably in size, and also in density. Their density ranges from that of metallic iron to earthy bodies having but feeble cohesion, which are dissipated into fine dust by the heat of collision with our atmosphere; and probably some of them consist of solid matter in a state of minute subdivision, like a cloud of dust or smoke. The mass of the majority of them is estimated not to exceed one or two grains, but sometimes we encounter one weighing many pounds, and occasionally one weighing several tons. These bodies tend to collect together in clusters, and when such a cluster becomes sufficiently large and dense it reflects the light of the sun in sufficient quantity to become visible to us, and this is what we call a *comet*. One such comet has already been identified with the August group, and it is to be expected that additional ones will hereafter be discovered.

It is probable that the periodic meteors of November comprehend bodies having an equal range of magnitude and also of density.

We have shown conclusively that ordinary shooting-stars are *material* bodies—that is, they have weight; and the number which daily impinge upon the earth amounts to several millions. If we estimate the average weight of a shooting-star at one grain, the aggregate weight of the meteors which strike the earth amounts to 1000 pounds daily. But no solid body has been known to reach the earth which could be traced to an ordinary shooting-star. Although

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on the morning of November 14, 1867, several thousand meteors were observed in a single hour, nothing from any one of them is known to have struck the earth's surface. The meteors seem to have been burned up or dissipated before they reached the denser atmosphere of the earth. But when a solid body is burned it is *not annihilated*. It has simply changed its form, and its weight is not at all diminished, although it may be reduced to a powder of almost impalpable fineness. The fine dust resulting from such a combustion might float for a long time in the atmosphere, but it must ultimately subside. Hence, we conclude that 1000 pounds of matter from shooting-stars, mainly in the form of fine dust, descends to the earth *every day*. In the lapse of centuries the quantity thus accumulated would amount in the aggregate to a respectable mountain. The surface of the earth contains about two hundred million square miles. The average amount of star-dust deposited on each square foot of the earth must, therefore, be extremely minute; nevertheless, attempts have been made to detect it, and with some apparent success. Baron Reichenbach collected a quantity of earth from the summits of mountains in Germany from 1000 to 2000 feet high, and on subjecting it to analysis found slight traces of nickel and cobalt—elements which are usually present in meteoric masses, but are tolerably rare in terrestrial minerals. Other experimenters believe that they have succeeded in collecting some of the meteoric dust which descends from the great star-showers of August and November.

Having discovered that the earth daily encounters vast numbers of minute bodies in its motion about the sun, we must regard it as highly probable, if not indeed quite certain, that the same thing must happen with the other planets of our solar system; and since the attraction of the sun is a thousand times greater than that of the largest planet, we can not regard it as improbable that meteors are continually falling upon the surface of the sun. Such a collision of meteoric bodies would develop a vast amount of light and heat, and would enable us to explain the fact which hitherto has seemed to present some difficulty, viz., that the sun incessantly emits such a vast quantity of heat, and without experiencing any sensible diminution from age to age.

If the question is asked what is the *origin* of these small meteoric bodies, we must reply that we do not know, any more than we know the origin of the larger planetary bodies, such as the earth and Jupiter. It is the duty of the philosopher to observe and record faithfully all known phenomena; to arrange and classify the facts; to discover if possible the laws which they observe; and if he can not ascend at once to the origin of all things, he may at least collect the materials which shall enable future philosophers to prosecute the study with better prospect of success.

The hypothesis which seems to possess the greatest plausibility is that which supposes that the present condition of our solar system has resulted from a far more elementary condition of matter, under the gradual operation of natural laws continued through an immense interval of time. The important fact that meteoric bodies have furnished no elements but such as are found in the earth, intimates most distinctly that these meteors and the earth had a common origin. It is supposed that the matter composing the entire solar system (the sun, planets, satellites, comets, and meteors) once existed in the condition of a single mass of very diffuse matter, extending beyond the orbit of the most remote planet, and probably having a very elevated temperature. In consequence of the gradual loss of heat, and under the operation of the principle of attraction, this mass has become greatly condensed. This condensation has tended mainly toward the centre of the mass, forming a central sun; but there have also existed subordinate centres of attraction, giving rise to the planets with their satellites; and there still remains an almost infinite number of minute particles which hitherto have not attached themselves to any considerable mass, and which are too small to be separately visible until they acquire an intense brilliancy in consequence of the heat resulting from collision with our atmosphere. We do not, therefore, suppose that meteors are fragments resulting from the explosion of a planet, but rather the refuse materials out of which the planets themselves have been formed, and which are perhaps destined ultimately to be absorbed by some other body of sufficient size to be seen in our telescopes, if not by the naked eye.

DAYBREAK.

Through rosy dawns of June I go,
Again the deepening sweetness part,
While all their raptures round me flow
And bubble freshly in my heart.

The broad blue mountains lift their brows
Barely to bathe them in the blaze;
The bobolinks from silence rouse
And flash along melodious ways;

And hid beneath the grasses, wet
With long carouse, a honeyed crew,
Anemone and violet,
Yet rollicking are drunk with dew.

How soft the wind that blows my hair—
That steals the song off from my lip,
And mounts in gladder tumult where
The murmurous branches bend and dip!

How proudly smiling on his love
The sun rides up the central blue,
While like the wing of summer's dove
She changes to his changing view—

All loveliness in every light,
Voluptuous beauty o'er her strewn,
A thing to lap the soul's delight
While morning widens into noon!

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MILLY'S MISHAPS.

"YOU know you have promised me a visit ever since we left school, and now I am determined that from Thanksgiving to Christmas you stay with me. Come as soon as you can; on Tuesday we go to a grand fandango at Mrs. Bliss's, and I should like to show you there, but that is as you please. Only remember that *Thursday* is Thanksgiving Day, and that you will be as necessary to my happiness on that occasion as pumpkin pies are to papa's. So don't fail," etc., etc., etc.

Milicent Thorne looked up with dancing eyes from the perusal of this dispatch from her quondam boarding-school chum.

"Isn't it nice of Beth, mamma?" she said. "I was getting so moped in this stupid place, and I do want to see Beth so much. But I never can be ready to go in time for Mrs. Bliss's ball! Oh, well, I don't care; I shall be sure to have gayety enough at Beth's house, and I positively can not start before Tuesday morning. Then I shall get there in time to see her dressed, and go to bed myself, and get nicely rested from my journey before Thanksgiving."

"You seem to take it for granted that you are going," said Mrs. Thorne, laconically.

"Why, of course I am. Why shouldn't I?"

"I suppose your friend intends to provide you with an escort?"

"Now, mamma!" impetuously. "What in the world do I want of an escort to travel from this place to New York? I can go into Albany early Tuesday morning, take the eleven o'clock train down, and be in the city before six. The dépôt is near Beth's house, and I shall be there comfortably to dinner just as you are sitting down to tea."

"*My* mother would never have allowed *me* to undertake such a journey alone, and I should never have thought of asking it," said the mother. "But things are different nowadays, and I suppose it's no use *my* trying to resist what they call the onward march of—"

"Oh yes, mamma," interrupted the daughter; "you may resist any onward march you please, except mine to New York next week!"

"Now take care of yourself, Milicent. I believe you have every thing you need. Be sure to eat your luncheon, and don't get into conversation with any strangers on the train. Good-by, darling."

"Good-by, mamma; never fear for me; I shall be all right, and you shall have a letter to tell you so on Thursday." And so the parting was over, and the train was off.

Milly glanced round at her fellow-passengers, but found none of them interesting enough to repay the trouble of watching. Then she wandered idly off into the rose-colored atmosphere of a young girl's day-dreams.

"Beth is very sly," she thought. "Just as if I couldn't guess what this sudden invitation is sent all in a hurry for! Her brother has got leave of absence unexpectedly, and come on to spend Thanksgiving, and she's as determined as ever that I shall be her sister if she can manage it. As though I would condescend to have a man *managed* into loving me! I am curious, though, to see Beth's paragon. I wonder if he looks any thing like this now?"

She took out a pocket-book of dainty red morocco, and abstracted from one of its divisions a small photograph, somewhat the worse for wear. It was the likeness of a young man twenty-one or two years of age, perhaps, with a ruddy and beardless cheek, an incipient mustache, and a pair of very fine dark eyes. Certainly a very good-looking young fellow, though rather boyish; but with a clear, open look which betokened abundant manliness of character.

Milly had heard in many ways of the gallant young Rutherford. She had seen his promotions rapidly chronicled; and now that the war had been over for months, the authorities still did not seem willing to spare so useful an officer. But he was hungry for home—so Beth had written—and home was hungry for him; and they were all hoping to be able to persuade him to resign.

No word had come to Milly that this much wished for consummation had been achieved; but Beth's letters had been even more cheery than usual, of late, and Milly guessed shrewdly that this sudden and imperative summons to New York "meant something." What this something might prove to be she amused herself in imagining and amplifying, until the appearance of a sort of squatter settlement of shanties announced the approach of the train to the capital of the State.

The whistle shrieked, the iron horse stopped short, and immediately set up a hissing, which was responded to by a brother steed of the railway which had just galloped up from New York. The passengers began to rush pell-mell from both trains; hack-drivers shouted, porters swore; men and women jammed and crushed, and in the mêlée our courageous but inexperienced traveler had rather a hard time of it.

She was to change cars here to a Hudson River train, and her ticket had to be renewed. She took out her pocket-book and held it in her hand, ready to snatch her turn as soon as a break in the crowd should give her an opportunity; but the break did not come. The living load of two long and heavily freighted trains was pushing, and struggling, and crowding under the miserable shanty which served as the terminus; and in the midst of such a crowd a poor little "unprotected female" stood no chance whatever.

She struggled womanfully, but was pushed hither and thither until she found herself presently elbowed and shouldered out between the bars of the great Hudson River gridiron, her hat pushed awry, her dress disordered, her face burning with indignation—and her pocket-book gone!

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed.

Only one person in all that self-considering crowd seemed to have leisure to attend to this call of distress. This was a tall young man,

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with heavy dark beard and hair, in military undress, and with the air, half careless, half prompt, of a soldier off duty. He was crossing the track upon which poor Milly stood, just where the last thrust had lodged her, and heard her despairing exclamation. Looking toward her in surprise, he discovered that this piteous cry proceeded from a young lady, perfectly dressed, and every way charming in appearance, especially with that look of pleading helplessness in her wide, frightened eyes.

Virtue could never prove to be more fully its own reward than in the service of this lovely but distressed damsel; at least so the young officer seemed to think, for he stepped forward at once, and touching his cap deferentially, said, in a sympathetic tone:

"Can I serve you in any way, Madam? May I ask what has happened to disturb you?"

Milly drew back for an instant at the accost, prepared to freeze with a glance this presumptuous individual of the male sex who had ventured to address her without an introduction! But she drooped her feathers the next moment; the exigencies of the case left no room for formalities; and besides, the first glance showed the intruder to be a gentleman and a soldier. She felt she could trust him, and she looked at him piteously, and said, in a sobbing voice:

"Oh, Sir, I dŏn't know what I shall do! I am fifty miles from home, and I know no one in this city. I meant to go on to New York in this train, but my pocket-book has been lost or stolen in the crowd, before I could even buy a ticket!"

The gentleman listened with a smile, half-amused, and wholly sympathetic and admiring.

"Is that all that troubles you, my dear young lady? Permit me—I would feel so honored—I don't *think* the brutes have got mine—" and in a twinkling he had thrust his hand in his pocket and drawn out a big leathern wallet. Hastily tearing it open, he held it out to the blushing and shrinking girl, who stood ready to sink with shame at being thus forced into the rôle of a pretty beggar-girl.

"I would not venture to embarrass you with carrying such a great, clumsy thing," he said, with a fine delicacy which Milly appreciated; "but if you would do me the great honor of using some of its contents; I beg you, Madam, *don't* humble me by refusing my poor greenbacks."

Poor Milly! how could she refuse? There might have been alternatives, but none suggested themselves to her frightened and bewildered mind; and it seemed to her that she had no choice but to accept help from some one, and who could sugar the pill more delicately than this chivalrous gentleman had done?

So she sobbed out:

"Oh, you are too—too kind, Sir! but I can't—indeed I can't—only—I suppose I must—and I never can be grateful enough—and my mother—"

And meanwhile, with averted and drooping head, she put out her fingers, half behind her, drew them back, and put them out again, and finally plunged them into the capacious pocket-book, and drew out some notes which she crushed in her little, gloved hand. Then, all of a sudden, lifting her head, and arching her throat, she looked haughtily at the man who had ventured to place her under an obligation, and said, in a stately tone:

"You have done me an immeasurable service, Sir, to-day, and your kindness I can never repay. Your money, however, I must be permitted to. Will you—"

But just then the locomotive gave a final and most appalling shriek, and seemed as if it would make nothing of galloping over Milly as she stood in its way. She started forward, and so did her companion.

"You haven't a minute to spare, and I am afraid you have lost any chance of a seat now," he said, hastily swinging her on to the platform, and jumping up after her himself. "I wish I was going on with you, and could see you safe to your journey's end," he continued, as he made way for her through the narrow aisle, looking right and left for a vacant place. "But it's simply impossible; I've just arrived from New York on urgent business, and—oh, here's a seat! That's better luck than I expected!"

"You live in New York? Oh, then, won't you call at—"

But the cars were actually in motion now, and the gentleman had barely time to make a hasty bow and spring from the platform. Putting her head out of the narrow window, at the imminent risk of having it snipped off, Milly saw him standing in the road looking after the train, and could have cried in her vexation.

The whole thing had happened in such a moment of time, and she had been so appalled and bewildered, that she had scarcely known what she was doing. But now that she had leisure to think it over she was fairly overwhelmed with mortification. She had not only accepted the use of a stranger's money, but had suffered him to leave her without giving his address or learning hers; and how was she ever to be relieved of such an unbearable obligation? If there was only any way of finding out his whereabouts!

And then there flashed over her mind a remembrance of certain advertisements she had seen in the city papers sometimes, and glanced at, half amused, half contemptuous. But only to think of *her* appearing in the "Personals!" What would mamma say? "One thing is certain, however," she went on to herself, "if mamma could only have seen it all she would have been perfectly satisfied that he was a gentleman. His whole way of doing the thing was simply perfect. Indeed, I don't know how I could ever have allowed it if it hadn't been, though what would have become of me I can't imagine. Been put off the car, perhaps, if I had ventured on, and left to freeze to death on the road."

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"God bless him, wherever he is!" was her fervent inward ejaculation; and then presently her fancy went off wandering into vague surmises as to his name, his home, and whether she were really likely to succeed in her efforts to find him out. "After all," she thought, with a sudden brightening of her pretty, musing face, "he might have picked up the pocket-book himself; it was probably knocked from her hand by accident, not intention, and he might have seen it on the ground as he walked back to the dépôt. People were always finding lost things, and why not he as well as another? Wouldn't it be nice if he only had?"

But then another thought came as suddenly to repel this. "No, it wouldn't be nice at all, for he'd open it of course, to seek some clew to the owner, and then he'd see *his* picture;" and she didn't want him to do that—not for the world! He'd be sure to think it was a lover's picture; girls didn't often carry their *brothers'* photographs about with them! and it would give him such an opinion of her, to think she could care for such a beardless boy! For there was no denying that his cheeks were fat and rosy; that he was inclined to be stout, and, in short, looked very like a nice big boy; while *he*—ah, he was so tall and so distinguished-looking, the very beau-ideal of an officer and a gentleman; and of course he couldn't know that the picture had been taken four years ago, and that the original had been a soldier ever since, and was a colonel now himself! Still, if *he* only were *he!*

With such thoughts as these Milly Thorne beguiled the tedium of her onward way; and meanwhile the train was dashing on at a furious rate, the short winter's day was drawing to a close, and here and there throughout the car heavy-minded individuals, who had no such inner fund of amusement, overcome with somnolence, were bumping their heads up and down upon the backs of the seats in front of them, or in the window corners; sleepy children were fretting in their tired mothers' arms; and one very evident bride, and another equally evident fiancée, had coolly converted the shoulders of their masculine appanages into cushions, when a bump considerably harder than any preceding one galvanized the passengers into a sudden sense of life. Every body started into an erect attitude, and was instantly knocked out of it again. One inquiring individual went out to learn what had happened, and came back with the startling information that the locomotive had run off the track, and they would have to wait in the road till another could be brought from somewhere!

Great as was the universal consternation and indignation at this announcement, it perhaps struck such a chill to no heart there as to Milicent Thorne's. She sank back in her seat with a feeling of utter despair as she remembered how she had persistently objected to her mother's desire to telegraph to her friends the exact time of her arrival. But it was too late for regrets to be of any avail; and there was nothing to be done but resign herself to her fate, and bide the end as patiently as might be. Perhaps, after all, it might not be so very long before the train would start again.

So she tucked up her cold feet, settled herself back into her corner, screwed her lips into an expression of heroic endurance, and awaited relief in the shape of the afternoon down train, which might pick them up, if it didn't pitch right through them; or of the coming up from the city of a new locomotive.

Meanwhile "he," who we must confess formed the central figure in her fancy-pictures, was attending to his business in Albany with a troubled mind. A little incident had occurred, just after he had seen the fair object of his generosity whirled away to parts unknown, which had added an extra touch to his vexation in not having learned her name or address. As he crossed over toward the Delavan House he came upon a man, commonly dressed and rough-looking, who had stopped on the corner, and was attentively examining some small bright object which he held carefully in his hands. A passing glance showed this to be a pocket-book, of small size, and made of vivid scarlet leather, tipped and clasped with gold.

The young officer stopped instantly, and addressed the man in a peremptory tone:

"That is lost property, Sir," he said, "and I know the owner. If you will be good enough to hand it to me I will see that it reaches its proper destination."

He held out his hand, never imagining that his demand would be refused; but the lucky finder was no soldier, and cared nothing for gilt buttons.

"Not so fast, if you please," he rejoined, in a free and independent tone. "I'd like somethin' more than your word, seein' you're a stranger to me. Prove property, pay expenses, and take possession, is the rule, I believe."

The officer stared haughtily at the man who presumed to disobey his commands.

"But I tell you I know the lady who lost this purse only a few minutes ago," he said, impatiently. "She has gone on to New York in this train, and she told me herself that she had dropped her pocket-book in the crowd, and I promised to take steps for its recovery. That promise I intend to keep, Sir; and if you do not relinquish that article to me I shall apply to some one who will probably be able to make you."

The man's rough face reddened as he replied, in a defiant tone:

"None o' your threats here. They ain't needed; and what's more, they won't be borne. What I pick up on the public road is my property till the lawful owner's found, and that, it appears, you don't even claim to be. If it's a lady, and you know who she is, just give me her address, and I'll write to her, and if she can give me a list of the contents of this pocket-book I'll see that she gets it without any of your help. Or, to save trouble, if you'll specify

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the articles—and there's more than money in it—I'll hand it over to you, and no questions asked. Come, that's fair and square, ain't it?"

Milly's knight-errant could not but feel that it was, but he was not disposed to admit it, as he could not comply with the conditions.

"How absurd!" he replied, impatiently. "As if I were likely to know the exact contents of a lady's pocket-book! All I know is, that she lost it here, but just now, on this spot, in being pushed about by the crowd. There is no kind of doubt that the purse you hold in your hands is hers; and surely you would not want to keep what does not belong to you."

"No, Sir, I wouldn't—not by no means," replied the man. "I'm as honest a man as you. Just give me the name of the lady, and I'll guarantee that she gets back her property."

Her name! But that was just what he did not know. He knew literally nothing about her but that she was young, handsome, and had lost her pocket-book. Still more impatiently than before, he replied:

"I have not said that I knew the name of the young lady, nor do I. I never saw her until I saw her this morning, looking for her lost purse. But I am quite sure that the one you have found is hers, and I am also sure that I could find means of informing her that it had been found. There are such things as advertisements—"

"Yes, Sir, there are," interrupted the man, "and I expect the lady knows it as well as you; and so do I. She'll probably publish as how she's lost a pocket-book, and I'll publish as I've found one; and between the two she'll likely get her property just as well without you as with you."

The young officer looked wrathfully at the speaker; but he met the glance with a careless stare.

"Of course, if that is your intention, I have nothing further to say," replied the officer, in a stately tone, "only be sure you do it;" and was marching off in infinite chagrin and disappointment, when suddenly a thought struck him, which in his excitement had not occurred to him before.

He turned hastily back, and addressed himself again to the man:

"If it is on account of a hoped-for reward that you refuse to surrender the book," he said, "I am so anxious to be the means of restoring it to its owner that I offer to give you on the spot the value of the purse and its contents if you will relinquish it to me."

The man looked at him with a wondering gaze, and meditated for a moment. Then shaking his head, with a grim smile, he said:

"Not much. I can't do that, Sir. I'm an honest man, as I told you before, and I want the owner to get her own; and how do I know as she'd get it from you? It would only be swoppin' one fifty dollars for another on your part; you'd lose nothin', maybe, and she gain nothin'. There's another reason why I won't do it. There's somethin' in that pocket-book that if the owner's a young lady she likely mightn't take a hundred dollars for. It's a picture of a mighty good-lookin' young feller; and young ladies don't generally carry about their brothers' or their cousins' pictures, do they?"

Of course they didn't! thought the officer, prostrated for a moment by this last blow. Then, with a sudden rally, he demanded, furiously:

"How do you know any such thing, Sir? What business have you prying into a lady's private affairs?"

The man looked at him as if he thought him demented.

"As if I didn't have to look through the book to see if I could find any clew to the owner!" he said, indignantly. "But I am a fool to stand here wasting my time in this 'ere fashion;" and with that he walked coolly away.

"So," thought the conquered one, gathering himself together and marching disconsolately off—"so, I've been taking all this trouble, and making a fool of myself by claiming what I could prove no right to, all for the sake of a girl who's got a lover already! Maybe wouldn't want me if she hadn't, either; but I'd risk that, any how. Well! it's lucky I found it out in time, for I should have searched New York city over for her till I'd found her. Now I shall be able to go home and attend to my business like a man again. *Sic transit gloria.*"

He strode on vigorously, whistling a snatch of an army song, and trying to put the thought of the fair unknown out of his mind. But somehow it wouldn't stay put; and he caught himself presently hoping generously that she might recover her lover's picture.

"Why the very—Evil One," he ejaculated internally, as he strode along, "didn't women have sense enough to carry their cards with their name, at least, on them, in their pocket-books, when there were places made expressly for them! That fellow was honest, no doubt, as he refused my offer; but he'd be sure to make some muddle of the advertisement; and I, in my consternation at the piece of news about the picture, have let him go off without even getting his name! A pretty mess it is altogether; but it was all her fault, and the fault of women generally, for being so fond of trumpery, and never having any kind of business habits." And then checking himself in his mental tirade with a self-accusing pang at even *thinking* a reproach against the sex to which *she* belonged, he pulled up at the office where he was to transact his business, and there perforce dismissing the subject of his morning's adventure and its fair heroine at once.

She, meanwhile, did not part with his idea so readily. Sitting huddled up in the corner of her seat in the dismal car, hour after hour, while the dark winter's day merged into still dimmer twilight, and deepened, at length, into chill and clouded night, the thought of that

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same adventure, and of the promptness and courtesy with which he had come to her aid, together with vague and varying speculations as to when and where, if ever, she should meet him again, were her only relief from the insufferable tedium of the prolonged waiting upon the cheerless road.

The weariness and the cold, combined with the disagreeableness of having to listen to the grumbling and growling of discontented passengers all around her, were the worst things Milly had to bear. It was true, the idea of arriving in New York at midnight, alone and unexpected, was not very pleasant; still it was not so bad as it might be. The dépôt was but a short distance from her friend's house; there were always plenty of carriages awaiting the arrival of the train; and as this was the evening of Mrs. Bliss's "fandango," the house would not be shut up until after midnight. If she could only once reach the city her troubles would be very nearly at an end, she thought.

There seemed at length some prospect of it. A most welcome renewal of the jerking and rattling and hitching presently announced that the new engine had arrived, and that the cars were being righted; and soon, to the unspeakable delight of all the chilled, tired, and sleepy passengers, they were again going on their way rejoicing. The accident had occurred when they were only an hour or so from the city; and this time seemed to flit by on wings, compared with the slow-footed moments of waiting. Almost before even Milly could have thought it possible, the lights and sounds of the great city were at hand; and very soon after they had arrived at the dépôt, and the inevitable and universal stampede had begun.

Milly, remembering the experience of the morning, determined to wait till the crush was over, and sat quietly in her corner, though longing to be out and on her way to the haven where she would be. It seemed an interminable time before the car was cleared; the pushing and crushing and rude eagerness for precedence only created confusion and delay; stout women with immense baskets got stuck in the narrow aisles; babies screamed in their mothers' arms; men impatient to be at home jostled and crowded and scrambled; hackmen shouted, porters swore, and poor little Milly looked out upon the Pandemonium, dimly lighted by red and flaring lamps, and trembled with fear, and quivered with impatience to be gone.

When at last the great human tide had ebbed somewhat, and she ventured out upon the platform of the dépôt, instead of being instantly besieged by a crowd of hackmen, all begging for the privilege of conveying her to her journey's end, lo! there was not one to be seen, nor was there a single carriage in waiting. Every one had been eagerly snatched up by people too tired and hungry to consider economy; and Milly stood out in the keen night air, in a dismay almost as blank as she had felt at the first mishap of the day.

"If only *he* could suddenly come to the rescue, as promptly and kindly as he had done then!" she thought, wistfully; but he was, unfortunately, not near enough to be available, and Milly looked around her in desperation to see what could be done. Just then her eye lighted on the conductor of the train, hurrying past her, and she rushed after him, and begged his aid in procuring a carriage as quickly as possible.

"How far are you going, Miss?" he asked, rather impatiently.

"To Twenty-third Street," said Milly, wondering what business of his it was, but not venturing on any airs.

"Twenty-third Street? West side? Well, then, Miss, I'll tell you what you'd better do. I really haven't time to go and look you up a carriage unless it was absolutely necessary; besides, I should think it pleasanter for you to have company than to be trusting yourself with one of those hackmen so late at night. There's stages right at the corner will take you straight to the very house you want to go to, and you'll be in full sight of the passengers while you run across the sidewalk and up the stoop. I've got to go to the corner myself, and I'll see you safe in if you say so, but I can't wait a minute."

"I don't see, then, that I've any choice but to go with you," said Milly, a little ungraciously. She did not quite like the idea of such a democratic mode of arrival at her friend's elegant mansion, and it would be very provoking not to have her trunks in the morning; but it couldn't be helped, and, after all, it didn't much matter how she got there, if only she might ever get there at all! So she thanked the man, and declared herself ready to start. It was but a step to the stage, and not very many minutes after she had entered it before it turned into the street where her friends resided. Milly kept her eyes glued to the window, heedless of the many curious glances cast at her by the occupants of the stage, all of whom but herself were men, and intent only upon deciphering the names of the avenues and the numbers of the houses.

There it was at last—No. 15; and Milly's heart gave a quick leap in her breast, and she jumped up as quickly and gave the strap a vehement jerk. The next moment she was out of the stage, across the sidewalk, and up on the high stone stoop, pulling with nervous haste at the handle of the bell.

Its loud, silvery call pealed through the house; Milly could hear it distinctly outside, and drew a long breath of relief to think that she was so near the end of her troubles; but one minute, and another, and another, each as long as hours to the belated, tired, and frightened traveler, elapsed, and still no hasty step approached the door, and still it remained inhospitably closed. Milly pulled the bell again, and yet again; she could hear its sound plain-

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ly enough, and wondered how it could be possible that it was not heard within. Certainly the house could not be entirely deserted; the family, she knew, were out, but where were the servants, and why did they not come?

Ah, that, no one could answer; but certain it was that they did not come; and Milly's heart grew chill with a horrible despair. This was the worst that had befallen her yet, for it was midnight, and she was quite alone. She absolutely did not know what to do, and so she sank down on the stone steps, hungry and tired and cold and frightened, and cried bitterly in her desolation and despair.

How long she sat there she did not know; but presently the sound of a quick tread ringing along the sidewalk brought a thrill, half of terror, half of hope, to her heart, and she started up and went half-way down the steps. She would speak to him, no matter who he might be, she had resolved, and beg him to try and make the people in the house hear her; she didn't believe all the stuff that was talked about the wickedness of men; at any rate, *she* had never experienced any thing but respect and consideration from them; and, any how, she *must* do something; she could not stay there all night—she would be frozen stiff before morning!

Meanwhile the steps had drawn nearer and nearer, and Milly perceived, to her infinite relief, that it was one of the blue-coated and brass-buttoned gentry whose business it is to assist the astray and helpless. He stopped short in amazement at seeing a person, evidently a lady, and young, standing alone at this hour upon the steps of the great house; and Milly ran down to him, and eagerly put in her plea.

"The family are out, I know," she said, after explaining the cause of her being there so late; "but there must be some one left in the house. They're asleep, I'm afraid; but won't you please see if you can't wake them up?"

The policeman looked keenly at her, and his practiced eye told him that all was right. "It's too bad, mum," he said, sympathizingly, "that you should ha' been bothered so; but we'll soon get you in now, unless the folks inside bes dead, instead of asleep!"

He sprang up the steps and gave the bell a vigorous pull, which made it peal out to the very echo, and Milly awaited the result in breathless anxiety; but alas! profound silence followed its dying tone, and the door still remained inhospitably closed.

"Well, if one kind o' noise won't rouse 'em, perhaps another will," said the stalwart policeman; and drawing out his club he commenced a battery of vigorous blows upon the massive black walnut panels, which, doubtless, made their impression on *them*, but failed utterly to do so upon the ears of those within.

"Well!" at last exclaimed the discomfited knight of the buttons; "if ever I saw the beat o' that! There can't be nobody to home, Miss; the dead themselves would wake at such a noise as that. If it weren't such a cold night to be hoppin' out o' bed, all the neighbors would be at the windows to see what's the matter, you bet. Hadn't you better give it up, and lemme see you to a hotel—Fifth Av'noo right on the corner here, you know? You can't stay here all night; nor I neither, for that matter."

But Milly shrank with horror from the idea. To be escorted to a hotel by a policeman! *That*, she knew, would be the last feather which would break her mother's back, when she heard the mortifying history of her many mishaps; besides, it would be in every way so disagreeable. "Oh no; she couldn't do that! Wouldn't he please try just once more? Couldn't he open a door or window or something; she would be responsible for any amount of damages!"

The poor child looked at him with such swimming eyes and plead so piteously that the man was touched, and considered a moment whether there really was any thing farther to be done.

"I s'pose I might unfasten the basement window and slip you in," he said, meditatively. "I don't much like to do it. Why, they might have us both up for burgl'ry, Miss, and that would be worse than going to a hotel, even with me!" and he smiled a little grimly. "Come ahead, though; we'll try it, if you say so."

"Oh, thank you, yes; I say any thing that will get me into this house. Do, do try, please!"

So down they went into the court-yard, and up to the basement windows, whose blinds were closely drawn. By some slight of hand, which Milly never understood, the policeman managed to open a shutter; then coolly knocking in a pane of glass, he thrust in his arm, reached down, and pushed aside the bolt. This done, it was an easy matter for him to open the window, and lifting Milly's little light form in his two hands, to drop her gently down into the room.

"Dark enough in there, isn't it?" he said, peering into the unlit and fireless room. "Never mind, I've got a match, as luck will have it, and you're safe enough now. Just fasten the blinds and bolt the windows again, and nobody can get in without making as much noise as I did, and that you'd be likely to hear. I can't stop another minute—I sha'n't get through my rounds now in time—here's the match;" and he was gone as soon as Milly's fingers had closed upon it.

Well! at last she was in comparative safety—but, oh! through what tribulation had she come! Milly had to drop right down upon the floor and cry out a little of her nervousness before she could get courage enough to grope about and find the gas. When it was lighted, however, and the terrible darkness was dispelled, her spirits rose, and she marched straight to the door, determined to brave the terrors of the apparently deserted house, and go in search of food and a bed. What was her horror at finding it locked!

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For the half-dozenth time that day her heart turned chill within her; for the half-dozenth time she uttered the despairing exclamation, "What shall I do?"

She shook the door with all her small strength; she pounded upon it with her little clenched fists; nay, even kicked it with her tiny boots, in her desperation; but it was all of no avail. The Fates were evidently against her; and who so strong as to cope with Destiny?

Reduced once more to submissive patience she gave up the useless struggle, and looked meekly about her to see how she could make the best of things. Never was there an apartment less adapted for a comfortable sojourn by night. The walls were wainscoted to the ceiling with solid shelves of black walnut, closely stacked with ponderous and awful-looking volumes, bound in rusty leather. Still heavier and duskier tomes were piled here and there in corners on the floor; a massive table in the centre of the room was heaped with yet more of the same hard and unbending style of literature, and strewn with dry and legal-looking papers.

Half a dozen high-backed, stiff, and brass-nailed chairs stood solemnly around; but not a sofa, not a lounge, ottoman, or low seat of any description, in which she might rest for a moment her benumbed and wearied limbs.

And she was so cold, poor child, and so tired, and so hungry! The piteous tears would come again for a little while, but they did her good; and after she had let the floods come down for a few minutes she burst out into a peal of actual laughter, and began to look about her in good earnest for the means of ameliorating her position.

The cold was the worst thing. Even with the blinds shut and the shade drawn close the night air came in keenly through the broken window, and Milly was already shivering. If she only had brought a shawl with her, or if there were but a table-cover in the room, or she could rip up a breadth of the carpet! She was prepared to go any lengths in her desperation, but she was afraid that last idea was impracticable; and she was about to lay herself ruefully down upon the hard floor, when all of a sudden her eye fell upon a great roll of something dark and heavy, which looked not unlike a carpet, standing in a corner of the room. It was the work of a moment to seize and unroll it; and lo, to Milly's inexpressible delight, she found it to be a large army-blanket of fine dark-blue cloth, warm and heavy, and not especially dirty, though bearing marks of use.

"Was ever any thing so providential!" Milly exclaimed, under her breath, and proceeding without delay to spread it upon the floor and survey its capabilities. It was quite large enough to serve as both couch and coverlet, and Milly demurred not, in her desperate weariness, at using it.

"It is *his*, of course," she said to herself, with a blush and a smile, as she took off her gloves and unfastened her hat. "I *knew* he was at home, though Beth has been so sly about it. There hangs his sword too, and his spurs, and drinking flask. I suppose his father likes to have them always in his sight; and this is Mr. Rutherford's special room, no doubt. Beth has often spoken of his immense law library. How they do all dote upon that youth! I wonder if *I* ever shall? Be that as it may, I am going to avail myself of his blanket. It's a dreadfully funny performance for me to be camping out in it, here on the floor of his father's study; but I can't fly in the face of such a manifest Providence; and besides, he'll never know it!"

She dragged one of the big leather volumes to one end of the impromptu couch, to serve as a pillow; and then, all being ready, she reached up on tip-toe to lower the gas, the bright glare of which offended her tired eyes, and of course turned it entirely out! This was rather vexatious, but Milly was not afraid of the dark, and had gone through too much to-day to care for trifles.

"It is only for an hour or so at most," she thought, composedly; "they will surely be home by two o'clock, and I can hear them in the dark as well as the light;" and feeling too glad in the prospect of speedy release to allow any thing to vex her more, she stretched her weary limbs upon one half of the blanket, and drawing the rest over her shivering form, she laid her head upon her hard pillow, and—went to sleep.

Now this last thing she had not the slightest intention of doing; but she was dead tired with all the fatigue and fasting and excitement of the day, and now the strain was removed, and the whole power of mind and body relaxed. So when kindly sleep came wooing her she had no power to resist him; and having once yielded, yielded utterly. Such profound and dreamless slumber as comes only to the young, the healthy, and the innocent chained her senses, and little she knew or heard, down in the silence of her dark and solitary confinement, of three separate arrivals which took place at short intervals from each other, within an hour or two after she had taken possession of her strange couch. Deep and sweet was her sleep on the hard floor, wrapped in her rough coverlet, as ever it had been on her own virginal white bed at home; and there was none to molest her or make her afraid. The latest stars faded out of the sky; the gray winter dawn took their place; all the under-world of the great city awoke with the coming of morning; milkmen and bakers rattled over the stony streets uttering their Yahoo yells; but Milly slept like a tired child through it all.

About six o'clock, just as the somnolent Bridgets and Norahs were beginning to arouse themselves from their beauty-sleep, a man's step might have been heard descending the stairs of the Rutherford mansion, flight by flight, and finally stopping at the door of the impromptu bedroom occupied by our unconscious heroine. A key was turned in the lock, the door opened, and a manly figure appeared

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on the threshold, but paused there, as may be imagined, paralyzed with amazement at the unexpected sight which met his eyes.

Could it be possible? A woman lying on the floor of his study? In Heaven's name who was she? where did she come from? how did she get there? and what was she doing there?

Doing? Why, sleeping, it was evident, and soundly too, as she did not stir at his entrance; and he stepped forward, hesitating with an odd sense of intrusion upon his own premises, but impelled by a curiosity he could not resist, and bent over the slumbering figure lying so quietly at his feet. A sudden flash of recognition crossed his face, and he started up again and stared at her in the most bewildered astonishment. What! was not this the young girl whom, a dozen or so hours ago, he had rescued from an unpleasant predicament in Albany, and sent on her way rejoicing, while he himself went about his business with a sorrowful heart for her sake? Surely he knew that face; the hair too, a network of sunbeams, in its flossy, fluffy tangles. He remembered one long curl that floated down her shoulders as he helped her into the car, and how his fingers had tingled to touch it; and now here it lay, straying in a gleam of gold across the sombre carpet at his very feet! How lovelier than ever she looked, lying there, in the careless attitude of deep repose, her fair head pillowed on her curving arm, and her delicate bosom rising and falling beneath the folds of *his blanket*, the stanch friend which had warmed and comforted him in many a midnight bivouac!

The sight set his pulses beating quickly; he drew a long breath in his surprise and suspense; and the sleeping girl stirred in her slumber, and put out a little soft hand from under the cover. It lay there like a rose-leaf, but the intruder did not dare stop to admire it. He had too much delicacy to allow her to awake and discover him there, and he stepped softly backward to the door, intending to go up stairs and send down some of the womenkind to invite the beautiful stranger into more fitting quarters. Fatally for his purpose, however, he stumbled in his excess of caution against the table, and knocked from it a heavy book, which fell to the floor with a bang. The lady started, affrighted from her slumbers, and after one blank stare of utter amazement at her strange surroundings, sprang to her feet, and stood gazing at the intruder in speechless confusion, with wide wild eyes in which shame was struggling with recognition and surprise.

He, swearing at himself for his awkwardness, saw that there was nothing to be done but "face the music," though facing the enemy's batteries was nothing to it. He advanced with a grave bow and essayed to speak, but vainly. Milly, womanlike, recovered the use of her tongue first. Drawing up her slender figure, and setting back her head in stately fashion, she prepared to announce herself, and explain her position with befitting dignity; but the comicality of the situation was too much for her, and breaking into a peal of uncontrollable laughter, she held out her hand with a crimson face, but a bewitching smile, and exclaimed:

"Well met again! You seem to have a special mission for coming to the rescue of forlorn damsels. Won't you please let Miss Rutherford know that Milicent Thorne is here?"

The laugh was contagious. The embarrassed knight-errant echoed it most heartily, and they both stood shaking with irrepressible laughter, when a vast apparition suddenly darkened the doorway, and the smothered ejaculation, "Howly Biddy!" in a tone of indescribable consternation, brought them back to their senses.

The gentleman turned quickly toward the door.

"Oh! you're the very person I want to see, Bridget," he said, coolly; "just run up stairs, won't you, and tell Miss Elizabeth that her friend has arrived, and to get up at once."

But here Milly interposed a plea.

"Mayn't she give me something to eat first?" she asked, innocently; "indeed, I am almost famished!"

He looked at her in consternation.

"By Jove, she has been starved too!" he ejaculated, and then wheeled sharply round upon the cook, who stood staring and bridling.

"Of course you haven't got the fire made, and a cup of coffee would be an hour's work. Here, where's my hat? let me run out to a restaurant." But Milly stopped him again.

"Oh no, no!" she said; "I don't care about coffee; any thing will do—a piece of bread—a cup of milk—just to take this faintness away;" and she staggered a little, and grasped the table to steady herself; all this excitement was proving too much for her.

Colonel Rutherford—we might as well give him his title at last—seized her little cold hand and led her to a chair.

"Quick! do you hear? some bread and milk here," he commanded, turning to the cook; and she went off with a sniff, and disappeared into the kitchen. She returned presently, bringing a tray containing the desired refreshments, and the young officer took it from her, and said, "Now my message to Miss Elizabeth, and quick about it."

His tone brooked no delay, and the affronted Hibernian was presently heard ascending the stairs with elephantine tread. Meanwhile Milly betook herself to the bread and milk, daintily but eagerly, as one might who had neither dined nor supped the day before; and Colonel Rutherford stood and watched her with feelings of unbounded admiration, and equally unbounded vexation that this charming creature should be already appropriated!

"Will you have some more? I can get it for you," he said, when she had put the last spoonful lingeringly to her lips; but Milly pushed away the dish with a wistful glance, and said,

"N—no; I think that will do till breakfast, thank you."

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"Then, in Heaven's name, have pity upon my bewilderment, and tell me how—"

But just then Bridget came puffing and panting back.

"Miss Elizabeth's as 'stonished as 'stonished can be," she gasped; "and she says the young lady is to go up immejuntly, if she plazes;" and Milly started up at once.

"Let me pilot you," said the Colonel, taking up her hat and satchel.

But Milly pleaded no, with a blush. "I can find Beth's room perfectly well myself—she has often described it to me," she said, and was off in a moment, leaving the young officer looking ruefully after her.

He seated himself at the parchment-strewn table, and threw open one of the dusty leathern volumes. He had come "for good," as the children say, yielding to the entreaties of parents and sister; and being of too energetic a temperament for even a week of idleness, had plunged at once into the law-studies which the war had interrupted. He had taken a desk in his father's office down town, which left him little opportunity for study during the day; but a life in camp had taught him to need but little sleep, and he found the quiet hours before breakfast far more available for work than the evenings, upon which the rest of the family claimed a mortgage. Hence his unexpected irruption upon the sleeping Milly this morning.

Meanwhile the two girls up stairs were nestling together amidst the soft pillows of Beth's luxurious couch, and talking at a rate which would puzzle the most practiced reporter to keep pace with. There was so much to tell, so much to wonder at, and explain, and exclaim over; so much to discuss and arrange, that nine o'clock was upon them or ever they were aware; and Milly was hungry again, and had no idea of being late for breakfast.

So up they got, and robed themselves, and tripped down arm in arm to the breakfast-parlor; and there the whole story of Milly's mishaps had to be gone over again for the benefit of papa and mamma and the Colonel, each of whom was duly overflowing with wonder and sympathy, and properly indignant at the discovery, elicited by much cross-examination of the waiter, that the servants generally had improved the occasion of the family's absence to take a regular "outing," leaving only the seamstress, who was deaf as a post, and very timid, to keep guard away up in the fourth story, where the hearing the door-bell was of course an impossibility.

But it was all over now, and Milly made matter for merriment of all her mishaps; and breakfast was prolonged to an unprecedented period, while they sat listening and laughing, and wondering and pitying, and discussing the best plan for the speedy recovery of the pocket-book, whose loss had been the first link in this chain of extraordinary occurrences, and his "nibble" at which Jack had graphically narrated.

When they rose at last Jack followed his sister and her friend into the parlor, and said, mischievously, determined to have at least that bit of revenge upon Milly for presuming to have a lover:

"Hadn't you better give me a list of the contents of the book, as the finder was so very particular about it, and let me attend to the matter in my own name? It may save you trouble and annoyance."

"The contents?" said Milly, meditatively. "Well, there was something over fifty dollars in money, and a check on a New York bank for as much more, I believe. And that reminds me," she broke off, rather irrelevantly, putting her hand into her pocket, "that I have a quantity of money belonging to you, Colonel Rutherford. You must trust me for the price of my ticket until I can hear from mamma, and take your interest in thanks;" and she smiled in that bewitching way which the luckless young officer considered as a mere adding of insult to injury, and held out her hand to him full of notes and "currency."

Jack reddened, but took them with a stiff bow, and handed them in turn to Beth.

"Put them in the poor-purse, will you?" he said, with formal gallantry; "even filthy lucre is consecrated by having been employed in Miss Thorne's service, and must henceforth be put to no baser uses."

He spoke in a cold, constrained tone; but Milly lifted her eyes to him, all swimming with softness, and echoed his words in a melting tone.

"The poor? Ah, yes!" she cried. "I shall never forget them again as I used to. I have known myself, within the last twenty-four hours, what it was to be cold and hungry and houseless and penniless; and I can never forget again how dreadful it must be for those who have to bear always what made me suffer so for a day. It is only a trifle, I know, but if I ever *do* recover that tiresome porte-monnaie, I shall devote its contents to the poor whom I shall be sure to meet in New York."

"*All* its contents, Miss Milly?" said Jack, smitten harder than ever by this fresh proof of his charmer's universal loveliness, but all the more indignant that she had been appropriated by another.

Milly looked up wondering at his meaning tone, and colored at the curious glance with which he was regarding her. He couldn't know any thing—what in the world could he suspect?

"There is nothing but the money worth giving to them," she said, evasively. "Some lecture-tickets, I believe, and a memorandum of some shopping mamma wants me to do for her."

"Nothing else?" queried Jack, still with that meaning look. "It is necessary, you know, for me to have a full list of the contents."

Milly hesitated, and the wild rose-tint of her cheek deepened to cramoisie. She wished he

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had never offered to attend to the advertisement for her, but she could not refuse it without rudeness, especially now that it had gone so far. Besides, of course he would bring the package unopened to her, and how should he ever know that his own picture had been chosen to be the companion of her lonely journey?

Compelling herself to speak in an indifferent tone, she answered, lightly:

"You're a great deal more particular, I believe, than the man who found the purse. However, if you must know every individual thing it contained, there was also a broken ring which I brought on to have mended, and a—a photograph."

"Gentleman or lady?" persisted her merciless inquisitor.

But Beth interposed here. "What on earth are you teasing the child so for, Jack? You had better be off down town—it is nearly eleven o'clock. Come, Milly."

And Milly gladly tucked herself under her friend's wing, and made good her escape; while poor Jack, having punished himself far more than her by this extorted proof of her being "already mortgaged," took his disconsolate departure, and astonished his father and appalled the clerks by a most incomprehensible restlessness and irascibility the livelong day.

Time would fail to tell of all the kind devices employed by the whole Rutherford household to make their young guest's visit as enjoyable as her journey had been disagreeable. The opera, the theatre, the Park, balls and receptions, shopping and visiting, rides, drives, and even skating and sleighing by-and-by, all were set in tempting array before her; and in a single fortnight she had had more dissipation than in all her little life before, and more than repaid all the attention that was shown her by the childlike freshness of her enjoyment of each new pleasure.

There was only one drawback to her perfect happiness. Colonel Rutherford behaved in such a provoking way! Always polite, always attentive, nay, *admiring*, she was sure, thought Milly, with a blush and a pout; but always so cool, so watchful, just as if he were keeping guard against some designs of hers. He need not be afraid! she said to herself, with a curling lip. But she was piqued, nevertheless, and Beth saw it in spite of her well-feigned indifference, and raged inwardly at Jack's stupid insensibility, but dared say never a word lest she should spoil all by untimely interference.

She was almost ready to give up her cherished plan as hopeless, when all of a sudden one day, in the broad noontide, and having left home as well as usual in the morning, her incomprehensible brother burst into the music-room, where she and Milly sat at the piano practicing a duet, and totally regardless of her own insignificant presence, charged upon Milly as though she were a battery he had been ordered to take.

"Here is your pocket-book at last," he said, thrusting it out toward her, but still holding it fast in his own hand. "I want you to promise me one thing, however, before I give it up to you. The man brought it into the office half an hour ago, and—indeed, it wasn't my fault—of course I wouldn't have presumed, but—in short, he was as obstinate as a pig, and would make me examine the contents, to see that he had abstracted nothing. So I saw—I saw *this*, Milly!" and he held the little worn photograph of his own youthful self before her crimsoning face. "I knew there was a man's picture in it before—*he* told me so that day; and then you looked so confused when I teased you about it that I felt sure it was your lover, and so I've behaved like a brute ever since you've been here, for fear of poaching on another man's manor. But it's been the toughest fighting I ever did; and when I saw whose picture it really was today, by Jove, I thought I should lose my head with joy. For you know I've loved you, Milly, ever since that first day I saw you with the tears in your eyes; and I thought surely if you could care any thing for this vealy-looking youth, you certainly wouldn't throw him over now he's got to be a man. So I want you to promise me, Milly, to give me this, and take the original instead—won't you, *please?* and then I'll give you your pocket-book immediately!"

The gallant young officer, turned to a very coward by his hopes and fears, hung trembling upon the young girl's answer, which, after all, did not come; for Beth, not choosing to be left entirely out of the scene, answered tersely for her:

"Of course she will; she wouldn't be such a goose as to refuse an escort in her life journey when she's found out how many mishaps befall her in the journey of a day! It's all right, and just as I arranged it; you're good children, and I shall go and tell mamma to come and give you her blessing!"

THREE VIEWS OF THE SAME THINGS.

I.—FROM MR. JONES'S STAND-POINT.

JOHN SMITH and I were close friends. So we are still. John has a sister. I have a wife. His possession came to him in the ordinary course of nature. Mine came to me by the extraordinary process of courtship. We are now joint proprietors; his natural claim and my vested right being in one and the same individual. I used once to think her a pretty little simpleton, as her brother John said she was. My appreciation of her beauty remains unchanged. But as to her simplicity, I am in progress of conversion. And I am free to confess that when the honey-moon, now at its height, is fairly over, I shall probably be ready to concede that she is as wise as she is good, and as good as she is pretty. If she *can* be deemed foolish, it is for marrying me. Out of respect

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for her, I am determined to set that question at rest. I will vindicate her wisdom, by proving myself a model husband.

The man whose dear male friend and chosen associate has a charming sister is in a dangerous case; that is, if matrimony is to be regarded as a peril. I am not quite prepared to say. In some regards it certainly is perilous; to your dead-latch key, for instance, your tobacco-pouch, your rough and ready hat and coat, and your rough and ready habits generally. Women of address, and especially those who hide their cleverness under the mask of charming simplicity, like my pretty little Bessie, can revolutionize you before you are aware of what they are doing. No doubt, too, husbands modify the character of their wives. "They twain shall be one flesh" is not a meaningless declaration. The man becomes, in part, feminine; the woman slightly masculine; and the twain in one, the dual individuality, is the perfection of humanity, physically and mentally. But I must stop this strain, or I shall be rejected from *Harper's* for prosiness, and be invited for my brilliance and perspicacity to lecture before ambitious lyceums "On the Function of the Unintelligible."

John Smith likes practical jokes. I don't think that I do, especially when I am the victim. My marriage was the result of a practical joke, or long series of jokes, by John Smith. It was not that he had any such definite idea as our marriage fixed in his mind, but that he systematically misrepresented me to her, and her to me. Now, though I have no complaint to make of my wife, and have not the slightest wish that I could be unmarried again, I still rebel, in thought, at the mode in which the marriage, designedly or undesignedly, was brought about.

Bessie Smith used to say, before her individuality was merged in mine, that she was very glad her brother had secured so safe a friend as I was. She had great confidence in my honor, my sobriety, and intelligence; and admired my refinement, my correct tastes, and good habits. She did not deliver all this in so many words, or at one time; but rather hinted than spake plain, rather acted than spake at all, and never did either directly to me. But she was evidently pleased, entirely on her brother's account, that he had fallen into such good hands. And so was her mother; and more than pleased.

And herein lay the practical joke; though to this day I can not see the fun of it. John Smith, for reasons of his own, manufactured for his own household a highly exalted opinion of me. Young men who will go out every evening of their lives must find an excuse. And I was John Smith's excuse. He represented me as a model in manners and a Mentor in companionship; and his dear mother (now mine by marriage) thought he was entirely secure and untempted in my society.

So, indeed, he would have been. But justice to myself requires that I should say that John Smith was not *always* with me when he was out of the sight of his feminine relatives. I confess to some companionship with him in his frolics, but not to participation in all. Bessie, before our marriage, thought me perfection's self. May she continue in the same opinion! If that graceless rogue, her brother, does not betray me, she will remain satisfied of my unsullied moral excellence. By-gones must be by-gones. Henceforth, "till death us do part" (my wife and me), I am, I repeat, a model man. John Smith must find a new crony in his sky-larking propensities. And he must, too, maintain a reasonably good character, or I shall be suspected; unless, indeed, I can make my wife believe that my love for her so engrosses me that I can not give myself to the guardianship of her brother any longer, and that the removal of the restraint of my presence leaves him to go astray. (Mem.: To stick a pin here. It will be a good plea, when John breaks out. And it may be useful on occasions when I want an evening's liberty.)

I have a latch-key. I bought it with the house, which contains all modern improvements. But Bessie always had a bad habit of waiting up for her brother John; and, I am sorry to say, she retains it with her husband William. It is a great restraint on the liberty of the subject. I suppose that it can not be helped. You can not quarrel with your wife for her affection, inconvenient though that affection be. The only compromise is to take your wife with you, when you spend an evening out. But she is not good at billiards, and does not fancy game suppers. So I must submit to her watching, and report myself on my return for an affectionate review and inspection. Her eye were enough, if she would be satisfied with seeing. But the scrutiny is not confined to sight. She must not only look, but *taste*. She will persist in kissing me welcome. All the famous nostrums to sweeten the breath are so many forms of confession, and I have given them up.

The standing amusement of John Smith is teasing me. He expects some day to bring out a development which will tease my wife. He induced Bessie to believe, before we were married, that he could not live without me. Why, then, can not he drop in at our house now, in a pleasant, social way? And when he is here to tea, why can not he wait the evening after, when Bessie offers him the freedom of the dining-room to smoke his cigar in? Why can not the man blow a cloud with me sometimes, in our quiet home? It would so remove complications! Now I am afraid his bachelor antics will one day spoil all! Such awful romancing as he used to indulge in respecting himself and me; about me especially, making my poor self such a model that I am living under a lie every day; and he, the villain, enjoying it!

He makes me feel as if I dwelt on the crust of a volcano, and might expect, any hour, a terrific explosion. He is full of oblique hints and dark innuendoes when Bessie is in hearing, as if he could tell something, but spares me for

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her sake. And when we are alone he taunts me with being wife-governed, and wonders why marriage must always spoil a man. Because he can deceive his poor old mother, he laughs at me since I can not, or will not, hoodwink his sister. And yet he himself retains some of his old fear of her too. I have a great mind to expose him to her—but then!

Yes, then all my pre-matrimonial larks and follies will come out. My innocent little Bessie is *so* correct, and so ignorant of this naughty world, that mole-hills, in her eyes, will be mountains. I am determined some day to confront the danger. I will sit down some evening at Bessie's feet and make a clean breast of it. There is really nothing to tell; but there is a wonderful deal that a woman's imagination may surmise, if John Smith keeps up his pretended mystery. Bessie only laughs as yet. I wonder if she really *knows* any thing of our former frolics?

The man will drive me desperate. Yet *I* may laugh too—if those may laugh who win. My petty cash shows a better balance than I ever knew before. I have discovered that it actually costs less to support a man and wife than to maintain a bachelor. So John Smith may think he has his joke; but the best of the joke is mine. Yet, oh, Bessie, Bessie! If you only knew me as I am, without the varnish with which that brother of yours has covered me, I am sure you would like me all the better.

II.—FROM JOHN SMITH'S STAND-POINT.

William Jones was a tip-top fellow before he married my sister Bessie. And now he has settled down, in a month's time, into such a humdrum family man that he is not worth confessing as an acquaintance, much less claiming as a friend. I am surprised that any man, with Jones's experience, could be so conquered and reduced to penal servitude. For his condition is no better. He is suffering the pains and penalties of matrimony. No longer can he promptly answer whether he can make an appointment, or keep one. Perhaps his misfortune is my fault. I did not foresee the magnitude of the consequences of the two short words "I will." Having never before lost a friend by matrimony, I could not suppose that he, or any other man, could be so affectionately and effectually extinguished.

Why, I have fought Bessie from childhood up, and never failed to conquer, except when I permitted her to win a small matter that I might win a great one. Perhaps "in the wife's name there is a tower of strength;" but I can't perceive how ringing a belle can give her so much advantage. Perhaps she gives out a more certain sound. Yet I fancied that I knew all the weapons in her armory, and could resist them all.

Tears? Don't I know all about *them*? When she pretended that I was on the high-road to destruction, haven't I left her, many a morning, like Niobe; and found her all right and smiling when I came home to dinner; all ready to do any thing, or to go any where, that I might suggest; and only too happy to be asked?

Expostulations? Have I not heard them on all subjects: boots, hats, gloves, coats, and especially cigars; the theatre, the opera, the billiard-room, and especially base ball?

Threats? Has she not declared, many a time and oft, that she *would* tell "mamma?" And when did she do it, pray? What escapade of mine has she not covered over, for fear mother should detect me? And her husband, the milksop, has no mother to fear, not even a mother-in-law. For our maternal relative chooses to keep her own house, and me in it. I honor her wisdom, and reciprocate her affection.

Scoldings? And what of scoldings? If sister had not scolded I should have feared that she had outlived her affection, and took no more interest in me. And what if she *would* sit up and wait for me every night? I told her there was no need of it. If, after that, out of pure affection, or pure obstinacy, or compound affection and obstinacy, she chose to sit in the parlor till I came in, and intercept me in the hall, what matter? It was cheerful to find somebody waiting up for you. I could romance enormously about my pleasant and profitable evening with William Jones, Esq.; though, sooth to say, it was not always that I had spent the hours with him. Once I came near tripping. Just as I was inventing something which Jones had said to me, and something which I had said to Jones, I happened to discover that he had spent the evening with my sister. It was convenient, moreover, to have Bessie wait up for me. She could assist me at breakfast in correcting my mother's misapprehensions in regard to the time of my coming home. My dear mother's notions about clocks and hours were always exceedingly vague and unreasonable, after she had once herself retired to rest.

Temper? Well, yes, Bessie certainly has some spirit, and there's the fun of it. And poor Jones, in and out of the house every day for years, never suspected it! Don't I remember when he stepped upon her skirt, and tore the dress "half out of the gathers," as he was taking his leave one evening?

"It's of no consequence whatever, Mr. Jones," she declared, with the blandest smile and the sweetest voice. But I saw the lurking—something—in her eye. When I came back from showing poor Will out didn't I hear a squall, ay, and see one too? Indeed, I might have felt it besides, if I had not retired in prompt time and in good order. But when Jones retires his wife retires with him. *He* can not escape when an evening breeze sets in. I think the worst plagues of Egypt were the frogs, because they came up into the chambers.

And so, the next time we met, he magnified to me Bessie's exceeding good sense, and her sweet temper, her charming innocence, and entire freedom from a fault-finding or suspicious temper. Was *I* to undeceive him? I could

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not. I did not. I only ventured the suggestion that Bessie was a pretty little simpleton. I could not go on, and let him into the secret that she has a forty-woman power in watching, in detecting, in caressing, in scolding, in beseeching, in entreating.

He told me that he was going to marry her. It took my breath away. I could only say, "My dear fellow!" and clasp his hand in the most fraternal manner. And they were married. And I gave away the bride, with the pleasant vision of a happy home before *me*, whatever he might encounter. I could see Bessie as often as convenient, and love my dear sister more than ever. She would no more terrify me with her superhuman sharpness. No more would her face, like a chimera dire, peep out of my midnight oyster, roasted in the shell. The bubbles in the Champagne would no more expand into the threatening sparkle of her eye. I could henceforth sing "I won't go home till morning!" and do, even as I sang.

On the whole, I suspect that I rather promoted than retarded that wedding. Indeed, I more than suspect. I *know*. It is such a good joke! My mother thinks that if there is a perfect man alive it is Jones. I was his advocate. He was my shield. Indeed, he is still—poor unconscious spooney! Mother thinks that they keep dreadful hours at her new son William's house; and thus accounts for my late—or rather early returns. She does not suspect that I am not there once in a week.

I don't know whether I quite convinced Bessie of Jones's immaculate character or not. But if she does think that she has secured a man not only entirely superior to her reckless and extravagant brother, but to the human race in general, I think a revelation awaits her. It may be pleasant or unpleasant. If she can appreciate capital fun, and has a manly comprehension of an excellent joke, she will be amused for a twelvemonth; and have, besides, as good a rod for her dear husband as she used to swing over her dear brother.

I have actually obtained "wifey's" permission to take "hubby" out for an evening, and without her, too—the pair of fond noodles! And he, without fear of consequences, has agreed to go. We fellows are to have a right royal old-fashioned game and oyster supper. If I don't return my gentleman to Bessie's affectionate caresses ripe as a quail in good order, and mellow as the vintage of '40, I have missed my calculation. It is quite time that the present state of things was brought to a crisis. I can't have this paragon of my own creation paraded before me any longer, as a rebuke to my own delinquencies.

III.—FROM THE BRIDE'S STAND-POINT.

My husband and my brother are a couple of —well, I won't call names. They share the usual male delusion that women see nothing and know nothing; and that men, being lords of creation, move in a sphere so exalted that our poor optics can not reach, and our dull perceptions can not understand them. They imagine that we do not know that patchouly, and all that sort of thing, is not the natural balmy breath of the male of the human species. They think that we do not understand that these things are taken to disguise the flavor of Lynchburg. They fancy that we do not know that the Lynchburg aforesaid costs from two to eight dollars the pound; and that the meerschaum in which it is burned rates from five to fifty. They suppose that we are not aware that cigars, at current prices, cost from ten to twenty-five dollars the hundred; and that we are so ignorant of decimals as not to know the frightful ratio in which the sum total increases when the combustion of the weed ascends into the thousands.

They talk base ball to us as if it were as innocent and profitable an exercise as wood-sawing or ditching. They parade the small cost of bat and ball and ferocious shirt, as if the incidentals of base ball would not more than cover a decent family's expenses. They are suddenly called to distant cities on business; and they think that we do not observe that, simultaneously with these engagements, "matches" come off. I can not tell half the pranks that I have detected these two gentlemen in. They do not amount to *much*, to be sure. If they did, I should not, at this present writing, be Mrs. William Jones. I know the two men like a book, and I think I can take care of one of them. As to my brother, his wife will look out for him, when he gets one. And it will not be very long, I think, before that happens. I have broken up the firm of Damon and Pythias, and the retiring partner will not be succeeded by another male. I see something coming, but am ready. Heigh-ho! I don't know which is the more difficult to manage, a brother or a husband.

* * * It has happened. I know Brother Jack so well that I was sure, when he insisted upon Jones's giving him an "old-fashioned evening, without the delightful, but inconvenient appendage of ladies," that he meant mischief.

At half past two in the morning I heard that latch-key rattle as if it had the shaking palsy, or as if the key-hole was playing bopeep with the key. In the two gentlemen stumbled, both with their hats on; my brother somewhat elevated, my husband—dreadfully—yes—drunk! The shortest word is the most expressive.

Jack deposited him upon a sofa, and then turned to me with a face expectant, and a most provoking leer. He waited to hear such a lecture as I have given him many a time. But I had not words for this occasion. The truth is I could not speak. I should have broken down in tears.

The next silent terrible five minutes seemed like five hours. Brother John was alarmed, and, I do believe, for the first time in his life,

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ashamed. He commenced to speak in his old plausible way of apology. Mr. Jones rose from the sofa, brushed the look of intoxication from his face and hair as if it had been a cobweb, and coming forward, said, in the steady accents of a perfectly sober man:

"Now, Smith, I think the joke is on *my* side. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, Jones, you *can* drink deeper, and come out brighter—"

"Beg your pardon; but I *never* drink deep, and you know it. I saw through your trick, and let you think you had played it. And now, Bessie, send this bad boy, this brother of yours, to bed, for he is not fit to go home alone. Henceforth you and I shall understand one another."

"I always understood you," I answered.

Dear me! Wasn't it lucky that I did not scold! Brother Jack would have been too triumphant!

THE LOOT OF LUCKNOW.

THE British army after a brief but desperate struggle were in occupation of Lucknow, that brilliant and gorgeous capital of one of the wealthiest of Eastern kingdoms, and the Kaiser Bagh, unrivaled palace of the kings of Oude, was given over to pillage and destruction. Through the saloons and halls glittering with all the barbaric splendor of Oriental decoration, through the chambers of the zenana glowing yet with the memories of the voluptuous beauty they had held, the furious revels, or, as one might say, orgies they had witnessed, through throne-room and audience-chamber and the secret closet of royalty, wandered a rude and lawless soldiery, destroying, profaning, insulting whatever was too cumbrous to be stolen, or too refined and elegant to suit their material tastes.

In one of the inner court-yards, surrounded by store-houses, all more or less ransacked, a large fire had been kindled, and upon it, with shouts and yells, were constantly thrown armfuls of the most precious goods, shawls of Cashmere, muslins of Dacca, sandal-wood, ivory, ebony, precious vases, and bowls of jade, porphyry, porcelain, sets of French and Indian china-ware, robes, turbans, furniture, arms, in fact almost every conceivable form of wealth likely to be amassed in the treasury of an Oriental potentate.

Through this scene of destruction, rapine, and pillage wandered observantly, but without attempt at interference, a young American gentleman, Edward Holmes by name, who, finding himself in Calcutta when the Indian mutiny broke out, and feeling a desire to witness its progress, had obtained with some little difficulty a half-military half-civil appointment upon the staff-list of General ——. His duties in this position were almost nominal, and his time very much at his own disposal, so that Holmes had thus far diligently pursued his true object in demanding military employment, and had seen as much of the mutiny as any other man in the army.

He now stood beside the great bonfire in the court-yard of the Kaiser Bagh and watched regretfully the magnificent fuel heaped upon it from every quarter, while through the open doors of the store-houses, and far as the eye could penetrate their dusky recesses, gleamed fragments of precious wares, trailing glories of silk, brocade, damask, cloth of gold and silver, and imperial robes, woven for a sultana's adorning, and now trodden into the mire, even as the royalty they represented has been trodden.

"Better not born to the purple than to live to see the purple handled in this fashion," thought the young republican, his heart turning proudly homeward, as American hearts are wont to do abroad.

At this moment out from the store-house close beside him staggered an Irish soldier, his arms filled with *loot* of various descriptions, his face and eyes inflamed with the lust of destruction. He was evidently bound toward the fire, but tangling his feet in the fringe of a damask curtain trailing from his load, he stumbled and fell, his booty all around him. At Holmes's feet dropped a box of cocoa-wood clamped with brass, but so Orientally constructed that the slight fall burst it open and showed the contents to be another box of carved sandal-wood.

The soldier, swearing and struggling with his costly swathings, had not yet risen to his feet, and Holmes, half amused and half disgusted, was quietly observing his movements, when out from the door of an adjoining store-house, devoted to carriages, palkees, horse-furnishings, and the like, glided a dusky figure dressed in the uniform of the Bengal Native Infantry, who slid swiftly between the soldier and the civilian and seized upon the broken cocoa-wood case.

Something in the man's look and manner more than in his act aroused Holmes's suspicions, and with an almost involuntary movement he put his foot upon the box, saying, sharply:

"What do you want of that, Pandy?"

"Be jabers, thin, an' mebbe it was yersilf that thripped me, so as ye could be stalin' me narnin's, ye white-livered nagur!" vociferated the Irishman, poising himself for a kick calculated to drive the wretched Hindoo directly into the roaring flames had he waited to receive it. Before it fell, however, he was gone, having assured himself by one vigorous effort that the object of his desire was firmly held beneath the foot of the American, and that the Irishman was fully able and resolved to defend his booty to the last.

"Faix an' its for yer own good ye wint as ye did, yer black jew'l!" roared the soldier, staring about him in bewilderment.

"Here is your box, my man," said Holmes, pushing the disputed object toward him with his foot and turning half away.

"Be jabers an' it's yersilf is wilcome to it,

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if it's worth the taking off wid yeez. I on'y druv the nagur away bekase av his impidence in middlin' wid it. Yer wilcome to it, yer 'aner."

"Thank you; I am afraid I can not take care of it in this crowd, but I'm obliged to you all the same," said Holmes, stooping to complete the dismemberment of the cocoa-wood case, and looking rather curiously at its contents. These were presently resolved into a small square box of sandal-wood, elaborately carved, and ornamented with a curiously inlaid border, where silver, gold, and jewels were mingled in a rich arabesque pattern. This casket was locked and the key was missing.

"What can be its contents?" said Holmes, after a moment's examination. But he received no reply, for the gallant Irishman was already heaping his contribution upon the fire, and no one else was near. Holmes remained a few moments looking at the mad scene of destruction, and then passed on, still carrying the sandal-wood casket, although several times tempted to reject it for some one of the many curious and valuable articles scattered upon every side. Reaching his tent he placed the box in a portmanteau, intending to examine it when more at leisure, and, after a hurried toilet, hastened to the General's tent, where he was invited to dine that evening.

Upon his return, some hours later, Holmes found Suleem, his bearer or body-servant, in a state of much excitement, and voluble with wrath against some thief who had, as he averred, cut a slit in the side of the tent, introduced through it a hand and arm, and seized the portmanteau lying near the point of entrance. So rapidly, and at the same time so noiselessly, had this manœuvre been executed, that Suleem, although broad awake, did not detect it until the portmanteau had reached the opening, and, in fact, begun to disappear through it. At this moment the bearer became conscious of what was going on, and in the next had with a bound perched himself upon the vanishing portmanteau, grasping wildly beyond it for the agent of its activity. The ends of his fingers touched an arm, naked and sinewy, which slid like a snake from beneath them, and that was all. So soon as he could place the portmanteau in safety he had rushed to the outside of the tent, and made every search, but, of course, in vain. The man was gone, and only the slit in the canvas remained to prove to Suleem that he had not dreamed.

Holmes listened to the story, told with all the effusion of Eastern narrative, and as he listened his mind reverted to the incidents of the morning. Reassuring Suleem by a few words of commendation, he took the casket, apparently so valuable to some one, from its hiding-place, and examined it carefully. Nor could he repress an exclamation of wonder and delight as he did so, for although familiar with the gorgeous marvels of Oriental art, he had seen nothing equal to this. The body of the box was of sandal-wood, carved in high relief with figures of birds, beasts, and flowers, all unnatural, grotesque, and fascinating as the creations of an opium vision. Around these carved tablets of sandal-wood composing the top and sides of the box ran a border of inlaid work perhaps an inch in width, composed of gold, silver, pearls, and gems, arranged in a quaint arabesque pattern, fantastic and yet invariable. Through, or rather over, this border ran a thin line of dead gold, arranged in arbitrary curves, lines, and angles, following no apparent law except the caprice of the artist, and serving no purpose except to enrich still more a work already marvelous in its richness.

But to this line of gold, after all so unimportant a portion of the wonder before him, Holmes found his eyes reverting with a strange and provoking pertinacity. Examining it minutely he found no meaning whatever in its tortuous lines, and smiled at his own scrutiny; but the next moment a casual glance would suggest the mysterious symbols of occult art, the half-formed characters of an unknown tongue, zodiacal signs, or rude hieroglyphs, hidden amidst these fantastic lines. Wearied and almost vexed with these idle speculations, Holmes next examined the lock of this mysterious casket, and tried upon it all the keys in his possession likely to open it. None, however, were effectual, and with much reluctance the young man placed the blade of a stout knife beneath the lid and pried it open. As he did so a heavy and almost deadly perfume rose like a visible presence upon the air, filling his senses with such delight and bewilderment as should overpower the true believer entering the gates of Mohammed's paradise of sensual joys. Mingled with this delight, however, the young man experienced a sensation of suffocation, dizziness, and an intense pain through the head; and it was only by a powerful effort that he commanded his senses sufficiently to examine the interior of the box, where he soon found a solution of the sweet and deadly sensations he experienced. The box was a perfume-casket, divided by partitions of golden filigree-work into compartments, each containing a crystal bottle closely stopped with gold, and filled with a flake of cotton-wool saturated with a double-distilled and concentrated perfume. One of these bottles had become unstopped during the rough handling the box had undergone, and from it arose the heavy and almost deadly fumes Holmes was now inhaling. With cold and trembling fingers he replaced the stopper, closed the casket, and rushed into the open air, which soon revived him, but could not satisfy the intense craving he now began to experience to discover the secret he felt convinced lay hidden in this casket of luxurious death.

"Edith would be so interested in it. She must have it, at all events; but I will see that the bottles are hermetically sealed before I give it her. What could that native want with it? What is the meaning of that line?"

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Asking himself these questions without an answer, Holmes, whose physical discomfort had settled into an intense headache, returned to his tent, placed the perfume-casket in a place of safety, and resigned himself into Suleem's hands.

"Master got pain in head? Suppose lie in the bed; and when Suleem much softly rub, master go i-sleep," said that faithful servitor; and Holmes, accepting the suggestion, soon experienced the wonderful magnetic and soothing power possessed by almost all Orientals, who use it now for healing, now for murderous purposes.

Six months after the capture of Lucknow and sack of the Kaiser Bagh, Edith Withrington, in her quiet New England home, waiting for news of her lover with the corroding patience only women are capable of, received by express a small packing-case, directed to her in Edward Holmes's well-known handwriting, and accompanied by a letter from the firm in whose employ he had gone to Calcutta. This letter, in the brief and uncompromising phrase of mercantile correspondence, informed the young girl that her *fiancé*, a few days after the fall of Lucknow, had resigned his position upon General ——'s staff, and set out for Calcutta by *dâk-gharry*, sending forward his luggage by a government train leaving at about the same time. The luggage had arrived in Calcutta in due course, but of Mr. Holmes nothing had been heard since his departure from Lucknow, and the disturbed state of the country rendered any attempt to trace a missing individual almost hopeless.

This information, together with Mr. Holmes's trunks and other effects, had been forwarded by their Calcutta agents to Miss Withrington's correspondents; and they, in examining the boxes for some clew to Mr. Holmes's relatives or friends, had found this small case fully directed to her. They had accordingly dispatched it, and requested in reply such information as she might be able to afford with regard to other friends.

To this communication Miss Withrington immediately replied that Mr. Holmes possessed no relatives so far as she had ever heard, and no friends nearer than herself, his betrothed wife. She therefore offered to receive his effects in trust for the owner should he ever return, and she urgently begged Messrs. Mercator and Co. to transmit to her at once any scrap or shred of information, however slight, which should at any time drift westward from this mysterious East where her lover had disappeared.

To this letter, couched in quiet and dignified phrases, but hiding, nevertheless, the anguish of a breaking heart, the merchants promptly replied by forwarding Edward Holmes's effects, with the courteous assurance that any information received should be at once transmitted.

And so Edith Withrington, like many another woman, took up her cruel cross, hid it beneath the garment of everyday life, and bore it in uncomplaining and unceasing agony.

The perfume-casket, directed to her by Edward's hand, and forming as it were the last link between him and herself, became the best-beloved of her possessions, and stood beside her Bible and prayer-book upon an ornamental bracket in her sleeping-room.

Had it been the ugliest model of the Idol of Ugliness she would have cherished it as tenderly, but being a woman of refined and educated taste, she could not but notice and admire the marvelous beauty of this wonder of Oriental art; and through many a listless hour, when the first anguish of her mourning was spent, would she sit with the casket upon her knee, tracing the outlines of the carvings or the minute beauty of the inlaying, or inhaling through the closed cover the penetrating odors, still powerful, although Holmes had fulfilled his intention of hermetically sealing the vials.

Oftenest of all, her gaze lingered upon the mystical golden thread wrought into the arabesque border of the cover. As her lover had done before her, she fancied to trace in this convoluted and tortuous line the characters of some unknown tongue, and interrogated it with wistful and yearning gaze, vaguely searching its Runic meaning for news of her lost love.

Thus occupied one day, she was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with her.

The servant who brought the message had omitted to ask his name, and his business had not been stated.

"Tell the gentleman that I do not see company at present, and inquire if he will leave a message, or call at the office to see my father," said Miss Withrington, without curiosity or interest; and so soon as she was alone, returned to the contemplation of her beloved box.

The servant came back presently with an excited face.

"The gentleman gives his name as Mr. Smith, of Calcutta, Miss Edith, and he says he wishes to speak of Mr. Holmes."

Without replying by so much as a word Edith rose, white and rigid as a corpse, and not even pausing to lay down the box, forgetting indeed that she held it, glided by the servant, swiftly down the stairs, and into the drawing-room.

The guest awaited her standing, a smooth-skinned, olive-hued, half-breed Hindoo, or, as his race is named in their native land, an Eurasian, his sharp features and sleepy black eyes expressing the combined ability and cunning of both the father and mother race.

Bowing low, with a slight movement of the hands suggestive of a salaam, the visitor deferentially awaited the opening of the conversation by the pale and agitated girl, whose white lips opened twice before they articulated the words,

"Mr. Smith, from Calcutta, I believe."

"The same, Madam."

"You bring—pray sit down, Sir;" and Edith, unable to stand, dropped upon a chair, her eyes hungrily fixed upon the dark face of the Indian,

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her numb fingers grasping tightly the forgotten box.

The furtive eyes of the stranger, meeting this gaze of intense emotion, fell, sweeping with one long searching glance across the perfume-case, then respectfully seeking the floor.

"You bring news of Mr. Holmes, I am informed?"

"Pardon, Madam; no news of where he may now be, but a story of the past—an anecdote of the last days he was known to live."

"Go on," whispered Edith, breathlessly.

The stranger drew his chair nearer to her own, so near, indeed, that by suddenly extending his supple yellow hand he could have grasped the box, over which Miss Withrington's fingers were convulsively interlaced. Suffering his stealthy eyes to rest for one moment searchingly upon it, then raising them to the face of his listener, he said, slowly:

"I am a baboo of Calcutta, Madam, and I am a Christian, having been bred from infancy in the true faith by a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, from whom I also learned the French and English languages, to speak with some exactness, as you may have observed."

He paused as if waiting for a compliment, but Edith only replied by a bow, and the baboo, still glancing from her face to the box, over which the interlaced fingers made an impenetrable screen, went slowly on, almost as slowly as if the speaker sought for phrases to fill the moment, without much regard to their meaning.

"The Sahib Holmes visited me much, and we talked of many things—of books, history, of his home, and the hopes cherished there, and of the objects he admired in my own land. Of these he collected many, both great and small; and I, knowing the native merchants and possessors of rare and curious matters, was often able to help him to obtain such things as foreigners rarely see. Among the rest I brought to him one day a little box containing perfumes, the property of a relative of my own, who held it in sacred value as belonging to his family, once wealthy, now impoverished. The Sahib struck with admiration of this box wished to possess it, and offered much money for it, but my relative would by no means part with it. The Sahib then asked leave to retain it for a time that he might cause it to be copied as a gift to some one in his home. To this my friend consented, and the box remained with the Sahib until the time when his brave heart led him to the scene of war at Lucknow. By some stupid mistake of his bearer's no doubt, for why should the Sahib at such a time wish to cumber himself with trifles? this box, belonging to my relative, as I say, was put among the luggage to be sent to Lucknow, and was so sent. After the unfortunate and never-to-be-recovered-from loss of the Sahib Holmes the bearer returned to Calcutta, and I at once sought of him news of my beloved friend. He had none to give, having been dismissed in Lucknow for some small fault, or having, as I suspect, deserted of himself. I next inquired for the box, as my relative, a man consumed by love of his traditional glories, would never let me rest from hearing of it. But Suleem, the bearer, only knew that he had seen it at Lucknow among his master's effects, and he thought it had been sent to Calcutta with other things just before he left the Sahib's service.

"Pursuing my inquiry I went to the baboos with whom my friend had been connected in business. They remembered a case such as I described, inclosing my box, but that case had been addressed to you, Madam, and had already been forwarded with the Sahib's mails and effects to their honored correspondents in America, the baboos Mercator and Co.

"Madam, pardon the long story, possibly without interest to yourself, that I am telling; but as I had already resolved to visit America, as well as Europe and London, that I might know all the world, I consented, at my relative's urgent instance, to look once more for the possessor of this unhappy box, and to offer in exchange for it any equivalent that might be demanded.

"Madam, not to weary you, I am here, and the box I seek is in your hands. A lady like yourself, noble, generous, and just, will not deny the request of this man, foolish, perhaps, but very earnest, who asks of you what is but his own, and who offers to your condescension the little gift I here present."

With these words the Eurasian drew from his pocket a jewel-case, and opening it displayed a handsome set of turquoise mounted in the filigree-work so well understood by the goldsmiths of Delhi.

"They will become Madam's blonde complexion," said the Indian, suffering his sinister gaze to wander admiringly over the young girl's charming face and person.

Miss Withrington's contemptuous glance comprehended at once the gift and the giver.

"I thank you," replied she, very coldly, "but can by no means accept what you offer. This box came to me addressed in the handwriting of Mr. Edward Holmes. Had it belonged to another person he would never have so addressed it. Either this is a copy of the original box, such as you say he intended to have executed, or—you are mistaken in your statement."

The olive face of the Eurasian assumed a disagreeable greenish tinge, and from beneath his nearly closed eyelids quivered a lurid light. It was some moments before he could command the smooth tones of his voice sufficiently to reply.

"Madam, you doubt me, and it is a deeper grief than I can put in words to feel that it is so. My story is but simple truth, and what is strange in it is strange to me as well as to you. Pardon my intrusion and my well-meant offer. I must go home to tell my relative that I have found his family treasure, that I have asked it of the justice and of the generosity of the lady who retains it, that I have placed his modest

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gift at her feet, and all in vain. She spurns the gift, and she refuses to resign what she now knows to belong to another. Had the Sahib Holmes lived it would not have been thus. He was a man who loved justice."

He was already moving toward the door when Edith's agitated voice recalled him.

"Stay, Sir. You are right in saying that Edward Holmes would never have retained what was not his own, or refused a just demand, and this knowledge proves again what I have already said, that when he directed this box to me it must have become in some manner his own property. Doubtless, if your story, pardon the doubt, is true, this is the copy of the original you seek. It must be so."

The Eurasian paused, appeared to hesitate, then slowly returned, saying,

"It may possibly be so, Madam. Will you allow me to examine the box you hold? There are certain symbols, certain peculiar forms carved and wrought into the original, which may not have been discovered by the copyist. I think I could soon determine, if Madam will permit me to take the casket for a moment."

He was close beside her now, his long yellow hands quivering slightly, outstretched for the casket. Edith half extended it, then drew it back, while a slight blush mounted to her pale face.

"Excuse me," said she, "if I seem uncourteous, but this box has not been touched by any hand save mine since I first took it from the case where Edward Holmes's hands placed it, as I like to believe. I will hold it, or rather I will place it upon this table, and you shall look at it as much as you choose, on condition that you will not touch it."

Turning toward the table as she spoke, the young girl placed the box upon it, without seeing the evil look that followed her, while the Eurasian somewhat sullenly replied:

"It must be as Madam chooses, but I hope she does not suspect her humble slave of evil designs in this matter."

Miss Withrington replied to this merely by a bow and gesture toward the box, as she stood beside it, seeming to guard even while she offered it for inspection.

From between the white and even teeth of the Eurasian slid an exclamation in his mother's tongue, than which the Hindostanee furnishes no deeper insult, while obeying the disdainful gesture he approached and bent over the casket.

Edith steadily regarding him, her mind filled with vague suspicion, could at first perceive no change from the eager scrutiny of the first glance, and as moment after moment passed without result she was about to speak, when the stranger, uttering a sudden exclamation of surprise and delight, grasped at the box, but was prevented from touching it by the interposition of a white firm hand, and the cold voice of Miss Withrington, saying,

"Do not touch it, if you please."

"Pardon, Madam, but—" muttered the Asian, standing upright for a moment, while he wiped the sudden moisture from his forehead, and glanced with murderous eyes at the quiet, stately woman who stood between him and his desires.

Muttering words he dared not speak aloud, he drew from his pocket a note-case, selected a strip of parchment from its contents, and studied it attentively for several moments, then holding it beside the casket, compared the two.

Edith, glancing involuntarily at this parchment, was startled to perceive drawn upon it a *fac-simile* of the inlaid border of her box, the gold line designated by a line of vivid scarlet. For the first time she trembled lest the story of the Eurasian might be true, and she should feel herself compelled to give up her treasure.

She did not speak, however, for at this moment the Indian, falling upon his knees as if too much agitated to keep his feet, and holding the parchment in his two hands close above the casket, pronounced some words aloud in a foreign tongue, and then cried in English:

"It is ended! They are here, and they are mine. Woman, the casket is mine. I shall take it!"

Again he would have seized it, and again Miss Withrington swiftly interposed.

"You shall not touch it!" exclaimed she, haughtily. "If it is yours, prove it so to my father, and when he bids me I will give it you. Until then it is mine, and no touch of yours shall profane it."

The Eurasian glared at her for a moment with the fierce yet wavering gaze, the savage yet tremulous motion of a panther about to spring, and then writhing his lithe body aside, he slid behind her extended arm, seized the box, dashed it vehemently upon the floor, and struck his heel sharply upon the cover once, twice, and thrice. The exquisite carvings flew, riven bird from beast, and flower from fruit; the inlaid border, marvel of the marvelous Eastern art, lay in broken fragments of splendor. From the crystal vials, each shattered in its golden setting, arose such bewildering and inebriating clouds of perfume that the air reeled and vibrated with their sudden power.

Edith, too indignant for grief, too grieved for terror, uttered a wild cry, and fluttering like the dove who defends her nestlings from the hawk, darted forward with hands extended; but before she could reach the robber, now crouching beside the fragments of the box, and groping among them with his hands, she gasped, tottered, and fell upon her face. The Eurasian regarded her no more than a statue, regarded not, or tried not to regard, the suffocating cloud arising from the broken flaçons, but dashing aside the fragments of the casket, sought blindly and eagerly among them.

Upon this scene opened the door, admitting the gaunt figure of a man with whitened hair and ghastly face, who, rushing forward uttering stifled exclamations of horror, seized Edith and half carried, half dragged her from the room.

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"Edith, darling! It is I! It is Edward!" cried he, with the passionate egotism of a lover, who instinctively assumes that his own presence is the surest cordial and most subtle remedy possible to apply.

And the fact presently proved the assumption to have reason, for Edith, opening her eyes and murmuring "Edward!" nestled into her lover's arms and then wept away the danger of any harm from the surprise, or the previous trial.

Not for half an hour, perhaps, had either of them sufficient sympathy with earth to remember the perfume-box and the Eurasian, and then it was Edith who cried:

"Oh, Edward! That awful man! Go and see if he is gone. And oh, my poor box!"

So Edward went, and there, amidst the splintered carvings, and sparkling atoms of the inlaid work, and fragments of crystal, and silver, and gems, lay the Eurasian flat upon his face, one yellow hand clutching at a yellow throat, and one clenched in the mad strength of dissolution among the fragments of the casket.

Through the chamber floated, like cloudy Afrits, wreathes of stifling vapor conglomerate of such luscious and powerful distillations as the pale natives of the West know not, even by name, but which the Oriental, sated with voluptuous indulgence, and absorbent of all delight as his own thirsty soil, uses with a passionate enjoyment, heightened by the knowledge that one breath too much, one moment of thoughtlessness, may leave him paralyzed and senseless amidst his joys, one fervent caress of the siren with whom he dallies may send him to meet the kiss with which the houris welcome their immortal lovers.

Out from the stifling atmosphere they dragged the body of the Eurasian, and tried long and patiently to restore life to his convulsed and blackened form. In vain! He was dead, and with him died the secret he had kept so well.

From his clenched hand, whose stiffened fingers seemed struggling to retain their spoil even in death, were taken five magnificent diamonds, and among the fragments of the box were found six others, some of them finer still. How they came there, how the Eurasian knew that they were there, to whom they belonged, or why they had not sooner been removed, were mysteries that must perforce remain mysteries forever.

The only approach to an explanation ever obtained was the conjecture hazarded by Edward Holmes, that some one of the wealthy princes or rajahs, cognizant of the approaching rebellion, had converted his wealth into jewels, a favorite course among Orientals, and had hidden these jewels in the hollowed lid of the perfume-casket. The secret of this hiding-place had been noted down in Sanscrit, the classic language of India, and the sentence had then been divided laterally, that is, each letter cut horizontally in two, the upper halves transcribed upon a piece of parchment, and the lower wrought into the border of the casket in the form of the mysterious golden line, noticed both by Edward and Edith. The casket had then been placed for safe-keeping in the store-houses of the Kaiser Bagh, or had perhaps been seized as booty by the royal robbers inhabiting that palace.

The Eurasian, coming into partial possession of the secret, had determined to possess the box also, making his first attempt upon it during the sack of the Kaiser Bagh, and in the tent; his next upon the night after Mr. Holmes's departure from Lucknow, when the gharry was attacked, the escort driven off, Suleem killed in an effort to defend his master, and the small amount of luggage the young man had retained with him carried away. Disappointed in this desperate attempt the robber had followed his prey to Calcutta, and even to America, where we have witnessed his attempt to force it from the credulity or the fears of Edith Withrington.

Let this theory be true or false, however, the jewels remain an indisputable fact, and although Edith, womanlike, declared them no equivalent for her ruined box, they formed a noble dowry for her when she became the wife of Edward Holmes, and form to-day no mean ornaments of a certain Imperial treasure-chamber.

Edward Holmes, whose adventure after Lucknow had left him ill and unable to move or write for many weeks, and who at first had only hoped to reach home in time to die, soon concluded to live instead, and after his marriage remained quietly in his native land, contented with his studies of mankind, and also with his share of the loot of Lucknow.

TRINITY SEASON.

THE Sunday after Whitsuntide, or fifty-seven days after Easter, is *Trinity-Sunday*, the beginning of a new season.

The early Church, in the course of her prescribed services from Advent to Ascension, having commemorated the coming of the Son of Man and the principal incidents of his life on earth, and celebrated at Whitsuntide the descent of the Holy Ghost, thought it fitting to devote one day, in conclusion, to doing honor to the great mystery of the religion, the Trinity. The first Sunday after Whitsuntide was selected as the most appropriate; special services were appointed for that day, and it became known as "Trinity-Sunday."

It is far from our intention either to investigate or discuss the wonderful doctrine which affirms that triuneness is the eternal constitution of the Deity—that there is only one God, whose uncreated, separate, self-existent, Divine Nature integrally occupies and informs three several Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, who are distinct in their persons and offices and one in virtue of the Deity which informs them, rendering the Trinity one in the Unity and the Unity indivisible in the Trinity. That belongs to the province of the theologian and controversialist.

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Our purpose lies with the day and its observances, not with the merits of the doctrine.

The residue of the ecclesiastical year, extending from Trinity-Sunday to Advent, is called the Trinity Season. The Sundays falling within that period usually amount to twenty-five; though they are sometimes more and sometimes less, in consequence of Trinity-Sunday being dependent upon Easter, which is a movable feast. This year Trinity-Sunday occurs upon the 7th of June. Hence there will be only twenty-four Sundays after Trinity. These Sundays are always known in the calendar as the First, Second, Third, etc., Sundays after Trinity. They run through the summer and autumn, and form the quiet portion of the Church's year; wherein she seems to repose after the excitement which marked the previous months.

Upon Trinity-Sunday the Episcopal Church begins the annual reading of the Old and New Testaments in regular lessons for every day. In the Church of England this duty commences at Advent. It was an old custom to sing part of the 119th Psalm on every Sunday after Trinity; but it has fallen into disuse in this country, as have many other old customs.

"Trinity-tide," in ancient days, was the especial season for the production of the "*Mysteries.*" During the Dark Ages, when reading was limited almost entirely to the "clerks," and the mass had no knowledge beyond what was derived from observation and oral instruction, the teachers of holy things considered it politic to impress upon the minds of the people Scripture-story through the medium of religious spectacles.

The first Scripture drama of which we have any account is that of the "Exodus." It was written by Ezekiel, a Jew. Warton thinks the author intended by a semi-religious and political spectacle to excite his dispersed and desponding brethren to take heart and hope for a second Moses to redeliver his people from their second bondage. About a hundred years later, toward the close of the fourth century, Apolinarius, a priest, and his son, the Bishop of Laodicea, in imitation of Ezekiel, endeavored to provide "Christian" amusements for the faithful, who had been prohibited by the Emperor Julian from attending the heathen exhibitions. They were both men of high literary distinction. The elder rendered into verse the Old Testament from the creation to the time of Saul, and turned various other parts of the Scriptures into tragedies and comedies; the younger reduced the Gospels and Epistles into dialogues. Gregory Nazianzen, Archbishop of Constantinople, followed this example, and composed plays out of the Old and New Testaments, and substituted them for the Greek drama, which, it will be remembered, was a religious spectacle. "Christ's Passion" is the only one of these old plays which has come down to us.

As the age grew darker, and superstition involved the people and license invaded the Church, shows of an inferior and almost degrading character took the place of the religious dramas, which, from the distinction of their authors, doubtless had no little literary merit.

Subsequently the clergy introduced the acting of "*Mysteries*," representing scenes in the Old and New Testaments, the Old and New Apocrypha, and the miraculous Acts of Saints. They were first presented in Italy in the thirteenth century, whence they spread to different parts of the world. These Mysteries are sad evidences of the deep corruption that involved the Church in the Middle Ages. Had not religion possessed a real vitality it never could have survived the care of its friends.

In England the "Coventry Mysteries" were more noted than any others; at any rate we read more about them. There were also Mysteries in other parts of the kingdom, but they were not so well known. Cornwall had Mysteries in the fields; and the Eton "*Montem*" is thought by some to have come from the Mystery of the "Boy-Bishop," which was common in many of the public schools.

Not a few of the Coventry Mysteries turn upon scenes in the lives of Joseph and Mary. In the Eighth Mystery is found the carol once so familiar. We give a few of the verses:

"Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he;
And he married Mary,
Queen of Galilee.

"As Joseph and Mary
Walked through the garden gay,
Where the cherries they grew
Upon every tree,

"Oh! then bespoke Mary,
With words meek and mild,
'Gather me some cherries, Joseph,
They run so in my mind.'

"Oh! then bespoke Joseph,
With words most unkind,
'Let *Him* gather the cherries,
For I have no mind.'

"Oh! then bespoke Jesus,
These words of renown,
'Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow down;

"'Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow to thee;
And the highest branch of all
Shall bow to Mary's knee.'

"And she gathers cherries
By one, by two, by three.
'Now you may see, Joseph,
Those cherries were for me.'"

The Trinity was always considered the grand mystery of the Church. It is not strange, therefore, that a Mystery-play embodying it should have been performed. As prominent as any other was the "Council of the Trinity" in regard to the Incarnation. Hone gives us a very good epitome of the play. We give it, abridged as much as possible:

Contemplation begins the play with a prologue

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describing the fallen state of man, and interceding for him. *Virtue* prays God to repel the malice of the devil and take man into grace. *Pater* acknowledges all the supplications. *Truth* insists that the restoration of man is impossible, and prays that he may be tormented forever, in accordance with God's original decree. *Mercy* intercedes for compassion; calls the devil a helle-hownde; and says that heaven and earth cry for mercy. *Justice* marvels that Mercy is so much moved, and declares that man, having offended God, who is endless, should have his punishment endless. *Mercy* says that there is too much vengeance in Justice; that man is frail, but that God's mercy is without end. *Peace* exhorts them not to quarrel, and sides with Mercy; otherwise there would be division between God and man. She proposes to refer the matter to God the Son, to which they all agree. *Filius* is inclined to Peace. He says that if Adam had not died, Justice, Mercy, and Truth would have perished, and Peace would have been exiled; and suggests the redemption of man through the death of some other. *Truth*, *Mercy*, and *Justice* do not know any one whose death would be sufficient, could one be found willing to die. *Peace* thinks that *Filius*, who gave the advice, should give the comfort, as the conclusion is in Him. Filius is pained that He made man, as He must suffer therefor, and calls a "*Counsel of the Trinite*" to decide which shall redeem man.

Pater.

"In your wysdam, son, man was made thor,
And in wysdam was his temptacion.
Therfor, sone, sapyens ye must ordeyn her'for,
And see how of man may be salvacion."

Filius.

"Fadyr, he that real do this must be both God and man;
Lete me se how I may ever that wede;
And syth in my wysdam he began,
I am ready to do this dede."

Spiritus Sanctus.

"I, the holy gost, of yow tweyn do p'cede:
This charge I will take on me:
I, love, to your lover, schal yow lede;
This is the assent of our unyte."

Mercy.

"Now is the love-day mad of us fowr fynialy:
Now may we live in peace as we wer wont—
Mercy and Truth have met together,
Justice and Peace have kissed each other."

The Trinity then give their several directions to Gabriel, who proceeds to make the annunciation of her blessedness to the Virgin Mary. After the interview he returns with an *ave* to the throne of the Trinity in heaven. This is but a very concise sketch. The play is of some length, and is elaborated in quaint old English verse.

These Mystery-plays were in vogue in England long after the Reformation; but, doubtless, under the auspices of the Romanists. Malone thinks that the last Mystery represented in England was that of "Christ's Passion," in the reign of James I. It was in Holborn, Ely House, where Gondomar, the Spanish Embassador, was at the time.

Curll mentions in his Miscellany that there was an old custom in Wiltshire upon Trinity-Sunday, in remembrance of a donation made by King Athelstan, to ring the bell, and for a young maiden to carry a garland to church, which she gave to a young bachelor with three kisses; he then puts the garland upon her neck and gives her three kisses. The whole concludes as usual with a feast. The ceremony was considered symbolic of the Trinity.

An old homily for Trinity-Sunday says, we are told, "that the form of the Trinity was found in man: that Adam, our forefather of the earth, was the first person; that Eve of Adam was the second person; and that of them both was the third person: further, that at the death of a man three bells were to be rung as his knell in worship of the Trinity; and two bells for a woman, as the second person."

The records of Lambeth, the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, show that great expenses were formerly incurred for the due celebration of Trinity-tide. They were begun upon Trinity-even, and were concluded on Trinity-Tuesday. "It is still a custom of ancient usage in London," Hone tells us, "for the judges and law-officers of the crown, together with the Lord Mayor and Common Council, to attend divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral and hear a sermon which is always preached there on Trinity-Sunday by the Lord Mayor's chaplain. At the first ensuing meeting of the Common Council it is usual for that body to pass a vote of thanks to the chaplain for such sermon, and order the same to be printed at the expense of the corporation, unless, as has sometimes occurred, it contained sentiments obnoxious to their views."

The sermon is of course upon the subject suggested by the day; and it is not improbable that, in addition, the chaplain follows the example of Bossuet and Bordaloue when preaching before Louis XIV., and chants, in some degree, the praises of the distinguished persons before whom he speaks. An omission to do so might cause the sermon to go unprinted.

Sermons under such auspices are generally only show-discourses, exhibiting jointly the eloquence of the preacher and the weakness of human nature. Bordaloue, however, once preached before the King a sermon with a severe peroration reflecting upon the life of Louis, which had been dictated to him by Claude, the eloquent Protestant divine. But Bordaloue did not send down the peroration to posterity. He destroyed Claude's work, and left his own for the world to admire. Louis awed every one, it is said, by his presence. The preacher exclaiming once, "All, all must die!" seeing the King start, added, "Almost all, Sire." Louis should have had a John Knox to preach before him.

The Common Council of London and the Lord Mayor are many degrees better than Louis XIV. was, and the preacher of the Trinity Sermon might let them off with only an exposi-

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tion of the subject which in some would produce an "exposition of sleep."

In the Roman Church Trinity-Sunday has always been regarded as a splendid festival, and is usually celebrated with peculiar services. Each one of the Divine Persons is addressed with special devotions; thus the Trinity in Unity is commemorated upon this feast, as upon others is the Unity in Trinity.

The Trinity has furnished a sublime subject for the genius of religious art. In the Museum of the city of Antwerp is a celebrated picture by Rubens. The artist recalls the mystery of the Trinity by placing Christ lying upon the knees of the Father, while the Holy Ghost hovers over them in the form of a dove. Two little angels, one on each side, stand, weeping, with the instruments of the crucifixion in their hands, completing the remembrance of the Redemption. The whole is amidst clouds of glory. The foreshortening in this picture is thought to be wonderful.

There is, also, in the Museum at Madrid a picture by Velasquez depicting the mystical coronation of the Virgin by the Trinity. The Virgin is seen supported in the clouds by angels, while the Father, sustaining the orb of the earth, and the Son, holding a sceptre, unite to place a crown on her head, while the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove is hovering between them.

There is, besides, we believe in Italy, a grand picture of the Trinity, in which the Ancient of Days, seated upon a throne of glory with the Son and Holy Spirit, is wonderfully portrayed. Doubtless there are many paintings upon the subject, but the three we have mentioned have positions and names in the history of art, and are worthy of note and remembrance.

In ecclesiology the usual symbol of the Trinity is a triangle. There is an old mode of exhibiting the idea by a complex triangle which has upon its three sides the legend, *Pater—Filius—Sanctus Spiritus*—with DEUS in the centre. This emblem may be seen in the windows of some of the churches in New York. The trefoil or fleur-de-lis is the emblem of the Virgin Mary. St. Patrick, however, is said to have illustrated the Trinity by the shamrock; and it is also added that the Irish, to whom he was preaching, were immediately convinced of the truth of the doctrine. Hence the shamrock became the national cognizance of Ireland. It was a Druid plant, and probably derived additional favor on that account.

Soon after Trinity-tide, or the Thursday which follows Trinity-Sunday, occurs a day greatly distinguished in the Roman calendar. It is Corpus Christi Day—the day on which that Church celebrates its peculiar doctrine of transubstantiation. Once it was the custom to perform the Mystery-plays upon this day; but now the celebration is confined to religious observances, with music, flowers, and demonstrations of joy. Processions were formerly in vogue. Nageogorgus says:

"Then doth ensue the solemne feast
of Corpus Christi day—
The hallowed bread, with worship great,
in silver pix they beare
About the church, or in the citie
passing here and there.
The challis and the singing cake
with Barbara is led,
And sundrie other pageants playde
in worship of this bred."

Such scenes are hardly ever witnessed in our country, where the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church are chiefly confined to their edifices, and where the procession of the *host* in the street is never seen.

Corpus Christi is followed by another day of interest in the calendar—the Feast of St. John the Baptist. It occurs upon the 24th of June.

"Then doth the joyful feast of John
the Baptist take his turne,
When bonfiers great, with loftie flame,
in everie towne doe burne."

This day is often called Midsummer-day, from its happening so near the time of the summer solstice. The name has no connection with the idea of *middle*, but may be referred to the German preposition *mit*, and means that summer is *with* us, or that summer is begun. From this period, says Wordsworth,

"Summer ebbs; each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie."

St. John's, or Midsummer-day, undoubtedly acquired importance from the old tradition which rendered the summer solstice sacred among the Indo-Europeans. "The midsummer and midwinter fires," says a writer on "Folk-lore," "commemorating the culmination of the sun's course, are the most universal of all the Aryan religious ceremonies that have now become mere popular amusements, with a sense of luck attached to them. Mr. Kelly's 'Indo-European Traditions' best explain the astronomical force of this rite, coupled with the rolling of the fiery wheel down a hill-side, as it were to show the downward course of the sun. The lane of fire, over which the young men leapt and animals were driven, seems to have been in use every where from ancient Rome to further Germany, and curiously shows how the idea of inspiring good luck is the most real mode of preserving a significant custom. In Lancashire these fires got mixed with a notion of Purgatory, and in the Tylde a moor still bears the name. The Land's End used to be aglow with these fires; and at Penzance bonfires blazed in the evening, while fire-works were showered upon the young men and maidens who played in and out at thread-my-needle, little thinking that Ovid had thus leapt through the fires in the streets of Rome." These rites in some parts of the world still exist. They may be seen in Germany and Savoy. Luck is probably the power which inspires them; for Luck has ever been the god of many, and hence the preserver of heathen rites, though purified and adapted to a new religion.

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As St. John the Baptist was a "bright and shining light," it is probable that the fires of Midsummer-day were continued by the converted heathen as proper for the celebration of his feast. Thus bonfires long were the feature of St. John's Day. Indeed, the day has been celebrated with fires even in this country.

Bonfires have ever been a mode of expressing public joy. The word is of doubtful derivation. It may come from *bone*—such fires having originally been partly made with bones—or from *boon*, "merry," or from *baal*, an ancient word for conflagration. The Saxons used to call these fires *bael-fyrs*. The name may have originated with the Druids.

St. John's Day was early marked by curious customs, resembling in a measure those of May-day and Whitsuntide. Divination was practiced, and various games and amusements were indulged in for the amusement of the simple folk who enjoyed such sports. It used to be said that a rose plucked on St. John's Eve would be fresh at Christmas; and that by fasting and watching on that night the spirits of those who were going to die and of those who were going to be married might be seen. Maidens also used to gather a moss-rose at this time, and place it in the bosom to see whether it would wither; if it did the lover was untrue. The question arises: were any of the lovers true? But the maidens may have known how to keep the roses in their bosoms as fresh as the roses in their cheeks. Gathering the trefoil and adorning a white wether with flowers was a custom of long continuance in Spain. The beautiful ballad to which this custom gave birth was sung by the maidens, for centuries, along the banks of the Guadalquivir. We will give a few lines from it:

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens,
'Tis the day of good St. John;
It is the Baptist's morning
That breaks the hills upon.
Let us all go forth together,
To gather trefoil by the stream,
Ere the face of Guadalquivir
Glows beneath the strengthening beam.

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens,
We'll gather myrtle boughs,
And we shall learn
From the dews of the fern
If our lads will keep their vows;
If the wether be still,
As we dance on the hill,
And the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,
Then we'll kiss off the dew,
For our lovers are true,
And the Baptist's blessing is ours."

The good St. John was the patron saint of the Military Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the Hospitallers, the rivals of the Knights of the Temple. Our readers will readily recall the passage of words which took place in the presence of Prince John between the Hospitaller and De Bracy in regard to the overthrow of Bois Guilbert and Ralph de Vipont by Ivanhoe. This rivalry long continued. The Order of the Hospital, however, survived that of the Temple.

The Churches which have service-books specially observe the day of the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, and the possessor of the spirit and power of Elias. The services all bear upon the subjects suggested by the day, and need not be described.

The month of June closes with the feast of St. Peter, which occurs upon the 29th. The day of the Apostle—first among equals—first to profess, first to deny, first in every thing, and on nearly all occasions, yet chief in nothing—is of course honored throughout the Christian Church. But nowhere does it receive such marks of distinction as at Rome, the seat of his assumed successor. Notwithstanding, it is very doubtful if St. Peter ever was at Rome. Still there is enough of tradition to enable those who may feel inclined to cherish the idea to believe that the Mamertine and Vatican were the scenes of St. Peter's last days on earth, and that his bones rest under the dome of the great *basilica* which bears his name. A legend says that St. Peter, before his arrest, through fear of martyrdom, was leaving Rome by the Appian Way in the early dawn, when he met his Lord. Casting himself at the feet of his Master, he asked Him, *Domine, quo vadis?*—"Master, whither goest Thou?" To which the Lord replied, *Venio iterum crucifigi*—"I am coming to be crucified again." Penitent and ashamed, Peter returned to the city and met his fate. The chapel of Domine quo Vadis, on the Appian Way, commemorates the scene and preserves the legend.

Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful than the illuminations and fire-works with which St. Peter's Day is celebrated at Rome. Chief is the illumination of St. Peter's. "The whole of this immense church—its columns, capitals, cornices, and pediments, the beautiful swell of the lofty dome towering into heaven, the ribs converging into one point at top, surmounted by the lantern of the church, and crowned by the cross—all are designed in lines of fire; and the vast sweep of the circling colonnades, in every rib, line, mould, cornice, and column, are resplendent with light. On the cross of fire at the top waves a brilliant light, as if wielded by some celestial hand, and instantly ten thousand globes and stars of fire roll along the building as if by magic, and blaze into a flood of glory. It seems the work of enchantment. One would suppose the illumination to be complete, but ten thousand lamps are still to be illumined. Their vivid blaze harmonizes beautifully with the milder light of the lanterns; while the brilliant glow of the whole illumination sheds a rosy light upon the fountains, whose silver fall and ever-playing showers accord well with the magic of the scene. Viewed from Trinità de' Monti the effect is unspeakably beautiful; an enchanted palace seems to be hung in the air, called up by the wand of some invisible spirit. The *girandola* or fire-works from the castle of St. Angelo are equally magnificent. They begin with a tremendous ex-

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plosion, representing the eruption of a volcano. Red sheets of fire seem to blaze upward into the glowing heavens, and then to pour down their liquid streams upon the earth. This is followed by a complicated display of every varied device that imagination can figure—one changing into another, and the beauty of the first effaced by that of the last. Hundreds of immense wheels turn round with a velocity that almost seems as if demons were whirling them, letting fall thousands of hissing snakes, scorpions, and fiery dragons, whose long convolutions, darting forward as far as the eye can reach in every direction, at length vanish into air. Fountains and jets of fire throw up their blazing cascades into the skies. The whole vault of heaven shines with vivid fires, and seems to receive into itself innumerable stars and suns, which, shooting up into it in brightness almost insufferable, vanish like earth-born hopes. The reflection in the calm, clear waters of the Tiber is scarcely less beautiful than the spectacle itself; and the whole ends in a tremendous burst of fire that almost seems to threaten conflagration to the world." Such is the account of the celebration of St. Peter's Day at Rome given by the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." Apart from these illuminations there are also religious ceremonies, which are conducted with all the pomp which marks the ceremonial of the Roman Church in her chief seat. Among other honors paid to St. Peter at Rome are those paid to his chains and to his chair. The former the Saint is said to have worn, and the latter he is rumored to have pontificated in. The chains, though much filed, seem to have lasted like the wood of the true cross. Lady Morgan says that the chair is a plain, worm-eaten, wooden chair, and is very choicely enshrined behind the great altar. The French, when they took Rome, sacrilegiously examined this relic, and found upon it inscribed, *There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet.* It was an old chair captured by the Crusaders and brought to Rome. The chair was replaced. Few know of the incident, and only the audacious repeat it.

The Trinity season, running generally from May to December, necessarily includes within its limits a number of days of interest. In addition to those we have mentioned we might allude to the "Martyrdom of St. Paul," and the legend of the three drops of his blood, which, falling on the ground, produced the three fountains emblematic of the Trinity; to the feast of St. James the Great, the chivalric St. Jago of Spain; to St. Bartholomew, whose name recalls Bartholomew fair and its ancient and quaint usages; to the day of St. Luke, the good physician, who attended St. Paul, and doubtless used all his skill to ameliorate the grief of his eyes, probably the Apostle's "thorn in the flesh;" to the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, so rife with scriptural and poetical associations; to the days of St. Simon; of St. Jude, whose epistle Peter imitated; of St. Matthew; and to All Saints' Day, when all who have departed in faith are commemorated. But space fails us, and we must draw to a close.

The Trinity season occupies the last six months of the ecclesiastical year, and covers the summer and the autumn. It is the threefold season of roses and olives and grapes, of corn and oil and wine, of flowers and fruits and harvest, of ripening and ingathering and praise. May the present Trinity season be to all our readers thrice propitious in spiritual and temporal blessings, and they be one in thanksgiving.

DRAWING BUREAU RATIONS.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

II.—THE DISTRIBUTION.

IT was February, 1867, and I had been over four months in charge of my sub-district, before I was driven to make a distribution of public stores.

The winter was an unusually cold one for Greenville, bringing with it ice two inches in thickness, and one snow-fall of three inches. I heard that the family of women and children mentioned in my former article as living in an unchinked log-cabin had been evicted in consequence of inability to pay the rent of a dollar and a half a month, and was camping out in the snow under a shelter of pine branches. A barefooted negro or two appeared, trampling down my sense of duty as a general principle. I slowly and unwillingly came to the conclusion that the greatest good of the greatest number must give way to the necessities of a poverty-stricken minority.

Accordingly, when an order came from the Assistant Commissioner at Charleston to make a requisition for such clothing as might be needed in my district, I remembered the aged negroes, the soldiers' widows, and the orphan children, and demanded a supply of blankets, coats, trowsers, boys' jackets, women's dresses, and shoes. Corn I would not ask for, because I considered it demoralizing. The very name of corn, the bare hope of being fed from the public crib, seemed to be sufficient to change plow-shares into begging-bags, and pruning-hooks into baskets.

In return for my requisition I received thirty great-coats, forty blankets, thirty pairs of trowsers, seventy pairs of large brogans, twenty women's skirts, and twenty dresses. Coats for men, jackets and shoes for boys, small dresses for girls, were not to be had. The great-coats, blankets, and trowsers were stores originally bought for the army, but condemned as being either of inferior quality, or not in accordance with the uniform. The brogans were the sturdiest kind of clod-thumpers, such as planters

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formerly provided for their field-hands. The skirts and dresses, also for plantation wear, were of the coarsest imaginable cotton stuff, stiff enough to stand alone, and of a horrible bluish gray. I was grievously disappointed over my stock of "winter goods," for I had especially wanted something for women and children. There were not a quarter dresses enough, and they were "perfect frights." But the Assistant Commissioner had sent what he could get, and had portioned out the various articles impartially among his subordinates.

One word as to the method of accounting for these stores. From the moment that they were consigned to me they were on my official conscience, and could not be wiped off without much paper. To get them it was necessary to have duplicate requisitions, duplicate receipts, and duplicate invoices. To issue them was far more serious. The skirts and dresses being furnished by the Bureau, and the other articles by the Quarter-Master-General's Department, I had to settle matters with both those sublime authorities. If I issued but one blanket and one skirt, I must make out three Bureau returns and four Quarter-Master returns, supporting each set with duplicate invoices, duplicate receipts, and duplicate clothing-receipt rolls, the latter signed by the names of the recipients, and the signatures witnessed by another officer or a civilian. The returns must show what I had on hand at the beginning of the month; what I had received during the month, and from whom; what I had issued, and to whom; and what remained on hand. Each must have my name and rank in four places, and must be certified to "upon honor." Even if I did not issue a solitary thing, I must still make out my seven returns, although without vouchers. On no account must I neglect to forward a letter of transmittal, and copy the same in my book of "Letters Sent."

But the labor did not stop with me. All the returns must go to the Assistant Commissioner and the Commissioner. Under the eye of the last a division took place, the Bureau papers pushing on to the Third Auditor of the Treasury, the others to the Quarter-Master-General, and thence to the Second Auditor. All these august officers peered and poked into them with severe eyes, searching for some error whereby to stop my pay.

Great as this wonderful "accountability system" is, it has by no means reached its majestic possibilities, and is yearly, if not monthly, growing more perfect and impracticable. At the beginning of the war a company commander made annually but twelve returns of "clothing, camp and garrison equipage," whereas now he makes forty-eight, with an amount of vouching and certifying "upon honor" that was formerly unimaginable. If somebody does not put a stop to the pranks of the paper-eating jugglers in the accounting offices, army affairs will soon be conjured into a clerkly paradise of "how not to do it," and patriotic souls will welcome whatsoever rebellion will take Washington and burn the War Department.

"Mornin. How ye git'n 'long? Got any thin for the lone wimmen?"

"Yes, ma'am. What do you need? How am I to know that you need any thing?"

"Oh Lord! I guess I'm poor enough. My ole man was killed in the war because he wouldn't jine the rebs. They shot him in the swamp, right whar they found him. We was always for your side. And I've got two small childrem, and nothin to go upon. Got any corn?"

Her old man was probably a "low down creetur" who was executed as a deserter, having refused to join the rebs just as he would have evaded joining any army or doing any thing that implied work. But looking at her haggard face and ragged clothing, how could I find it in my heart to doubt that she was a "Union woman?" My stores, it must be remembered, were properly distributable only to freedmen and refugees, the latter term meaning Southern loyalists who had been driven from their homes by the Confederacy.

I had intended to procrastinate and be mercilessly conscientious in my distribution, giving nothing except to persons whom I knew by personal inspection to be the very poorest in the district. But the pressure of an instantaneously aroused horde of dolorous applicants rendered it impossible to be either deliberate or fastidious. Amidst such an abundant supply of poverty there seemed to be no choice; and after a few days of heroic holding on to my goods, I let go with a run. Only in the over-coat business did I make a firm stand; the weather having turned mild, I boxed them up for another winter; indeed, I counterfeited innocence of over-coats. The remaining articles, one hundred and eighty in number, were distributed among ninety-four applicants, consisting of eleven white women, forty-nine colored women, and thirty-four colored men. All but one or two of the whites were widows with families of small children; and nearly all the blacks were deformed, rheumatic, blind, or crippled with extreme age.

In vain I resolved to issue but one article to an individual, in order to make the supply go further. A venerable, doubled-up contraband would say, "Boss, I got shoes now, but dey won't keep me warm o' nights. Can't I hev a blanket, Boss?" A woman furnished with a dress would show her bare or nearly bare feet, and put up a prayer for brogans. The wretched family from the brush house appeared, and in its grasping distress carried off three dresses, three pairs of shoes, and two blankets. Widows of Confederates though they were, how could I look on their muddy rags and tell them that they were not refugees, and had no claim upon Bureau charity? Had the Second Auditor and the Third Auditor discovered this pitiful rascality of mine, it would have been their duty to disallow my returns and stop my pay.

My little room, crammed with people of all

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colors elbowing each other in the equality of sordid poverty, looked as though it might be a Miscegenation Office. The two races got along admirably together; the whites put on no airs of superiority or aversion; the negroes were respectful, and showed no jealousy. There is little social distance at any time between the low downer and the black. Two white women were pointed out to me as having children of mixed blood; and I heard that one rosy-cheeked girl of nineteen had taken a mulatto husband of fifty.

Now and then I was amused by a sparkle of female vanity. Two white widows of twenty-four or twenty-five, comely by nature, but now gaunt and haggard with the ailments which hardship surely brings upon women—charily exposed their muddy stockings of coarse home-spun wool, and, pipe in mouth, held the following dialogue:

"Miss Jackson, these shoes are a sight too big for me. I wear fours."

"That's so, Miss Jacocks. Fours is my number, too. And I hev worn threes."

Of my ninety-four recipients ninety-four signed with a mark; and in my subsequent issues I found that this was the usual proportion.

And now the public talk was of corn. The crop of 1866, both of cereals and other productions, had been a short one for various reasons. Capital, working stock, and even seed had been scarce; a new system of labor had operated, of course, bunglingly; finally, there had been a severe drought. During the autumn and early winter I was called upon to arrange a hundred or two of disputes between planters and their hands as to the division of the pittance which nature had returned them for their outlay and industry. The white, feeling that he ought to have a living out of his land, and fearing lest he should not get enough "to go upon" until the next harvest, held firmly to the terms of his contract, and demanded severe justice—in some cases more than justice. The negro could not understand how the advances which had been made to him during the summer should swallow up his half or third of the "crap."

Honesty bids me declare that, in my opinion, no more advantage was taken of the freedmen than a similarly ignorant class would be subjected to in any other region where poverty should be pinching and the danger of starvation imminent. So far as my observation goes, the Southerner is not hostile toward the negro as a negro, but only as a possible office-holder, as a juror, as a voter, as a political and social equal. He may cuff him, as he would his dog, into what he calls "his place;" but he is not vindictive toward him for being free, and he is willing to give him a chance in life.

On the other hand, the black is not the vicious and totally irrational creature described in reactionary journals. He is very ignorant, somewhat improvident, not yet aware of the necessity of persistent industry, and in short a grown-up child. I venture these statements after fifteen months of intercourse with the most unfair and discontented of both parties. The great majority of planters and laborers either did not dispute over their harvest of poverty, or came to an arrangement about it without appealing to me.

The ignorance of the freedmen was sometimes amusing and sometimes provoking. When Captain Britton, of the Sixth Infantry, acted as Bureau officer in a South Carolina district, a farmer and negro came before him to settle the terms of their contract, the former offering one-third of the crop, and the latter demanding one-sixth. It was only by the aid of six bits of paper, added and subtracted upon a table, that the Captain succeeded in shaking the faith of the darkey in his calculation.

"Well, Boss," he answered, doubtfully, "ef you say one-third is the most, I reckon it's so. But I allowed one-sixth was the most."

I passed nearly an entire forenoon in vainly endeavoring to convince an old freedman that his employer had not cheated him. I read to him, out of the planter's admirably kept books, every item of debit and credit: so much meal, bacon, and tobacco furnished, with the dates of each delivery of the same; so many bushels of corn and peas and bunches of "fodder" harvested. He admitted every item, admitted the prices affixed; and then, puzzled, incredulous, stubborn, denied the totals. His fat old wife, trembling with indignant suspicion, looked on grimly or broke out in fits of passion.

"Don you give down to it, Peter," she exhorted. "It ain't no how ris'ible that we should 'a worked all the year and git nothin to go upon."

The trouble with this man was that he had several small grandchildren to support, and that he had undertaken to do it upon a worn-out plantation. I could only assure him that he had "nothing coming," and advise him to throw himself upon the generosity of his employer. As the latter was himself woefully poor, and as it was my duty to set even-handed justice on its legs, any exaction in favor of the laborer beyond the terms of the contract was out of the question.

There were hundreds of cases like this; and there were the old, the widows, and the orphans. Although my district was a grain country, corn rose to two dollars a bushel, and bacon to forty cents a pound. In the lowlands of South Carolina the destitution was still more pinching and prices still higher. Governor Orr published a moving appeal for aid, composed mainly of letters showing a wide-spread want nearly approaching starvation. Evidently the hour was coming upon me when I should be obliged to make an issue of provisions.

Early in the spring of 1867 a circular from the Commissioner at Washington directed each Bureau officer to furnish a return of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the naturally deformed among the freedpeople of his sub-district. Will

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the reader please to consider what was exacted of me by this order? In my satrapy of at least two thousand square miles I was alone, without a clerk or a soldier; and yet I was called upon to furnish information which a corps of census-takers could not have collected in three months. Seeing that I should be obliged to have recourse to the civil authorities, I resolved to lump the born unfortunate in one job with the indigent and obtain lists of both.

As I have already stated, South Carolina has no townships; and I will add here that it is a lack which the new régime ought to remedy. But each of my districts was divided into two "regiments," and each regiment into eight or ten "companies," otherwise known as "beats." The organization was formerly military as well as civil; each beat had its captain as well as its magistrate; each regiment sent a battalion to the Confederate army. It will be seen that I had under me between thirty and forty civil officers, properly disseminated, and each having his own domain. This machinery I set in motion. Stretching my powers to perhaps their utmost, I issued through the local papers a circular to the Greenville and Pickens magistrates, calling on them to send me lists of their blind, dumb, and deformed negroes, and their indigent of both races. I furnished a model table, ruled in columns, showing name, age, color, number of children under fourteen years of age, nature of deformity, and cause of poverty.

My circular, as I guessed from the first and saw fully afterward by experience, was directed to the right quarters. Every farmer in the region knows every body within ten miles of him; and a "Square" who lacks in this species of information is considered unfit for his office. Moreover, the magistrates were as willing as able; they did their work with zeal, thoroughness, and generally with promptitude; they surprised me by their good-will, for I had expected some unreconstructed sulkiness and some human laziness.

It was months, to be sure, before I gathered the full fruits of my circular; but that was the fault of circumstances rather than of my civilian adjutants. In spring-time the roads of that region are quagmires, and at all times the mails go, as the Arabs say, when God pleases. If I wrote to the magistrate of Jones's Beat, Pickens District, some twenty miles distant from Greenville, the letter must go down to Anderson, thence up to Pendleton, and thence across the country to its destination, by a carrier who performed the journey once a week. A return document must meander its way about the country in the same leisurely fashion. Thus I was separated from Jones's Beat by an interval of from a fortnight to a month. Moreover, if a messenger came from thence and found my office-door shut, he would, as likely as not, go home again without trying the knob, for it is the fashion in the South to keep all doors open, and the closing of one is considered a sure sign of absence, if not of death.

My circular brought upon me a prodigious correspondence. Men not accustomed to drawing up ruled forms and making official reports easily bungle at such labor, and produce documents which can not be understood without correction or explanation. Some of the beats being without magistrates, I was obliged to learn the names of residents who were capable of making out the required lists, to issue orders appointing these gentlemen "distributors," and to forward them manuscript instructions. Private individuals all over the district wrote to me, urging the claims of indigent families of their acquaintance; and to these I had to reply, explaining my proposed method of distribution and referring them to their magistrates; or, having already received the official list, I added the new names thereto. It required steady determination and some little savageness of demeanor to prevent the system from centralizing. The general disposition was to rush to Greenville and see the Major. The pauper classes, snuffing corn in the wind, made for me like pigs for an oak-tree in autumn. Forty times a day my office was the scene of dialogues like the following:

"Mornin, stranger. Got any thin for the lone wimmin?"

"Where do you belong?"

"I b'long up on Saludy."

"Who is the magistrate of your beat?"

"Square Runnols."

"Go to him and offer your name for his list."

"But he's an old reb, an he won't take no names but reb names."

"Have you tried him?"

"No, I ha'nt."

"Well, try him. If he refuses your name, let me know, and I will inquire into it."

Low downer waits another half hour, and then goes off disgusted. Had expected corn on the spot; wanted, perhaps, to trade it off in the village; had doubts, possibly, that her character would not pass with the magistrate. Meanwhile the next has spoken:

"Got any thin for poor folks?"

"What beat do you live in?"

"I dun'no."

"You must go back and find out."

"I dun'no how to find out."

"Ask some of your intelligent neighbors what beat you live in, and who your magistrate is. Then give your name to him."

"Wal, 'pears like I never should git no corn. Of all the drawins that's been here I never got not the first dust of a thing. 'Pears like thar a'nt nothin for poor folks. Them that don't want can git. That's allays the way."

"Find out your magistrate and give him your name."

Had I once commenced taking names from the farming regions I should have been overwhelmed, and two thousand people would have traveled an average of fifteen miles apiece without a particle of benefit. Moreover, aside from my general supervision and the routine duties

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of my office, I had taken upon myself a special labor which was more than enough for one man. The two magistrates of the incorporation of Greenville being lawyers and abundantly occupied with their own affairs, and the two neighboring beats known as Reed's and Piney Mountain being without magistrates, I made out the lists for those four precincts myself, aided by the Clerk of the District Court. This involved not only a large amount of writing, but conversations, not to say quarrels, with at least five hundred eager applicants, some of them ignorant and unreasonable beyond belief.

"Mrs. Cooper, you must tell me what beat you live in," I said to one hard-featured, persevering woman of fifty. "I will not take your name until I know on what list to put it. Go to the clerk of the court, tell him precisely where you live, and ask him what your beat is."

Across the street rushes Mrs. Cooper, and returns after an absence of five minutes.

"Well, Madame, which is your beat—Reed's or Piney Mountain?"

"Wal, I forget what place he said it was; but he allowed I was poor enough. He said if any body oughter draw, I oughter."

"Here, take this note to him; it asks for the name of your beat; when he has written it, bring it back."

Mrs. Cooper, suspicious that she is somehow being juggled out of her corn, dashes off desperately and seeks out an officer of the court, called the Ordinary, who knows her family. The Ordinary has lost one leg at Bull Run, but at the call of distress he stumps over to my office.

"My dear fellow, I am sorry that you have been put to this trouble," I apologize, giving him a chair. "But I can't find out where this person lives."

"Oh, I don't know her present residence myself. I only know that the family has always been poor. I can't give the name of her beat."

"Mrs. Cooper," I implore, "why *won't* you go to the clerk of the court and learn the name of your beat? That is all I want to know."

Here Mrs. Cooper, conceiving herself to be humbugged and bullied, loses heart and bursts into tears. The Ordinary takes her in charge, carries her before the clerk, has her describe the locality of her "settlement," and sends her back with the word "Reed's" written on her paper.

"Ah, Reed's!" I say. "Do you know Mr. Thomas Turner?"

"Yes. He lives next neighbor to us; about a mile this side."

"Well, go to Mr. Turner and state your case to him. When the corn comes—it has not arrived yet—go to him for it. Don't come here. You will get nothing except from Mr. Turner."

This conversation, it must be understood, has been carried on parenthetically between similar dialogues with the other half dozen or so of applicants who crowd the office.

"I should think you would go crazy," said a citizen to me. "This kind of thing would drive me mad in a day."

After the lists were made out, it was necessary to sift them. I was determined that the notoriously idle, the habitual beggars, the thieves and prostitutes, should only have corn in case there should be too much of it for worthier applicants. After cataloguing some two hundred and fifty paupers from the two beats of the incorporation, I reduced the number to about one hundred and seventy-five, copied it out in alphabetical order, with age, race, cause of poverty, and number of children, and handed the paper to the Poor Commissioners for a further revision. They called in three influential freedmen, elders of the colored people, and held solemn session, striking out some twenty names, and adding as many more. To my delight—for misery loves company—the meeting was invaded and pestered by "lone women," etc., the mendicant public having by this time become amazingly alert and knowing.

The list was now alphabetized a second time; a column was added showing the allowance due each family, based on the official monthly ration of one bushel of corn and eight pounds of bacon for adults, and half the same for children under fourteen; and the document was ready for delivery to the distributors. The Reed's and Piney Mountain lists were alphabetized and the rations figured out in the same manner. Most of this writing I was obliged to do, for the clerk of the court had his own duties. My position in those days was so far from being a sinecure that I worked pretty regularly till midnight.

All this trouble was necessary to make an intelligent issue. Numberless vagrants attempted to impose upon me with tales of hardships which they had not suffered, or which they had fully deserved by steady, hard-working vice and laziness. Families "sot in to rovin round," in order to get their names on the lists of several beats. "Lone women" bewailed the loss of fictitious husbands, and claimed my pity for children who had never been born. As far as I could compare the two races, able-bodied negroes were much less apt to apply for rations than able-bodied "low downers." When I complained of these impositions to Mr. Alexander, a worthy old gentleman who has aided many a poverty-stricken wretch out of his own small income, he smiled and said: "They don't call it cheating, Major; they call it, tryin to git."

For the correctness of the lists from the farming precincts I had to trust to the magistrates. I had warned them to take only the names of persons who were in danger of starvation, and I believe that they followed my instructions as accurately as men could do under the circumstances. They, as well as myself, were pestered with applicants, and their credulity tried with false tales of distress. Several of them informed me that poor people had turned up in their precincts of whom they had never before

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had any knowledge. They often came to Greenville, riding from ten to thirty miles, to consult with me. They did their work most zealously, most conscientiously, most honorably, without a prospect of remuneration, and frequently to the neglect of their private interests. In order to show the nature of their labor I will introduce one of the three or four successive lists sent me by an aged magistrate in Pickens District.

List of Destitute in —— Comp beat No. — 5th Regment Pickens District, S. C. Taken Down by the under Signed Magistrate

Names	Age	Color	No under 14	
Elizabeth Wilson wid	36	white	3	has no provisions and no money & will Suffer
Mary Ann Jeffris	75	do	0	Verry infirm not able to work & is Suffering
Jinney Glenn w[d]	31	Colered	3	left arm disabled and in want
Rarry Sexton	80	white	0	Verry Infirm and greatly in need of help
David Lesley	56	do	9	infirm & wife Very Sickly, has only ½ bushel Corn & no meat and his Labor is not Sufficient to Support his famley no money & no means to by any thing
Susan Chertain, wid	65	Colored		thinks She must Suffer without help
Tilda Burgess do	50	do	7	and Verry hard Run to git bred
J. C. Fortner male	60	white	5	him Self not able to work much and his wife Sickly and now in want.
J. C. Heaton male	42	white	5	has no Corn or meat & is unable to support his famly
Salley Turner w[d]	32	do	1	Rather Ediot & nearly naked nothin to Eat
Mary Phillips	45	do	2	has Some Corn no meat—no money
Edy Turner wid	51	do	3	no provisions nothing to by with & will Suffer
Cayty Aytes	48	do	2	no provisions Says She is Suffering
Sarah Gowan wid	80	Colored	0	Very feeble has Sore leg & Cant work no provisions
Learer McCoy	48	do	5	has no provision nor not able to work much
Rosa Corban	36	white	2	hasen had any meat in 4 months & litle bred
Milly Hendruks	24	do	2	has no provisions nor Cant git for her work

(Signed) —— ——
Magistrate

To Magr J. W. De Forrest & S. A. Conr Bureau of District Greenville, S. C.

The reader may have drawn from the above a somewhat exaggerated inference as to the meagreness of what one of my Greenville friends called the "spelling crap" in South Carolina. It must be understood that the jurisdiction of a magistrate is limited to cases below twenty dollars, and that consequently the office is scorned by such country gentlemen of position and education as have leanings toward public life. The "Square" is usually a butcher, miller, or small farmer. A few of the lists sent to me were correctly written; the majority were better than the above specimen; one or two were worse, like the following:

Pickens Dist S. C.

the destutes persons of —— Beet

Dick Hunt Freedman age about 75
Wife of Dick Hunt Freedwoman..... 76
Jane ponder Freed woman age 35
2 childearn in Sain
Eda Hunt Freedwoman age..... 65
Sarey Mancill Freedwoman age..... 65
Lucia Hester Weder about a White 35
& 5 childearn all under 14
Kin Looper Freedman age..... 62
& his Wife Freedwoman age..... 70
Selnartan Vandervear white Widear age 70
Nancy pensean a Widear white age..... 47
& 2 childearn dantars one with Tumaer on her Neck and has spasames

This is Tru List of the Destutes of —— Beat as fair as I have Knowlege at this time

(Signed) —— ——
M. P. D.
J. B. T.

Mr J. W. De Forist
You Will pleas Let W[m] Holden have the Rasheans for theas pearsons & oblege Yours &c

(Signed) —— ——
M. P. D.
J. B. T.

P.S. Pleas take those names off of Esq. Reid's List that I gave you the other day as I have them on this and oblige

(Signed) —— ——
M. P. D.

On the 30th of March, 1867, an Act of Congress appropriated one million of dollars for the relief of the destitute of the South, to be distributed under the supervision of the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. On the 15th of May I received notice that five hundred bushels of corn had been consigned to me by the Assistant Commissioner at Charleston. At the same time Governor Orr forwarded, as a gift from the State of Maryland, 250 bushels to W. K. Easely, Esq., for Pickens, and 200 bushels and one hogshead of bacon to Mr. J. M. David for Greenville. As I now had my machinery of distribution nearly completed I volunteered to take charge of the entire issue, and the offer was accepted.

The first thing to be done was to foot up my lists and assign a pro-rata allowance to each beat. The result of my calculation amazed and dismayed me. From a population of perhaps forty-five thousand persons I had received lists to the amount of about one thousand adult destitute and about eighteen hundred children under fourteen, enough to draw, as one month's ration, nineteen hundred bushels of corn and seven thousand two hundred pounds of bacon. To meet this demand I had nine hundred and fifty bushels of corn and one thousand pounds of bacon. Fortunately it soon appeared that other stores had been sent to persons in Walhalla and Pickens Court House for the relief of the western regiment of Pickens. Thus I was only obliged to supply thirty beats, containing about twenty-three hundred destitute.

Stretching my authority to its utmost once more, I issued another circular, assigning a certain quantity to each "company," and ordering the magistrates to distribute it. They were to

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send wagons to Greenville for the corn; raise subscriptions in their several neighborhoods to cover the expense of transportation; issue the rations on their retained copies of their lists; then forward me a statement of issues. It was laying a heavy burden on them; most of them were farmers and busy just now with their crops; many of them hardly knew how they could live until the next harvest; it was a heavy burden, but it was lifted manfully. I shall feel to the end of my life that I abused those men, and that they deserve my respect and praise.

The subscription idea proved a failure, for the Southerners are not accustomed to organized benefaction. Moreover, some hard-hearted wretches, such as exist in all communities, did not want to aid in the issue, for the reason that it reduced the market value of the contents of their cribs. But the corn was all sent for, and all, as I believe, honestly issued. One distributor, an elderly man in impoverished circumstances, ground the allowance for his beat in his own mill in order to perfect the charity. Another, who told me that he did not know whether he should be able to feed his family till the next harvest, came thirty miles with his own team to get the allowance for his beat. The following letter (one of dozens), from one of the worthiest of these worthy men, will show (together with some eccentricities of spelling) the good-will of the writer and the difficulties under which he labored.

—— Beat, Greenville Dist. S. C.
May 21st, 1867.

Maj. J W De Forest
Dear Sir

You will pleas let Mr —— have a load of the supplys which you have for Distribution amongst the Destitute persons in my Beat & he will hawl it up & deliver it to me. but I shall have to pay him for hawling this first months Rashions out of the Corn as I have failed so far to make out a sufficient subscription from the Citizens to defray this expence—but I will try to do so by the time of drawing comes round again if I posibly can, but I think it doubtful. I find it a vary hard matter to git a team & Wagon at this vary busy season but we must do the best we can & try to releave as far as posible the starving people of the Country. this is a gloomy day with the people of S C indeed & it seems that starvation with many is inevitable. I would like to see you personally & I hope I will be able by next sall day to come down.

I am sir with Respect
your obedient Servant
(Signed) —— ——
M. G. D.

Paying the wagoner out of the rations was all wrong; it was contrary to the "army accountability system;" it was blasphemy against the Commissary-General and the Third Auditor. But with my plan of distribution, what could I do but wink at the enormity? The destitute got one-fifth or one-sixth less corn thereby; but, on the other hand, they did not walk ten miles after what they did get; and as most of them were old, or sickly, or young children, the walking was a serious consideration. I put it this way: that they paid the carter for his trouble; only they paid him in advance and *en masse*. Defying the Third Auditor, and taking the risk of having my pay stopped and being reprimanded, or even tried by court-martial, I got a good deal of my transportation done in this manner, allowing the teamster one-fifth or one-sixth of his load, according to the distance.

One resource had already failed me. When my two hundred and fifty sacks of corn were invoiced to me I noticed that I was called upon to receipt for the corn alone, and I had said to myself, The sacks shall pay for the cartage. A few days later came an order to return the worthless tow receptacles to the Assistant Commissioner. Was there ever any thing so irrational or provoking? Supposing that the sacks had been given outright, I had already paid out fifty of them as the niggardly price of transportation; and some were scattered thirty miles away, behind the mountains of the Dark Corner; and some were twenty-five miles in another direction, amidst the wilds of Pickens. In fear of unimaginable punishments I wrote a dozen letters to reclaim my bags, knowing that nothing but those very bits of tow would appease that ogre, the Commissary-General. People who have not been in the army can not easily imagine the terrorizing influence of the "accountability system." The result was that I only lost about two dozen sacks, and that I was graciously spared court-martial, or even a reprimand.

This brings me to the mode of accounting for the corn itself. For this object a new system of papers had been devised, more complicated and laborious than any thing that I had ever yet seen, even in the War Department. To give an idea of it I exhibit a copy of "Voucher No. 75" for my Provision Return of June, 1867:

CERTIFICATE OF APPLICANT

Greenville Dist. S. C. June 7, 1867

We, *Elizabeth Stone, Joseph Reed, Benjamin Bowen, Elsie Sandlin, Margaret Hawkins & Elizabeth Sizemore*, heads of families consisting of 8 *adults* & 16 *children under* 14 *years*, of *Greenville, Dist.* of *Greenville*, and State of So. Ca., do hereby solemnly declare and upon *our* word of honor certify that *we* are in absolute need of food "to prevent starvation and extreme want," rendered so by the following circumstances: *Elizabeth Stone, widow*, 2 *children; Joseph Reed, old*, 2 *grandchildren & old wife; Benjamin Bowen*, 66 *years*, 2 *small children, old wife; Elsie Sandlin, widow*, 5 *children; Margaret Hawkins, deformed hand*, 1 *child; Elizabeth Sizemore, widow*, 4 *children.*

Signed by all the Applicants

her
Elizabeth + *Stone*
mark

his
Joseph + *Reed*
mark

his
Benjamin + *Bowen*
mark

her
Elsie + *Sandlin*
mark

her
Margaret + *Hawkins*
mark

her
Elizabeth + *Sizemore*
mark

RECEIPT

Received of *Bvt. Maj. J. W. De Forest*, in the service of the United States of America, 896 pounds of Corn,

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issued under authority of Joint Resolution of Congress, approved March 30, 1867, "to prevent starvation," &c.

(Signed)

her
Elizabeth + *Stone*
mark
his
Joseph + *Reed*
mark
his
Benjamin + *Bowen*
mark
her
Elsie + *Sandlin*
mark
her
Margaret + *Hawkins*
mark
her
Elizabeth + *Sizemore*
mark

Witness of Issue
Alexander McBee, jr

The manuscript portions of the voucher have been designated by italics. As it was made out in duplicate, it will be observed that I had to write the names of each batch of recipients eight times, and the causes of their indigence twice. These receipts were consolidated monthly into an "Abstract of Issue," showing the dates of the several issues, number of men, number of women, number of children, and number of pounds of corn. The abstracts were then combined into a "Return of Provisions," exhibiting the same footings, also the number of whites and freedpeople, total amount issued, balance on hand, etc. The entire monstrosity would have pieced together into sufficient nether garments for that Dutchman who bought the island of Manhattan by covering it with his breeches. As I scribbled over these acres of vouchers, and footed up number of men, number of women, number of children, etc., etc., I decided that the Romans conquered the world because they had no paper, and wished that we had one of them at the head of the War Department. It must be observed that while making my returns for one month, I had to go on with my issues for the next, rearranging supplementary lists from the magistrates, and listening to the babble of suffering or humbugging applicants. The result personally was a loss of fifteen pounds and a fit of illness.

Now why did General Howard, a benevolent man and admirable officer, overwhelm his subordinates with such an exaggerated amount of labor, and cause such delay in the transmission of food to persons who were supposed to be on the verge of starvation? The answer is that the General himself is terrorized by the accountability system; he wanted to show his superiors that he had not speculated on his corn, and that the proper persons had received it. It is my belief that every military officer who is permanently responsible for government stores has his life shortened a year or two thereby.

My grand total of issue was 1325 bushels of corn and 1000 pounds of bacon, distributed among 1666 poor persons, of whom 813 were white and 853 colored, including 193 men, 411 women, and 1062 children. A far larger result could have been attained but for the superfluous minuteness of the accounting papers. As things were, it was a matter of pride to me that I had done so much without a clerk or soldier, and with only the willing aid of citizens. The manual distribution of the rations for Greenville Court House, a worrying job of three days' duration, was performed by a merchant of the village, assisted by a volunteer clerk or two from other establishments. The clerk of the freight agent at the railroad station gave out over two hundred sacks of corn to persons presenting my orders.

So far as I know I was the only Bureau agent who tried this method of issue. Other officers collected no lists of destitute and sent no loads to the farming precincts, but sat in their offices, and, aided by a clerk and a soldier or two, gave out corn to the struggling crowds which came for it, filling up applications and taking receipts as they made the deliveries. They fed the strong and impudent vagrants who could march twenty miles, and I fed the old, weakly, and infantile, whose destitution was guaranteed by respectable neighbors. Theirs was the official method, and mine was not. Every time that I think of my humane and effective corn distribution I wonder that I was not fined, or reprimanded, or court-martialed, and rejoice over my escape from the Commissary-General and the Third Auditor.

I found that whenever I undertook to issue without the guidance of citizens I was pretty sure to be imposed upon. For instance, three "low down" fellows from Pickens District obtained eighteen bushels of corn, on the score of having starving families, handed it over to a distiller for whisky, and went on a three weeks' bender. I could do no more than report the still to the United States revenue officer, and have the proprietor (a woman) fined for carrying on her business without a license. Even the magistrates confessed to me that they were sometimes deceived. Yet they were scrupulously careful; some of them scarcely gave out a full ration to a single applicant; to doubtful cases they issued by the half-bushel and the peck. One man made eighty bushels answer for eighty-one adults and one hundred and thirty-six children, when a full month's ration would have been one hundred and forty-seven bushels. Even in reporting the destitute to me the magistrates were particular to designate such persons as had dubious claims to charity. I remember crossing out one negro who was described as "fond of his gun," and various women whose characters were spoken of as not fit for close inspection.

My summary of the distribution of 1867 is, that it did good and harm in equal proportions. It alleviated a considerable amount of suffering, prevented possibly a few cases of starvation, seduced many thousands of people from work, and fostered a spirit of idleness and beggary. Except under the pressure of mortal famine, it will not do to run the risk of letting corn fall into the hands of a large class who "never did a lick of work," and of another

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large class who only "try to git, seein it's a gwine." It would be well to feed impoverished and helpless gentlewomen, soldiers' widows and orphans, aged and infirm freedmen, if it could be done without also feeding a horde of vicious vagrants who never will labor until they are starved into it.

But Bureau officers, as I have discovered by conscientious and unavailing effort, can not escape imposition; and the mere fact of public distribution, whether general or not, demoralizes a large population already accustomed to gratuities. If assistance is given to Southern paupers it seems to me that it should be through the alms-houses, for then the benefaction would be under the supervision of men who know their neighborhoods, and, moreover, only the supremely wretched are willing to apply to the commissioners of the poor. Of course even this mode of charity would be liable to misuse and corruption. On the whole, I am disposed to say—No more distributions!

So obvious were the abuses of the issue of 1867 that the Commissioner of the Bureau has decided to furnish no more provisions except to persons who will show guarantees that they will plant for themselves, and plant a reasonable proportion of corn. This severe but effective system takes no account, it will be observed, of the people who have no land and no credit to hire land.

If these classes—the low downers—the Simmonses and Lovengoods—must still be aided, let them be furnished, not with gratuitous hog and hominy, but with work. There are roads to be mended, etc.; and if the States of the South have no funds, the General Government might make advances, to be repaid with interest. It seems to me also that the Southerners should be allowed and encouraged to pass severe vagrant laws, even if thereby some lazy "men and brethren" should be forced to labor for the public benefit.

I can propose no other rational measures for directly benefiting the Simmonses and the Lovengoods.

"It would be hard on their snouts, but it would be Root, hog, or die."

Or shall we leave them to the operation of the law of "natural selection?"

In other words, "The devil take the hindmost."

THE NEW TIMOTHY.*

Part Second.

I.

WITH something more than the power of an Afrit let us seize upon this Mr. Charles Wall, transport him back through the air to a date three months or so before the slaying of the bear, and to the dépôt, a thousand miles north of all that, where he sits waiting for the train.

He must be thoroughly chilled, for, unbuttoning his over-coat, he takes the little demon of a stove completely to his bosom, so to speak, warming himself with all its heat. Well thawed at last, he glances around the room to find that there is nothing, not even an obsolete map on the walls, worth looking at. So he goes traveling back again, with his feet on the iron hearth, over the twenty very cold miles of hack riding just accomplished. He is back again in the front pew of the village church. The body by whom he is there and then to be authorized to preach are very much pressed for time, and so the process is somewhat unlike what, for years now, he had pictured to himself it would be. Three pews there are of candidates direct from a course in College and Seminary; quite a mass, and examined in the mass.

"Charles Wall!" and that person takes in turn his stand upon the lower step of the pulpit, painfully too narrow for the purpose. First, a Latin composition. A world of time, an eternity of pains, he has taken with it; but he reads it rapidly, sonorously, to show, in an incidental way, how familiar he is with that language. Ten sentences only, Cicero warming to his work, when the chairman of the body nods to him Enough! The candidate differs from him decidedly, but yields. Next, the first paragraph of a critical exercise upon an appointed passage of Scripture. Then a few rapid sentences from still a third species of exercise. After this, the first page of his first sermon. That sermon! The choicest paper, the blackest possible ink, the intensest preparation! All of *this* the body will be eager to hear. Alas, no! There is, however, a peculiar emphasis in the "That will do, Sir!" of the chairman. At the instant it indicated to the candidate a profound satisfaction in the sermon; afterward he is not so sure.

His Rubicon passed, interest in the examination of the rest is singularly lessened; he yawns and sympathizes with the examining body. All of the candidates, at last, are requested to retire: are requested to return. A holier feeling fills the house. Certain solemn questions are asked, and answered from the very heart. Then, in the hushed silence, the oldest minister present offers a prayer which bows the head of each to the very bosom. A short, impressive charge is given, and the candidates leave the church authorized by a denomination than which none stands higher on earth to preach.

For one, Charles Wall stands outside the building with a breathless feeling, landed there, as by an instant leap from boyhood, a man! At this point in his reflections our traveler takes his elaborate exercises from his carpet-bag, and dropping them into the stove, hears them roaring up the pipe with keen enjoyment.

"Something better than all that, my boy!" he says, and aloud. Thorwaldsen the sculptor, you know, wept at the cold feet of his finished Christ, wept to find himself unable to improve

* Continued from the March Number.

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line or limb thereof; wept, knowing from this that he could never surpass it!

No train yet. He puts more wood into the stove, as into a locomotive, and goes journeying back, with his feet against it, still further into the past; re-entering the Seminary left a day or two before, setting out to retread its course, he faces the class with which he came out. A dyspeptic regiment they are! Pale cheeks, slouching shoulders, ungainly bearing, clothing not underbrushed nor overnew. Those ignorant Greeks of two thousand years ago trained their youth for the active duties of life by a course which developed and strengthened body and mind. His Seminary course is admirably adapted to reverse that heathenish plan. As these youth are intended only for ministers of the gospel, you know, a business so much less exhausting to brain and muscle, so infinitely less important than that of, say, Alcibiades or Pericles, it makes no difference!

Therefore not a man of his class has swum a stroke, ridden a horse, taken a ten-foot leap, alas, when? Caring for the soul, rather overcaring than otherwise for the mind, as far as possible the very existence of the body is ignored. Sawed wood? Yes.—Dumb bells? Oh yes; and gone through in set doses at set times.—Walks? Yes, again; and with your fellow-student, arguing every step of the way upon the last theme of the class-room—only a peripatetic variety of constant study. Morning, noon, night, midnight, daybreak: at it again, study, study, only study!

The business of these is with human nature, and from exactly that are they quarantined for years. Rough, roaring human nature; cheating, swearing, gambling, drinking, sinning with all its force the world over. Or smooth and silent human nature; sinning in deeper and deadlier fashion every where! Manacled, just at the formative period of life, in books, lectures, exercises, examinations, as in fetters felt even in sleep! From his cell in his four-story bastile very faintly indeed did the student hear even the distant murmur of the great world which he is in express training there to influence and utterly change! There is that refectory! Long tables lined with students, never the face of a woman or the voice of a child; thrice a day only students at the necessary duty of eating brown Boston crackers, one each meal, three a day, twenty-one a week, ninety a month, say eight hundred and ten a session—our traveler eats them all over again backward in memory!

His professors there, too; learned, devoted, surpassed by none living or dead. It is not their fault if the all-compelling institution, steadily, insensibly contracting its walls upon them, had made them Melanchthons rather than Luthers. As the social life is nothing, you know, to a pastor; as you can influence a man most by instructing him only from the desk, and not with his hand in yours, of course it was all right. It was wrong in our hero to doubt whether such a social chasm should have yawned between teacher and pupil, remembering none such between the Teacher and His disciples; very wrong, and therefore we will not mention it!

No train! And so he recalls the hours spent, as in a dissecting-room, upon truths hitherto held unexamined and as matters of course; hours almost painful, yet leaving him satisfied of evangelical doctrine as of a system whose Maker is indeed God. Those impecunious students, too! He sees again that poor fellow starving his leanness leaner upon crackers and cheese in his room. That other, shivering at his Hebrew the winter through, his entire wardrobe on for warmth, his bed-covering on over that; no wood if he had a stove, and no stove if he had wood; with more of Satan in him than he dreamed of, in concealing wants which would have been joyfully supplied.

The nights in the Seminary chapel return again. There stands, poor Lewis, say, at the desk delivering to his make-believe church his make-believe sermon of ten minutes; the quill of the presiding professor beside him, writing down each defect in matter or manner as it occurs, with a scratching terribly distinct to the speaker, whom the fiction supposed to be preaching the gospel. The criticising of the sermon, when over, by the congregation, led by the professor from his ample memoranda—a criticising so incongruous with the matter of the sermon, so hilarious to all save the one undergoing the same! There were the jokes, too, of that one of the venerated professors who *would* joke, discharged with prim precision from his desk; the laughter thereat ricochetting all along the line of eaters at dinner thereafter.

Those sermons on Sabbath, too, by the professors in turn, closely read from MS., but with solemn injunction understood that no student there was ever to read *his* sermon, when he came to preach, on any account whatever. There was that rage for punning, also, which, beginning with one student, infected all the rest—a real mental disease, a grotesque reaction from severe study, a moral measles! The afternoon prayers in chapel, too, the voice of so many men swelling the deep bass; the special supplication thereafter for grace against intellectual self-conceit! And there was—

The train! Carpet-bag in hand our hero hurries along the cars, peering in at the windows. The expected friend grasps him from the steps and draws him aboard. Burleson his name—Edward Burleson—and he is able to do it, so strong he is, so fresh and handsome. Seated beside him, his luggage deposited beneath his seat, our student (he had forgotten himself for an instant) becomes suddenly very grave and deliberate. Since he has parted from his friend has he not become a clergyman? He doesn't realize it himself yet, but he must impress it on his friend. He must be very careful indeed, now, what he says or does. Burleson wonders a moment, understands it all,

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"Pshaw!" he says, to himself; "what do I care? Home! Going home! And I wonder whether poor Anna—yes, and how fat *has* Bug got by this time—"

The train rushes southward with them. The fireman can not cram too much pine into the furnace, the engineer can not turn on too much steam! Let the wheels turn, they bear these two, and side by side, toward the beginning of their lives!

II.

"You remind me of Mr. Merkes, Charles," says Mr. Wall's uncle to him at breakfast the Sabbath morning after this, and at home again. "He comes over here to Hoppleton to assist me at a communion. Sunday morning he is sure to be unwell. 'Have a cup of hot water, with sugar and peppermint, Brother Merkes,' I say to him. 'No, Brother Wall,' he always replies, shaking his head. 'It will do me no good. My bowels are always disordered when I have to preach, always!' I do hope, Charles," the uncle adds, "that you will not be one of those invalid folks. I'd like a man to be strong, hearty, happy in the service of his Master. Have another slice of this beef? help yourself to the toast!" and he continues his own meal with the zest of health and cheerfulness.

"Mr. Merkes, Merkes," replies the nephew. "I can just remember him. Tall, is he not, Sir, thin, rather sour, I mean sorrowful? The one, yes, that had that trouble with his church at Canfield?"

"Yes. He has charge over here, just now, of the Likens church. Never mind Mr. Merkes," continues the uncle, who is the exact opposite of that gentleman; "eat your breakfast. This is some of your cousin's best cooked rice. Why will people cook it into a mush? See how separate the grains are!"

Once more up-stairs and over that sermon; once again, for Mr. Wall the younger is to preach to-day his first sermon. "Yes, and once again, if I have time," he is saying when he is called down stairs. Time to go to church. His uncle and aunt have already gone. His cousin Laura gone even before them. John will walk with him. It is very well; any other one must be talked to as he goes, and he wants to think.

So she walks beside him, for that is her sex, even if John is her name; sober as he, a vast deal more erect, in her brown dress, her face worth a look, at least from any other than a youth on his way to preach his first sermon. But it was something odd that of all the world she should have been the one to have accompanied him on that walk—it seemed so, looking back upon it afterward. For her sex it was a wonder she kept silence so long. It was not until they were in sight of his uncle's church that she spoke—

"Charles, please—"

"Well, John, what is it?"

"Would you like—I beg your pardon—my idea about preaching?" Very modestly said, though.

"Your idea—" He had wrought himself into quite a frame of mind. He was going not only to preach his first sermon, but a very remarkable sermon! Her idea! Little did she know of what a sublime thing it was to preach, at least as he was going to preach! Did ever a girl speak so to Summerfield, say, on his way to church!

"It is only if I was going to preach I would try to feel as if I was going into a room to talk to some friends there about religion. Very solemn, but—but—as if it was only talking to them. That is the way your uncle does."

He can excuse her. True, she had heard preaching, but never any great orator or preacher! Little she imagined the grandeur, the sublimity—

But they are at the church. And no crowd around it unable to get admittance! We herewith patent the profound discovery that of all men the sensitive man meets most things to bother him. Mr. Wall treads, as he goes down the aisle, leaving John to her fate, upon the rich and sweeping dress of a lady just before him. She turns, and, of all ladies living, it is Miss Louisiana Mills! Him his sermon ballasts from utter upset. Exactly the same person he had left her those years ago; only so *very* much larger!

But he is with his uncle in the pulpit. There is the congregation before him like a pool rippling in the sun, painfully aware of it under his drooped eyelids. Now, if he could only have looked fair and square at them, a man about to speak to men and women merely! Little is he conscious of the services going before. At last his uncle waves his hand to him to proceed, and he rises and takes his text.

But Mr. Wall will please wait one moment while we turn suddenly around upon you, dear reader. Suppose yourself put to hard study at college from sixteen to twenty, all motives of earth and heaven bearing upon you till you grudge an instant's attention to that beast your body beyond what is essential to keeping it upon its legs and going beneath the severe riding of mind and soul. And suppose a continuation of this process from say twenty to twenty-three or four, at a theological seminary; studies doubled in intensity both from their deepening nature and your intensified motives; associations still almost exclusively with students, and students only. Is there no light herein upon the fact that clergymen are invalids to a degree left to your own observation to decide? Scholars? yes, and able theologians. But how about them as men whose work is to get nearest of all men to other men for God? If you happen to be in some frontier town when a preacher arrives there fresh from such a course, please see for yourself, and if you find such a man in close and cordial influence with the masses, write me, and these words will be eaten with pleasure!

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At home, this Mr. Wall, with his congregation? For six years he had hardly ever even seen other than students and professors! He is earnest enough, makes plenty of gestures, but it is all mechanical. He is not speaking to men and women—he is "delivering a discourse." Starting above the people, he keeps above them all through; with side-trains of thought while keeping the discourse in the condition of being delivered: "I wonder how I am preaching!" "How do they like *that* idea!" "What does my uncle here behind me think of my sermon!" Built like a barrel-organ, every wheel and tooth in exact place, this sermon of his, so that he keeps the crank going, he can say to himself: "Three pages gone, five, ten! Suppose I should turn two leaves at once, what *would* I do? Suppose Louisiana Mills was to faint, must I keep going on?"

The people are very attentive, looking at him as at a performer doing something, with no more reference to what he is saying than he has himself! Very earnest, gestures multiplying like the revolutions of a fly-wheel as the steam gets up, all purely mechanical! Distressingly conscious of this too. His sermon is the sleigh in which he is driving, the congregation being the snow beneath. He can not get out of his sermon and at the people to save his life! He can no more draw rein than could John Gilpin. And now the end of his sermon begins to terrify him; it is nearer every page, and there must be a smash up then! He grasp and sway his congregation! It and his sermon have complete mastery of him instead—poor fellow. It is a sort of bitter relief to find himself seated, dripping with perspiration in a corner of the pulpit, his uncle closing the services!

How he dreaded and shrank from the congregation! It is a force, a sort of monster. And it is only good Mr. Ramsey, old Mrs. Robbins, sorrowful Mr. Ewing, rollicking young Hyson, the dry-goods clerk; cheery Mr. Mack, the cabinet-maker; poor Mrs. Marston, in mourning for her little Kate; M'Clarke, to whom all sermons were alike, so that they did not take up too much of the time from the singing, which he led; Mr. Burleson, the banker; Mrs. Burleson, stately and still; Anna Burleson, somewhat overdressed, and having reference to the unmarried youth present; Edward Burleson, whose face the preacher had avoided as a man bearing powder would a torch; Bug, the very fat pet of the Burlesons, wide awake during the first third of the service, fast asleep and held from rolling off the seat only by the steady hold of her mother in the puckers of her dress during the rest. Oh yes! and Josiah Evers, who affected skepticism as one does the wearing of a neck-tie of a fashion later than known to common folks. Issells, too, the miserable tailor, had dropped into an extreme corner, sadly soured, poor Issells, against all the universe in general and religion in particular; Moody, too, the hotel-keeper, and all the rest.

His uncle is as genial as usual; that is all. His aged aunt only says, "My dear boy, and I have heard you preach!" as he assists her up the steps on the return home. As to John, not caring to look at her too closely, the new minister is conscious of a retention about her lips, a kind of guardedness about her eyes. Some positive relief, however, he finds in slipping his sermon, immediately on entering his room, into the fire!

III.

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Burleson senior at his dinner-table the same day. "'In the teeth of clenched antagonisms,' wasn't that it? 'Pinnacled upon the dim eminences of holy communings with heaven!' 'Drinking nepenthy,' or something of the sort. 'Garlanded with glory.' And his uncle such a sensible man! What *is* 'Osphodel?'"

"Asphodel, father," replies his son Edward, fresher from college. "But only let me—"

"Suppose I was to make an address of that sort to our bank directors; or to the people about our Air Line Road; even about temperance! Sing them a sort of song from paper! Religion is unreal enough already without making it more so by preaching of that sort!"

"Oh, I like him tho muth," says Bug at this juncture. "He preathed tho like thinging by-baby, I thlept all the time!"

And all that Edward can plead for his friend is, that he will outgrow and overcome in time his seminary training. "I only wish *I* had his purpose and—you know I'm no Christian," he adds; "but I thought God helped people that are—taught them!"

"I'll warrant Edward's success at the bar," says his mother, as her handsome son concluded an earnest defense of his friend.

As to Mr. Burleson senior, what is the use of merely saying that he is as practical and methodical in his religion as he is in his bank business and every thing else? Better illustrate it thus: When he united with the church good Mr. Ramsey was church collector. Never a more popular pastor than Mr. Wall the uncle, yet never a more painful duty than that of collecting, in that region, the pastor's salary. As a cross Mr. Ramsey accepted the duty, and toward the close of each quarter his supplications for aid in bearing his cross were touchingly fervent. Nothing did he dislike more heartily than this collecting of church-dues, nothing did he do more faithfully. He approached each subscriber to the salary with a deprecatory air, anticipated objection and excuse, seeing it coming in the eyes of the subscriber long before it reached the lips. He imagined that faces waxed gloomy at his very approach. Yet his pastor must be paid! If, like other and less devoted martyrs, Mr. Ramsey was not drawn and hung, he certainly was quartered most cruelly! The discipline was deepening his piety, but shortening his days. His hair was thinning and whitening, his brow wrinkling, his step faltering, under the heavy cross.

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The Monday after joining the church Mr. Burleson senior takes Mr. Ramsey's office in hand.

"A church is as much a corporation as an insurance company or a bank; its pecuniary business must be managed in exactly the same way." He not only says but does it, and Mr. Ramsey is evidently growing younger every day.

"I'll tell you, Ned, just when I'll acknowledge that your friend has got sterling sense," this practical father now remarks the same night after supper, as he brushes away the crumbs to make place for the large Bible on the table.

"When will that be, father?"

"The day he is married to Louisiana Mills!"

"Oh, father, how *can* you say so!" is the exclamation of Anna the daughter, some thirty years or so the senior of Bug. Somewhat vehement, too. But the mantle-clock strikes six sharp, insisting blows as she exclaims. Punctual to a second the father reads from the open volume twenty verses exactly, and afterward offers a prayer of concise acknowledgments of the precise mercies received, with specific statement of others still needed. Mr. Burleson is humble and sincere; but prayer, too, is a business transaction!

"Why, father, how strange! Louisiana Mills!" Miss Anna continues, on the other side of the parenthesis of family worship, and much more protest to the same effect. Mrs. Burleson leaves the room during it in stately displeasure.

"What is it to *you*, Nan?" her father adds, in a tone which conveys unpleasant meaning. He has taken up the Missionary Magazine reserved for Sabbath reading in his hand, which turns instinctively to the pages of donations, and he glances up the column of figures, as he speaks, to see if the treasurer is correct.

"*Me!* Nothing to me," says Miss Anna. But she proceeds to tell her father that Louisiana is too rich and too lazy, and too beautiful and too fond of dress, and too much of a vast deal more than we can record.

Whereupon her brother explains that Louisiana is of the exact style of woman to which a student would react from severe study. Besides, she is merely an ideal; Mr. Wall knowing as little really about her as he does of any other human being, especially of her sex. "Miss Loo Mills," he adds, in conclusion, "is at once the most perfectly beautiful and absolutely silly individual I ever knew!"

"Louisiana is an excellent girl," begins his sister Anna, not at all displeased at part, at least, of her brother's remark.

"She's *my* Mith Loo," interrupts Bug just then. "She's tho thoft and fat like me. It's tho nithe to thit in her lap. And she loothes good things to eat jutht like me. Oh, I love her tho muth! And she isn't so croth like sisther Anna."

"Oh lawsy, no!" exclaims Edward at this instant, in such exact imitation of the voice and manner of the lady in question that even Mr. Burleson raises his magazine higher to conceal his smile.

"I'm ashamed of myself," the son adds immediately. "Miss Loo is undoubtedly the loveliest human being I ever saw in my life; only one little lack."

"And what is that?" his sister asks, anxiously, for all the affection she would have given to husband and children Miss Anna lavishes, for the time, on her only brother.

"Mind, information, soul, whatever you choose to call it. Beautiful, perfectly so, and that is all!" is the brother's valuable opinion.

"Oh, Edward! How was it, then, you and Loo were talking together so long when she was here yesterday?" asks his sister, and quite cheerfully.

"Conversed? If ever a man tried to I did! Simplified every thing down to baby-talk, and the only reply I could get from her was, 'Oh, Mr. Bur-le-son!' 'Well, I de-clare!' and 'Oh lawsy!' with the sweetest laugh I ever heard!"

"Oh, Edward!" exclaims his sister, who can by no means be truthfully accused of excess either of beauty or laughter.

"I was thinking of Wall the whole time we sat together there on the sofa. Reaction from his polemic, patristic, didactic theology, and all the rest, with a vengeance! Like their hysterical punning there at the Seminary. By-the-by, where is her brother David now?" he adds, suddenly.

"Don't you know, Edward—don't you remember?" replies his sister, touching her forehead with a jeweled finger.

"Still so? Always was so?"

The sister nods her head, with meaning.

"I once read somewhere," Edward adds, after a pause, "about an exquisitely lovely girl who was— It was a ghastly tale! Perfectly beautiful, and yet—"

"Oh, come now, stop, that will do!" exclaims their father, suddenly, laying down his magazine. "There's enough of that. I'm ashamed of you! Besides, you forget it is the Sabbath. Be a little more profitable in your conversation;" and, drawing the candle nearer, he looks up the legacies to the cause in the magazine in question.

There is a silence of some minutes.

"What a queer little, sweet little—child, girl, young lady, which is it?—she has grown to be!" says the brother, permitting at last his thinking, with his eyes in the fire, to take words.

"What? Louisiana? If you call her little—"

"I am not speaking of her. We have exhausted her. I am speaking now"—the brother deliberately adds, in a forensic manner, as much affected in the law school this only son has just left as is skepticism by Josiah Evers. Who of us but wears some peculiarity exactly as one does a breast-pin! "John, is it? John what? and John how?" he continues.

"Oh, I don't know! Mrs. Wall, or Laura Wall—somebody told me all about it long ago.

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I've forgotten how it was. Sudden death," Miss Anna vaguely explains, "of father and mother. Something about a cruel aunt somewhere, I've forgotten."

"No relation at all?" Edward asks.

"None at all! Oh, you know those Walls, brother. Just like them. Hardly rich enough to afford it. They love her dearly, and no wonder, we all do, she is such a little— Yes, Easton it is; why John I'm sure I don't know."

"Such a little—Quaker? What is it? So—demure? Pshaw! one can not express it. Louisiana, now, is a full-blown rose, very beautiful, very fragrant, very rich, but in ten minutes you know her perfectly and forever. But this little moss-rose—"

"Time to go to church," the father interrupts the son just here. "You are speaking of John. The only girl I would like, out of all Hoppleton, to see a little more of. You should invite her here more; she's getting to be a young lady, and as nice a one as I know. I asked Mr. Wall once if her father had not once been connected with a bank in some way. I had an impression to that effect from something in the child herself, and I was not at all surprised when he said yes. I'm satisfied her mother wrote a beautiful hand." All of which is more of praise than Mr. Burleson senior has ever awarded a girl of Hoppleton before.

"I would love her more," Miss Anna adds, as she rises, "only she has a way of never saying any thing about people— The fact is, the child, poor thing, has had some painful history or other, not exactly hardening her, but subduing, quieting. She has fifty times more character than Laura Wall. Poor Laura, dear, good-natured Laura—"

"Take care, Anna, you should respect age!" her brother hastily remarks, and then tingles to the tips of his fingers with vexation at himself, for his sister can not be far from the same age.

And he has only himself to blame for it there the same night after the family have returned from church. Brother and sister sit together by the fire of the dining-room, the brother smoking a cigar by special permission, for they are rather proud of him than not, proud of the manhood which he is assuming. The sister sits by his side, thinking silently, her hands lying clasped in her lap before her.

"Did you ever know a poor fellow more brimful of defect than that young Wall of mine! We talk of things being vulcanized, galvanized; and this unfortunate youth," the brother says, with energy, evidently trying to stave something else off, "has been so thoroughly seminarianized it will take whole years—"

But here the sister suddenly lays her head upon her brother's shoulder and breaks into a passion of weeping. The brother smokes steadily on, disconcerted, but powerless. Such long, long letters from his sister for years now while North at that law school; letters crossed, recrossed, blotted with these same tears; letters left unread, sometimes unopened; letters answered jokingly, answered angrily, answered argumentatively, not answered at all.

"Why, Anna, I am astonished at you!" he says at last.

"Oh, Brother Edward, it is *so* hard to bear! Poor, poor me!" she sobs, utterly pitiful in her misery.

And, angry at her, pitying her, loving her, despising her; keenly sympathizing with her, too, more than he will acknowledge even to himself; yet what can he do? He could give her medicine if she was sick, money if she was poor, advice if she was in doubt. He could kick a dog if it barked at her, could shoot a man if he insulted her. "You have every thing in the world, Anna," he attempts, at last. "The best home in Hoppleton, garden, piano, books, company, health, wealth. You have a good father and mother, and a brother—such as he is. And there is dear little Bug—"

"I can't bear it!" weeps his sister, paying no attention. "It's *killing* me! Every body except *me!* What have I done? I *hate* visiting and housekeeping and making new dresses! *Hate* them! New dresses! What's the use my making dresses when nobody cares a cent for me, or how I look? I've tried to love Bug instead; six months ago I began. She's a perfect pest in the house. I can't love her! I *won't* love her! She wears me to death with her eternal frolic. Says things to people that come here—heartless little wretch! And Ma almost hates me, she says—as if *she* didn't get married. And Pa has no more feeling, can no more understand, than that clock! It's all a weary round, day after day; and what for? What does God treat me so for? I only want to be like other women!—only to have my own home and chil— I want something to love, to live for! I hate every thing!"

And she ceases weeping, and lifts her head from her brother's shoulder in excess of feeling.

"Quiet, Anna; quiet, quiet," is about all her brother can say; but adds, the moment after, as a happy thought, "Why, look at Laura Wall! I never saw a happier woman in my—"

"Because she has no more spirit than a cat! We're different! Easy to *say* quiet! It's only mortification, mortification, all the time!" the sister adds, with cold misery in tones and tearless eye.

"But think of all you escape, Anna," reasons her brother, hopelessly. "Sickness in the family, trouble with your husband, perhaps—"

"I'd take it all gladly! Measles, scarlet-fever, whooping-cough, teeth— I'd rather have a husband that got drunk and beat me—something to love!"

"Well, love me, Anna; I love you—"

"For how long? Till you get a wife to love and be loved by. Then what will you care for *me!* I hate to live here with Pa and Ma. When you get married I won't live with you—I won't, *won't* do it! I'll kill myself some day! I wish I was dead this minute—"

By a singular coincidence Mr. Wall senior

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is that very moment saying to his daughter, as she kisses him good-night,

"That poor, unhappy girl! Thank God, Laura, you are so different! And thank God, the world over, no lovelier, nobler, more devoted women live than are found in her—class is it? and yours!"

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

MARTHA paused in her dusting and looked out the window. Something had been lying heavy on her mind all the morning. It couldn't be the weather, could it? No, the sky was flawless; the sunshine lay on the dazzling snow like a fine powder of gold dust; the market-men were up and about, swinging their arms to keep up the circulation, and the children were making merry on sled and skate. Doctor Philips whirled by as she looked, with that fiery nag of his, and touched his hat, giving her a smile the while. Mrs. Blair, who was gazing out her window at the same time, trying with might and main and spectacles to find out what the butcher's boy was leaving at Squire Wills's, thought he kissed his hand to her, and reported the same, much to the Doctor's amusement and Martha's discomfiture.

As she saw Doctor Philips's carriage disappear she remembered that it was her birthday to-day—why the one should remind her of the other, it would be hard to say—that it was her thirty-five years which had been lying so heavily on her mind ever since she opened her eyes that pleasant morning; for all at once, she could hardly have told why, whether relief at discovering the cause of her depression, or the reflection of Doctor Philips's smile, it *had* become very pleasant indeed. It was not because she was ungrateful for the boon of life, that her birthdays were growing so formidable to her, or that she was ready in any way to resign it; but because her thirty-five years had brought little pleasure and many trials, because disappointment had met her at every hand, because each birthday carried her further and further away from the sweet possibilities of youth and love and romance.

She went back to her dusting with a little sigh. How tired she was of doing the same things over and over, day in and day out; dusting the great picture of "Diana and her Nymphs," which her father had lost his sight over without ever finding a purchaser; dusting the nick-nacks on the marble bracket, the vases on the mantle, the bust of Antinous in the arch, the sofa, the chairs, the piano. Oh dear! To be sure she could vary it by stopping at this last long enough to play some melancholy snatch. She wondered how many times she had been the same weary round, and then grew angry at herself for making such a fuss about dusting a room; but it wasn't *that;* it wasn't, after all, what she *must* do, so much as what she *mustn't*. She was thirty-five years old, and it was time for her to be prim and stiff, prudish and disagreeable, if ever she was going to be. It was the right sort of thing; it was what the neighbors expected of her. And here she was, with all the unexpended spirit of youth, which had never been allowed expression, pent up and imprisoned behind the grating of care and grief and cramped necessities. Going the rounds of the room she came at last to the Dresden china cup which ornamented the corner bracket. As she turned it about there fell from it a dried and dusty Californian weed, which some one had given her years ago.

"See how shriveled and faded and good-for-nothing it seems," he had said; "but place it in fresh water and it will revive and spread itself out, and become fresh and green again, like young love in an old heart." And he had left it and gone away, and Martha had done looking for his returning.

"We will see," said she, remembering this, "we will see if the simile holds true; if neglect has crushed the life out of you. Being my birthday, I shall accept it as a good omen if you revive, poor weed." And filling the cup up with water, behold the withered tuft stretched itself out like one half aroused from deep oblivious sleep, shook out its brown feathery fringes and freshened in its color.

"Witchcraft!" said Martha; but she left it, still making much of itself and renewing its frozen youth.

"Martha! *Mar*-tha!" called a voice from the room above, "are you getting ready for me to come down?"

"Almost ready," was the cheery answer.

"Shall you come for me?"

"I shall come—in a second."

"That's well; do not make it too long."

It was Mr. Exeter who spoke, feeling it a relief to change the darkness of one room for that of another, poor man; and Martha made haste to finish tidying the parlor, and went to fetch him to sit in his easy-chair before the bright coal-fire.

"Martha," he continued, when comfortably seated.

"Yes, father."

"Tell me what about the day. Tell me what you see. There has no one called to look at my picture?"

It was a favorite fancy of the old gentleman's that one day he should be offered some fabulous sum for that work of art; that he should wake up one morning to find himself famous and rich.

"No one, father," she answered.

"It can wait."

Martha looked at him sitting there with such utter faith in the future, with such sublime patience in his blindness, and reproached herself.

"Of what are you thinking, Martha?" said he.

"I was thinking of you, father."

"Oh, nonsense!" he returned, laughing; "don't cheat your poor old father. Young girls don't waste their thoughts on old fellows

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like me—though you're a good child, Mattie, a good child."

"I'm not a young girl, you know."

"Eh? What the deuce are you, then, I should like you to tell me? I'd give my eyes if I were your age—I would." He didn't remember, for the instant, what a bad bargain it would be. "Well," he continued, after a pause, "is it fine out?"

"Cold; but the sun is bright, and trying hard to melt the fringe of icicles off Mrs. Blair's eaves."

"Eaves-dropping," he commented, "a family trait of the Blairs; shows the impressibility of matter."

"The snow is very dazzling," she went on to say, "and teamsters swing their arms frantically. Old Mr. Wills went by quite feebly on his cane. Young Tommy Adams sprained his ankle by a fall just across the way."

"You see every thing, Mattie; you ought to, for you see for two. I couldn't have a better pair of specs, considering."

"I look out a great deal while I'm at work, you know. Lu Blair went to a dance last night; I saw her step into the carriage. She was like a ghost, all filmy and floating."

"I hope she didn't frighten away the beaux."

"I guess not. When I went out to market this morning the servant was just taking in a great bouquet that filled half the street with fragrance."

"Do you go out in the early cold? Why not send Jewel?"

"Oh, she is getting old and can't see well: they cheat her."

"And the market—was it gay?"

"Gay? In its grim fashion, with festoons of sausages; with bas-reliefs of poultry; with mountains of yellow squash, like nuggets of gold; with a chaffering crowd in all the colors of the rainbow, in rags and ravelings; with red noses and snarling dogs and whinnying horses; with women lost in contemplation over a sirloin of beef or a spareribs; with shivering wretches who begged your last cent."

"And you gave something?"

"I always give when I can."

She forbore to tell him that the funds were low; that they lived from hand to mouth merely, and only by much adroitness in the management of affairs made both ends meet, the year round. She spared him all this.

"That's right," he said; "I like to give my mite. It makes one's slumbers light."

"And one's pocket, sometimes."

"And you really smelled those flowers of Lu's across the street? Heydey! I remember the first flower I gave your mother. I planted the seed myself, and I said, 'If it comes to any thing I will take heart and—' Did a carriage stop here?"

"No, Sir," she answered, going to look out; "It was Doctor——"

"The scoundrel! He called my picture a daub, fit to ruin *any one's* sight!"

"Doctor Philips, father! He told me it was a wonderful piece of coloring."

"Oh, was it Doctor Philips's carriage? Did he? *In*-deed. No, I was speaking of that ass of a Smithers—as if it wasn't enough to be a Smith without running it into the comparative! Now I *value* Doctor Philips's opinion. Why didn't he come in, I wonder?"

Martha did not hazard a conjecture on the subject. It would have been more natural for her to ask, "Why should he come in?" She never looked upon herself as an attraction. He had been in the habit of coming at one time quite often, when her father was ill with rheumatic fever. He had been very kind then; had said that to be sick was a luxury when one had such a nice nurse to shake up the pillows and shade the lights; but he had come less frequently of late, and she had expected nothing different. Just now, as they were on the subject, she could not help wondering if *he* were thirty-five; if he ever recalled those pleasant days—(perhaps Mr. Exeter would have varied the adjective)—when he would take her accustomed seat beside the patient, touching on all the interests of the day for the old man's entertainment, always including her in his glance and smile and reassuring words. She was only skimming these things in her thoughts—not dwelling upon them overmuch—at least not meaning to, because instinctively she felt it a sort of treachery toward him to treasure what he had not intended should be treasured—when it occurred to her that one day he would have a wife! It was a conclusion which took away her breath, and sent her heart fluttering like a bird's, and shifted before her mental vision all dear, delightful home-scenes; of flickering fire-light, and upturned faces catching the scattered beams; of warm kisses on lip and brow, and glances that lingered lovingly.

"Why doesn't he marry?" asked Mr. Exeter, as if Martha could solve whatever problem he chose to propose.

"Oh, I suppose he will, sometime."

"I'd like to see his wife. What do you suppose she would be like, Mattie?" questioned the garrulous old man, who liked to concern himself with things outside his shadowy world.

"What she would be like? Like a great dewy damask-rose, all spicy and blushing to the core."

"Yes, that 'll do for the poetry of her; but for the flesh and blood?"

"Oh, she should be tall and willowy, with an eye that takes the heart, and a Juno air."

"That's *your* vision of her, eh?"

And after that Martha read the morning papers, the Congressional debates, the telegraphic items, the long leaders on finance and folderol, the letters from the moon or elsewhere, the chit-chat of the hour, the meteorological and marine notices. After that she read some book aloud: Ruskin, The Life of Michael Angelo, Cellini; treatises on aerial perspective, or whatever bore

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on the subject of Art. After that she made and mended; looked over the clothes from the week's wash; renewed the ruffles on her father's shirts; renewed the shirts themselves at times; darned the parlor carpet, on hands and knees; busied herself in all manner of homely toil, and managed and contrived for the whole household—no child's play, with but scanty means at command; and was ready at nightfall to sing the old Scotch ballads her father loved to hear so much, to play a few pieces from the masters who move men to melancholy at will. No one suspected the shifts to which she resorted in order to keep shabbiness at a respectful distance. Who would have guessed, for instance, that the dining-room carpet was a mosaic of twenty-three pieces, matched to a thread, and tacked down with her own slim hands; that the new paper on the parlor walls had been hung by herself, with Jewel's help; that the decalcomanie vase on the tea-poy was the only surviving representative of dozens that had gone to buy the warm dressing-gown for Mr. Exeter, the wine and grapes of which he stood in need, the coal that was even now burning out in the cheerful grate?

This was what Mr. Exeter called Martha's Vineyard, where she bore the burden and heat of the day, with what harvest she did not stay to question.

"You don't have a very abundant yield in your vineyard, Mattie," he had said one day.

"I make it answer, father."

"Yes, but the grapes are sour, I take it."

"The sunshine will ripen them."

"Yes, child, yes; the sunshine of prosperity. We shall have it yet."

So when the neighbors, or Jewel, or Doctor Philips asked for Martha, he had the fancy to reply,

"She is at work in her vineyard, Martha is."

If Martha's vineyard was not so enticing as others she had read about, which festoon the banks of the rushing Rhine, to more than one looker-on, perhaps, it was rich in suggestiveness and in a wise application of means to ends. In her stronger moments she used to imagine that there must always be an exact poise between ill and well being in the world; that if she were perfectly happy, into some other's lot must fall perforce the burden of her discontent. And she could never bring herself to the supreme selfishness of consenting to purchase ease at the expense of this imaginary unfortunate, of seeking to disturb the balance of Providence by too indulgent wishes. Sometimes, indeed, she thought how delightful it must seem to be as beautiful as Lu Blair, as prosperous as some of her early friends, with a career as shining as many women of her day. But she solaced herself with the assurance that had she needed beauty to fulfill her service, it would not have been denied her. Had God wanted her in the sun He would have set her there. Perhaps, too, there were natural and painful longings for what she had seemed to miss most; but could *any thing* be missed which He had decreed? If these thoughts did not always quiet they at least employed her, and when one is well employed one forgets to question fortune and is king of the occasion.

Martha's thirty-fifth birthday was growing toward dusk, as her thirty-four others had done, each in its turn, without any thing unusual happening to mark one as dearer than another. Yes, the short winter twilight was drawing in; the stars twinkling out crisp and frosty; the street lights trembling in the draught; sleigh-bells clashing into a sharper treble. Martha sat at the piano singing; her voice was in nowise remarkable, except for want of power, but all the same she made it serve her to proclaim:

"But the time shall come round,
When midst lords, dukes, and earls,
That our trumpet shall sound, that our trumpet shall sound—"

(Quite an uncertain sound, however, just here on this upper G.)

"Here's a health to King Charles,
Here's a health to King Charles!"

"I smell violets," said she, before the song was well off her lips. "Don't you, father?"

"To the blind," he answered, "certain tunes suggest certain colors; to those who can see, perhaps, they suggest odors, rather."

"Oh yes!" grateful for whatever fancy idealized her work-a-day world. "Von Weber's last waltz is heliotrope; Beethoven's Adelaïde is violets; but I was not playing Adelaïde."

"Then, maybe, it was only another sniff of Lu's bouquet."

"No," turning her head and rising quickly. "I thought so."

"What do you think?"

"I think I see Jewel standing in the doorway, holding a bunch of purple violets which climb into the cup of a great Calla lily and overflow it!"

"An hallucination."

"Yes, an hallucination"—holding them before his eyes, as if she had forgotten for a moment.

"You have only gone on with the music, that's all; you have struck the key of Adelaïde unawares."

"But touch them."

"Eh? Where did they come from?"

"Where indeed! Jewel?"

"They was left for Miss Marthy."

"And no name, Jewel?"

"No name, Miss."

"How very mysterious! Who could know about my birthday?"

There was Doctor Philips. She remembered once, when they were speaking of birth-months, he had said, "You were born in December, Miss Exeter. You should be cold and austere, according to the books." But she had not told him the day. Could it be possible that he had taken pains to discover it? She could think of no one else who would be so kind, and suddenly found herself dwelling on the thought with in-

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finite delight. It was so seldom it occurred to any one to give her a grateful surprise, to assure her she was not too old to appreciate the poetry of life.

Lu Blair would have laughed heartily had she known what emotions this little bunch of violets called into being in the heart of "the grim old maid opposite," as she classified her. It was so rare, so delicious, to have somebody think of one, and put his thoughts into such sweet language.

"Your vineyard is beginning to bloom, Mattie," said her father.

"And *such* blossoms, father!"

And Mr. Exeter rubbed his hands together, smiling and thinking how well he had managed to keep the secret. "Poor child," he was saying to himself, "it is only her old father who remembers her birthdays, after all;" while Mattie was wishing he had sent his name; if it were indeed Doctor Philips, it would have been so pleasant to thank him.

As it happened, the Doctor dropped in one day, before the violets had begun to fade; dropped in, as it would seem, merely to leave a new book on the never-to-be-exhausted subject of Art. He sat some little time, chatting in his usual manner, which Martha conceived the finest on the planet; and it was only when he stood up to go, and his glance fell on the vase of violets, that she found courage to say,

"Some one was so good as to send me these on my birthday—the flowers I love best. Was it not very kind?"

"Not kinder than you deserve, I am quite sure, Miss Martha."

It was Doctor Philips's way to say polite things to ladies of whatever age; only this one had not fallen in with many Doctor Philipses during her lifetime. And then he went his way, wondering who it could be that had thought of the lonely little woman in that way; almost wishing it had been himself, and—since it was better late than never—since she had such a fancy for violets, and there were plenty wasting their sweetness on the heavy air of his conservatory, he ordered Brier, the gardener, to carry to Miss Exeter daily a bouquet of the finest. After that Martha's vase was always filled with these flowers, which out of their sweet hearts seemed speaking to her in some tender tongue, and adding, by their fragrance, an air of luxury and dream-land to the dingy little parlor.

Old Mr. Exeter felt that no scheme of his had ever been so fruitful as this innocent one which had led to such happy results; and when Martha went to bring him down stairs in the morning, and their odor came half-way to meet him, as it were, it pleased him to say,

"I scent the vineyard, Mattie; it has blossomed finely of late; when shall you be looking for the fruit, eh?" And Martha would reply that it was like the orange groves, bearing fruit and blossom at the same time.

"What *can* it mean?" said Mrs. Blair, whom nothing escaped, much less Doctor Philips's gardener. "Every day of his life Brier carries violets to the Exeters. You don't suppose——"

"No, I don't," answered Miss Lu, somewhat snappishly. "Blind folks are always fond of 'em." Then aside to Miss Carry Gray, who was showing her a new stitch in crocheting, "He danced three times with me, at the last German."

"Mr. Exeter or Brier?" maliciously.

"Just as if you didn't know who! Doctor Philips, of course."

"Why 'of course?'"

"I'm sure it would be an excellent thing for her," pursued Mrs. Blair, following out her own thoughts.

"What would be an excellent thing for who?" asked Lu. "There, I ought not to make three loops there?" to Miss Gray.

"Seems to me, Lu, you hear with your elbows to-day," said her mother. "I was speaking of Martha Exeter and Doctor Philips."

"Martha Exeter and Doctor Philips! What earthly connection is there between the two?" Aside: "There, that's the pattern. I've half a mind to crochet him a smoking-cap."

"He doesn't smoke," from Miss Gray.

"I was thinking of a connection by marriage," explained Mrs. Blair.

"Dear me," said Miss Gray; "just because he carries flowers to her father? How careful one must be in this world!"

"How do I know but he carries them to the daughter? It's most likely."

"That old maid!" ejaculated Lu.

"A very objectionable phrase, Lu!"

"A more objectionable state, I think."

"There, there's the Doctor's carriage now, isn't it?"

"I guess he's coming here," said Lu, pluming herself before the mirror.

"I guess he isn't," declared Lu's friend. "He's reining up before the Exeters'. Do you suppose the old gentleman is ill again?"

"I don't know, nor I don't care. I suppose Martha would send for him if her father pricked himself."

"How very uncharitable you are growing!" conceded Mrs. Blair.

"That's because I've taken a stall in the Charity Fair—when charity begins at home, you know."

In the mean while the Doctor had just stepped in, as he was passing, to say that he had agreed to furnish the flowers for this same Charity Fair, if Martha would take charge of them.

"Thank you, but I never did such a thing in my life. You don't think it will be ridiculous?"

"Why should it, pray? Lu Blair, your neighbor, has a stall; and Carry Gray, and Alice Wills."

"But they are young and—"

"And you are an antediluvian? You don't think I would ask you to do any thing ridiculous?"

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"Oh no! I'm sure you wouldn't; but you see, it surprised me, and I never can make up my mind on the spur of the moment."

"Even about such a momentous matter?"

"There, you are laughing at me."

"Only a very little. I foresee that when I have a request of any magnitude to prefer it will be wise to write it. So it is agreed?"

"If you desire it. I wonder if I have ever thanked you for my flowers?"

"Will you please begin?" with mock gravity. "I should like to hear you do it."

"You put me all out. I had something ready to say. I wanted to tell you that whenever I awoke depressed in the morning, the sight of them acted like a tonic, and raised my spirits quite out of the Slough of Despond."

"Is that so? I have been blue all day. Give me a nosegay of them to wear in my button-hole, by way of an amulet. Perhaps there is virtue in violets."

"Oh, I am certain there is!"

The three pairs of eyes across the street all pounced, so to speak, on the unoffending nosegay, when Doctor Philips appeared at the door.

"There!" exclaimed Blair *mère*, as if it were the publishing of the bans.

"Did you ever!" said Miss Gray, biting her lips to keep cool.

"I *do* hate coquettes of either gender," from Lu.

"Yourself and Doctor Philips included? Lu, he is bowing here."

"Is he? Who cares?"—at the same time bending eagerly forward in order not to lose the bow; and then, as he was quite out of sight, they returned to crocheting and chatting.

Martha felt that night as if it could hardly be the Martha Exeter whom she had known for fifteen years as staid, sober, and neglected, when she put the last touch to her toilet in the shape of a bracelet of gold beads, each enameled with some quaint device, and heard Doctor Philips's carriage drive up to her door. She took one look at herself before going down to meet him. Indeed, it was not so bad as she had feared. The eyes were bright still, and large and luminous; the hair still brown and heavy; and if the color had long forsaken the cheek, it was yet clear and smooth, and the dark lines beneath the eyes were not so striking as those which Carry Gray painted to enhance the depth and tone of her own flashing orbs. She wore the steel-colored brocade which her grandmother had worn before her; and when she stepped into the parlor an instant before putting on her cloak, Doctor Philips paused in the midst of a weighty sentence on pre-Raphaelitism, with which he was amusing Mr. Exeter—paused, and lost the thread of his discourse, and stammered in his speech for the first time in his life!

How new and yet familiar it seemed to Martha there at the Fair; how like a reminiscence of her youth—of the early days when she gave no thought for the morrow, the present was so satisfying—of that brief moment in her life when another took care of her happiness and held her in tender regard.

But all this had happened so long ago, she had outlived it so completely, that at times, sitting before her lonely fireside, it afflicted her only like the relation of some touching romance; it was another Martha Exeter with whom it had to do—a Martha Exeter who was gay and light-hearted, confident of the future, incredulous of sorrow. But to-night it all flashed back upon her like some forgotten poem whose rhythm she had lost while retaining the meaning. As she stood there, embowered in the bloom and fragrance, and saw the throng drifting by in time to the witching music; saw faces that blushed beneath earnest glances, eye answering eye in quick corruscations, lips that declared themselves without speaking, lingering hand-clasps and smiles that confessed welcome; as now and again there floated to her ear behind the barricade of flowers some word meant for another, some endearing name, some syllables of entreaty, the old wound gaped and burned afresh, and there trembled through her being a resistless longing to make one of these again—loved and loving, and believing in all manner of success; an aching longing for the years that might have brought her other than sadness and misfortune; that might have set her in high places—in the heart of husband and children. All at once it seemed to her as if a vista had opened before her eyes disclosing the reverse of her picture, with all the benefit of distance and perspective to give it enchantment.

Then the old answers recurred to her: Had she not *her* Vineyard? Would it so much matter in the end whether one lacked something accounted sweet in this world when the Great Apportioner meted the rewards? Would she not, beholding one day, or one eternity rather, the precious mosaic of her life, perceive where each failure served the grand design? That without the waste, the pain, the dissatisfaction, the work would have lost in symmetry and purpose? That there was needed every bitter tear, every ungratified longing, every secret hope, to make the harvest sure?

"Are you not almost tired of flowers?" asked Doctor Philips, at her elbow. "Shall we make the tour of the hall together, and see what's to be seen?"

"They are all sold, Doctor—every bouquet of them," she replied; "and it was so amusing to see the lovers select for their 'girls,' as Lu Blair would say. What a delightful air the band is playing! It sounds like—like——"

"Love?"

It was the word which expressed her idea.

"Has love any sound?" he questioned. "Did one ever hear it? However, it is a very beautiful air, and no wonder it is suggestive of sweet thoughts; it is an air from the Opera of Martha."

Just here they paused before a bower of fir-

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trees to look upward where the patronizers of the shooting-gallery were using the bow and arrow with little effect. Martha was eagerly watching young Adams, who aimed at a beautiful velvet smoking-cap braided in gold, which every one had endeavored to bring down, but which still hung there as if by some charmed thread. There were people discoursing in the bower behind them, and Martha detected Lu Blair's shrill pipe and Carry Gray's more quiet tones. She understood nothing of the conversation—she was interested in the archer—when presently, with her eyes still on the triumphant Adams, with the crowd applauding, she saw nothing of it all, she only heard, as if it had been cried from the house-tops,

"How perfectly ridiculous he makes himself and that old maid! I *did* think Doctor Philips had more sense!"

It was Carry Gray speaking behind the fir-trees.

"Nonsense," said Lu, taking up the tune, "he is only amusing himself! When I am *her* age, I *do* hope I shall be contented to stay by the chimney-corner, instead of making love to all the marriageable men in town."

"I think you talk as if you were jealous of her," said another softer voice; "I don't see any thing objectionable in her behavior."

"You're near-sighted, Alice," said Lu; "there are none so blind as those who won't see."

"Well, I'm glad I don't use magnifying glasses to descry the mote in my neighbor's eye; and—"

"Shall we continue our promenade?" asked Doctor Philips, glancing dubiously at Martha.

All the light had vanished from her eyes; she looked like a piece of clay moulded into the form of a woman, and leaned heavily upon his arm.

"Are you ill, Miss Exeter?" he said.

"No," she answered, and her voice sounded as if it came through a hollow tube; "I am only giddy. If you will take me to a seat—"

He did as she requested.

"The hall is badly ventilated," he said, still standing at her side.

"Yes; I shall recover myself presently."

If he had heard as well as herself, she would not have him think that it affected her strongly.

"Young Adams is a good shot; did you see the cap come down?" he asked.

"I—no—that is—I think I looked away just then!"

"Then you were not in at the death," taking out his watch. "It is eleven o'clock," he continued. "As your family physician, I do not think it discreet to keep you out of bed longer. I will have the carriage brought round."

And before many minutes more they were whirling home.

"Miss Exeter," said he, reining up before her door, "whatever the evening may have been to you—and I hope it has not been without its pleasures—I have to thank you for a great service done me."

"Indeed," she answered, and there was no sweetness in her tone, "it has done me good. I thank you for it, in my turn."

He stepped from the carriage, and held out his hand for her; she half rose; the horse started and threw her back in the seat; Doctor Philips caught at the reins but missed them, calling, "Stand, Fly! stand!" But Fly had a will of his own, as well as his master, and tossing his heels in the air, with a contemptuous snort, he tore away from him and down the street at full gallop. Doctor Philips stood paralyzed for a second, the last glimpse of Martha's pale face photographed on his consciousness: a face in which there was no displeasure and little terror, but the face of a woman who knows her end is near, and turns to look her last at the one she loves best; a countenance grown suddenly young and beautiful through the transmuting power of love.

It was only for a breathing space that he paused, that he lost control of himself, and then he was after them with the speed of a Centaur, just in time to see Martha thrown heavily upon the pavement. There were people passing at the moment, who assisted in carrying her home. They laid her on the sofa, and old Jewel came hobbling in with recipes and remedies, wringing her hands wildly, and the vase of violets poured out fragrance like words of comfort. And there Doctor Philips sat by her the night through; and toward morning, when the gray dawn filled the room with soft shadows, when the sun transformed the dumb east, she looked up and smiled.

"Doctor Philips!" she exclaimed, "is any thing the matter with me? Where is my father? I must go to him." She tried to lift herself on her arm, but it refused to obey her will. "What is the trouble?" she asked.

"I have come near being your death," he said, solemnly.

"You!"

"You can not believe it? But here are proofs: your arm is broken; your ankle sprained; your head and face sadly bruised. You have had a narrow escape, Martha. It must have been because you were needed."

"Yes, thank God, my father needs me," she said, and turned away her face.

Doctor Philips's lips moved as though he would have spoken. What if he should add, "And *I* need you, I need you!" And what if he should? It was a simple phrase, easy to say, which would make life a holiday to her, and answer the vexed question for him. *But was it true?* Would it not be best to solve *that* question first? How had he contrived to enjoy existence for the space of thirty odd years, if she were necessary to his happiness? And yet, when he thought of going away and never seeing her face again, a shadow came across his path and a mist before his vision; had her morning dawned beyond this earthly horizon, he dimly realized that *his* day would have arisen in clouds. But after all, it were safest

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to be certain of one's self; perhaps it was only a beautiful compassion which he felt for her, an *ignis fatuus* which might lead them both into what snares and sorrows? So he hesitated and kept silent.

This took place in the last week of February.

"And what did you think, Mattie, when you found yourself flying through the air?" asked her father, one morning.

"It couldn't have been over five seconds, but I thought of every thing, from the sum I copied off cousin Fan's slate at school to the patch I had neglected to set into the elbow of your coat. I remembered, too, having left my room in confusion, and fancied the neighbors coming in and calling me untidy. I pictured Jewel spelling out the daily papers for you; and I had a glimpse of the little parlor, just as it looked when I bade you good-night, and turned to go out with the Doctor—the coals glowing red-hot in the grate; the kerosene lamp, with its porcelain shade, throwing a soft tinting on 'Diana and her Nymphs;' the head of drowsy Antinous, half bowed in gloomy meditations; the vase of fresh violets which I was never to—to—"

The old man sighed and wiped his eyes. "It was a miraculous escape," he said, brokenly; "it must have been because you were needed in your vineyard, Mattie!"

"I suppose so," she returned, smothering a sigh.

With so much cause to be grateful, was she desiring something pleasanter than the heat and burden of the day, even among the familiar shadows of her vines? Was this work of hers growing tame and tedious, now that she had seen the revelers in the happy fields,

"Where others drive their loaded wains?"

Doctor Philips came every day, at first; then every other day; then more seldom still; but much more often than necessary, if we were to take Lu Blair's word for it.

"If I could only contrive to break my little finger," said she.

"Because your nose is out of joint?" asked the malicious Carry. "You're in a fair way to break your heart, I think."

As for Martha she found herself quite happy when he came to sit a while, when, of a leisure evening, before she could hold a book herself, he dropped in to beguile an hour or two with the music of his voice, as he read from Chaucer, translating his quaintness into intelligible phrase, or from Shakspeare, or the later poets; indeed, at times she quite lost the words in listening to the harmonious tones—in falling into delicious day-dreams. At her age too! One night he surprised her in this Elysium, when, reading from Antony and Cleopatra, he turned to her suddenly for remark.

"I beg pardon," she said; "I was not attending just then."

He put down the book and looked at her a second.

"Of what were you thinking?" he asked, laughing. "Something that has brought out the color, like a flower that blows in the sun."

It was only that she blushed up hotly at the question. Of what had she been thinking? She had been thinking, what if she were young and lovely; at least, lovely enough to be loved by some one; what then? Why, happiness then! That was all, positively all; she had not even given some one a name, though of course he had one, and she knew it. There was only one Some One in the world for her. But as she didn't tell Doctor Philips any thing of this, he was forced to use his own powers of conjecture; after which he went on with his reading, and just murdered poor Shakspeare, because he wasn't thinking at all about Cleopatra and her fine ravings, but altogether of Martha and her more eloquent silence.

"Doctor Philips is a dramatic reader," said Mr. Exeter, when he had bidden them good-night, "and his voice is musical as a harp; but toward the last he didn't appear to know what he was reading; he must have been thinking of some dangerous patient."

He had been thinking of a dangerous patient, indeed!

It was toward the end of March that Lu Blair and Carry Gray, sitting in the bow-window, with attention divided between some novel device in fancy-work, the passers-by, and the current gossip of the hour, saw Doctor Philips stop at Mr. Exeter's door with his new horse. He had disposed of Fly some time before, which fact had greatly scandalized the neighbors; you would have thought he was selling themselves instead.

"He's going to take the invalid to drive," said Miss Carry. "I declare, I never knew any one make so much fuss about a broken bone!"

"Any body would make a fuss if they could get so much attention," Lu wisely remarked, pricking her finger in her desire to do three things at once.

"I should like to know if he really cares for her," said Mrs. Blair, who, poor woman, was afflicted with a chronic "liking to know" every thing concerning other people's affairs, and took considerable pains to enlighten herself.

"I don't see how we shall find out, unless we ask him," said Carry.

"Or unless he asks *her*," suggested Mrs. Blair.

"Oh, Carry! I've an idea!" interrupted Lu, in a whisper.

"Have you? I never gave you credit for it. It can't be about your beading; for you've made a P instead of a B in your initials."

"That's very natural."

"Under the circumstances, yes. But what's your idea?"

"I'll tell you when we go out to the post-office."

"Dear me! isn't it almost mail-time?" taking out her watch. "Two solid hours to wait

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for an idea! It ought to be a very brilliant one when it arrives."

Later in the afternoon Doctor Philips, passing out of the post-office behind two veiled ladies, overheard a few sentences to this effect:

"It will be such fun: we can sit in the window and see the penny-postman deliver it!"

"I shall want to scream out, 'Oh, you April Fool!'"

"But it was so lucky that I happened to think of those fac-similes; I did dozens of them at one time, and you would never suspect but they were genuine autographs. You'll have to do the composition part, Carry; you're equal to that."

"I guess it will put an end to her languishing, if she has any sense."

"I should think it was—just one atom—mean, if she really loved him, you know, and wasn't mercenary," said Lu, with an assumption of virtue which she didn't possess.

"But all's fair in love and war," said her companion.

It so happened that Doctor Philips recognized the voices, though it was all uttered in under-tone; but the words were meaningless to him till interpreted by circumstances. Martha was beginning to take up her round of interrupted duties again when April came in; that is, she read to her father as before; gave him her left arm for his daily exercise up and down the little hall; groaned in spirit over the weeds that were choking up her vineyard—darns and patches, etc., that were growing really formidable; vexing herself over the spring cleaning, which bade fair to be behindhand; wondering if she should be able to tack down her own carpets, or be obliged to incur the further expense of hiring old Mr. Foley and his carpet-fork; questioning whether the shabby two-ply on her chamber-floor would bear to be shaken without falling to pieces; puzzling her brain over expedients for devising a new covering for her father's threadbare arm-chair. She was considering these subjects with painful earnestness one morning, glancing across the way now and then, and almost envying Lu Blair, who sat in her window laughing, with the invariable fancy-work at hand, and whom Martha likened in her imagination to the lilies of the field.

The spring had been very forward this year, and the snow had melted away early, leaving only a fringe here and there clinging to the brown earth; buds were swelling and diffusing an aroma through the soft, chill air, which vibrated with sounds of sweet portent, like dream-music after the long winter silence. Only yesterday a robin had swung himself for full five minutes from a twig of the mountain-ash yonder, singing the praises of the opening year; and Martha had counted a flock of twenty shivering sparrows, just arrived from other latitudes, and pecking for dead-and-alive insects on the old apple-tree in the garden. It almost seemed as if one could hear the crocuses whispering under the turf, "Is it not most time for the season to begin? I have my yellow gown all pimlico. I am growing impatient;" while, "Don't make April Fools of yourselves," advises the tulip bulbs, with not so much fancy for a pioneer life themselves.

In the spring-time one easily believes in all manner of happiness. Perhaps this accounts for the unwonted thrill which shook Martha as the postman clattered up to the door and delivered a letter addressed to herself. She took it in her trembling hands, and looked at the broad seal with its initial ℬ at the superscription. She had never seen her name written by Doctor Philips before, but what a charm his pen had given it! The name of Martha, never a favorite one with her, was here quite other than as she had known it, had become suddenly glorified. What if—pshaw! she ought to know better than indulge in such silly dreams; he had been urging her to accept a situation as organist in the Presbyterian church, and this probably treated of the subject. She was already considering what she would do with her first quarter's payment—it would be such a windfall, now that decalcomanie was a drug in the market—while she cut the envelope open with her scissors. Then she read it through without stopping to take breath, with the blood surging into her heart and mounting to her brain, with tears starting into her eyes and blotting out the precious words.

"What we wish for we have," has been written; but the philosopher goes on to say that since we are sure to have our wish, sooner or later, we had best take care to desire only high things; and the poet, taking up the story, dismally declares that

"Our very wishes give us not one wish."

It sometimes seems as if fortune delighted to tantalize mankind by granting their wish, with the only conditions that could make it agreeable omitted.

Like a great many other people, now that happiness had come to Martha—was kneeling to her, beseeching her in its turn—she began to be afraid of it, to question and suspect it, to wonder if it were indeed a reality. She replaced the letter in the envelope, she would not trust herself to read it again, for fear of she knew not what. Come what would, all her life would be made brighter and more endurable, now that some one had stretched out a kindly hand to her, had thought her worthy of the first place in his regard—even if it were merely through compassion. She should reply in the negative, surely. In the mean while the alternative was in her hands; and she took a certain pleasure in believing, poor child, that she was at length enabled to do him a service, to purchase his peace of mind with her own. Well, what matter? She was thirty-five; how preposterous to expect to begin life at that age! But yet, what if she were to say "Yes?" What then?

Why, every thing then! Happy home then; comfort for her blind father; troops of friends;

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ease and plenty; eyes that smiled endearments, lips that shaped themselves to fond words, protecting arms, an eternal youth of the heart. Harvest-Time in her Vineyard! What bright colors the picture wore beside that other! But she put it away from her; it was not hers; it belonged to some fairer and younger woman. Perhaps to Lu Blair. And so she went away and wrote her answer, very kindly, but very decidedly.

Doctor Philips was with a patient when this letter came for him, and there it lay three long hours on his study-table, together with a warm note of invitation to a musical soiree at Mrs. Blair's on Thursday evening—a letter from his brother in Madras—a masonic notice—and a line from a medical student on some vexed medical question. There they all waited, while the cuckoo in the little German clock came out thrice, calling the hour and flapping his wings; and the mocking-bird in his gilded cage repeated the performance; and a Savoyard played,

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream,"

under the open window, till he found no one was there to listen or love. The house-maid came in, and dusted the table, and pushed the letters into a heap, and pondered over their addresses, scolding the mocking-bird and slamming the door after her. And all the while Martha sat at home in a flutter of restlessness, almost glad and altogether sorry.

The Doctor came home very hungry, without guessing what repast was waiting for him.

"You haven't had your letters, Sir," said the butler.

"Bring them here," he said, sitting down to lunch; "they will answer instead of guests."

They were brought. He pshawed at the invitation; read the brother's letter attentively; made a note of the student's perplexity; glanced at the masonic notice; and turned at last to Martha's.

There are some people who gaze at a letter for fifteen minutes in an attempt to determine the name of the writer, when a glance inside would be an instant revelation; but Doctor Philips was not one of these. He plunged into its contents with the manner of a man who has no time to lose; then, half-way down the page, he paused, perplexed; began again, came to a second stand-still, and turned over the leaf, in desperation, for the writer's name.

"*Always truly Yours, Martha Exeter*," met him point-blank.

He stared at it in utter confusion. Here was a lady declining an offer of marriage which he had never made!

"*Your letter of the 1st*—"

What letter? He had never written a line to Miss Exeter in his life! What did it mean? It meant that she had refused him, at least; that she did not care for him as he had been vain enough to believe. All at once it became the same to him as if he *had* proposed—as if his heart were wounded by her refusal. All at once he perceived that he had lost that which he had never the sense to ask for, conceiving it already so much his own, but which he valued inestimably. And here was her calm, conclusive "No."

But Doctor Philips was of that temperament to which difficulty means incentive. Pacing the floor, with the fatal letter in hand, he forgot all about Thursday evening soirees, Knights Templars, news from Madras, students in dilemma; he forgot a promise to dine with Blanckelton, an engagement with Mrs. Wills to look at some pictures by a native artist; he forgot every thing but that Martha had said she did not love him!

But stay! *Had* she said that? The truth was, she had adroitly avoided the question, *pro* or *con*; but does a woman refuse to marry the man she loves? At least he would see for himself. The unknown person who had officiously performed his part for him had not, perhaps, presented the case as favorably as he felt it possible to do. He was quite certain that had he been going to put his fate to the test he would not have trusted it to paper; he would bring the magnetism of his personality to bear, and he would conquer or—but there should be no "or!"

Old Mr. Exeter had gone to bed with rheumatic pains, threatening to send for Doctor Philips. I don't know what we should have done with the old gentleman in the forthcoming interview if he had not been thus afflicted, as he was not deaf as well as blind; but there he was safe in bed, with burdock leaves at his feet; and Martha, wearied out with the excitement of the day, having wheeled her father's arm-chair before the fire, had thrown herself into it and dropped into a light slumber.

She dreamed of traversing a wide morass, in which she sank deeper and deeper at every step; the night was closing in; some rain-drops fell on her uncovered head; she called for help, and only the echoes replied; and just as hope was deserting her, just as she brought to mind the bright home-fires alit all over the land, cheerful tea-tables where happy faces gathered—just as every thing seemed most lost and the night wind moaned chilliest, some one took her in strong arms and——

She was broad awake, and it was Doctor Philips who held her and said,

"I have come for my answer, Martha. I can not accept the one you sent. I love you with all my heart, and I can not give you up!"

"Oh, how can you!" she answered; "I am thirty-five years old. I thought you were only sorry for me!"

"Why should I be sorry for you? I am thirty-five, too, and something more, and I find life endurable still, unless— Martha, answer, do you love me?"

"I—I am—I did—I am afraid—I do."

"*I* was afraid you didn't."

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"Oh, how could you?"

"A very natural conclusion, when you had refused to marry me."

"But every body will laugh at you for marrying an old maid!"

"Let him laugh who wins. *I* am satisfied. I am happy. Look up and speak to me, dearest."

"What shall I say?"

"Say, 'I love you.'"

"I shall wear the sentence threadbare!" she cried, in her blushing bashfulness. "There are other lovers will want to use it after us, remember!" she added then, half under her breath and half to veil her joyfulness.

"Say you will come to me with the Mayflowers," continued her resolute suitor, without heeding her badinage.

"So soon!"

"Say that you will never write me such another heart-breaking letter."

"I shall never have the chance, you know."

"Say you will not regret leaving your pleasant Vineyard to come and labor in mine. It is sadly overgrown and neglected, love."

"I shall regret nothing which I leave for you."

And so the fire died down—were there ever two lovers in the world who didn't let the fire go out while the other flame soared?—and the stars gathered in the April sky, and the slow moon looked into the window—just what Mrs. Blair would have enjoyed doing—and went her melancholy way; and the old rheumatic man up stairs dreamed that his picture had brought a price; and here were two, sitting heart to heart, whose sweetest dreams had come true.

"Well," said Mr. Exeter, when Doctor Philips astonished him with the state of things, "Martha has done well in her Vineyard; it is time for harvest and harvest songs. Let us sing pæan!"

Does an event ever transpire but some one questions what the finale would have been if the parties had acted differently? I wonder how this story would have ended if Lu Blair and Carry Gray had not attempted to make an April Fool of Martha, and caught the cap and bells themselves in the rebound; if Martha had accepted the offer at first; if Doctor Philips had not sought to change her decision; if—but what is the use of conjecturing, when here is the Doctor himself to decide the matter?

"It could have had but one ending," says he, with a smile shifting in his face; "not so early an ending, perhaps, but still, so far as *I* am concerned, only one; and this is it," showing the wedding-ring in his palm.

"But that is a something without an end," I reply.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XV.

DR. STEDMAN came alone to spend his last Sunday with his bride and her sister. Julius had returned home, and promised to come: but changed his mind and disappeared for the day.

"He is so constantly changing his mind and plans that I hardly know what to make of him. I do wish he had a wife of his own," said the elder brother, with a sigh. "But a sister will be better than nothing: you must be very good to him, Edna."

"I will," said Edna, in her quiet way. And then they all spent together—contentedly, yet half solemnly—the last Sunday of so many Sundays, the last which would ever see them as they were. It hardly seemed real—this great change—and it had come about so naturally that they felt none of the agitation and excitement which a marriage brings. No one made any unnecessary fuss; and even when Letty took Dr. Stedman up stairs to see the bridal finery—the white muslin dresses and white bonnets gloriously displayed—he only said, "Very pretty," and came down looking happy, indeed, but rather grave.

Indeed they were all three a little subdued, and arrangements being now completed—for the wedding was fixed for Tuesday—they had little or nothing to talk about. Tea over, they were sinking into a rather sombre silence, when, to their amazement, Julius appeared.

The sisters had never seen him since the day of the Exhibition, and the welcome they gave him was hearty and warm. He received it with eager happiness.

"Yes; I thought I would come, if only to have a last look at Edna Kenderdine. Though I know I am frightfully in the way: not wanted—never shall be wanted—any where—by any body!"

"Oh, Julius!" said Edna, reproachfully; then, without more words, she busied herself in getting him tea, and all those creature comforts which a man sorely needs, especially when he comes in worn and worried—as Julius did. After the first flush of excitement had faded, she saw, and was shocked to see, how great was the change in him during these few weeks. He had grown exceedingly thin, and had at times a restless, hunted look, as of a man pursued by one relentless idea which he vainly tries to master, but which conquers him against his will. He was quieted a little, however, during the tea and talk, and recovered his old self, so charming, brotherly, and kind.

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William Stedman looked on, pleased and smiling, but he said nothing. Nor did Letty, which was a still more remarkable fact; and when Julius, having accomplished his usual aim by asserting volubly, to every body's great amusement, that he must retire to the kitchen, as his sole purpose in paying this final visit was to take a farewell sketch of it and the cat, disappeared, Letty drew herself up with dignity, and, instead of accompanying him, went up stairs. Whence, however, she was soon heard to descend, Letty being one of those people who prefer any body's company to their own.

"I hope she will be kind to him, even though he has neglected you and her a little of late," said William, innocently. "I do trust they will get on well together—our brother and sister. They ought, for there is such a deal of good in poor Julius. He shows it, by being so very fond of you. He told me last night, when I was urging him to end his nonsensical flirtations and get honestly engaged to some nice girl, that he would, if only I could find him such a girl as my Edna."

Edna laughed.

"Do you know he once made me half jealous, I mean when I began to want you myself, and fancied he did the same. Now, little Conscience, if it had been so, what ought I to have done? Given you up to my brother, eh?"

Edna's light laugh ceased. She thought a minute, and then said, seriously, "No. If you loved me, and I loved you, you ought to have married me in spite of all the world."

So talked they—half merry, half grave—recalling their past, or planning their future, and then scarcely talking at all; content with the simple fact of being together.

Meantime, in the kitchen there was also comparative silence. Not the talking and laughing which generally went on between Letty and Julius, who always ridiculed the extreme soberness of "the folks in love." Just a low murmur of conversation sometimes, and then long pauses—so long that even the betrothed pair in the next room noticed it at last.

"I wonder if the sketch is finished. Shall we go and see, William?"

"Not yet—please not just yet. I must leave early this evening, and you will not let me come to-morrow. But after to-morrow you will never get rid of me."

"Never, all my life! I am so"—sorry, a coquette would have said; but Edna, wholly true, had not a spark of coquetry in her, first or last. She said "glad."

"Thank you, my blessing of blessings!" And then they talked no more.

But when at length Edna, with a certain uneasy feeling that she could not get rid of, though she kept it strictly to herself, wondering at the long stillness, went to see, she found Julius sitting all by himself over the fire, which, out of its dull, burnt-out hollow, threw occasional sparks of flame, giving a ghostly look to the neat kitchen, as neat and pretty almost as a parlor, which Julius used to say was "the finest room in the house." He was so absorbed that, till Edna touched him on the shoulder, he did not notice her entrance.

"Where is the sketch, Julius?" asked Will.

"And where is my sister?"

"Gone up stairs. Hey, Will! is that you, man. I'm going home."

"Not this minute; not before supper," pleaded Edna.

"Supper! I've had mine. I've 'supped full of horrors,' like Macbeth. Now, 'to bed—to bed—to bed!' Edna, couldn't you give a poor fellow something to make him sleep—forever?"

"Ju," said Will, "what is the matter with you? You're half asleep now, I think; wake up, man!"

"I will," cried Julius, springing to his feet with a violent gesture. "I have been asleep—but I'm awake now. Give me my hat; I'll take a walk and come back to my senses, and to supper likewise, if you please, Miss Edna."

But he never appeared. Letty came down stairs flushed and uncomfortable looking, and to William's jesting question if she and Julius had been quarreling, gave an answer so sharp that Dr. Stedman said no more. Silently, uneasily, ended the last evening of so many merry evenings which they had spent in that little house, every corner of which Edna felt she should love to the end of her days.

Yet as she stood at the door on the solemn dark night—for it had been raining heavily, and there was not a star visible—even though



FOREBODINGS.

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her hand was clasped in her lover's, and his safe arm round her, a weight of foreboding sadness gathered over her.

"Oh, William, if trouble should come!"

"We will bear it, whatever it is, together."

And when he said that, and drew her closer, and she felt the beating of his warm, living, loving heart, so tender and so true, she knew that she could bear it.

After Dr. Stedman was gone Letty called Edna into the kitchen—Letty, still flushed, and full of the excitement of a secret.

"Don't be running off the very minute you have sent your lover away. You might have some little sympathy with other people's love affairs—mine for instance."

"Oh, Letty!"

"Yes, you need not look so shocked. It has just come to that. I knew it would. I have been afraid of it for ever so long. Very provoking. A wretched business altogether. How could the poor fellow be such a goose! though I suppose he couldn't help it."

And Letty tried to look grave, while a furtive, gratified smile twinkled round the corners of her mouth.

"But you could have helped it, if it is as I suspect," cried Edna, greatly distressed. "How could you let him do it? For of course it is Julius—poor Julius!"

Letty nodded. "I promised not to tell any body, and of course I won't. You will notice, I have never mentioned his name, and I never told you of it, though I have suspected it for months. Poor fellow, he is desperately fond of me."

"Oh, Letty!"

Edna could not say another word. She saw, as in an ominous vision, Julius's face, as he snatched up his hat and rushed from the house—a wild, fierce, maddened face—full of that overwhelming passion, a compound of the senses and the imagination, which sometimes seizes upon a young man. Whom, having played at love throughout his first fantastic youth, it takes hold of at last in terrible earnest, either making or marring him for the rest of his life. For Julius was one of those weak, loving natures who must cling to somebody, be in love with somebody. And he had fallen in love with Letty, the very last person, any third party would say, whom he ought to choose. But third parties are not infallible, and Edna snatched at a fragment of comfort and hope.

"Surely, Letty, you like Julius?"

"Like him? Oh yes; very much; in a sisterly way. I told him so. I promised to be the best sister possible to him, as I always have been, I am sure. But as to marrying him, that is quite another thing. Why he has not a halfpenny but what he earns, and he will never earn much—geniuses never do. He will be poor all his life. And, oh dear me, Edna," shrugging her shoulders with a trick she had learned at her Paris *pension*, "you know I have had quite enough of poverty."

"But you might wait."

"Wait—till my appearance was all gone. He is an artist, and has an eye for that, I know," said Letty, with the pathetic intuition which sometimes dawned through all her silliness, of favor being deceitful, and beauty vain—"Wait till I got old and ugly, and couldn't enjoy good fortune when it came? Oh no, Edna! that would never do. Better even for the young man himself that I won't marry him. And yet he is frantically in love with me—he is, indeed. I had no idea there was so much earnestness in him about any thing till now. Would you believe, he almost frightened me."

And Letty, sitting at the kitchen fire, meditatively warmed her lovely foot, glancing round half triumphantly, half pensively, at her sister, whose heart slowly, slowly sank, heavy as lead. For vainly she sought in those beautiful eyes some trace of the feeling—call it love, nay, passion if you will—which, however sad, however unfortunate, when earnestly and honestly felt, ennobles any woman; while that other side of it—the weak pleasure of conquest, the petty egotistical vanity of being loved—only deteriorates and degrades.

"Oh, how blind, how careless I have been!" cried Edna, almost in a sob. "And you, Letty, you have been playing with edged tools—you know you have. That poor fellow! And you guessed it all, yet you let it go on. How could you? But it is not quite too late. Perhaps you don't know your own mind. Perhaps you really love him?"

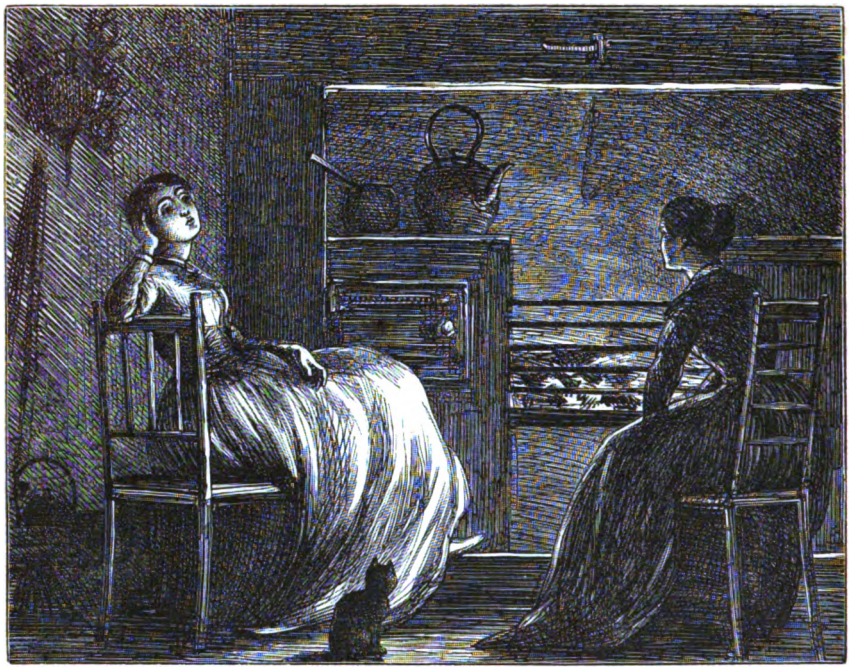
Letty laughed. "How should I know? Certainly not in your sort of love. I'm very fond of him, and I told him so, as a sister. For any thing else—but it's no use thinking of that, as you must see; for us to be engaged, Julius and me, would, in our circumstances, be ridiculous—perfectly ridiculous."

Edna answered, with a strange harshness, which she repented afterward, or would have done but that Letty did not seem to perceive it at all, "I think you are right. It would be even worse than ridiculous. When Julius is my brother, I shall warn him that the most fatal thing he could do would be to marry my sister Letty."

"Yes," said Letty, composedly misapprehending, "I considered that point also. Two brothers marrying two sisters rarely get on together. And then there would be the difficulty of the money-matters; for Julius said he only wished me to be engaged to him; he would never think of marrying me till he had an income of his own, and was quite independent of his brother. And I couldn't wait. I really couldn't, you know. So it is a great deal better as it is. Of course he will get over it; men always do," added Letty, looking as if she were comfortably persuaded to the contrary. "After all, it has been a little excitement. One isn't quite an old woman yet, I see."

And then, scarcely observing Edna's dead silence, Letty unbound her great golden sheaves

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THE TWO WOMEN.

of hair, and while she brushed and combed them chattered unceasingly of Julius; all he had said; all he had done; his frantic pleadings; his bitter despair; till Edna—thinking of the heart that would bleed for every wound of Julius's, the heart whose every emotion she kept sacredly to herself, and always would have done, whether she had loved him or not—Edna started up in a passion of wrath, and grief, and shame.

"Letty, hold your tongue. I won't hear you. The last time you talked like this I was a girl, and I did not understand it—did not mind it. Now I do. I say you have done a wicked thing. Every woman who thinks a man loves her, and lets him go on loving her till he asks her to marry him, and then gives him No—a cold, prudent, heartless No—does a wicked thing. I am ashamed of you, though you are my own sister. I am bitterly ashamed of you."

Letty opened her eyes in the utmost astonishment. She did not get angry; it would have been almost a comfort if she had done so; but she sulked a little, and then melted into tears.

"I couldn't help it, and you have no right to scold me. It was partly your fault; you should not have left us so much together, or you should have spoken to me beforehand. I always listen to what you say, Edna. You are very, very unkind; but now you are happy and going to be married, it does not matter what becomes of me."

And so, with that strange tyranny of weakness to which the strongest often mournfully succumb, she softened her sister's heart toward her, and despite her common-sense, her conscience, her bitter, bitter grief for Julius, and Julius's brother, Edna kissed Letty, and scolded her, as she called it, no more.

Instead, she talked to her, seriously and tenderly, of things concerning which she had often talked before, till she gave it up as hopeless. But now her reasoning was not, as then, out of theories which Letty had always set aside as "romantic," "impossible." She spoke of what she knew—out of her own blessed experience—of the sacredness of love, given or received; the wickedness of trifling with it; the awful responsibility it was. Things, once dimly dreamed of by Edna Kenderdine, but now seen by William Stedman's bride, with a fatal vividness and a passionate intensity of belief that made her fearless either of ridicule or contradiction: determined to speak out, whether listened to or not.

Letty did listen—as she said, she generally listened to Edna—at the time; and this time, either through the excitement of the evening or because she was really touched by Julius's devotion, she listened with an expression of earnestness which made Edna almost believe she understood it all.

"What you say may be very true, Edna. I am sure I hope it is. Only you seem to fancy love is the only thing in life. Now I think there are many other things."

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"So there are: but love is the first, the best, the root and crown of all the rest. And more for men even than women. If that goes wrong with them every thing goes wrong. Oh, Letty, take care!"

"Nonsense! what must I take care of? It isn't my fault that men fall in love with me."

"No; but it is your fault if you treat them in such a way that they never believe in love again; that they despise it and despise you."

"Will Julius despise me, do you suppose? I hope not!"

"Then behave to him so that, whatever you make him suffer, he may still respect you. I don't know what has been, how far you have gone on with him; but oh, Letty, from this time be very careful how you treat him!"

"Bless us!" said Letty, half crossly, half laughing, "how seriously you do take it! I might be going to murder the young man."

"You do murder him, in reality, when you trifle with him—play fast and loose, warm and cold, as I have seen you do with some people. Don't do it with him—it will be the ruin of him. Oh, Letty!"—and she grasped her sister's hand in an agony of entreaty—"for my sake, for William's sake, take care!"

"What on earth am I to take care of? As if Julius were the first man that ever was crossed in love. He must just get over it."

"Yes: but how? We women don't understand. We can but break our hearts; but they—they turn wicked. If Julius does, I shall blame you."

Letty looked uneasy.

"I am very sorry. I am sure I did not mean any harm, and I hope none will come, for it would be extremely unpleasant. But what am I to do? It is the most uncomfortable thing. Oh! I wish I had never been brought into it. I wish you were not going to marry William Stedman, or that somebody was going to marry me—some suitable man, with plenty of money, who would take me quite away out of all these troubles."

"Then you do not care—not one atom—for Julius."

"Oh yes, I do. I like him very much. I dare say I shall never get any one to be so fond of me again. I would take him to-morrow if he had a tolerable income, or a chance of getting on in the world. But he has none; and, as I told you, I can't wait. So he must go."

"Clearly," said Edna, setting her firm little mouth together—not without a curl of contempt in it; and rising to light her candle and go to bed.

"Oh, stop a minute. Do help me. Tell me how I am to manage it all. What do you mean by my treating Julius so as to do him no harm, and to make him respect me?"

Edna paused to think. Unto her, in her brimming happiness of contented love, Julius's lot seemed bitter to an almost exaggerated degree. She mourned for him from the very depth of her heart, yet she could not, she dared not, urge Letty to accept him. She knew that "love bidden is love forbidden;" and that far safer for Julius would be a short, sharp blow, and over, than the torturing suspense of uncertainty and indecision.

"I hardly know what to advise. Except that you must meet him as seldom as possible; I will manage that. But when you do meet, though you need not be unkind to him—still you must never let him doubt your mind. You must not waver; you must keep firm, Letty—as firm as a rock."

And then the impossibility of firmness to that weak, vain, pleasure-loving nature, which always did the easiest thing at the time, without much regard to consequences, forced itself upon Edna with a mournful foreboding. Yet, for a little while, Letty's evident sincerity gave her hope.

"I will do every thing you tell me; I will indeed," said she, her ever-ready tears flowing down apace. "Poor Julius! I am so sorry for him: so sorry if this makes you and William unhappy. For, of course, you will tell William, though I wish you wouldn't."

Nevertheless, Letty's looks betrayed a sort of satisfaction that William was obliged to be told.

"Yes, I shall tell William. Oh, my poor William!" sighed Edna to herself, knowing how keen would be the pain to that tender heart, in whom the best love of all only made all other affections the stronger. "Letty, we can't help what is past, but you *must* do what is right now; you must make William respect you, ay, and Julius too, even though you refuse him. I don't know it of myself—thank God! nobody ever loved me but William—still I am sure it is quite possible for a good woman to turn her rejected lover into her truest friend. That is, if he had nothing to blame her for except rejecting him. But we will talk no more now. Let us go to bed, sister. Oh, my sister! my only sister!"

Worn out with all the emotion of the day, Edna threw her arms round Letty's neck, and they clung together—like sisters: in whom no difference of character could break the tie of blood—at least not yet. And then they went to sleep in peace together.

All next day—the day before the wedding—Letty went about the house with a very sad and serious face, though it brightened up occasionally—especially at sight of any thing in the shape of clothes. And when she tried on her own dress, a costume so tasteful and becoming that she looked fit to be bridemaid to a queen, instead of to that dainty, white-robed, yet plain little woman, who was to William Stedman all his heart's desire—Letty's spirits rose amazingly.

"I wonder if there will be any body to look at us; it is a shame to waste all these pretty things upon the parson and the clerk, and old Mr. Marchmont"—a city merchant, whose house had been Edna's only situation as resident governess, and who, in default of nearer friends, had claimed the pleasure of giving her away.

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"Except Julius, if Julius comes," said Edna, gravely.

Letty looked a little conscience-smitten. "He is sure to come; he told me he should. He did not wish William to find out any thing, and besides it would be his last look of me. He means to go abroad—to Switzerland, I think. Poor fellow! I am really very sorry for him," added Letty, as she glanced in the glass, and could not—who could?—help smiling complacently at the charming image reflected there.

But Edna said nothing, and shortly afterward went out of the room.

Strange! she could not have believed it of any body else, yet any one who knew her unselfish nature might have believed it of her—but Edna, even on her marriage-eve, thought less of herself and her own feelings than of poor Julius. Do what she would, she could not get him out of her mind. The contrast between him and the rest—William and she going off together on a marriage-tour to their old haunts in the Isle of Wight; Letty, taken to a cheerful visit in the Marchmonts' luxurious home, where, among those wealthy, but rather dull city people, she, with her beauty and her familiarity with "high families," was very popular; and forlorn Julius, left alone to bear his grief how he might—all this smote Edna with exceeding pain. She was one of those who find it hard to be happy when others are not; who would have leaned over the edge of paradise itself, to drop bitter tears upon the poor souls in purgatory. And when, toward evening—the last day of her maiden life—she left Letty, still busy about some trifling adornment, and started on a quiet, solitary stroll, to consider what was to be done, and how and when she should tell the sad secret to William, she felt so unhappy that she could hardly believe to-morrow was her wedding-day.

Nevertheless, she walked on, trying to compose herself by walking, when she heard footsteps behind her, light, quick, and hurried, and, turning round, saw Julius.

She looked in his face, and he in hers, and both understood that each knew all. She put out her hand to him, he grasped it hard, and then turned away. They walked along side by side for some distance before either spoke. When Julius did, his voice was hollow and unnatural.

"I have been hanging about here all day. You know why; she would be sure to tell you. She promised not, but of course she did. Women always do."

"Yes, she told me."

"Well, I don't blame her. Perhaps if I had told you myself before now I might have been saved all this. You knew her mind?"

"No," said Edna, firmly, afraid lest his eager questioning might betray her into any admission that might lead him astray, "I could have told you nothing, for I had not a suspicion of such a thing till last night—I mean, till just lately."

"You did suspect, then? *You* thought she cared for me?" said Julius, eagerly. "You must have seen I cared for her? More fool I! But it's over now. Women are all alike—all alike."

"Julius," said Edna, appealingly, and her soft eyes brimmed over. For he was so changed, even in those few hours; so haggard and wild-looking, with neglected dress and excited manner.

"I beg your pardon; no, you are different. I know Will has found his good angel, as he deserved. I deserved nothing—and got it. Edna, you once told me to wait till my time came. It has come, from the minute I first saw her beautiful face through the lodging-house window. It was a madness—quite a madness. If ever the devil comes to a man as an angel of light—as the Bible says he does come, you know—he came to me in the shape of your sister Letty."

"Hush!" said Edna, putting her arm through his, and drawing him on, for his loud voice and violent manner had caught the notice of a stray passer-by. "Come with me: I am going a walk, and you can tell me every thing."

"Every thing!"

"Yes, every thing," said Edna, with firmness, for he was so past all self-control that it became necessary. "You need not mind speaking to me—I never chatter to any body. Besides, to-morrow I shall be your own sister—William's wife."

"William's wife! Oh happy, happy Will! But you'll promise not to tell him, not till after to-morrow? And you'll see how I'll behave. He shall guess nothing, for it would vex him so. Dear old Will! I'm right glad he is happy. Lucky, lucky Will!"

Edna could not speak for crying. Her tears seemed to calm her companion in some degree. He pressed her hand.

"Are you so very sorry for me, you good little woman? Then you think there is no hope?"

Edna shook her head in a silent negative. She dared not do otherwise. For knowing her sister as she did—and seeing Julius now in the new light in which his passion had shown him—the expression she had used last night of "playing with edged tools" but faintly expressed the danger of any trifling. Foolish Letty!—she might as safely emulate the juggler's tricks of swallowing fire, or tossing up and catching gleaming daggers, as attempt with her weak, womanish, uncomprehending nature, her small caprices and coquettish arts, to deal with such a man as Julius Stedman. Well might she say she was "frightened of him." Edna almost was. Never before had she witnessed the desperate agony of thwarted love, as shown in one who was capable, by fits, of self-repression—but of self-government had none. What passed between her and Julius for the next three minutes Edna hid in the deepest, darkest recesses of her pitying heart; she never betrayed it, not even to William.

At length she said softly, "Tell me how it

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happened. How came you to care for Letty, or to fancy Letty cared for you?"

"Fancy! It was no fancy. You know better than that. She must have told you? No? Then I'll not tell. I'll not be such an ungentlemanly wretch as to tell. I was mistaken—that's all. But Edna—I'm not a conceited ass, I hope. And when a girl lets you talk to her, sit by her, hold her hand, kiss her—"

Edna started, and then Julius also drew back in bitter shame.

"I was a coward to say it, but no matter. It was no harm: only 'sisterly.' She told me so. No blame to her, of course. Only, Edna, mind this, if a girl wants to send a young fellow to hell, body and soul, bid her treat him 'as a sister.'"

Edna walked on, sadly silent. Mad as his words were, there was truth at the bottom of them, though much might be said on the other side. For Julius implied, though he did not actually own, how this passion had come upon him—fierce as retributive justice—when he was first amusing himself, as he had often done before, with that tender philandering, half love, half friendship, saying nothing, yet implying every thing, by which so many a young man has broken the heart, and blighted the life of a young, foolish, innocent girl, who would only have laid to his charge the pathetic lament of Ophelia—when Hamlet says, "*I did love you dearly once*," and she answers, "*Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.*"

Yet two wrongs can never make a right: Letty was inexcusable. And the worst of it was, she would never be conscious that she needed excusing. But the mischief was done. Here was this young man, to whom a strong, real passion for a good woman, however hopeless, would have been salutary—might have shaken him out of his frivolities and follies, and awakened him to that new and holier life which elevates a man, less by possession than by striving after the nobleness which deserves to possess—but, trifled with by such a girl as Letty, he would sink lower and lower—whither? For there are no depths of depravity to which a man may not fall, from whose heart and lips come the bitter cry which startled Edna many a time during their miserable walk—"They are all alike—all alike. I will never believe in any woman more."



JULIUS AND EDNA.

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"But," she said at last, "you will believe in men. By-and-by you will come and talk to William. He will help you. Why," she said, trying at last playfulness, when all serious arguments failed, "you are not the first man who was refused and got over it, married somebody else, and lived happy ever afterward. Even Shakspeare says, 'Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.'"

Julius laughed angrily. "No; I shall not die. You may tell Will that, if he cares about it."

"You know he does. It would break his heart—both our hearts—if you broke yours. But you will not. You will yet find a far sweeter woman, a far more suitable wife, than my sister Letty."

"Suitable? Yes, that was the word she used. It was not a 'suitable' marriage. That is, I could not give her a carriage and pair, and a house in Belgravia. Nor, indeed, could I marry her at all just yet. I could only love her, and she did not care for that.—Edna;" and he turned fiercely round. "Edna, I'd honor the meanest milliner girl to whom I came with only a wedding-ring, or perhaps with no ring at all, and said, 'Love me' (if she did love, and some of them do, poor things!), more than your fine lady who will accept any body, no matter who, so that she is well married. But it isn't marriage at all—it's—"

"Be silent," interrupted Edna, in her clear, firm voice, severely sweet as Milton makes that of his angels. "You are speaking of what you do not understand. You only see half a truth. Because one side of a thing is wicked, does it make the other good? There are people like what you say—who marry in unholiness, or who love, omitting marriage, in equal unholiness; but there are others who love with all their hearts, and marry because they love, like William and me. Come to us; we will take care of you. We will not let you 'go wrong.'"

"You can't help it."

"No; but *you* can. Julius, a man may be grievously injured by a woman; but if he lets himself be ruined by her he is one of two things, either a coward or a fool. You are neither; you are a man. Be a man, and bear it."

He turned toward her, the sweet woman, so loved, so happy; who out of all her happiness could spare thought and sympathy for others—for his miserable self. She stood, looking up at him with her pale, tear-stained, eager face, through which, in midst of all her grief, gleamed that hopeful courage, which women often possess so much more than men, given to them perhaps that they may the better help men. The strong spiritual attraction mastered Julius in spite of himself.

"You are an angel," he said, in a broken voice. "I think, if any thing could save *me* from going to the devil, it would be my sister Edna. Tell Letty—no, tell her nothing. Tell William—"

"What?" asked Edna, seeing he hesitated.

"Every thing; I had rather he knew it. Tell him"—with a feeble smile—"tell him to-morrow afternoon. And then say, he need not vex himself, for I shall go to Switzerland to-morrow night—to work hard and trouble nobody. And, mind you, nobody need trouble themselves about me, since I shall come to no harm, for three months—I promise you that."

"And afterward?"

"God knows!"

"Yes," Edna answered, reverently, "God does know. And He never tries any one of us more than we can bear. Now, walk with me to the end of the lane. Then, go straight home."

Julius obeyed, without the slightest resistance, and with the gentleness of a child.

Next morning, quite early, for they were to start at once, there being no wedding breakfast—with Letty looking charming as bridemaid, though a little nervous and agitated, but not unbecomingly so; with Julius as best man, very handsome, well dressed, and agreeable, but on the whole more absorbed in attention to the bride than to the bridemaid, which fact much surprised Letty's warm admirer, old Mr. Marchmont—next morning, William and Edna were married.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DARK wet November night—or evening; but it looked like night, for the houses were all shuttered up, and there was no light except the gas-lamps, and the one red doctor's lamp, to break the dreariness of the long monotonous shopless street, where every house was so exactly like another. Outside at least. Within—what an immeasurable difference!

What is it makes a house bright? pleasant to go to—to stay in—even to think about, so that even if fate totally annihilates it we recall tenderly for years its atmosphere of peace, cheerfulness, loving-kindness—nay, its outside features—down to the very pictures on the walls, the pattern of the papering, the position of the furniture? While other houses—we shiver at the remembrance of them, and the dreary days we spent in them—days of dullness, misery, or strife—these houses we would not revisit for the world!

Why? If a house with fair possibilities of home comfort is thoroughly comfortless—if there is within it a reckless impossibility of getting things done in the right way or at the right time—or if, on the contrary, it is conducted with a terrible regularity, so that an uninvited guest or an extempore meal sends a shock throughout the whole abode—if the servants never keep their places long—and the gentlemen of the family are prone to be "out of evenings"—who is to blame?

Almost invariably, the women of the family. The men make or mar its outside fortunes; but its internal comfort lies in the women's hands

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MRS. WILLIAM STEDMAN.

alone. And until women feel this—recognize at once their power and their duties—it is idle for them to chatter about their rights. Men may be bad enough out of doors; but their influence is limited and external. It is women who are in reality either the salvation or the destruction of a household.

Dr. Stedman's household had done with its bachelor freedom, and passed into feminine sway. A sway more complete than in most; and yet there are many professional men who, like a doctor, are so engrossed by outside toil that they are obliged to leave every thing else to their wives. Well for them if, like William Stedman, they have married a woman who is fit not only to obey, but to rule. Especially so when, as in this case, there are few appliances of wealth to aid her—no skilled servants, no well-appointed and well-furnished establishment; but one which requires, in every point, not only the mistress's head, but her eye, and often her hand.

Thus in the drawing-room where Edna sat sewing, always sewing, and, for a wonder, Letty was sewing too, there was a combination of old things and new; the furnishing being accomplished by means of devices which would have shocked a respectable—and expensive—upholsterer. Yet the general effect was neat and pretty; an ordinary eye would have discovered no deficiencies, and a good heart, even if discovering them, would have been touched by, rather than have laughed at, these pathetic incongruities.

The mistress was not unlike her house; carefully, though any thing but richly, dressed; still she was dressed for dinner, with her soft hair all smooth, and her laces dropping daintily over the little busy hands. Some people said—and not untruly—that Edna had grown a deal prettier since her marriage. Yet she was worn and thin, as if she had a rather anxious life; but there was no anxiety in her eyes at this moment—nothing but perfect content—perfect rest.

She listened—patiently, though with a far-away look, as if she only heard half of it—to Letty's incessant stream of rather fretful talk about the inconveniences of the establishment.

"I am sure I am quite glad to do all I can, and be of use in the house; but there seems no end to all we have to do, Edna. It's much harder work than keeping school, I think."

"Perhaps," said Edna, smiling. For there was some truth in Letty's complainings. Dr. Stedman in his bachelor helplessness had been compelled to marry first and "settle" afterward; and the settling cost more trouble—and money also—than they had calculated on. Happily there was Edna's share in the good-will of the school—Letty's being conscientiously invested for herself; still as William, like the sisters, held strongly to the only safe rule for poor people—of never buying what he could not at once pay for—the difficulties of furnishing were not small; and it required all Edna's cleverness to reduce extraneous expenses, and make sixpence go as far as sixpence honestly would. Thus the first few months of their married life were not easy.

None the more so because Letty shared them. All people make mistakes sometimes; and Edna and William soon discovered that for a young couple to have the constant presence of even the least obnoxious "third party" is not to be desired. Poor Letty! they tried to keep her from suspecting this, and to make the best of it, till the change which she already began to talk about and long for, namely—going out again as a governess—should arrive; but still she helped to make the first six months of her brother and sister's marriage the most difficult portion of their lives.

Nevertheless they were happy—blessed as two people must be who love with all their hearts, and trust each other from the inmost depths of their souls. That their life was all smooth I do not aver; but it was like what learned men tell us of the great ocean—the storms only troubled its surface, and came from extraneous agencies, such as no life is free from; in its deepest depths was a perpetual calm.

Calmness, perhaps, was the strongest characteristic of Edna's face now. She had been a restless little woman heretofore—easily moved, ready to catch each flitting shade of pleasure or of pain; now she had learned the self-control which every human being must learn who has another human being to care for—bound by the only tie which entirely takes away the solitude of individuality. This fact alone made a

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difference wider than had before existed between her and Letty, and it made her also very patient with Letty.

She heard all the grumblings—giving an occasional gentle reply—till a loud knock thrilled through the silent house—the master's knock.

"There he is!"

And Edna ran down stairs to open the door to William—a foolish custom which Letty always condemned—declaring she wouldn't do it to her husband, it spoiled one's collar and one's hair, and gave far too much trouble! Uncomprehending Letty!

So William's first greeting at his own door was always his wife's face—bright and gay, with all the worry smoothed out of it and the anxiety banished—he had enough of both outside.

"All right, my darling?"

"Yes; quite right."

"I'll go up and change my clothes. I have just come from the hospital. Then we'll have dinner."

A doctor's wife has a hard life, as Edna found. Yet there was something grand in it, even in its dangers; something heroic enough to touch her sense of the ideal, which in this little woman was very strong. Continually there was much to be done, and as much more to be suffered—silently and without appeal. When Edna first married, and realized all that her husband went through daily and hourly, she found it very hard to bear. It was an agony to her every time he entered a fever-ward, and was sent for to those dens of misery and crime where a doctor is often the only messenger of good that ever comes. But now she bore all quietly. She knew his life was in God's hands—that he must do his duty—and she hers, which was to help rather than to hinder him. Yet often when she saw other wives whose husbands went into no danger, were exhausted by no hard work, and William came home, as to-day, utterly worn out, so that the smile with which he always met her only lasted a moment—the sinking at her heart returned, the deadly fear or wild outcry of prayer that all who love can understand.

But she said nothing; and when she took the foot of her husband's dinner-table, it was with the cheerful face that a wife ought to wear, and which does more good than food or warmth to a weary man.

"Oh, this is such a pleasant room!" said Dr. Stedman, looking round it with a sense of infinite rest, and comfort, and relief. "I am glad I have not to go out again. It is such a wretched night outside. I hope Julius will wait in Paris, and not be thinking of crossing till the weather alters. There is his letter, Edna, which came to-day. He speaks of being in London soon."

This was said looking at his wife, but not overlooking her sister, who maintained a demure silence.

To Letty William had never spoken one word on the subject of Julius, nor indeed very many to Edna. He had heard all, of course, and been deeply moved; but afterward, with a man's sharp cutting of many Gordian knots which women wear their lives out in untying, he had disposed of that painful domestic complication by simply saying:

"What is done can not be undone. We shall not mend it by talking about it, and we may make it much worse. Let us say no more, and it will all gradually slip by."

Nor was he cold or hard to Letty; perhaps, man-like, he was ready to find excuses for a woman—and a woman so beautiful. Whatever he felt on the subject, he had only shown his feelings by writing long, and unfailingly punctual, letters to Julius, with a persistency rather rare in a man and a brother. And now—with that good common-sense of his, which never made unnecessary fuss about any thing—he just mentioned, in an off-hand way, the fact of Julius's coming home.

"He comes home rather prosperous too. He has just sold a large picture to your friend Mr. Marchmont, Letty."

"I am sure I am very glad to hear it," answered Letty, looking down.

"And he sends me back—honest fellow!—his quarter's allowance, saying he can well do without it, better than we; which is partly true, Edna, my dear."

"We'll keep it for him, in case he wants it," said Edna, kindly. "What has he been doing lately?"

"Read, and you will see. He and the Marchmonts seem to get on capitally. He has shown them Paris, and speaks a good deal of them; thinking of them much as you do—worthy, kindly people, with heaps of money and not too much of brains. Except, perhaps, your pupil, Miss Lily, who he says is so pretty."

"Lily Marchmont pretty?" cried Letty. "I never heard such nonsense! Why, she is a mere roly-poly dot; as red as a cherry, and as round as a ball. What can Julius be thinking of? Is he falling in love with her? But, indeed, I should be very glad to hear of any thing of the kind," added Letty, with a sudden accession of demureness.

"So should I," replied her brother-in-law, gravely. "Nothing in this world would make me more glad than to see Julius married—happily married. He is the best fellow I know, and would be better still if he had a wife—just such a wife as mine."

And with eyes overflowing with love, William glanced across the table to the sweet face that was all his sunshine, all his delight. Yet, just as in her case toward him, the joy was not without its attendant pain.

"You are looking pale, my wife; you have been overtiring yourself."

"A little. I was in town to-day. I was obliged to go."

"Those horrid omnibuses! Oh, I wish I could give you a carriage. Do you know, sis-

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ter Letty, I am seriously thinking of following your constant advice, and starting a brougham, which people say is a *sine qua non* in the success of a doctor commencing practice; it makes such an excellent impression. Suppose I try it? Only you must be sure not to tell the mistress. She would be so exceedingly displeased."

He laughed while he spoke, and gave a glance over to Edna—half joking, half anxious—as if feeling his way, and seeing how the land lay. Was "the mistress" grown such an alarming little person after all?

She smiled, but said not a word. Letty dashed eagerly into the question.

"I am sure Edna would never be so foolish as to object to any thing that was for your advantage. Besides, a carriage would be such a great convenience to us. You might have it all the day, and we could use it of evenings instead of a nasty cab, which always spoils one's dresses. And how grand it would sound—'Dr. Stedman's carriage stops the way'—at theatres and evening parties!"

"That implies you have both to go to. But I dare say you would. If I started a brougham, people would think I had no end of practice, which would create more. The world always worships the rising sun. Yes, perhaps it might be an advisable investment," added William, changing from his satirical tone to that of prudent worldliness, which agreed ill with his honest voice and mien.

"Not so much an investment as a speculation, since at present we have no money to pay for it," said Edna, gently.

"No more have half the world that rides in carriages. Yet how content it looks, and how comfortable its carriages are!"

"Very comfortable," said Letty, "and if carefully lined, always so clean and nice for one's clothes."

"And consciences," added William, with a light laugh; "which I see by her looks, is what Edna is thinking of— What! another message? Have I got to go out again to-night?"

And he rose, not looking particularly glad; but when he opened the letter he showed uncontrollable surprise and delight.

"Who would have thought it? While I was speaking about him Julius was close at hand. Bid the messenger wait; he shall have an answer in a few minutes. Yes, Edna, you had better show it to Letty."

For Letty, not wholly unmoved, had come to look over her sister's shoulder at the few words which explained how Julius had just come in from Paris, and was at a coffee-house close by, where he said he would be glad to see his brother.

"Of course you will go to him at once, dear?"

"Certainly. Poor fellow, how very glad I am!"

And William's eyes were shining, and his fatigue all vanished. Then, suddenly, his countenance changed.

"I forgot—I really quite forgot for the minute—but, Edna? No, I suppose *that* is not to be thought of. Yet it's hard that I can not fetch my own brother at once to my house. Of course nobody is to blame. Yet it is very sad—very annoying."

Dr. Stedman did not often speak so irritably, as well as sorrowfully. Edna knew not what to say. Letty drew herself up with a dignified air.

"I assure you, William, if out of consideration for me—"

"No; I'm not considering you at all," was the blunt answer. "I am considering my brother, Letty. I have never named this matter to you before, and do not suppose I am blaming you now; you had a right to give Julius any answer you pleased. Moreover, I have every reason to believe that he has quite 'got over it,' as you women say, and would no more mind meeting you than any other lady of his acquaintance."

"I am sure I am delighted to hear it."

"Only, if you do meet," continued William, pointedly, "it must be clearly understood that you meet only as acquaintances."

"Certainly," replied Letty, tossing her head, and retiring to the other end of the room while the husband and wife consulted together in an under-tone. At last Edna came up to her sister.

"Letty, should you object to Julius coming here for a day or two; that is, if he will come? if William can bring him back with him. It would make William so happy."

"Then for goodness sake do it. Really nobody hinders you. I don't. I am sure it is very hard for me to be the cause of family dissension. I will set you all free by-and-by. I will go away and be a governess as soon as ever I can." And Letty began to weep.

William was touched. "Come," he said, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder. "Don't be foolish, Letty. Don't let us be making miseries where none exist, or exaggerating any little difficulties that we have. Rather let us try to get through them. If you never cared for Julius, and Julius has ceased to care for you, there can be no possible objection to your meeting, or to his coming here. Shall I say so, and ask him to come?"

Letty brightened up at once. "Do, for I am sure it would be the very best plan. There is plenty of room in the house, you know. Besides, we are rather dull—Edna and I—with you away so much. And Julius used to be so very amusing."

So William departed; and after half an hour of rather anxious expectation, the two sisters welcomed the two brothers, in changed relations certainly, but with all the warmth and cordiality of yore. And then William and Julius stood on the hearth together, the elder with his arm on the younger's shoulder, and regarding him with eyes out of which beamed the old affection—the old admiration.

The brothers had always been strikingly dis-

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similar, but now the dissimilarity was particularly plain. Not so much in face, as in the difference which character and circumstances make in outward appearance, which increases rapidly as people grow older. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the hard-working doctor than the fashionable young artist—who laughed and talked so fast, with more than his former brilliancy; greeted every body, complimented every body; admired the house, and paid the tenderest attentions to its mistress.

"You have grown quite a foreigner. I should hardly have known you, Julius," said Edna. "There is scarcely a bit of your own old self left in you."

"Perhaps not, and all the better," answered he; then added, gayly, "but I don't see the least change—indeed, I should not like any change—in my little sister. I hope she means to be as good as ever to me?"

"No fear of that," said William, looking from one to the other in great content, and really almost forgetting Letty, who, on her part, took very little notice of the rest, but remained aloof in stately dignity.

Nor did Julius take any special notice of her, or manifest any agitation at meeting her. In fact, the whole thing passed over so very quickly and quietly that Edna almost smiled to think of what an anxiety it had been to her and William. Glad as she was, it gave her a certain sad feeling of the mutability of all things, and especially of men's love in general—lightly won, lightly lost. Was every man's love so, except her own William's?

"No," she said to herself, as she watched the brilliant Julius, the beautiful Letty—both equally self-controlled and self-satisfied. "No, we need not be in the least afraid. Nothing will happen."

Undoubtedly it was a relief, and a great pleasure to spend such a merry evening. Julius gave endless accounts of his continental life, where he seemed to have made good use of his time—in bringing back sketches innumerable, and in making acquaintance with foreign artists of note—of whom he talked a great deal. He spoke also kindly, though with an under-tone of sarcasm, of his rich and stupid patron, Mr. Marchmont.

"You saw a good deal of the Marchmonts," observed Edna.

"Yes, they needed me, and I needed them; so we made it mutually convenient."

"And you call Lily Marchmont pretty?" here broke in Letty, irresistibly. "I never heard of such a thing. Lily Marchmont pretty!"

"Are not all young ladies pretty—just as all young men are estimable—when they are rich?" said Julius, laughing.

Letty drew back and spoke no more.

But as, in the course of conversation, Julius made as much fun of the young lady as he did of her respectable papa, Edna thought there was not much to be hoped for in his praise of Miss Lily Marchmont.

In truth, glad as she was to see him—gladder still to see her husband's happiness in his return—there was something about Julius which inexpressibly pained Edna. No human creature ever stands still; we all either advance or deteriorate, and Julius had not advanced—either in earnestness, or simplicity, or manliness. Externally, his refinement had degenerated into the air of the *petit maître;* the man who placed the happiness of his existence on the set of a collar or the wave of a curl; while his conversation, lively and amusing as it was, flitted from subject to subject with the lightness of a mind which had come to the bitter conclusion that there is nothing in life worth seriously thinking of. He was not unaffectionate, and yet his very affectionateness saddened her; it showed how much there was in him that had never had fair play, and how his best self had been stunted and blighted till it had shot out, by force of circumstances, into a far smaller and more ignoble self than Nature had intended. Of course, a strong character would have controlled circumstances; but who is always strong? Clever and charming as he was, Edna felt something very like actual pity for Julius.

He refused to stay in his brother's house, alleging that his ways were not their ways—they were married, and he was a gay young bachelor—he should scandalize them all; but he commissioned Edna to procure him lodgings close by.

"Such lodgings as I troubled you about once before, only the trouble was all wasted, like other things," said he. And this was the only reference he made, even in the remotest degree, to any thing of the past. Of the future he talked as little. Indeed, he seemed to live wholly the life of the present.—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." As for his passionate love for Letty, he seemed to have quite forgotten it. But there is an oblivion which is worse for a man than the sharpest remembrance.

"Yes," said William's wife, as, Julius having left, and Letty having gone to bed immediately, her husband came and sat beside her at their fireside. "Yes, we might have spared ourselves all anxiety about Julius. Oh, William, how seldom does love last long with any body!"

"You did not surely wish this to last, you most unreasonable and contradictory little woman? You must feel it is far better ended?"

"I suppose so. And yet—" Edna was half ashamed to own it, but she was conscious that in the depth of her foolish, faithful heart she should have respected Julius much more if he had not in six little months—ay, it was this very day six months that he had poured out to her compassionate ear all the agony of his passion—so completely "got over" it.

She sat down by her husband's side for the one quiet half hour when the master and mistress of the household were left to themselves, to discuss the affairs of to-day, and arrange for those of to-morrow. Although so short a time married, Edna and William had already dropped

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into the practical ways of "old married people," whose love demonstrates itself more often by deeds than words—by giving one another pleasure, and saving one another pain; which latter, in their busy and hard life, was not the lightest portion of the duty. Neither ever dwelt much upon any thing that must needs be a sore subject to the other, and so a few more words ended the matter of Julius. It was William's decided opinion that their brother and sister should be left as much as possible to themselves; not thrown together more than could be helped; but still neither watched nor controlled.

"For," said he, "we really have no right to control them, or to interfere with them in the smallest degree. If there is one decision in life which ought to be left exclusively to the two concerned, it is the question of marriage. If I had a dozen sons and daughters"—Edna half smiled, faintly coloring—"I would give them all free liberty to choose any body they liked; only taking care to bring them up so that they would choose rightly—in a manner worthy of themselves and of me."

"What an admirable sentiment, and so oracular, it ought to be printed in a book," answered Edna, laughing. William laughed too at his own energetic preaching.

"But now," said he, "I am going to preachify in earnest; and, my darling, it is about a very serious thing, which you must give all your wise little mind to, and tell me what you really think about it. I want to set up a carriage."

He said it a little hesitatingly, between jest and earnest. Edna looked up.

"You don't mean it, William? You are only jesting with me?"

"Not in the least. I mean what I say, as I am rather in the habit of doing," and the dominant hardness which was in his nature, as it is in the nature of every strong man, betrayed itself a little. "I have been thinking of the matter ever so long, and it is an experiment I feel strongly inclined to try."

Edna was silent.

"Something must be done, for my practice is no better than it was two years ago, except for my fixed salary, which, of course, we have need to be thankful for. Still, I want to get on; to make a handsome income; to give you every thing you need."

"That is not very much," said Edna, softly.

"I know it. You are a careful wife, my love. But our lot is somewhat hard."

"We knew it would be hard."

"Yes, but I want to alter things; to make a desperate effort to get on. This is a plan which many young doctors try. Some, indeed, say that nothing can be done without it. It is like setting a tub to catch a whale—baiting with one's last trout for a big salmon, as we used to do in my glorious fishing days of old. Ah, I never go a fishing now. Never shall again, I suppose."

"I wish it was different," said Edna, sadly. "You get no holidays, and I don't know when you will. They are among the pleasant things you have lost through marrying."

"My darling!" But there is no need to particularize William's answer, or what he thought of the loss and the gain. "And now," said he, at last, "let us go back to practical things. This carriage—"

He met somewhat uneasily his wife's fond, grave, questioning eyes.

"Yes, this carriage. Do you really require it? For the sake of your health, I mean? You are often very much worn out, William?"

"But not with walking; I wish I were! I wish I had enough of patients to wear me out. No, Edna, I can not conscientiously say I require a carriage, but I want it, just for the look of the thing. We must meet the world with its own weapons; if it insists upon being a humbug, why, I suppose we must be humbugs too. Don't you see?"

"I am afraid I don't."

Dr. Stedman laughed, not his own joyous, frank laugh, but one more like Julius's. "Oh, you are such an innocent, my darling. Why, many a fashionable doctor, now earning thousands, has started upon nothing, and lived upon credit for the first two or three years. Just make people believe you have a large practice, and you get it. Patients flock to you one after the other, like sheep. That 'sawbones'—in the funny tale by some young fellow named Dickens, which you read last night—who sent his boy about delivering unordered medicines, and had himself fetched out of church every Sunday on imaginary messages, had not a bad notion of the right way of getting on in the world."

"The right way, William?"

"Well, the best way—the cleverest way."

"But—the honest way?"

"I was not talking of honesty."



HUSBAND AND WIFE.

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Edna regarded her husband keenly. Like every married woman, she had to learn that there is much in masculine nature difficult to understand; not necessarily bad, only incomprehensible. As, no doubt, William Stedman had before now found out that his angel was a very woman, full of many little womanish faults that his larger nature required to be patient with. It was good for both so to be taught humility.

"Don't let us discuss this matter to-night," said Edna, rather sadly. "Do let it rest."

"No, it can not rest. You do not see—women never can—that a man, if he has any pluck in him, will not sit quiet under ill-fortune. He must get on in the world, by fair means or foul. But this is no 'foul' means. It is only doing, for the sake of expediency, a thing—which, perhaps, one does not quite like. Yet—"

"But how can you do it at all? Keeping a carriage, you say, will cost two hundred a year, and we have, altogether, only five hundred a year to live upon."

"Yes, but—in plain English, Edna, we must strain a point, and do it upon credit."

"Upon credit!"

"I see you don't like that, neither do I; but there is no other way."

"No way to get on in the world without making people believe we are better off than we really are, in the chance of becoming what we pretend to be?"

"You put the matter with an ugly plainness, considering how many people do it, and think nothing of it. Why, half London lives beyond its income—peers, ministers of the crown, professional and business men—why not a poor, struggling doctor?"

"Why not? if he can bend his pride, and reconcile his conscience to such a life," said Edna, with—ah, let us confess it—a slight thrill of scorn in her clear voice. "Only I should despise him so much that I should not like his name to be Doctor William Stedman!"

Will sprung up. He was more than annoyed—angry; with that sudden wrath which has its origin in sundry inward twinges, that sometimes hint to a man he is not quite so much in the right as he tries to believe himself to be. He walked up and down his dining-room, much displeased.

Let us give him his due. He was a very good man, and a truly good man is, in some things, better than any woman, because he has so much more temptation to be otherwise. But the best man alive, who is compelled to knock about in the world, receiving and giving many a hard thump sometimes, finds it not easy to preserve quite unstained that instinctive, ideal sense of right and wrong, which seems to be set in every good woman's breast, like a deep, still pool in a virgin forest. Happy the man who can always come to its pure, safe brink, and find heaven, and nothing but heaven, reflected there!

It was not in William Stedman's nature long to bear anger against any one, least of all against his wife. They differed occasionally, as any two human beings must differ, but they never quarreled; for the bitterness which turns mere diversity of opinion into personal disputes was to them absolutely unknown. After a time Dr. Stedman stopped in his rapid walk.

"William," said Edna, "come over here and explain what you mean, and I will try to understand it better. You must not be vexed with me for saying what I think."

"Certainly not. I told you, when I married you, that I wanted a thinking, feeling, rational, companionable wife, not a Circassian slave. A man must be either a fool or a tyrant who likes a woman to be his slave."

"And I am afraid I could never have been a slave, even to you," replied Edna, laughing with her old gayety. "Because I should first have despised you, then rebelled against you, and finally, I believe I should have run away from you! But I won't do that, William. Not just yet!"

She put her arms round his neck, and looked at him with eyes loving enough to have melted a heart of stone. She might be a very fierce little woman still: undoubtedly she was impulsive and irrational sometimes; but she loved him.

Dr. Stedman sat down again, and began to explain, repeating, though not quite so forcibly as at first, the many advantages of meeting the world on its own ground, and of guiding one's conduct by that intermediate rule between right and wrong—the law of expediency. No doubt all he said was very wise; but he did not seem to say it with his heart in it, and there was an under-tone of sarcasm which pained Edna much.

"I wonder," said she, "whether all the world is a sham and the encourager of shams?"

"Or the dupe of them? It's a melancholy truth, Edna; but I do believe my only chance of getting a good practice is by pretending to have it already. Then, no doubt, I should soon become a successful physician."

"And if so, would you really enjoy it? Would you not rather despise the success that had been obtained by a lie?"

William started.

"You are awfully severe. Who spoke of telling lies?"

"An acted lie is just the same as a spoken one. And to spend money when you have it not, and do not know when you may have it, is nearly as bad as theft. Oh, William, I can't do it! I can't reconcile my conscience to it. You must act as you chose—I have no right to prevent you. Don't ask me ever to put my foot into your grand carriage, or to enjoy the prosperity that was purchased by a deception—a cheat!"

She spoke vehemently—the tears gushing from her eyes, and then she clung to her husband and begged his pardon.

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"I have said it wrongly—violently; I know I have; but still I have said the truth. Oh, please listen to it! I want to be proud of you, William. I am so proud of you—the one man in the world that I am thankful to have for my husband and my—"

Edna stopped. Moved by some strong emotion, she hid her face, and began to tremble exceedingly.

William took her closer to him.

"What is the matter with you? My darling, what is wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong. Oh no! Only, will you listen to me?"

"Yes; say your say."

She repeated it—in quiet words this time, and Dr. Stedman listened also quietly; for he was too wise a man to be unreasonable.

"There, now, you speak like a rational woman," said he, smiling, "and you don't use bad language to your husband, for it was very bad, Edna, my dear. 'Liar' and 'thief' I think you called me, or nearly so."

"Oh, William!"

"Well, I'm not quite that—at present. And, my darling, I own there is some little truth in what you say. I am afraid I should not care for any success that was not fairly earned—without need of resorting to a single sham. And if it did not come—if I failed to make a practice after all, and found myself fathoms deep in debt like some poor wretches I know—"

"Still, that is not the question. I was not arguing as to consequences. Dearest husband, don't do this, I beseech you, but only because it is *not right* to do it."

William paused a little—half thoughtful, half amused; then he said, with a smile—

"Well, then, I won't. But, my little woman, if you have to trudge on your two poor feet all your life-long, remember it's not my fault. Now kiss and be friends."

Ay, they were "friends." Neither goddess and worshiper—tyrant and slave—simply and equally friends.

"And now tell me, Edna, what you were going to say just now when you broke off so abruptly, and got into such a state of agitation as I never saw before? You foolish little woman! Why were you so fierce with me?"

"Because I did not want you to do any thing not quite right, or that you might afterward be ashamed of, since you will have to think not only of ourselves, but"—her voice fell and her hand drooped—"of more than ourselves. Because next summer, please God, if He keeps me safe and alive—"

She threw herself on her husband's bosom in a passion of tears, and he guessed all.

"I was afraid to tell you," Edna said, after a long silence, "you had so much anxiety, and this will add to it. I know it must. Are *you* afraid? Are you sorry?"

"Sorry!" the young man cried with all his soul in his eyes, as he clasped his wife to his heart. "I sorry? Let us thank God!"

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

III.—SOCIAL TRAITS.

THE differences in climate between England and America are very remarkable. You leave New York in winter, when the streets are blocked with snow, the sidewalks slippery with ice, and all vegetation destroyed by the almost Arctic cold. In a few days you reach England, where it is also winter; but flowers are growing in the open air, and the verdure covers the fields. Of course stronger contrasts than this may be obtained by going from New York direct to Havana, or to France or to Italy; but then the difference does not strike an American so impressively. In southern countries you expect the winter to be mild, and are sometimes disappointed, as at Nice; and the manners and dresses of the natives are so strange that you take the climate with the other foreign notions, and without surprise. But in England an American is apparently among his own people: they dress as he does; they are evidently under the impression that the weather is very severe; they wrap their over-coats about them, and get as close to the fire as possible; and yet there are the green fields, and the flowers blooming through the snow, and the trees not altogether destitute of life in the frigid month of December.

The relative coldness of the two countries may be estimated from the fact that in New York we say, "The thermometer stands at so many degrees below zero;" in London they say, "So many degrees below freezing-point." There is the same distinction in regard to the heat. The warmest summer day in London is coolness itself compared with an August day in New York. In America every thing, including the climate, is extreme; in England every thing is medium. Many of my countrymen imagine that England, like Newfoundland, is constantly enveloped in fogs; but they are in the wrong concerning both islands. I have seen at Newfoundland sunshine as bright and skies as blue as those of Italy, while the fog, which is commonly supposed to envelop the island, lay, like a great bank, miles out to sea. In England, outside of London, there is most perfect weather, as balmy as that of spring in Spain, as charming as that of winter in Florida. That London is foggy enough must be admitted. From the thick fogs of the consistency of pea-soup, which make mid-day like midnight, in November, to the light haze which closes the perspective of the streets in more favored months, the great metropolis is never without its misty curtain; but one soon learns to love the fog and the rain as characteristics of London, and would as soon see the city deprived of St. Paul's as of these peculiarities. The fact is, that you pay no more attention to bad weather in London than to the noise of the vehicles. It is a thing to be anticipated, and to miss if you are deprived of it. My first purchase in England was an umbrella, and I have carried

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that article religiously ever since; but the most times I have ever found use for it, except as a walking-stick, were in Paris and in Vienna, where the rain, not being accepted as a matter of course, was a most disagreeable nuisance. In London you thank Heaven when the sun shines, and say nothing when it does not.

The reason why most Americans prefer Paris to London so decidedly is, that they never give the latter city a fair chance. They land from the steamer at Liverpool, hurry up to the metropolis, drive to their hotel, and look out upon a fine display of chimney-pots, or upon a muddy street crowded with busy people pushing on briskly through a driving rain. Nobody calls upon them; there are no great social centres where strangers are sure to meet every body; there is no single thoroughfare like Broadway, or Chestnut Street, or the Boulevards, where you are sure to encounter all your friends and acquaintances some time during the day. If the newly-arrived Americans have letters of introduction they are at the bottom of the trunks, or else the season is over, or else it is too much trouble to present them; so a day is devoted to bothering the banker and boring the American Minister, and another day to inspecting Westminster Abbey and the Queen's Mews; and all the while it keeps on raining, and becomes more dreary and uncomfortable. Then one says, "I can't stand this: let's go to Paris;" and another says, "Agreed;" and off go the party, and detest London forever afterward. At Paris they are astonished to find that they can get along without speaking French, and are immensely proud of the achievement. At the Grand Hotel, from time to time, they come across all the Americans who are in Europe. They can trot about the streets to see and be seen; they can buy what they mistake for the latest fashions; they live in a New York on a larger scale. This explains why Paris is said to be a place where good Americans go when they die—in other words, an American paradise. Barring the money-making, which Americans have no necessity to do when they travel, Paris is simply a grand New York, and New York is a little Paris. But London is *sui generis*, and must be studied to be appreciated. Study takes time and patience, and my countrymen will bestow neither on the greatest capital in the world.

Yet it would seem that those Americans who travel ought to feel most interested in England and Englishmen. Surely one sees enough of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones at home, without wanting to run against them eternally in the regular routine of a Continental tour. I will back the average American tourist to spend a year in Europe, see all the regulation shows, and learn less of the countries and the people than if he had remained by his own fireside and read Harper's *Hand-Book* or Murray's library of *Guides*. He knows nothing whatever of foreign languages; he can not get out of the ordinary ruts; he mixes only with persons in his own condition. If Americans were forced to know any thing about the French they would never care for Paris; for it is not in human nature that they should like the French houses, which are not homes—the French dishes, which tantalize the appetite without satisfying it—the French women, who are heartless and artificial—or the Frenchmen, who are polite but insincere. But as they sojourn in a Paris of their own, associating with their own people, living in hotels built expressly for them, and fed with food and drink modified to suit their tastes, they declare that the French capital is Elysium, and London a dull, stupid city. But London has at least these advantages: first, that Americans are not obliged to herd together and follow each other like sheep; and second, that they can mingle with the natives and learn something new, either to imitate or avoid, if they will stay long enough to study English customs. In Paris, on the other hand, the natives are regarded merely as curiosities in a museum or supernumeraries in a play; and for all that the New Yorker learns of their real life, sentiments, and habits he might as well have spent his money in his own city, riding in the Central Park instead of the Bois, shopping on Broadway instead of the Boulevards, living at the Fifth Avenue instead of the Grand Hotel, and going to the theatre to witness *The Black Crook* instead of *Le Pied de Mouton*.

The fact that the climate is one of the things which first disgusts an American with London has led me into this episode; and now, to return to the original subject, I remark that, after a somewhat varied experience, I can think of no place which, for a healthy man, has better weather all the year round than England. There is just enough winter to make the summer pleasant, and just enough summer to render the winter enjoyable. Once understand that London is a country by itself, and quite distinct from the rest of England in weather as in every thing else, and you will appreciate the beauties of the English climate. The spring is lovely; the autumn very delightful, although not comparable with the October and November of the United States. The wild winds of March are now blowing, and the buds and blossoms of April are beginning to appear; but during the long months which have passed since August last there has been no day in England which would not have been considered very moderate in the north of America. When I first came to London there was one memorable night when the rain froze as it fell, and the streets were glazed with ice, and one memorable day when the snow actually impeded the traffic, and cabs and omnibuses toiled along drawn by double teams of horses; but these occasions were so extraordinary that special mention will be made of them in the chronicles of the year, and cockneys will tell of them to wondering grandchildren half a century hence. Now in the Northern States of America such nights and such

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days are among the incidents of every winter; the school-boys skate along the sidewalks; sleighs and sleds, which are almost unknown in England, take the place of wheeled conveyances; and when the weather becomes milder the streets are knee-deep in slush. That tremendous snow-storm which stopped trains and traffic in London, and before which vestries and street-cleaners were powerless, in spite of the terrible thunders of the *Times*, would have been thought nothing of in America. The shop-boys would have swept it away before it had fairly fallen, and the newspapers would not have considered it worthy a paragraph, much less a leading article.

Next to the climate, the first thing which an American notices in England is the antiquity of his surroundings. Coming from a country in which every thing is of yesterday, he is at once struck with the apparent age of the houses, even before he sets out to visit those edifices which are remarkable on account of being old. Suppose him to be looking out of the window of a railway carriage on his way to the great city. He observes that the scenery is not very different from that of central New Jersey, except that the fields are divided by hedges instead of fences, and that there is even less woodland. But every now and then he flits past modest villages and secluded hamlets, the dwellings overgrown with moss, the churches seeming so venerable that he thinks they must have been built soon after the Deluge. Happy will it be for him if he can be content to take his antiquity in this form. From Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon to St. Patrick's Cathedral at Dublin almost all the old places have been restored by modern hands. You go to see the work of your ancestors, and are shown the result of the labors of carpenters and masons of the present period. People have even taken the hint of the Irishman, who wondered why a person couldn't build ruins for himself, instead of going far away to inspect other folks' tumble-down shanties. But in the English scenery there is an air of genuine antiquity—the very hedges seem old, and are old; in such cottages as you pass by the roadside you can easily imagine that the old poets have been born. The American Republic is not yet a hundred years of age—there are very few edifices in the country that have been built more than half a century—one-half of the nation has sprung into existence within the last twenty-five years; but in England these periods are as nothing. What is a century to a country like this, which owes its main roads to the Romans, and its castles to the Normans? The American who comes to England has all his reading realized. It is for him to thrill with delight as he steps upon the land which so many generations of his race have trod, and to gaze with something more than curiosity at the dwellings which were erected long before his own country had a name among the nations. Show-places like the Tower and Windsor Castle do not impress him so strongly; he knows all about them, and expects them to be ancient. But the age of the ordinary out-of-the-way houses, which have neither a pecuniary nor an historical interest in being antiquated, is a constant and undiminished surprise and pleasure.

All considerations of rank, wealth, and position apart, it must be an unrivaled gratification to feel that you are living in a residence which has been in the possession of your family for hundreds of years. That sense of home which is the highest of all comforts must be intensified from generation to generation by this lineal occupancy until it pervades every plank and stone. None can respect this feeling so well as those strangers who come from a new country, where the people change their dwellings with the years, are born here, live there, and die here, there, and every where, and are in many cases unable to point out the locality of their own birth-places or their fathers' graves, so rapidly do landmarks disappear. Scattered among the New England States and the Dutch settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, and even more frequent among the older Southern States, are old homesteads and families who love them and cling to them; but in the majority of instances the continual metamorphoses of American life have destroyed all such local settlements and attachments. The son emigrates to a section of the country which his father never saw; the father dies, and the family estates pass into strange hands, never to be reclaimed. A vast proportion of the population of America, also, has come from distant lands, and can have no hereditary home in the United States. The restless migratory habits which are so great a benefit in developing and enriching a new country have their disadvantages in preventing any thing like a well-organized and cultivated society, except among the literary notabilities of Boston, the Knickerbockers of New York, and the Quakers of Philadelphia, and thus deprive the nation of those standards of taste, of art, and of culture in which England is unquestionably superior. But when he comes to balance advantages and disadvantages it is not singular that the American should prefer his own country after all. He rents his house by the year, because he hopes to move into a better one soon; the Englishman leases his for a lifetime, because he knows he shall never rise above a certain station. When every body stays where he is nobody has a chance to get ahead; but when all are in motion the strongest or cleverest soon pushes himself into leadership. An Englishman can say, "My great-grandfather lived in this house; my grandfather succeeded him; in due course the property came to my father; and now it belongs to me;" which is a very pleasant state of things, provided the house be habitable and the property worth owning. But an American can say, "I don't know who my great-grandfather was; I never heard of my grandfather; but my father lived in the poor-house, and I was born there; and to-day I am

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the President of the United States." England is a capital place for those whose forefathers have left them a name and a fortune; but America is the place for those who have to work their own way. America is the country in which to make money easiest, and England is the country in which to spend it and enjoy it best.

Perhaps it is because Americans have no ancestral homes of their own that so many of them regard England with the home feeling. One of the first journeys in England which an American of English origin makes is to the place from which his ancestors emigrated; one of his first acts is to inquire for his crest or coat-of-arms, if his family be lucky enough to have one; and poor indeed must be the family which a London stationer will not accommodate on demand with a lion-rampant over a crown, or a goose straddling a coronet. For the benefit of those of my compatriots who may have any modest doubts about this matter I may be permitted to narrate my own experiences, which have been extremely fortunate. One of my companions in the voyage from America rather discouraged me at the beginning, for, after minute inquiries, his ancestry was found to be lost among three bachelors, much to his disgust and discomfiture; but in spite of this warning I persevered in my researches, and was rewarded with two crests, either one of which would have done no discredit to a lord, and a coat-of-arms of which no duke would have been ashamed. Seventeen and sixpence English—about five dollars in greenbacks—was a cheap price to pay for such honors; but the family to which I have the privilege of belonging is said to have come over with the Normans, settled in Suffolk, and emigrated to America soon after the heroes of the *Mayflower*. Indeed, there is no longer an excuse for any American who remains without some connection with nobility; for, besides the complaisance of English heraldry offices, an Italian company, which is making a road near Florence, will sell valid titles with genealogies complete to all customers for three hundred dollars in gold—a very small sum, considering the amount of falsehood involved in the transaction.

The taste for crests and titles has been very obviously increasing in America during the last ten years, and was, to a certain extent, gratified during the recent civil war by the creation of thousands of generals, colonels, and captains, not only from among the actual combatants, but from among those who never saw any other than a political campaign, nor heard an explosion more terrific than the popping of a Champagne cork. Some of these gentlemen, with a democratic independence of official heraldry, have invented coats-of-arms for themselves. One general—a fighting general, too—was with the utmost difficulty dissuaded from spoiling a new china dinner-service by ornamenting it with a neat thing in colors, designed by himself and wife, representing the American eagle uncomfortably perched upon the points of two planets—emblematical of his rank—and bearing upon its noble bosom a shield, decorated with stars, stripes, and the intertwined monograms of the brave officer and his bride. But, strange to say, many people in England who have titles legitimately are commencing not to care about them. One of the most influential London journals recently asserted that Lord Stanley and Lord Cranbourne, two of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons, would gladly part with one-third of their heritages to get rid of the hereditary embarrassments of rank; and it is a fact that you can not render an English nobleman more uncomfortable than by repeatedly "my-lording" him. To an American, although the sight of a lord is no longer unusual in the United States, it never seems precisely right that noblemen should go about in England just like other people, without even bits of ribbon in their button-holes to mark their nobility; and I believe myself quite justified in saying that the spectacle of a titled person in plain clothes thus undistinguished is never unaccompanied with a sense of depressing disappointment in the American mind. Perhaps it would be too much to confess that my countrymen, and especially my countrywomen, expect to behold noblemen always in court suits—silk stockings, knee-breeches, and gold-laced coats complete; but it is certain that while the appearance of footmen in livery, particularly when powdered, is a mitigation and a relief, a real republican feels almost swindled when he sees men of rank in ordinary attire.

And this reminds me that the distinctions of caste among Englishmen strike an American visitor very quickly and unpleasantly. In the United States you may see many different races of people; but the native Americans all belong to the same caste. One may be richer than another; some may be better educated than others; the social positions of the persons you meet may vary; but there is something about every man which shows that he is as good as any other man, and that he is fully aware of the fact. The Irishmen and Germans, who form so large a proportion of the population, you can identify at once; or, if they have become undistinguishable from the masses of Americans, it is because they have lost their native peculiarities and adopted the national tone and manner. No American would think of traveling in any other than a first-class car; the other classes are for the immigrants. No American would think of occupying a menial situation; such positions are reserved for those immigrants who have not yet had time to better themselves, and for the negroes, who are in great demand as servants. Select the poorest American you can find, and open a conversation with him, and you will soon discover that he is fully informed upon political affairs, and has received sufficient education to express his ideas clearly, and to support them by logical arguments; while in the perfect equality with which he treats you,

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and in the unconscious independence which pervades every thing he does and says, you will notice that indefinable assertion of manhood which is the key to the American character. In England you find people of practically a single race—as if America were inhabited by native-born Americans alone—and yet the distinctions of classes are as broad as the gulf described by Lazarus. All are Englishmen, but how different in quality! Many, you are pained to observe, are apparently endeavoring to cease to be men, and are regarded by their superiors as creatures of another species. There are classes of Englishmen whose natural instinct it is to cringe. There are other classes born, like maggots, to grow fat in corrupt corners. You can divide the population into sections; you can number them in classes, like the children of a school; you can see that each man knows himself to be in a groove from which there is no escape, unless he leave the country. With military discipline one caste marches into the prisons, another into the streets, another into the servants' places, another into the trades, another into the shops, another into the wholesale business, another into banking, another into the professions, and another into the aristocracy. Nobody attempts to leave his company to reach a higher position, and every body suits his manners to his station. Money makes very little difference in these castes; cash can not give a man social position in England. The people pride themselves upon their stolidity; they admire their own inertia. If a shop-keeper is conducting the same business in the same place as his grandfather he announces the fact to the world as a matter of congratulation, not seeing that, with his superior advantages, he ought to feel it a disgrace that he has advanced no farther than his ancestors. High and low, all are alike in this. Great names, instead of inspiring their possessors to great deeds, weigh them down like lumps of lead. Call the roll of the House of Peers, and you will hear the brightest titles in history; but attend a sitting of the same House and you will see three or four sleepy old gentlemen presided over by a new Irish lord, whom they secretly despise because his title is so very recent, and respect because he has more talent than all the rest of them put together. Mr. Disraeli has broken through routine by becoming Premier without a title; but this is only one of the exceptions that prove the rule. When French schoolmasters can say to their pupils, "Study hard, and you may yet be Emperor of France, like Napoleon, who was once a poor school-boy such as you;" then English schoolmasters may say to their untitled pupils, "Study hard, and you may yet be Premier, like Mr. Disraeli." The truth is, that Mr. Disraeli became Premier because the older aristocracy has so died out that there is only one nobleman in the Tory party fit to succeed Lord Derby, and he is Lord Derby's son, whose services are urgently needed as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Tory aristocracy being thus exhausted, the leading Tory commoner was sent for by the Queen. Had the Liberals been in power Lord Russell would have made way for Mr. Gladstone for the same reasons. By-and-by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone will receive titles, and then all will go on as before, unless the new Reform Bill vitalizes English politics.

So far as I can see, the genuine life of England is now distributed among the lower aristocratic classes and the upper middle classes, and is mainly concentrated on the public press, with which these classes are more or less intimately connected, and through which they speak. The hope, the heart of England is its free press, more powerful and more independent than that of any other country—the United States not excepted—and gaining greater strength and influence every year as it draws to itself all Englishmen who are wise enough not to be satisfied with the present condition of affairs, and bold enough to desire something better. But above and below the classes I have named all is stagnation. The older aristocracy seems to suppose that a handle to one's name elevates him above his fellows; the inferior classes are apparently content to become thieves, servants, costermongers, shopkeepers, or tradespeople, because their fathers were so before them. The hereditary principle affects both the highest and the lowest castes; the struggles and upheavals come from the middle rank. It is with these that Americans who visit England must associate; for although they may be tradesmen themselves, they will instinctively refuse to mingle with the classes here who follow precisely the same occupations, but with incomparably less intelligence and education, and with an incomprehensible vulgarity and servility. It is at once an insult and a lesson to Englishmen of the lower classes that British aristocrats should receive American democrats as equals; and, without inquiry as to their ancestry or antecedents, accept the sons of American mechanics as their honored guests, while the same noblemen would refuse to recognize their own countrymen of similar social position. Nay, more; a poor English couple, to whom all parts of an aristocratic mansion, except the servants'-hall, are forever shut, may emigrate to America, and live to see their sons cross the Atlantic and enter the same mansion on terms of perfect equality with its noble proprietor. These truths have their pregnant moral for Englishmen, and thousands of sturdy workers and thinkers have learned that moral well in long and bitter years of painful experiences.

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WOMAN'S BEAUTY:—HOW TO GET AND KEEP IT.

THE philosophers have puzzled their wits in vain to make out a satisfactory definition of beauty. Though it seems impossible to describe, we all recognize and admire when we see it. It is not difficult to analyze the combination of material parts which compose a beautiful object; but there is a superadded charm or grace that is every thing and yet nothing, which eludes all attempts to fix in words. This is especially true of female beauty. There are, however, certain material elements which, if not sufficient in themselves to constitute, are essential to it. These we can describe with the utmost precision. Female beauty, thus considered entirely in a corporeal sense, may be defined as a harmonious combination of all the perfections of detail of which the different parts of the human body are capable. The chief elements are a just proportion between the whole and its parts, a sufficient fullness to give the figure a gentle undulation of outline, regular features, a proper disposition of the limbs, delicate hands and feet, a fine and transparent skin, with a warm blush of color over all.

These are qualities highly prized by every woman, and irresistible in their influence upon all men. Nature in endowing the human female with those attractions of which she is the happy and proud possessor, has given her, it might be said, a special sense for the comprehension of, and a fondness for, all that pertains to the cultivation of her beauty. She instinctively devotes herself to her toilet, with an intelligence, an assiduity, and a passion even, that does not admit us to doubt of the value of her personal charms. "It is almost a duty for science," gallantly remarks Dr. Cazenave, an eminent French physician, "to encourage this natural disposition of woman, by putting at her service those medical resources whose efficacy and harmlessness have been proved by experience." He has accordingly published a scientific work, *La Décoration Humaine*, in which he gives his advice to women, telling the beautiful what to do and to avoid, in order to preserve their beauty. He attempts even more, and describes what means are to be used to give beauty to those to whom nature has refused it, and to restore it to such as may, by some means or other, have lost it. Guided by the science of so eminent a medical philosopher, there need be no hesitation in disclosing the secrets of the art of human decoration. We have no reason, in these liberal days, to fear any rebukes from that ancient Puritanism which, with a profane want of reverence for God's image, did its utmost to disfigure it. There are no parents now, probably, like a pious New England grandmother of ours, who, sorely grieving at her daughter's possession of a set of magnificent teeth, lest they might make her vain and ungodly, had the finest of them pulled out.

Every one nowadays admits that it is not only allowable, but a duty even, to cultivate personal beauty. In fact, in taking care of this we must take care of the health, without which it can not exist.

In ancient, as in modern times, the women spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was greatly in vogue. Aspasia and Cleopatra each wrote a treatise on the subject, and as they were both remarkable exemplars of successful beauty, and of course good authorities, it is a pity that their works no longer exist. The Roman dames were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks. "These were their home faces that they kept for their husbands," says the satirist Juvenal. The French have been always pre-eminent for their skill in the cosmetic art. Diana of Poictiers kept herself fresh even in old age, by the means disclosed to her by Paracelsus. At the age of sixty-five she was so lovely that the most insensible person could not look upon her without emotion. A bath of rain-water each morning was, it is said, the most effective cause of her wonderful preservation. During the French Revolution, with the greatest affectation of simplicity, there was much artifice of personal adornment. They used washes and pomatums of all kinds, to which luxuries Revolutionary taste was reconciled by such blood-thirsty names as *pommade à la guillotine, l'eau de Sanson*, etc.

Under Napoleon the First all the luxurious excesses of the women of the Roman Empire were revived. Madame Tallien bathed herself in a mash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Most of this was an abuse of the art of cultivating personal beauty, and consisted of various absurd practices which had really no effect upon human adornment. There are, however, certain hygienic rules, based upon science, which, if obeyed, will preserve beauty, and if not bestow it, at least take away all the repulsiveness of ugliness.

A pretty face will attract where every other element of physical beauty is wanting. This appeals at once to the heart, while the other parts of the human frame make an impression only upon the senses. We kiss, says a gallant Frenchman, the hand with respect, but we kiss the face with affection. One of the most essential conditions of its beauty is a good complexion. The emotions of the mind have a remarkable effect upon it. It is, as we all know, red, blue, pale, and white, according to the mental impression of the moment. If this impression is often repeated the complexion becomes permanently changed. Hence, to preserve it in its natural beauty the mind must be kept free from frequent and excessive emotion. Extremes of temperature are also unfavorable to the complexion. Persons naturally of a high

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color bear cold best, and the pale and dark heat best.

The food and drink have a very decided influence. Excess of either will give, particularly to the high-colored, a coarse ruddiness of complexion, which reveals at once the gross cause. A too meagre nourishment is no less unfavorable, and shows its impoverishment in a pinched face and colorless complexion. Hear what Brillat Savarin says: "*Gourmandise* is favorable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearance of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science."

This is the cause of the pale, pasty complexion of many of our dames who are otherwise so charming. *They do not understand eating.* Not but that they put enough into their stomachs, but what they do fill them with is not of the right sort. Instead of feeding at regular periods upon well-cooked, nutritious food, they waste their appetites upon cakes, sweets, and other indigestible articles. Nothing is more fatal to purity of complexion. Every bit of pastry eaten seems to rise from the stomach to the face, and shows itself there as distinctly as if in the confectioner's shop-window. The diet too must be regulated according to the natural complexion of the individual. The excessively ruddy should feed lightly, avoid heating articles of food, and strong wines and liquors. The pale, on the contrary, should live on a more substantial diet, moistened with generous drink. Too much sleep is as hurtful as excessive watchfulness, and over-exercise should be avoided equally with an indolent repose. "Il y a," says a French authority, "certaines personnes qui prennent tous les jours un lavement, pour se conserver, dit-on, le teint frais. Il y a évidemment une exagération dans cette habitude quotidienne, qui d'ailleurs va souvent en grandissant d'une manière déraisonnable; mais au fond, il y a quelque chose de vrai."

The obvious means of protecting the complexion from heat and cold is to avoid exposure. If this is inevitable, nothing is better to prevent tanning by the sun, or any of the effects of temperature, than to powder the face when dry with ground starch or rice.

Dr. Cazenave is decidedly opposed to the free application of water to the face. He says: "You should moisten the skin of the visage as little as possible." There are some skins even, according to him, which should never be *cleaned* except with powder, and he exclaims: "How many dames there are who have preserved a delicate, fresh, and transparent complexion by never, or at least hardly, moistening it!" This is said to be the practice of the Circassian beauty of the Turkish harem. She is as chary of water as a cat, and keeps her face in order solely by dry rubbing. On the other hand, a competent authority in *Harper's Bazar* affirms that one of the most brilliant American complexions he ever saw was due, according to its possessor, to the free use of soap and water.

Greasy applications of all kinds (except in special cases of disease) are bad, and paint of all colors worse. "If women," says La Bruyère, "wish only to be beautiful in their own eyes they may furbish themselves up as they please, but if they wish to please the men they should know that powder and *rouge* make them frightful."

Dr. Cazenave declares that the two favorite remedies, iron and the sea-bath, are "enemies of the complexion." They are useful, however, sometimes, but those who require them must choose between health and beauty. Although we heartily approve of the sly kick the good Vicar of Wakefield gave to his daughters' face washes, overturning them into the fire, there are occasions when certain lotions may be applied to the complexion with advantage.

Of all washes, according to Dr. Cazenave, this is the best:

Bi-chloride of mercury	2 grains.
Muriate of ammonia	2 grains.
Emulsion of almonds	8 ounces.

Mix and apply with a fine linen or sponge. Sometimes, when the skin is excessively delicate, it may be necessary to dilute the wash with an equal part of water. The face, moreover, can be washed, without any fear of a bad, and with some hope of a good effect, with elder-flower water, weak tea, or emulsion of almonds.

The lotion ought always to be of a *lukewarm* temperature when applied. It should be allowed to remain without wiping, unless powder is used afterward, when the face must be thoroughly dried. The application being made at night, as is most convenient, next morning the powder, if it has been used, must be gently removed, or a bit of fine linen, dipped in water containing a few drops of Cologne, Hungary water, or lavender, passed very lightly over the face.

When the skin of the face is dry, brittle, thick, and pimply, it may be necessary to apply cold cream or *pommade de concombres*. A little of one of these may be spread over the complexion with advantage before exposure to the sun, or to the fresh breeze, such as is met on the sea-shore. Here is the best ointment for pimples:

Bi-carbonate of soda	36 grains.
Glycerine	1 drachm.
Spermaceti ointment	1 ounce.

It is most convenient, for obvious reasons, to apply the ointments, like the lotions, at night. About a quarter of an hour after their application the face should be wiped in such a manner as to leave but a slight trace of them, which

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should be finally removed altogether next morning by means of a little Cologne diluted with water.

In order to preserve the freshness of the complexion there are certain pastes which may be used. They are put on at night, covering the face like a mask, and removed in the morning by washing with chervil water (*eau de cerfeuil*). The best composition for one of these masks, not to conceal, but to generate beauty, is this:

Ground barley..... 8 ounces.
Honey..... 1 ounce.
White of egg (one).
Mix into a thick paste.

A woman's hair to be beautiful must be long and abounding, gently undulating, fine of texture, and of a brilliant surface. As for color, that depends upon taste, or shall we say, fashion? The *blond doré* or golden-yellow hair of the Empress Eugénie has brought the light colors into great vogue, and exalted even the once despised red heads high above the crowd.

The condition of the hair depends much upon the state of the general health. An improper diet and all causes which deteriorate the latter injure the former. Excess of every kind, both mental and bodily, is sure to produce premature grayness or baldness. Rakes, it is said, find it impossible to keep the hair upon their heads. The habit of wearing night-caps, and the hat or any other covering on the head in the house, is fatal. The neglect of the hair, by people otherwise careful of their persons, is a frequent cause of injury. A coarse comb should be constantly used, but a fine one seldom, and the hairs separated over and over again, so that they may be thoroughly exposed to the air. The brush should have bristles long and stiff enough to cleanse thoroughly the scalp and stimulate the bulbs at the root of each hair.

Too much interference, on the other hand, does more harm than even total neglect. There are some women, and particularly those naturally endowed with the most beautiful hair, who carry its care to an excess. They are in the habit of squeezing, twisting, and otherwise tormenting it to such an extent that the skin of the scalp is torn, the hairs broken, and even the bulbs, upon which their growth depends, are permanently injured. The fine comb is generally too much used, particularly where the hair is parted. Here, in consequence, and at the back of the neck, where the hair is so tightly drawn up, the first bald spots show themselves.

The styles of modern hair-dress are generally faulty, as are all those which do not leave the hair to flow almost in its natural freedom, but require a great deal of tight squeezing, close twisting, and curling. The heat of the tongs is sure to dry the hairs, to render them brittle, to burn the skin, and pervert the natural functions of the scalp. That style of hair-dress is the best which admits of the hair being gently raised, requires the least possible squeezing, and which consists in smoothing carefully and arranging it in wide loose bands, so that it can be easily and always ventilated. If fashion is so exacting as to insist upon obedience, and the hair is accordingly squeezed and knotted tightly, care must be taken to give it repose, by undoing and letting it flow for some time each morning and night.

Wetting the hair is emphatically condemned by Dr. Cazenave. Other good authorities approve of it, with the condition only of its being followed by a thorough drying. The former says it is a bad practice for women to moisten *incessantly* (and this no one can doubt) their hair, in order to give it a momentary smoothness and darkness of color. The doctor, moreover, adds that the cold bath, and especially sea-bathing, is an "enemy of the hair."

Pomatums and artificial applications of all kinds are not required by those whose hair is in a state of perfect health. A comb and a brush are all that are necessary, and nothing else should be used by such. Occasionally, however, the hair becomes unnaturally dry, loses its brilliancy and suppleness, breaks or splits at the slightest touch, and easily entangles. Pomatums are now useful, and the best is this simple one:

Ox marrow..... 1 ounce.
Oil of bitter almonds..... 2½ drachms.
Mix.

With this disposition of the hair to split and break it is better not to get it cut until its condition is improved.

The hair often becomes too greasy and moist, from an excess of secretion which is deposited in a crust upon the scalp. This not seldom causes baldness. It is to be remedied by scrupulously avoiding all oils and pomatums, and applying a little powdered starch at night, and carefully brushing it out in the morning. This wash, too, may be employed with advantage:

Water..... 6 ounces.
Carbonate of soda..... 36 grains.
Dissolve and add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten.

There is a common but a false notion that frequent cutting of the hair is favorable to its health and growth. Mothers thus often despoil their infants of their first silken locks, with the idea that the second hair will be much more rich and abundant. "This is an error. The most beautiful and abounding heads of hair I ever saw," says Dr. Cazenave, "were those which the scissors had never touched." Mothers, not satisfied with trimming the hair of their children, often have it shaved or cut close to the scalp, when they find it losing some of its brilliancy or falling out. Except in certain rare cases of disease, the total sacrifice of the hair is unnecessary, and the second growth is never equal to the first. Getting the hair trimmed from time to time may be allowed as a matter of convenience, but it does not produce the benefit generally attributed to it.

Baldness, whether produced by age or any other cause, is seldom curable. Women are,

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fortunately for them, much less liable to the loss of their hair than men, who, moreover, often become bald before their time. Baldness earlier than the fiftieth year is owing, ordinarily, either to an hereditary disposition, or excess of some kind or other. Bear's grease, since the time of the beautiful Cleopatra, who used and highly praised it, has been in great repute as a remedy for the falling of the hair. It, however, does not seem to have more effect than any other unctuous substance, which has none at all. A good result has been obtained, says Cazenave, in his hands, from the application of this:

Ox marrow..... 1 ounce.
Aromatic tincture..... 1 drachm.

Mix into an ointment, and apply after having rubbed the scalp lightly with a linen dipped in a wash made of equal parts of the tincture of sulphate of quinine and the aromatic tincture.

People will persist in dyeing their hair, notwithstanding that they deceive nobody by the process but themselves. The dyes ordinarily used burn the hair, destroy the bulbs, pervert the secretions, and produce inevitably a premature baldness. The only safe applications are those like this, which contains no caustic or poisonous property:

White wax..... ..... 4 ounces.
Olive oil..... 9 ounces.
Melt together and add burnt cork, 2 ounces.

Wigs and false hair of all kinds can not be justified on the score of health and taste, however they may be authorized by the edicts of fashion. A quantity of dead matter kept constantly on the head heats it inordinately, and is the cause of many of those anomalous pains vaguely termed nervous. The fashionable *chignon* of our times is probably as unwholesome as it is ugly; by its pressure and heat it is sure to produce premature baldness. It looks like a diseased excrescence, and is more appropriate to a museum of morbid anatomy than to the drawing-room of society. The motive for wearing a wig being the vain hope of concealing age, it is seldom that this artifice is made to harmonize with the years of the wearer. Hence we constantly see a luxuriant periwig of curls crowning an antique and wrinkled brow, and a profuse front of dark hair topping the shriveled face of age. There are no greater shocks to reverence than these incongruities.

A perfect forehead, according to the accepted laws of proportion, should be of the same length as the nose, and that part of the face below it. It should be free from irregularities and wrinkles, but not too torpid to be rippled by emotion. Above it ought to recede, and below advance. The color of its skin should be lighter than that of the rest of the face. The ancients admired a low forehead in woman, and every antique statue of the female has it. A large bare forehead gives her a masculine and defiant look. The word *effrontery* comes from it. The practice of forcing back the hair not only injures it, but gives a false height to the forehead, which we think takes much from the beauty of a woman's face.

The skin of the forehead of young girls is apt to blush with an excessive facility. This tendency, if not checked, will cause a permanent redness very unfavorable to beauty. In many cases, no doubt, this is owing to some bodily disorder which requires medical treatment. In most instances, however, this rising of the blood to the face comes from the indulgence in an exaggerated sensibility. Young girls should therefore be on their guard, and check it while it is within their power. They should also avoid all prolonged study or reading, especially in a sitting posture with the head bent down. They should take regular exercise, walk much, not expose themselves to rude winds, wear their clothes loose, and not allow their sensibility to be agitated by every passing impression. It is a common mistake for those girls thus afflicted to live too meagerly, with the idea that a full diet increases the tendency of the blood to rise to the face. Generous food, on the contrary, is what they require.

The forehead of the young about the age of puberty is often disfigured by little pimples (acne), which, though compatible with perfect health, are very annoying to youthful maidens, at that period of life when they seem for the first time conscious of the desirableness of beauty. They will be grateful to us, we are sure, when we inform them that they can get rid of these annoying obstacles to admiration by washing their faces with a little infusion of mint, weak tea, or lukewarm water containing a few drops of Cologne. If the pimples obstinately resist all these, the following will probably give them the *coup de grâce:*

Borax..... 9 grains.
Rose-water..... 1 table-spoonful.
Orange-flower water..... 1 table-spoonful.

The brown spots familiar under the name of *mask* to matrons at certain domestic epochs, and prophetic of a coming event, will generally disappear with its fulfillment. They exist, however, sometimes without any apparent cause or purpose, and require for their removal this application:

Chlorate of potash..... 36 grains.
Rose-water..... 8 ounces.
Mix.

To wrinkles we are at last obliged to submit when Time shrivels us with his scorching fingers; but art has, notwithstanding, exercised its ingenuity in devising means of avoiding for a while and concealing the ravages of this arch enemy of beauty. When the inexorable old fellow does lay his hand upon us, we may try to wash out its traces with this lotion:

Turpentine..... 36 grains.
Water..... 8 drachms.

Mix and apply at night, letting it dry on the face.

If the lotion does not succeed, all we have to do, while submitting to Time's rough handling,

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is to stop the chinks it may make with the following:

Essence of turpentine.....	2½ drachms.
Gum mastic.....	1 drachm.
Fresh butter	2 ounces.

Mix.

There are two or three small longitudinal furrows which are sure indications of an eager, anxious mind. These constitute what is called the knitting of the brow, and are never absent from the American face. They are two deep for any filling up, and the only remedy for them is to take life easier.

Many infants have the upper part of the forehead covered with hair. This must never be shaved off. It generally disappears of itself in time.

There may be fine eyes in an ugly face, but there is never a handsome nose without the company of other good-looking features. To be perfect it should be equal in length to the forehead, of a regular shape and precisely defined outline, neither too hard, fleshy, pointed, nor broad at the tip, and possess delicately-bordered, free, and flexible nostrils.

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* (the only authority on this subject, not forgetting the great Slawkenbergius, so largely quoted by Sterne, who says nothing to our purpose) declares that there is no standard of nasal beauty. The Romans were proud of their stern aquilines, and the Israelites would probably not be content to lose the smallest tip of their redundant beaks. The Tartars, having no noses to speak of, affect to consider the deficiency a beauty. The wife of Jenghis Khan was esteemed the most charming woman in all Tartary, because she only had two holes where her nose should have been.

Ambrose Paré put it into the queer head of Captain Shandy that "the length and goodness of the nose was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse's breast—as the flatness and shortness of *puisne* noses was to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubb'd, so rebuff'd, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam*; but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother's breast—by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so much butter—the nose was comforted, nourish'd, plump'd up, refresh'd, refocillated, and set a-growing forever." Dr. Cazenave is evidently no believer in this theory, for he says that the flat, snub, and crooked noses of infants can not be attributed to mothers or nurses, but must be accepted as natural deformities for which nothing can be done.

The tip of the nose often reddens, even in the youngest girls, without any apparent cause. Exercise and a proper diet, and all other means of invigorating the body and equalizing the circulation, are the best remedies. The nose becomes often inordinately enlarged from the habit of touching it with the hand, either from mere caprice or for the sake of squeezing out (a most dangerous practice) those little pimples with black heads, which are popularly but erroneously supposed to be worms. The nose should never be handled by one's self, his friends, or enemies. The best means of getting rid of the little black-headed pimples is by washing every morning with this lotion:

Sub-carbonate of soda	36 grains.
Distilled water.....	8 ounces.
Essence of roses	6 drops.

Mix.

People of a delicate and irritable complexion should not use a cotton or silk handkerchief, but a linen one. The hairs which grow from the nostrils, and are sometimes so abundant as to be ugly and inconvenient, should be never pulled out, for dangerous consequences may ensue, but always cut with a pair of scissors when they protrude.

A good supply of hairs, and a delicately-curved outline, with the inner extremity thicker than the outer, are essential to a fine eyebrow. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans a beauty. They admired the air of severe dignity it gives to the face. The emasculated taste of modern times dislikes it for the same reason. The color of the eyebrow should be chestnut or black. The eyebrows are liable, like the hair, to become too dry or greasy, and require similar treatment. It is ordinarily quite enough to brush them daily with a tooth-brush dipped in a little diluted Cologne-water. If the eyebrows are naturally too thin, nothing can be done by art to repair the defect; if, however, the hairs have dropped from any accidental cause whatsoever, a good result may be reasonably expected from shaving, rubbing them several times a day with an infusion of mint in white wine, or moistening them with the following lotion:

Sulphate of quinine	5 grains.
Alcohol	1 ounce.

If, on the contrary, the hair of the eyebrow is too thick, it must be thinned out with a pair of scissors, but never shaved. If it is desired to make a pair of red or white eyebrows black, the simplest way is to burn a little incense and mastic, and, collecting the smoke on a card held above the flame, to rub them with it. Care must be taken not to touch this pigment with the bare fingers, for it is difficult to get rid of.

The most common colors of the eye are the bluish gray and yellowish hazel. The most beautiful are the pure blue and black. The beauty of the eye depends chiefly upon its expression, but owes much of its charms to the eyelids and eyelashes. The former should be of a delicate rose hue, not too thick, and never so prominent as to project beyond the orbit, and should always shade the pupil by partially covering it. The eyelashes must be long, regular, and abundant. These are liable to a troublesome secretion, which exudes at their

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roots and dries in a tenacious crust. If this be removed by force there is danger of the hair coming with it. It is best to anoint the edges of the eyelids with a little almond oil, or to wash them with this lotion:

Borax	4 grains.
Quince-seed mucilage	1 drachm.
Distilled black-cherry water	1 ounce.

There is no safe means of making the eyelashes longer and more silken than nature has made them. When they assume in their growth a wrong direction, the only remedy is to get rid of them by cutting.

Apart from the serious diseases to which the eye is exposed, and of which it is not our purpose to treat, it is liable to various disorders which are more fatal to beauty than to health. Young lymphatic girls are often affected with red and swollen lids and weeping eyes. Such should avoid prolonged study, reading, and confining labor of all kinds. In the morning, on first awaking, the eyelids feel heavy, and are occasionally slightly adherent to each other. It is a bad practice to rub the eyes under such circumstances, for the lids become reddened and irritated and the lashes are apt to fall. Cold water is the best application, and is always to be preferred not only to the warm but the lukewarm. Excessive sedentary work by artificial light, all kinds of fatigue, prolonged wakefulness, and abuse of pleasure, reveal themselves at once in a dark rim about the eyes. This is what the French call *les yeux cernés*, and is with them esteemed, if persistent, a sure mark of the rake, male or female.

The best of all eye-washes is undoubtedly cold water, but when the eyes are excessively fatigued, and rimmed with an unusual depth of blackness, the following lotion may be used with advantage:

Infusion of roses	4 ounces.
Lemon juice	8 drops.

Squinting is often caused in infants by letting the hair in front fall over the eyes, and an ugly blinking is not seldom produced by a too sudden change from darkness to a bright light. Care should be taken that the light should not shine directly in front or at the side of a sleeping infant, but from behind. Short-sightedness is frequently caused in the young by the habit of reading with the head bent down too closely to the book. When this defect is thus produced it can be remedied by, in the first place, abandoning this practice; and secondly, by educating the eye to look at distant objects. When short-sightedness, however, comes with birth, there is little relief to be expected except from the use of glasses, and these should be taken at the earliest possible moment. Care, however, must be taken in their selection. Those with which the short-sighted person can see best are the best, and this must be discovered by a series of patient trials under the guidance of a skillful optician or oculist. The Eastern beauties of the harem, in order to give the appearance of fullness to their eyes, lightly touch the borders of the lids with a fine camel's-hair brush dipped in sulphuret of antimony, taking care to extend the dark line thus traced to a short distance beyond the angles. The eye thus artistically treated appears large, open, and almond-shaped.

The ear to be beautiful should be small, round, regularly convoluted, of a clear rose tint, and closely attached to the side of the head. Its shape is often deformed in infancy by the carelessness of mother or nurse. In adjusting the hat, cap, or bonnet the ears are not seldom disregarded. They thus are either crumpled up under the tight rim of the covering of the head, or left to stick out awkwardly beyond. The careful nurse should take the precaution to smooth down the ears of the child below its cap, and see that they are held in their proper position at the sides of the head, where they ought to nestle snugly. People with ugly ears have no alternative but to conceal them with their hair, and take care not to bring them into undue notice by showy or jingling trinkets. The skin of the ears can be kept sleek and smooth by washing them every morning with water in which a few drops of Cologne, or better still, of lemon juice, have been put. The hairs which are apt to grow at the entrance of the ear should never be plucked out, for this will make them come thicker, but always cut. The habit of boxing and pulling children's ears is a cruel one. The former, if violent, may, by the sudden forcing of the air upon the drum, burst it and destroy the hearing. The latter is no less fatal to the beauty of the ear.

It does not matter, so far as appearance is concerned, what shape the male mouth may have, as with the present style of wearing a full mustache and beard little of it can be seen. In the smooth face of woman, however, the form of the mouth has a great deal to do with its beauty or ugliness. According to our Caucasian notion, it should be small, regular, dry, sweet, and in laughing or speaking not show more than half of the length of the four or five upper teeth. The standard of taste in regard to the lips varies in different nations. The African not only prefers the flat nose, but the blubber lip. Mungo Park, when traveling on the banks of the Niger, overheard a bevy of negro matrons discussing the possibility of there being in any part of the world a woman capable of kissing such a shriveled mouth as his. A certain fullness of the lower lip, especially, seems essential to female loveliness. Sir John Suckling says:

> "Her lips were red, and one was thin
> Compared to that was next her chin.
> Some bee had stung it newly."

The lips, in fact, should be neither very thin nor full, and form when the mouth is closed an obtuse angle at each corner and in the centre. Their color ought to be of a lively red. The lower lip should rise a little, and the upper be marked with a well-defined dimple of a roseate hue. Girls of a lymphatic temperament are

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apt to be disfigured by swollen lips. These can be remedied by a proper regimen and such habits and exercise as tend to stimulate and develop the bodily activity. The gaping mouth, which gives such an appearance of fatuity to the unfortunate possessor, is almost always the result of the habit acquired in infancy of putting the fingers into it. Such habits can not be corrected too soon. The lips are covered with an excessively thin skin, which chaps, shrivels, and splits, especially in young children, on the least exposure to cold or wind. This arises often in consequence of some disorder of the digestive function, but not seldom also from the bad habit common to the young of thrusting not only their fingers but any thing else within reach into their mouths. Biting the lips is another and worse practice still, which is not confined to children, but is as often seen among their elders. Madame de Pompadour from this habit began to spoil at the mouth, as she confessed herself, at the early age of thirty. The biting of the lips, if not checked in childhood, becomes so inveterate that it is almost impossible ever to stop it. It moreover often produces a frightful condition of the mouth. A poultice of bread and milk may be useful if there is much heat and swelling. Otherwise the following ointment will be better:

Oxyd of zinc	18 grains.
Cold cream	½ ounce.

Mix.

Sometimes touching the lips lightly, on going to bed, with a little fresh and perfectly pure glycerine will be all that is requisite.

Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth almost, with a good set of ivories, is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest children should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. Grown people should clean their teeth at least five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, on rising in the morning and going to bed at night, and after each meal. A brush as hard as can be borne without pain should be used, and the best of all applications is pure soap and water, always lukewarm. After eating all particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a tooth-pick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and again between the teeth. Tooth powders of all kinds are injurious both to the enamel and the gums, and if employed every particle of them should be removed from the mouth by careful rinsing. The habit which some women have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they so often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by any thing cold, in contact with the teeth.

Wholesome gums are more essential even than the teeth to the beauty of the mouth. They should be of a firm texture and a lively red color, and well spread over the base of each tooth; but they are often pale or livid, shrunken, fleshless, and sometimes even ulcerated. The excessive use of sugar and candies does great mischief. It is not only the bad effect of the acids produced by their decomposition, but the grittiness of these substances which wears away the gum, bares the roots of the tooth, and spoils the mouth. This is the chief danger of the use of tooth powders. Livid gums will be benefited by occasional, but not too frequent, hard rubbing and pricking with a tooth-pick until they bleed slightly.

The best of all washes and perfumes for the mouth is that favorite of the Parisian toilet, the *Eau de Botot*, thus made:

Green aniseed	2 ounces.
Canella of Ceylon	4 drachms.
Cloves	18 grains.
Cochineal	1 drachm.

Beat together in a mortar and macerate in two quarts of alcohol. After fifteen days add a drachm of essence of mint and filter.

Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile:

Quis credat? discunt etiam ridere puellæ.

The practice might be adopted with advantage in our fashionable schools for girls, who, to the other elegant accomplishments acquired there, such as getting in and out of a carriage properly and doing crochet-work, might add that of smiling gracefully. Loud laughter, with the mouth opened wide and greatly distorted, is a youthful habit which should be early checked. That which is most decorous in woman is a sweet and gentle smile, where the mouth hardly opens, the cheek dimples slightly, and the lower lip just conceals the ends of the upper teeth.

The beauty of the cheek is oftener destroyed by the loss of the teeth than by any other cause. This, therefore, is another reason for taking good care of these features, whose perfectness of condition is essential to every handsome face. There is a rough, farinaceous appearance, and a patchy redness, to which the cheeks of young children are especially liable, which are said to be owing to the excessive kissing to which they are obliged to submit. "It is a deplorable habit," says Cazenave, "to let babies be kissed by all the world. We should respect those tender and delicate cheeks, and content ourselves with a light kiss upon their forehead, or better still upon their hands."

A chin according to the Greek ideal is neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and loses itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck.

The face, the seat of expression, is the most mobile part of the human frame. It owes its flexibility to a large number of small muscles,

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which, though they yield a ready obedience to the will, become so facile of motion that they often act without awaiting a command. In fact, their action in the direction to which they are most accustomed becomes at last so continuous as to give a permanent form to the features. Hence it is essential to the beauty of the visage to avoid grimaces, or what children call "making faces." These if indulged in without check in childhood will leave a fixed impression of distortion upon the countenance. Our purpose has been merely to treat of those elements of beauty which lie no deeper than the skin. The others, of a profounder kind, which, moreover, are not without their influence even upon surface charms, must be learned from those who profess to teach the higher graces of the heart and intellect. The beauty which we cultivate is that likened by Lord Bacon to summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and can not last. They, on the contrary, raise flowers of an immortal bloom.

THE BALTIMORE PLOT

TO ASSASSINATE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE veil of mystery has never yet been lifted from the evidence disclosing the plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln, on his contemplated passage through Baltimore, on the 23d of February, 1861. Considerations affecting the personal safety of those by whom the conspiracy was detected prevented a disclosure at the time. The subsequent assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and the disclosures connected with the trial and conviction of Booth's associates, removed any doubt in regard to the real existence of the plot.

The truth may now be disclosed, and the public desire to know the exact facts upon which Mr. Lincoln acted may now be gratified. The circumstances detailed in this article are taken from the records of Allan Pinkerton, the Chief Detective, and are selected from the reports written out daily at the time, by those engaged in the investigation, and they are believed by the writer of this article to be true.

The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency was immediately seized upon by the reckless conspirators, who had long been plotting the overthrow of the Union, as a pretext upon which to consummate their designs. They at once employed all the machinery of popular agitation to create a public opinion, and "fire the Southern heart," so that it would sanction the deeds of violence and outrage which they contemplated. Through the press, by popular meetings, public speeches, and in social intercourse, and in every possible way they painted the alleged wrongs of the South, the outrages past and anticipated of the North, to inflame and excite the inflammable Southern temperament, until the slaveholding States became a great seething volcano. Especial efforts were made to render Mr. Lincoln personally odious and contemptible. No falsehood was too gross, no lie too infamous, no statement too exaggerated to be used for this purpose. These means were resorted to with systematic concert, until the mass of the people in the slave States were made to believe that this pure, patient, humane, Christian statesman was a monster, whose vices and passions made him odious, and whose habits made him an object of just abhorrence.

Maryland, a border State, occupied a position of peculiar importance, and great efforts were made to bring her within the control of secession. Emissaries were sent to her from South Carolina and elsewhere, and nothing left undone to secure her co-operation in their revolutionary movements. These efforts were too successful; still there were many bold spirits who gathered around that intrepid leader, Henry Winter Davis, resolved to stand by the Union at all hazards. But a majority of the wealthier classes, and those in office, with few exceptions, were in sympathy with the rebellion, and the spirit of treason for a time swept like a tornado over the State.

On the 11th of February Mr. Lincoln, with a few of his personal friends, left his quiet, modest home to enter upon that tempestuous political career which carried him to a martyr's grave. With a dim, mysterious foreshadowing of the future, he uttered to his friends and neighbors his sad farewell. He seemed to be conscious that he might see the place, which had been his home for a quarter of a century, where "his children were born," and where one of them lies buried, no more. Conscious of the great duties which devolved upon him, greater than those devolving upon any President since Washington, he humbly expressed his reliance upon "Divine Providence, and asked his friends to pray that he might receive the assistance of Almighty God."

As he journeyed toward the Capital, received every where with the earnest sympathies of the people, his spirits rose, and when he pronounced "good-by" to the Prairie State, at the State line, he said, "Behind the cloud the sun is shining still." And on he sped, through the great free States of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, to fulfill his great mission.

There was living at this time in Chicago a man by the name of Allan Pinkerton, one of the boldest, most shrewd, and skillful detectives of any country. He had always been a thorough anti-slavery man, a superintendent of the "underground railroad," a friend and companion of Lovejoy and the "old guard" of early abolitionists in Illinois. With his anti-slavery character well known, such was his reputation as a detective that Mr. Guthrie, when Secretary of the Treasury, had, notwithstanding, employed him as a Government detective. In 1860–61 he was in the employ of the railroad companies of the Northwest.

In the winter of 1861 General Scott, seeing the gathering storm, called to Washington a few national troops. The passage of these over the

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Northern Central and Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroads greatly exasperated the conspirators in Baltimore and elsewhere, and threats were openly made, and organizations effected, to destroy the railroad tracks, burn their bridges, and the great steam ferry-boat by which the Susquehanna was crossed at Havre de Grace.

In February Pinkerton was employed by the officers of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore road to investigate and ascertain the facts in regard to these matters, with a view of protecting their road. For this purpose he removed to Baltimore, taking with him such of his detective force as he thought best suited to his purpose.

While thus engaged an officer of the road learned that a young gentleman of high social position in Baltimore, the son of a very prominent citizen who had held high official position under the State and National Governments, had declared that he was one of a band who had sworn to take the life of Lincoln on his way to Washington. The officer communicated this fact to Pinkerton, and he immediately asked and obtained permission to investigate this conspiracy. It was now to be plot and counterplot.

A warm admirer of the President elect, whom he had known in Illinois, Pinkerton determined that, if coolness, courage, and skill could save the life of Mr. Lincoln and prevent the revolution which would follow his violent death, he would accomplish it. His plan was with his detectives to enter Baltimore as residents of Charleston and New Orleans, and by assuming to be secessionists of the most extreme violence, to secure entrance into their secret societies and military organizations, and thus possess themselves of their secret plans. In looking over his *corps* he found two men admirably adapted to the object he had in view, both young, and both able to assume and successfully carry out the character of a hot-blooded, fiery secessionist. One of these, whom I shall call Howard, was of French descent. He had been carefully educated for a Jesuit priest, and added to his collegiate studies were the advantages of extensive foreign travel and the ability to speak, with great facility, several modern languages; and a knowledge of the South, its localities, prejudices, customs, and leading men, derived from several years' residence in New Orleans and other Southern cities. With these qualifications he possessed a fine personal appearance, insinuating manners, and that power of adaptation to the persons whom they wish to influence, popularly attributed to the Jesuits. Howard was instructed to assume the character of an extreme secessionist, go to a first-class hotel, register his name, and his residence as New Orleans, visit places of amusement, seek the acquaintance and secure the confidence of the young aristocracy of that city; enter their clubs, penetrate their secrets, and learn the wild projects it was known they were then forming. He was also instructed to make daily reports to his chief, then under an assumed name, occupying an office and nominally carrying on a regular business in Baltimore. Those reports, now lying before me, are curious and interesting. They show that Howard was eminently successful, that he soon became a welcome guest among many of the first families in that old and refined city; that he was a favorite with both sexes, among the ardent and mercurial young aristocracy, which furnished to the rebellion Harry Gilmor, the "French Lady," Stuart, and many other partisans, and in whose circles "Dixie" and "My Maryland" are still mournfully sung over "*the lost cause.*" Many Baltimore belles are living who might, innocently blush at the disclosures of the daily reports of one whom, in February, 1861, they called "the fascinating Howard of New Orleans."

Another of Pinkerton's agents was of graver character, one whose devotion to his country in the most perilous and thankless character of a spy, led to his ignominious death at Richmond. I may, therefore, call him by his real name, Timothy Webster. He was adapted to operate on the middle and lower classes of society; of great physical strength and endurance, skilled in all athletic sports, a good shot, and with a strong will and a courage bordering on rashness; yet always justifying his boldness by an ingenuity and fertility of invention which saved him from a thousand perils, and at last falling a victim only because sickness rendered him incapable of executing his otherwise successful plan of escape; a man whose exploits as the Union spy would in daring and romance equal, if not surpass, those of the *Harvey Birch* of Cooper.*

* Webster went into the secret service of the Government under the administration of Mr. Lincoln, and, as an illustration of the condition of public feeling after the attack on Fort Sumter, I insert the following incident:

In April he was traveling by railroad from Winchester west, and observed in the car six commissioners or emissaries from South Carolina and Georgia, each of them wearing conspicuously a black and white cockade. They received marked attention from the passengers, and from the people at the stations. Soon the attention of Webster was attracted to a man rather beyond middle age, a planter or farmer, with a most resolute and determined expression of face. He became excited by the cockade gentlemen, known to be rebel agents. He seemed restless and uneasy, and as they passed him would scowl upon them with undisguised hostility. Finally Webster, who sat watching, saw him draw a revolver from his pocket and place it on the seat beside him, and, as the six rebel emissaries approached him, he rose in his seat, took off his hat, and looking sternly at them, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am from Tennessee, and I say hurrah for Andrew Jackson and damn all those who would destroy the Union!" and then resumed his seat. The car, filled with men, was silent, every one expecting a fight. Several gentlemen approached the man, but after looking in his face passed on in silence. Soon after three other rebel agents wearing cockades came in. Rising again, and stepping on the seat, he raised his hat and again exclaimed, still more pointedly, "Hurrah for Andrew Jackson and damn all men who wear cockades!" Several persons sitting near

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There were other agents, and among them a Mrs. Warn, a lady whom the chivalry of the Monumental City would then have pronounced as "fascinating" as some of their fair friends did Howard.

By the 15th of February Pinkerton's machinery was fairly in running order; his agents in full communion with the clubs and secret societies of Baltimore, so that an interview was planned and brought about between Howard's chief and a Captain Fernandina, one of the most active of the conspirators. Fernandina was an Italian, or of Italian descent. He had lived in the South for many years, and was thoroughly possessed of the idea of Southern wrongs, and that the South had been outraged by the election of Lincoln; and, educated with Italian ideas, he justified the use of the stiletto and assassination as a means of preventing the President elect from taking his seat in the Executive chair. He was an enthusiast and a fanatic. In the interview with Fernandina, which took place at —— saloon, in the presence of some of the military company which he commanded—his lieutenant and others in their confidence—in the course of the conversation Fernandina, believing he was addressing a thorough secessionist, said: "Lincoln shall never, never be President. My life," said he, "is of no consequence. I am willing to give it for his. I will sell my life for that of that abolitionist. As Orsini gave his life for Italy, I am ready to die for the rights of the South."

Some one present remarked, "Are there no means of saving the South except by assassination?" "No," said he; "you might as well try to blow down the Washington monument with your breath as to change our purpose—*die he must and shall;* and," he added, turning to Captain T——, a co-conspirator, "we will, if necessary, all die together. Every captain will in that day prove himself a hero. The first shot fired, the head traitor Lincoln dead, and all Maryland will be with us and the South freed. Mr. H——," said he, turning to Pinkerton, "if I alone must do it I shall not hesitate! Lincoln shall die in this city!"

The next day Pinkerton met the same Captain T——, one of Fernandina's associates, who called Pinkerton aside and whispered: "It is determined that that G—d d—d Lincoln shall never pass through here alive! The d—d abolitionist shall never set foot on Southern soil but to find a grave." He added: "I have seen Colonel Kane, Chief of Police, and he is all right, and in one week from to-day the North shall want a new President, for Lincoln will be dead."

Among the associates of Howard he meets with a fast young gentleman by the name of Hill, who proudly exhibits a gold Palmetto badge, and represents himself as a lieutenant in the Palmetto Guards, a secret military organization in Baltimore. Howard, the ardent secessionist from New Orleans, chiding the slower and more cautious action of the friends in Maryland, and Hill, of the Palmetto Guards, become bosom friends. They drink, go to concerts, theatres, and other places of amusement together. Hill, who has social position in Baltimore, introduces his accomplished friend from Louisiana, and finally opens to him, in part, the secrets of the plot to assassinate Lincoln. He himself goes into it with reluctance. "What a pity," says he to Howard, "that this glorious Union must be destroyed all on account of that monster Lincoln!"

The plan was to excite and exasperate the popular feeling against Mr. Lincoln to the utmost. On the published programme he was to enter Baltimore from Harrisburg on the 23d of February by the Northern Central Railroad, and would reach Baltimore about the middle of the day. A vast crowd would meet him at the Calvert Street dépôt, at which it was expected he would take an open carriage, and ride, nearly a mile and a half, to the Washington dépôt. It would be very easy for a determined man to shoot him on his passage. Agents of the conspirators had been in the principal Northern cities, watching the movements of the Presidential party, ready to telegraph to Baltimore any change of route. A cipher was agreed upon, so that the conspirators could communicate with each other without the facts leaking out through the telegraph offices. Meanwhile the idea of assassination preyed upon the mind of Hill; he grew sad and melancholy, and plunged still deeper into dissipation. Howard is his constant companion and confidential friend, his "*shadow*," in the language of the profession; at times he is thoughtful, and then he breaks out into rhapsodies. He talks to Howard of dreams and death. "I am destined to die," said Hill, "shrouded with glory. If a man had the nerve he could immortalize himself by plunging a knife into Lincoln's heart. Let us," said he, "have another Brutus. I swear," said he, "I will kill Lincoln before he reaches the Washington dépôt, not that I love Lincoln less, but my country more. I am ready to do the deed, and then I will proudly announce my name, and say: 'Gentlemen, arrest me, *I* am the man;' and then I will be called one 'that gave his country liberty.' When our company draws lots, if the *red ballot* falls to me, I will do it willingly. Perhaps," said he, "Lincoln may conclude to come by way of Havre de Grace; if so, the ferry-boat across the Susquehanna will be the best place to do the deed. I will go out there and kill him if it is so ordered." Not-

him rose and left the car, not caring to be present at the expected fight. Directly four rather rough-looking men came and took the vacant seats near him. They were his neighbors from East Tennessee. A crowd of men, with those wearing cockades, gathered at each end of the car. He rose the third time, and stepping into the passage, looking first at one end and then the other, he took off his hat and said, "I say hurrah for Andrew Jackson and damn all traitors who wear cockades!" Such was the determination expressed in his eye and bearing that none assailed him. The cockade men all left and were no more seen in the car or on the train.

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withstanding his contemplated crime he had some good traits; he was warmly attached to his mother, spoke tenderly of her, and talked to Howard of pecuniary provision being made for her, if he should sacrifice his life in the enterprise.

Webster had gone to Perrymansville, and, securing the confidence of the secessionists there, had joined a military company which was drilling with a view of destroying the railroads, burning the bridges, and the ferry-boat on the Susquehanna.

The time for Mr. Lincoln's passage through Baltimore was rapidly approaching, but the exact plan of operation by the conspirators had not been agreed upon. The popular feeling against him had, through the press, and by harangues, and all the means by which the public mind is operated upon, been inflamed and exasperated to the highest pitch. Thousands of the more ignorant had been wrought upon by the intelligent until they were ready for any act of violence and atrocity. The leaders finally fully determined that the assassination should take place at the Calvert Street dépôt. A vast crowd of secessionists was to assemble at that place and await the arrival of the train with Mr. Lincoln. They were to go early and fill the narrow streets and passages immediately surrounding it. It was known among the leaders that George P. Kane, the Marshal of Police, subsequently arrested by General Banks, and afterward an officer in the rebel army, would detail but a small police force to attend the arrival and nominally clear and protect a passage for Mr. Lincoln and his suite, and that that small force would be sympathizers with the secessionists. When the train should enter the dépôt, and Mr. Lincoln should attempt to pass through the narrow passage leading to the street, some roughs were to raise a row on the outside, and all the police were to rush away to quell the disturbance. At this moment, the police being withdrawn, Mr. Lincoln would find himself in a dense, excited, and hostile crowd, hustled and jammed, and then the fatal blow was to be struck. A swift steamer was to be stationed in Chesapeake Bay, with a boat concealed, ready to take the assassin on board as soon as the deed was done, and convey him to a Southern port, where he would have been received with acclamations and honored as a hero. But who should do the bloody deed? It was feared by some that Hill lacked the nerve and coolness. To determine this question, a meeting of the conspirators was held on the night of the 18th of February. Some twenty persons were collected, each of whom had taken an oath of secrecy, and also sworn, if designated, that he would take the life of the President elect. It was arranged that ballots should be prepared and placed in a hat, and that the person who drew a *red* ballot should be the assassin. The drawing was made in a darkened room, so that none could know who drew the fatal ballot except he who had it, and no one was to disclose to the others the color of the ballot he drew. And now the leaders, to make success more certain, placed *eight red ballots* in the hat, and eight red ballots were drawn, each man drawing one believing that upon his courage, strength, and skill alone depended what he regarded as the cause of the South, each supposing that he alone was charged with the execution of the deed.

The weapons and the mode of death were to be left to the person who drew the *red ballot*.

A knowledge of all these facts having been obtained by Pinkerton, he on the night of February 20 hastened to meet the Presidential party at Philadelphia.

While these plots had been going on, Mr. Lincoln and his friends, unconscious of danger, were pursuing their journey toward the Capital. Vast crowds had every where assembled to welcome and congratulate him, and pledge to him their support in the maintenance of the integrity of the Republic, its Constitution and laws. At Philadelphia Mr. Pinkerton met the Presidential party, and laid before Mr. Judd, of Chicago, a confidential personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, in detail the facts in regard to the conspiracy. Assassination was then a crime scarcely known in the United States, and assassination for political reasons was almost incredible. It is a sad commentary on the wickedness of the rebellion that a plot to assassinate a prominent public man would to-day be credited upon far less evidence than before the war. Conscious of the existence of the plot; knowing the trustworthiness of those from whom he derived his information; knowing that the train was laid, that the mine would be sprung as surely as Mr. Lincoln should reach the city of Baltimore; that the assassins of the *red ballot* were even now on his track and waiting the fatal moment; that the police of Baltimore, under control of Marshal Kane, would act in concert with the conspirators; that a vast mob, wild, savage, and blood-thirsty, was organized and ready to act their part, the character of which was not long after fully disclosed by the attack upon and murder of the Massachusetts soldiers on their march to Washington;* yet, knowing all this, Pinkerton feared he should have difficulty in inducing Mr. Lincoln to adopt measures to secure his safety. The President elect was an unsuspecting man.

* If there are any who have hitherto entertained doubts of Mr. Lincoln's peril, the facts set forth in this article will doubtless remove them. The circumstances set forth in Mr. Pinkerton's records should be read with a recollection of the disclosures on the trial of Booth's associates. And it should be also remembered that a few days after Mr. Lincoln's passage through Baltimore, this same mob, under the instigation of the same leaders, attacked and killed not less than four, and wounded many others, of the Massachusetts Sixth on their passage through Baltimore. What had these soldiers done to excite that mob, as compared with their exasperated feelings toward Mr. Lincoln? Would a mob that attacked a regiment of armed men have been deterred from attacking one man, whom they regarded as a tyrant and the chief object of their hatred?

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After laying the matter in all its details before Judd, and satisfying him of the existence of the plot, and of the extreme peril Mr. Lincoln would incur by attempting to pass through Baltimore according to the programme, Pinkerton and Judd had an interview with the President elect, and laid the matter before him. On the night of the 21st February, after the interview, Mr. Pinkerton made this entry in his journal:

"While Mr. Judd detailed the circumstances of the conspiracy, Mr. Lincoln listened very attentively, but did not say a word, nor did his countenance, which I closely watched, show any emotion. He was thoughtful, serious, but decidedly firm."

Pinkerton then, himself, went over the ground, detailing to Mr. Lincoln all the facts connected with Fernandina, Hill, and others, the condition of popular feeling, and the plans of the assassins; also the fact that Kane, Chief of Police, had declared that he would give him no "*police escort.*" He told him there were perhaps ten or fifteen desperadoes—wild, enthusiastic young men—who had been wrought up to a pitch of fanaticism, in which they really believed they would be patriots and martyrs in taking his life, even at the cost of their own; that they had bound themselves by oaths to assassinate him; that a vast, excited crowd would meet him at the dépôt of the Northern Central Railroad, a fight would be got up in the crowd, and this would be the signal for the attack on his person, and in the mêlée a dozen desperate men, armed with revolvers and dirks, each sworn to take his life, would be upon his path, and that he, Mr. Pinkerton, felt a moral conviction that he could not pass from the Calvert Street dépôt to the Washington dépôt, a mile and a half, in an open carriage, alive. Both Judd and Pinkerton pressed these and other corroborating facts upon him with all the power which they possessed. He remained silent a few moments, and it was suggested that he should change the programme, and take the night train for Washington that very night. Mr. Judd said to him: "These proofs can not be now made public, as the publication of the facts would involve the lives of several of Mr. Pinkerton's force, and, among others, the life of Webster, serving in a rebel company under drill, at Perryman's, in Maryland." Some other conversation was held between him and Mr. Judd, in regard to the construction which would be placed upon his conduct if he changed the programme and went directly to Washington. Mr. Judd then asked, "Will you, upon *any* statement which can be made, consent to leave for Washington on to-night's train?" Mr. Lincoln promptly replied, "No, I can not consent to do this. I shall hoist the flag on Independence Hall to-morrow morning (Washington's birthday), and go to Harrisburg to-morrow, and meet the Legislature of Pennsylvania; then I shall have fulfilled all my engagements. After this, if you (Judd), and you, Allan (Pinkerton), think there is positive danger in my attempting to go through Baltimore openly, according to the published programme—if you can arrange any way to carry out your purposes, I will place myself in your hands." "Mr. Lincoln," says Pinkerton, "said this with a tone and manner so decisive, we saw that no more was to be said."

It was finally arranged between Judd, Pinkerton, and the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad that a special train should leave Harrisburg at 6 P.M. the next evening, and bring Mr. Lincoln to Philadelphia in time to take the 11 o'clock train going through Baltimore to Washington, on the night of the 22d. This train was to be detained until Mr. Lincoln arrived; every contingency, in regard to the connection of the trains and possible delays, was most skillfully planned, so as to secure connections and the certainty of going through on time.

Meanwhile, to prevent this change being telegraphed to Baltimore by a confederate, or information of this change of route being known, and leaking out in any way, the Superintendent of the Telegraph Company, at the instance of Mr. Pinkerton, sent a practical telegraph climber to isolate Harrisburg from telegraphic communication with all the world until Mr. Lincoln should reach Washington.

On the morning of the 22d February Mr. Lincoln visited old "Independence Hall," and with his own hand raised over it the flag. His speech on this occasion was the most impressive and characteristic of any which he made on his journey to the Capital. He gave most eloquent expression to the emotions and associations suggested by the day and place. He declared that all his political sentiments were drawn from those which had been expressed in that Hall. He alluded most feelingly to the dangers, and toils, and sufferings of those who had adopted and made good the Declaration of Independence: that declaration which gave promise that "in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men." Conscious of the dangers which threaten his country, and that those dangers originated in opposition to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and knowing that his own life was even now threatened for his devotion to liberty, and that his way to the National Capital was beset by assassins, yet he did not hesitate to declare "that he would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender those principles."

During the same night on which Pinkerton's disclosures were made to Mr. Lincoln, F. W. Seward, Esq., arrived at Philadelphia, having been sent by his father to warn him of the danger which was awaiting him at Baltimore. Facts had come to the knowledge of Secretary Seward and General Scott, corroborating the evidence which had been accumulated by Mr. Pinkerton of the existence of the conspiracy. This circumstance rendered Mr. Lincoln less reluctant than he had been to consent to the arrangements for his passage through Baltimore on the night of the 22d.

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Mr. Lincoln on the same day, the 22d of February, went to Harrisburg, was cordially received by Governor Curtin and the Legislature, and a vast crowd of citizens. At six o'clock an engine and one passenger-car were standing on the track leading to Philadelphia. Soon after, excusing himself on the ground of fatigue, he left the dinner-table, went to his room, changed his dress for a traveling-suit, and, with a broad-brimmed felt-hat (which had been presented to him in New York), he went quietly to a side-door, got into a carriage in waiting, and was driven, with one companion, Ward H. Lamon, rapidly to the car which awaited him, and was soon speeding on toward Philadelphia. The secret of his departure was known to but very few, and by them disclosed to no one. On his arrival at Philadelphia Mr. Lincoln was met by Mr. Pinkerton, taken into a carriage and driven to the dépôt of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, Mr. Pinkerton timing their arrival so as to reach the train just at the moment of departure.

The officers of the road, to prevent the possibility of the departure of the train before Mr. Lincoln was aboard, had instructed the conductor not to leave until he received a package of important Government dispatches, "which must go through to Washington that night." Mr. Pinkerton had caused the three sections of the sleeping-car, which was on the end of the train, to be taken, and his agent stood at the door, which was locked, awaiting the arrival of the party. When the party appeared the door was opened, Mr. Lincoln stepped in, went to his berth; an officer of the road handed the package of Government dispatches—consisting of some numbers of the New York *Herald*, carefully sealed up and addressed to the Secretary of State—and instantly the whistle sounded and the train was whirling on toward Washington, bearing in security not "Cæsar and his fortunes," but Lincoln and the destinies of the republic.

So skillfully had the matter been arranged that no one in Philadelphia had seen Mr. Lincoln, no one saw him enter the car, no one on the train except the party of the President, not even the conductor, knew of his presence in the car. When the conductor came along to examine the tickets Mr. Pinkerton showed him Mr. Lincoln's ticket, and he did not look into his berth. At Havre de Grace Pinkerton was signaled by Webster that "All's well;" and from there to Baltimore, at every bridge-crossing, standing on the rear platform of the last car, he could see a man spring up as the train passed on, and show a white light from the dark lantern hanging in his belt, which meant, "All's well." Reaching Baltimore at about half past three in the morning, Mr. Stearns, the Superintendent of the road, entered the car, and whispered in the ear of Pinkerton the welcome words, "All's well." That city, which the conspirators had planned to make that day the scene of a tragedy as infamous as that of Wilkes Booth, was now in profound repose; and the assassins of the *red ballot* little dreaming that their intended victim was passing on to the protecting bayonets of General Scott. Nothing occurred to interrupt or delay the passage, and at six in the morning of the 23d they reached Washington, where at the dépôt they were met by some of the President's Illinois friends.

Pinkerton had told Mr. Lincoln at Philadelphia he would answer with his life for his safe arrival in Washington, and he had redeemed his pledge.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE question is, whether Senator Sumner, if he were invited to dine in Belgravia, would wear a shooting-jacket and India rubber boots. And if Senator Sumner would not wear an improper costume when he dines with the Duke of Argyle, why should Minister Adams when he goes to the Queen's ball? Senator Sumner would decline to dress upon such an occasion as an utterly ignorant boor might dress; and Mr. Adams declined upon *his* occasion to dress as the waiters dress. Mr. Adams is undoubtedly the representative of his country, and his country is supposed—we say supposed theoretically—to cultivate simplicity of manners. But what is simplicity of manners? In the matter of costume it is to dress appropriately. Social custom settles it. A black silk cravat, with no white collar surmounting or overlaying it, is a perfectly innocent article of attire. But to wear it when every body else wears a white linen cravat, with much white shirt collar, is to show yourself ignorant, or worse. If you insist that another person shall commit the same folly, he will very properly prefer to stay at home. So Mr. Adams did not go to the Queen's ball.

Social custom ordains that we shall eat our dinners with the aid of knives and forks, and not tear our food with our fingers. If you despise knives and forks—if you think them a weak and cowardly luxury—you may take a pick-axe and shovel to your dinner, if you will; but you will hardly be invited into decent society again. In China, which is a highly civilized country, chop-sticks are preferred to knives and forks by high society. Suppose that the Government of the United States had apprised Mr. Burlingame that the severity of democratic principles required that he should use nothing but his pocket-knife in partaking of state banquets. Perhaps in China they are tolerant, and if a visitor prefers jack-knives to chop-sticks, they are not troubled. But England is not tolerant. England insists that a

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guest shall not wash his hands in the soup. England expects every man to do his dinner in a dress coat and a white cravat, and that he will wear a Court dress when he goes to Court. If America does not wish her citizens to wear Court dresses, why does she send them to Court? If a gentleman is willing to conform to the harmless customs of the society in which he finds himself, why should any body quarrel? Above all, why should any body talk about republican simplicity?

Is republican simplicity a black satin waistcoat and blue yarn stockings? Is it a swallow-tailed coat and Balmorals? Is it a flannel shirt and low-quartered shoes? Is it what some people wear in Vermont, or other people in New York, or other people in Tennessee, or other people in Texas? Is it republican simplicity to wear a black broadcloth suit that costs two hundred dollars, and a diamond solitaire in a shirt-frill costing a thousand dollars? Is it republican simplicity to wear a blue coat with brass buttons, and to cover your hands with black cotton gloves? What is republican simplicity, and who is the arbiter elegantiarum? President Andrew Jackson once officiated in that capacity, and as his idea of republican simplicity he suggested "a black coat with a gold star on each side of the collar, near the termination; the under-clothes to be black or white, at the option of the wearer [Mr. Minister Hannegan's, in the balcony of the hotel at Berlin, were white]; a three-cornered chapeau de bras, with a black cockade and gold eagle [why not a white cockade and a peacock's feather?]; and a steel-mounted sword with white scabbard." If the kind reader should ask who was Mr. Hannegan, and upon what occasion did he wear white under-clothes in a Berlin balcony, we will remind him that in the palmy days of Polk and the Republic a worthy of the name of Hannegan was sent to Prussia as United States Minister, and he began his diplomatic labors by appearing in the balcony of the hotel at which his Excellency had alighted, airily clad in his shirt, and stark, staring drunk. He observed to the letter the direction of Mr. Arbiter Jackson, that black or white under-clothes at the option of the wearer lay in the direction of republican simplicity. But the traveling American citizen, who had any leisure or turn for reflection, mused as he loitered *unter den Linden* whether it might not be as well to consult character as costume, and whether, if it were desirable to provide that no Minister should wear broadcloth clothes, it might not be as well to provide also that he have clean habits.

Mr. Secretary of State Marcy, at a later period than that of President Jackson, suggested that our Ministers should go to Court in "the simple dress of an American citizen." That was a stroke of diplomatic humor. It needed only that the Secretary should add, that the trowsers should be as long as a piece of string, and the coat-skirts as wide as a piece of cloth. If Mr. Secretary Marcy had summoned a council of representatives of his fellow-citizens from Florida and Arkansas to Pennsylvania and Maine, and had asked them for their opinions of "the simple dress of an American citizen," the standard would have probably fluctuated from bare feet and leather leggings to the much derided "tail-coat" and delicate French calf boots. Mr. Sanford, our present Minister in Belgium, and a gentleman familiar with the habits of what is called "society" in Europe and in the United States, signalized his diplomatic career when he was *chargé ad interim* in Paris by wearing a plain suit of clothes to the French Court; and in his subsequent retirement upon the calm banks of the Naugatuck, before proceeding to Brussels *viâ* Washington, he wrote a letter upon this subject of Court clothes which has been lately communicated to the country by the State Department. Mr. Sanford paints a ludicrous picture of the clothes actual and possible which the American Ministers wear or might wear at Court. One, he fancies, either did or might design a garment made from the star-spangled banner, and the contemplative mind inquires whether that could be considered as satisfying Secretary Marcy's requirement of the simple dress of an American citizen. A blue coat covered with stars, trowsers striped alternately with the hues of the flag, and a head-dress of the plumes of the proud bird of our country—why might that not be considered, without an unfair use of words, "the simple dress of an American citizen?"

The great precedent—we are not sure at this moment whether Secretary Marcy alludes to it—has been Dr. Franklin's costume when *he* went to Court. What was good enough for Dr. Franklin, is the inference, is good enough for any body; and if Dr. Franklin was received in worsted stockings and the ordinary costume he wore at home, let his example rule, and all his successors present themselves in their home suits. Whether this reasoning be sound or not is of small importance compared with the lately published fact that the Doctor wore his ordinary clothes only because the Court suit which he had ordered did not arrive in time, and by permission of the Upper Lord Inspector of Clothes at the French Majesty's Court. This information is communicated by Mr. Sargent in a letter to the *Nation*, and disposes of all the fine theories that have been ventured upon the subject.

Intrinsically the statement is very probable. Dr. Franklin was surely the last man to outrage any point of etiquette wholly unimportant if observed, but very important if violated. His mind was not upon worsted stockings, but upon the dignity and recognition of the United States as a separate power. He would hardly have cared to peril serious matters by obstinacy and visionary fidelity in matters wholly trivial. The Doctor's good sense was supreme. But we could hardly say as much if he had deliberately gone to Court without any coat at all, or with an appearance no less extraordinary, without ample understanding and explanation.

Mr. Buchanan's troubles upon this subject, while Minister in England, are also very comical reading. He had interviews with the Lord High Clothes Inspector, and there were propositions and counter-propositions, and much reflection and grave conclusion, and at last a compromise. Now in such a case a compromise is a surrender. If a Minister will wear a Court or dress sword he may as well wear a Court coat. If he ceases to resemble the waiters in any degree he may as well cease to do so altogether. We do not mention waiters in any derogatory sense. They are a very useful and often a very urbane part of the community. But if upon any occasion, such as a Queen's ball, they wear a

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particular dress, although it be the ordinary dinner dress of the ordinary gentleman, whoever wears that costume is naturally accounted a waiter. There is no harm in it. There is no harm in the Easy Chair's being mistaken for a Major-General. But as he has not yet arrived at that distinction, why should he wear the uniform of that rank?

Or, again, the Queen, or the custom of the Palace, may require that every person who is admitted to the august hospitalities of Majesty shall wear some kind of dress different from the ordinary costume. Nothing can be more evident than that the Palace customs must prevail at the Palace. Those who do not choose to conform ought not to choose to go. To insist upon wearing a homespun blue coat or yarn stockings as a protest against extravagance, or as an assertion of democratic principles, is unspeakably absurd. You might as well insist upon wearing a flowered dressing-gown to an ordinary dinner. The whole business of a Court ball is a ceremony. What else is her Majesty's self? If you have diplomatic duties to discharge, a treaty to negotiate, an instruction to communicate, you may go in your ordinary morning costume and talk it over with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. But even here you observe a ceremony. You wear the dress that custom prescribes. Why, in the name of good taste, should you not wear the same to the Palace?

There are people who think it is very democratic to show that they are as good as any body, by slamming down their boots at their chamber doors in a hotel, by talking and laughing loud in hotel corridors, by picking their teeth with the fork or a jack-knife in a public eating-room, by being dirty and slouchy and slangy and profane. Such people succeed in being very disgusting, but it is impossible to discover how they are more democratic. If democracy means dirt and coarseness and ill-feeling and bad manners, the less we have of it the better. If refinement of manners is inconsistent with democracy, then democracy is inconsistent with the highest civilization. It is not in the least important whether Minister Adams or any other Minister, when he goes to Court, wears a dress sword or a scarlet cloak, or the suit that he would wear to a Boston dinner party. It is only important that in purely ceremonial and trivial matters he should do as custom prescribes. It appears that he went in his Boston dinner suit to a reception by the new Prime Minister and Mrs. Disraeli—and we trust that the vexed shade of Marcy is soothed. But when Congress undertakes to settle social customs Congress seems to an Easy Chair to be doing a very ridiculous thing. If the Senate will refuse to confirm all persons whose discretion in clothes as well as in other matters can not be trusted it will have done its duty upon this great subject.

In some recent remarks upon the case of Mr. Tyng and the Reverend Messrs. Stubbs and Boggs the Easy Chair suggested that the really important point in preaching and the other offices of public worship is the salvation of souls, as it is called—in other words, to make men better. But the incident in question—the Tyng controversy—illustrates the immense quarrel which is always proceeding in the various branches of what is collectively called the Protestant Church. The Roman Catholic Church is, so far as it extends and wherever it plants itself, truly Catholic. If you are baptized in Patagonia or in Cochin China or in Paris or in New York, you are admitted to the Church every where, as Mr. Parton forcibly remarks in his recent article. But the various members of the Protestant movement are about as constantly and busily engaged in defaming each other, or in arguing against each other, or in denouncing each other, as in exposing the fallacies and the perils of the Church against which they all protest.

"Is Mrs. Jones orthodox, Mrs. Smith?"

"No, no, no—oh no!" replied Mrs. Smith, with an air of solemn horror and deprecation. "Mrs. Jones is one of those Universalists, who believe that every body will be saved. But as for us, we look for better things."

This kind of endless civil warfare in the Protestant communion is very natural, but it is a very disagreeable symptom of a very good tendency. Protestantism is an assertion of the sacred supremacy of the individual conscience and of the liberty of thought. Therefore it will oppose what it deems to be error in a friend, so to speak, as readily as in an enemy. The whole problem of the universe being in the order of nature submitted to its scrutiny, with no other controlling authority than its own conception of the Divine command as expressed in the Bible or in itself, the individual conscience can not approve what even those with whom it agrees in principle assert, if it conflicts with its own view.

But the Protestant principle of religious liberty necessarily implies what is called toleration, as the greater includes the less. Toleration is not a pleasant word. For who shall tolerate? And by what right? John does not tolerate Tom's life, for Tom has as good a right to his life as John to his. Is the tolerator tolerated? And if he is, what practical meaning has the word? Liberty, not toleration, is the true Protestant word. In the city of Rome the authorities formerly tolerated a Protestant chapel. It was true toleration, for the authorities claimed the right to determine whether there should or should not be a Protestant chapel. Recently they decided not to tolerate it any longer. But Trinity Church, in New York, is not tolerated by Dr. Adams's church on Madison Square, nor is the John Street Methodist Church tolerated by the Unitarian All Souls in the Fourth Avenue. All these churches have an equal right, and there is no toleration because there is liberty. The Episcopalian may think that his ecclesiastical view is more Scriptural than that of the Methodist or the Unitarian or the Baptist; but if he be truly a Protestant he does not refuse to each of the others the freedom that he claims and exercises; nor can he logically deny that after all he may be mistaken.

The state, in this country, in strict conformity with this view, ordains absolute religious liberty and equality. No man's religious views are to prejudice his civil position or career. A New School Presbyterian as Governor may think an Old School candidate for Harbor Master or Port Warden is in terrible error and in a very doubtful way, but he has no right to refuse to appoint him upon the ground that he may pervert the whole Board of Port Wardens, or imperil the souls of the Harbor Masters. The state is not

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tolerant, because it demands and asserts perfect liberty. But the spirit of this liberty is sometimes sadly wanting among the denominations themselves.

There is a way of offensively proclaiming your own religious superiority which is intolerable in a truly civilized Christian community. If Mr. Thompson, who is a Seventh Day Baptist, should persist in publicly praying for the lost soul of his neighbor, Mr. Johnson, because Johnson is a Moravian, and Johnson should equally persist in perpetually arguing with Thompson to convert him in turn, and if all the Thompsons and Johnsons should fall to this kind of work, society would become a Pandemonium. Every decent man would protest. If we must differ, let us differ decently, differ temperately, differ in the Protestant spirit. The worthy Protestant Thompson can not assume that the equally worthy Protestant Johnson is going to perdition because he differs upon essential points. As Protestants both believe that the individual conscience is supreme, and that there is no final external interpreter. How, then, can Thompson insist that his interpretation is necessarily, absolutely right? He thinks it is, undoubtedly; and Johnson thinks it isn't. What then? Why, then, my good Thompson, don't insist upon settling the matter for Johnson as well as for yourself.

The Easy Chair's attention has been drawn to the subject not only by the Tyng controversy, which was very much a question of forms merely, but by this extraordinary note, which was handed to a clergyman to read in his pulpit: "You are requested to pray that God will prevent any Baptist church from being built in this village, and for the conversion of the Baptists in the town." Could any thing be more ludicrous, except the Tyng trial? Are we all pointedly to begin to pray at each other in this manner, and expect to retain the ordinary social comity? Here, for instance, is one of the very best men in the village. His word is sure. He is a public blessing. He visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeps himself unspotted from the world. And he is also a Baptist. And here is a man of notoriously tainted character, who keeps poor mechanics and shop-keepers out of their money; whose life is loose, and who is apparently of no use to any body whatever. And he is a—let us say, merely for illustration—a Presbyterian, or of the Dutch Church, or of the Episcopalian. It is in his church that the prayer is requested. Is it to be like him that the first man is to be converted?

No, no! The true prayer for others is, not that they may think as we do, but that they may have as great sincerity of faith as we have. Men can not think alike. That is settled. The Pope, triple-crowned, and imparting the apostolic benediction, *terris et orbis*, from the balcony of St. Peter's at Easter, while thousands kneel, and bells ring, and cannon sound, and millions and millions of men all over the world, who own him for their spiritual chief, assist by sympathy at the imposing rite, is in the Protestant view only a human being, with his individual view of religion and of human destiny, and the relation of men to the Creator and to eternity. And the humblest man kneeling alone upon the Western prairie has, in the Protestant view, as much real spiritual authority or right to impose his opinion upon others as the true doctrine as the Pope in his jeweled and symbolic tiara.

Suppose that in a Baptist pulpit upon the same day when the notice of which we speak was placed in a Presbyterian pulpit, there had been a paper left to this effect: "You are requested to pray that God will prevent any Presbyterian church being built in this village, and for the conversion of the Presbyterians in this town." Can any more ludicrous device for setting honest folks by the ears be conceived? It is even more absurd than it is spiritually arrogant. And whatever else it is, it is a most extraordinary misconception of the proper means by which the work of religion should be promoted in a community where honest people honestly differ. Pray for those who differ as much as you will, if you feel called to do so. But whatever we do, let us hold fast to common-sense. The Easy Chair has intentionally changed a word in this notice, in order to expose its folly. It has substituted Baptist for Unitarian.

It has been a received historical tradition that John Calvin, the Protestant head of the Genevan Church, whom the Roman Church persecuted and would gladly have burned, did in turn persecute and succeed in burning Servetus. But Mr. White, in his admirable History of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, just published, states incidentally in his preface that Calvin was perhaps the only one of the famous Protestant doctors in Europe who tried to save Servetus from the fire. Unfortunately he does not mention the authorities upon which he thus episodically corrects an historical tradition. Yet it would be delightful if, as later research contradicts familiar legends, like that of Pocahontas, and even reverses historical verdicts not without great probability, as in Froude's presentation of Henry VIII., it could also finally remove such black clouds as that which has always obscured the name of John Calvin for his treatment of Servetus. The general judgment of mankind has been that no more signal instance of human inconsistency was to be found. The early Puritan settlers of New England, resolving that they would tolerate nobody within their limits who did not subscribe to their religious tenets, are guilty of the same kind of offense. But they were obscure men, and in a remote region. John Calvin was the foremost Protestant of Europe; and if the tales told were true, his conduct justified the Spanish Inquisition.

Now the great Teacher tells us that whoso looks upon a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery in his heart. Is it any less true that whoso looks upon a man fiercely for difference of religious conviction has already burned him in his heart? The stake, indeed, is out of fashion. But are there no thumb-screws of obloquy, no rack of slander—worse than all, is there no hopeless spiritual pride—the sin by which the angels fell—in much of our Protestant internecine hostility? While we demand freedom in politics, freedom in trade, freedom for all the faculties of all men, let us not forget to require freedom of the mind and soul, perfect religious liberty. But if Baptists are to fall to praying publicly that Methodists may see the fatal error of their ways, and Episcopalians that Presbyterians may flee from the wrath to which their views logically lead, and all other forms

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of faith are to be assailed on all sides by those whose fundamental principle is freedom of conscience and independence of an external interpreter, the Roman Church need neither fight nor fear an opponent who is committing suicide.

After four months of hard work, and indeed of ill health, Mr. Dickens has gone, leaving behind him increased love and admiration. We have never quite forgiven ourselves for the extravagance of our first reception of him, when New York and Boston and the rest of the country exhibited manners so very youthful, although most hearty and generous. We did not like what he said about copyright, but we gave him dinners and balls and parties without end. He was a tremendous lion—for we had never dreamed of honoring one of our own authors as we did him. Oh youths and maids, how did we not beseech an autograph! How, as a poet of the time, in the long-departed New York *American*, exclaimed: "We wined you, Boz; we dined you, Boz!" How we all filled the Park Theatre on that famous evening when the lines could not be formed for the guest to pass through, so terrible was the eagerness and the crushing; and with what zest the young Englishman threw himself into the current of a wholly new life, and made himself his own Captain Cuttle! And, when he went home, how Carlyle sardonically sneered at hysterics over Schnauspiel, the distinguished novelist!

It was a quarter of a century ago! Ah me! how short a century must seem! And scarcely had the bustle and the fever subsided than the "American Notes" came flying over the sea, and we were confronted with the amazing truth that we had been wining and dining one of the shrewd observers, the very law of whose genius was seeing and recording. A man had sat at our table, and had the incredible assurance to say, upon proper occasion, that our house was not the most magnificent of conceivable houses—our plate not the most splendid of conceivable plate—our glass and porcelain, our meats and wines, not beyond the imagination in delicacy and perfection. And we made him feel the weight of our displeasure. He was an ungrateful snob!—Whang! we caught his laughing reply in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and from that time it has been rather the fashion to treat Mr. Dickens as a person whose books have, indeed, a grotesque humor, but whose manners, whose conduct in regard to this country, Sir, is perhaps the most abominable piece of ingratitude upon record. A mere caricaturist. Couldn't have his way; so he went home in a rage, like a spiteful cat, and spat at us.

It is painful, now that the great genial humorist has just said his trembling farewell to us forever, to recall the preposterous things that have been said and thought about one of the most truly illustrious of living men. When he first came he was a young man in the first flush of such success as few men ever achieve. He saw with twinkling eyes of fun and enjoyment the traveler at Pittsburg with the note of interrogation in each eye, and the solemn traveler every where who sits sucking the huge ivory head of his large cane, and takes it out occasionally and looks at it to see how it is getting on. And with these he saw the graver aspects of a great stirring national life, and what seemed to him dangerous tendencies and signs of demoralization. But he was an observer, not a philosopher. He was a humorist, not a preacher. His duty was determined by his talent; and he drew the picture as it seemed to him, not as we might have wished it to seem. There are those who think it would have seemed different to him had his efforts about the copyright been more successful, and who apparently suppose that his "American Notes" and certain chapters and characters in "Martin Chuzzlewit" are merely records of his disappointment and spleen. This is too shabby a theory to be seriously opposed. If in perceiving the essential quality of his genius the reader does not see the intrinsic necessity of his earlier view of our life as it was presented to him, the argument ends.

It is undeniable, however, that a great want of cordial feeling toward Mr. Dickens existed in this country. He was himself conscious of it, and very probably it made him sensitive, although never unkind. For some years there has been a strong desire upon the part of some persons that he should come over and let us hear him read, and the American traveler has always counted among his European good fortunes his presence in London at a time when Mr. Dickens was giving a series of readings. But it gradually became a conviction that he would never come, so that his resolution of the last year was a surprise, as well as a delight. Then came the inevitable question for himself and for us, how will he be received? Wonderfully matured as we have been by tremendous experience, wholly emancipated as in a certain sense we are from the power of the prestige of foreign judgment, what shall we say to the man whom we have not liked because we believed he had caricatured us?

If this were our question, so undoubtedly it was his. But with the supreme good sense which is very apt to characterize great genius, he resolved to come and try it. That there should be no misapprehension upon our part as to the opinion which his own country held of him, his departure was signalized by the most flattering ovation which any purely literary man ever received in England. His chief living rival, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an author who was famous before Dickens was ever heard of, and whose fame that of Dickens has eclipsed, was the generous President of the occasion. The Lord Chief Justice of England was a guest. The President of the Royal Academy was another. The guild of Letters and Art united to honor its most illustrious ornament, and the spectacle must have been remarkable and inspiring. There were a great many good things said; and the speech of the guest was especially felicitous and generous. And so with the hearty farewell of his friends and brethren, our old friend and critic sailed again for our shores.

He came for business. He had decided to read during the four winter months as often as he properly could, according to a plan to be prepared by those who were familiar with the necessary facts to be considered under the circumstances, and he began, after resting a week, in Boston on the 2d of December with the "Christmas Carol" and the Bardell trial from Pickwick. He read continuously from that time, going as far east as Portland, west to Buffalo, and south to Washington. Upon an average, he

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read four times a week. The necessary preparation for the performance compelled him to seclude himself almost wholly from society, and to deny himself the amusement and constant examination of his earlier visit; and he devoted himself exclusively to the work he had in hand. His wish for privacy was perfectly respected. He was not harassed by mere curiosity or impertinence, as such a man in such a situation so often is. He came and went upon his journeys with no especial remark, and did not disappoint an audience by failing to appear, unless — as we vaguely seem to remember—he was prevented by a storm from reaching New Haven, and so made up the engagement later.

From the first moment that he said "Marley was dead, to begin with," in Boston, on the 2d of December, to the words, "Why didn't they prove a halibi?" in New York, on the 20th of April, his readings were a constant success. And they were precisely just what he called them, readings, with no more assistance of effect than is derived from a change of voice and the shifting expression in the face, and the incessant play of the hand and arms. He read as an orator speaks, with his whole body. It is true that there was a kind of disappointment with some persons. But they perhaps hardly knew what to expect. Gradually, although the room was always full, it became almost a fashion to admire, or even to like, the reading with great reservation. Thou delightful woman! wholly nameless to this Easy Chair, who didst every time hear, and more heartily enjoy, and more rapturously praise than any other hearer, wast almost the sole, utter, and uncompromising adherent.

Meanwhile there were no interesting and exciting personal reports about Mr. Dickens. He was not said to have said this, nor understood to have intimated that; but Rumor and Mrs. Grundy were both checkmated. Whether he had revised his opinions—whether he were surprised by the changes he found—whether he had any views or emotions whatsoever, nobody knew. At the appointed hour, in whatever city the quaint little table was set up, the brisk, gray-headed gentleman, in full evening costume, moved rapidly to his place, and began at once. He was here as a reader, not as a distinguished author, not as one of the most famous men of the time—not as any thing but a reader. But, after all, was the universal feeling among the most intelligent—after all, he *is* a great author; he *is* one of the most illustrious of living men; he comes under peculiar circumstances; it is but fair to him and to ourselves that he should have the opportunity of speaking as a man to his friends and lovers in America. Out of some such feeling grew the Press dinner. Perhaps it would have been better had it been a feast not of one department of Letters only, but of the whole guild of Letters and Art, as it was in England. It was a misfortune also, excellent and efficient as the Chairman unquestionably was, that Mr. Bryant, who is at once the patriarch of the technical press and of our literature, did not preside. But every circumstance can not always be propitious, and Mr. Greeley is more distinctively and exclusively a journalist than Mr. Bryant.

So the feast was spread, and the guests assembled in the pleasant Delmonico parlors, on a certain Saturday afternoon in April. They came from every quarter, and although some of the most eminent and familiar faces of the New York Press were conspicuously absent, it was a very large, and doubtless a very fair, representation of the Press of the country. But what mingled consternation and amusement when the whisper went swiftly round that perhaps after all the guest of guests could not come! There was gout in the way. His foot was upon a sofa, and he was wincing with the horrible agony of the terrible torture. But those who were jealous of the good repute of Mr. Dickens in the Press and among the people, knew that to disappoint such a company upon such an occasion would be a catastrophe. It would send him out of the country amidst a volley of squibs and gibes which it was intolerable so much as to think of. He must come, poor man! If he has to be brought upon a litter, he must not stay away.

There was something inexpressibly comical in thinking of the company gravely sitting down to a dinner in honor of a guest who was not present. It would be carrying our favorite homage of dinner to a ludicrous extreme. And the speeches! Should they all be delivered, solemnly, as if he were present? Should the ovation continue in a purely perfunctory manner? The extremity was so absurd that but one course was conceivable; Mr. Dickens must come. And he came. With evident pain, and leaning upon a cane, and holding the benevolent arm of Mr. Greeley, he passed through the throng of guests while the band played softly into the dining-hall. Then came the banquet; ample, savory, satisfactory. If the *timballes à la Dickens* were too slight for a vigorous appetite, it could console itself with the *agneau farci à la Walter Scott*, or the toothsome *cotelettes à la Fenimore Cooper*. But gustatory ecstasy was touched in *soupirs à la Mantilini*. That was a stroke that revealed the genius of Delmonico.

How quaintly and fitly the Chairman spoke has been faithfully recorded; and when the waving of napkins and the thundering roar of applause that greeted the rising of Mr. Dickens had died away, how simply and frankly and nobly and generously and characteristically he spoke is long since familiar to all readers. Without disclaiming his earlier impressions, or professing repentance for them, he did not hesitate to say that it was only natural that there should have been changes in himself during twenty-five years, and certain extreme impressions to correct; and then he said something which it is agreeable to perpetuate in the pages of a Magazine in which almost all of his later works have first appeared in this country:

"But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you), is, on my return to England, in my own English journal, manfully, promptly, plainly, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. [Applause.] Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality and consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. [Applause.] This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. [Tumultuous applause.] And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor. [Bravo, and cheers.]"

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Two evenings afterward he read for the last time in America. The little table was decorated with flowers from friendly hands unseen. "I kiss the fair hands unseen which have covered my table with these beautiful flowers," he said in Boston as he came to his place for his last reading there. The night was very rainy, but the crowd was enormous, and certainly there was never a more courteous crowd collected. A little printed notice apprised the audience that Mr. Dickens was not well, and when he appeared, not stepping briskly forward, but leaning upon the arm of a friend, and raising his foot and resting it in a low soft chair while he read, the natural sadness of the occasion was deepened. It overhung the whole evening. Despite the genial spirit with which he read, it pervaded the reading. A great, wise, noble teacher stood before us, whom the whole English-speaking world knew and honored and loved; whose genius had made him a personal friend, and who in a few moments would say farewell forever. At last, with a trembling voice, he said it. The great audience sat profoundly silent, and when he had spoken rose and waved hats and handkerchiefs and shouted; and many a heart ached and many an eye was moist as Charles Dickens slowly and painfully moved away, to be seen and heard by us no more.

We commend the belligerent spirit of the Shakespearian gentleman who was nervously anxious to know whether another gentleman bit his thumb at him to a certain friend who speaks of the Easy Chair as "apologizing to an Alabama rebel." To the complaint of a reader that an article hurt his feelings the Easy Chair, in no unkind spirit, for it is not conscious of any, exhorted him to bear it as well as he could, for it is inevitable. Perhaps, however, the friendly censor would have been more pleased had the Easy Chair replied: "Good enough for you, you scoundrelly villain!" Tastes differ. A gentleman whose food is habitually spiced with Cayenne pepper and curry, finds nothing palatable if it be not hot. But, with the compliments of the pleasant season, the Easy Chair assures his friend that candor is not cowardice, and that "damn-your-eyes" does not make No any more no.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of April. The main topic of interest is the trial of the President before the Senate upon the impeachment presented by the House of Representatives; and to this we devote the greater portion of our space.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

The trial began, as appointed, on Monday, March 30. There being 27 States now represented, there are 54 Senators, who constitute the Court, presided over by

Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, of *Ohio*.
Senators: *California*, Cole, Conness.—*Connecticut*, Dixon, Ferry.—*Delaware*, Bayard, Saulsbury.—*Indiana*, Hendricks, Morton.—*Illinois*, Trumbull, Yates.—*Iowa*, Grimes, Harlan.—*Kansas*, Pomeroy, Ross.—*Kentucky*, Davis, M'Creery.—*Maine*, Fessenden, Morrill (Lot M.).—*Maryland*, Johnson, Vickers.—*Massachusetts*, Sumner, Wilson.—*Michigan*, Chandler, Howard.—*Minnesota*, Norton, Ramsay.—*Missouri*, Drake, Henderson.—*Nebraska*, Thayer, Tipton.—*Nevada*, Nye, Stewart.—*New Hampshire*, Cragin, Patterson (J. W.).—*New Jersey*, Cattell, Frelinghuysen.—*New York*, Conklin, Morgan.—*Ohio*, Sherman, Wade.—*Oregon*, Corbett, Williams.—*Pennsylvania*, Buckalew, Cameron.—*Rhode Island*, Anthony, Sprague.—*Tennessee*, Fowler, Patterson (David).—*Vermont*, Edmunds, Morrill (J. S.).—*West Virginia*, Van Winkle, Willey.—*Wisconsin*, Doolittle, Howe.
Managers for the Prosecution: Messrs. Bingham, Boutwell, Butler, Logan, Stevens, Williams, Wilson.
Counsel for the President: Messrs. Curtis, Evarts, Groesbeck, Nelson, Stanbery.

The following is the order of procedure: The Senate convenes at 11 or 12 o'clock, and is called to order by the President of that body, who, after prayers, leaves the chair, which is assumed by the Chief Justice, who wears his official robes. The prosecution has been mainly conducted by Mr. Butler, who made the opening speech, examined the witnesses, and in conjunction with others argued the points of law which came up. The defense, during the early part of the trial, was mainly conducted by Mr. Stanbery, who had resigned the office of Attorney-General for this purpose, but being taken suddenly ill, Mr. Evarts took his place. According to the rule at first adopted the trial was to be opened by one counsel on each side, and summed up by two on each side; but this rule was subsequently modified so as to allow as many of the managers and counsel as chose to sum up, either orally or by filing written arguments.

THE PROSECUTION.

The whole of the first day (March 30) was occupied by the opening speech of Mr. Butler. After touching upon the importance of the case, and the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in providing for its possible occurrence, he laid down the following proposition, supporting it by a copious array of authorities and precedents:

"We define, therefore, an impeachable high crime or misdemeanor to be one, in its nature or consequences, subversive of some fundamental or essential principle of government, or highly prejudicial to the public interest, and this may consist of a violation of the Constitution, of law, of an official oath, or of duty, by an act committed or omitted, or, without violating a positive law, by the abuse of discretionary powers from improper motives, or for any improper purpose."

He then proceeded to discuss the nature and functions of the tribunal before which the trial is held. He asked: "Is this proceeding a trial, as that term is understood, so far as relates to the rights and duties of a court and jury upon an indictment for crime? Is it not rather more in the nature of an inquest?" The Constitution, he urged, "seems to have determined it to be the latter, because under its provisions the right to retain and hold office is the only subject to be finally adjudicated; all preliminary inquiry being carried on solely to determine that question, and

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that alone." He then proceeded to argue that this body now sitting to determine the accusation is the Senate of the United States, and not a court. This question is of consequence, he argued, because in the latter case it would be bound by the rules and precedents of common-law statutes; the members of the court would be liable to challenge on many grounds; and the accused might claim that he could only be convicted when the evidence makes the fact clear beyond reasonable doubt, instead of by a preponderance of the evidence. The fact that in this case the Chief Justice presides, it was argued, does not constitute the Senate thus acting a court; for in all cases of impeachment, save that of the President, its regular presiding officer presides. Moreover, the procedures have no analogy to those of an ordinary court of justice. The accused merely receives a notice of the case pending against him; he is not required to appear personally, and the case will go on without his presence. Mr. Butler thus summed up his position in this regard:

"A constitutional tribunal solely, you are bound by no law, either statute or common, which may limit your constitutional prerogative. You consult no precedents save those of the law and custom of parliamentary bodies. You are a law unto yourselves, bound only by the natural principles of equity and justice, and that *salus populi suprema est lex*."

Mr. Butler then proceeded to consider the articles of impeachment. The first eight, he says, "set out in several distinct forms the acts of the President in removing Mr. Stanton and appointing General Thomas, differing in legal effect in the purposes for which and the intent with which either or both of the acts were done, and the legal duties and rights infringed, and the Acts of Congress violated in so doing." In respect to all of these articles, Mr. Butler says, referring to his former definition of what constituted an impeachable high crime:

"All the articles allege these acts to be in contravention of his oath of office, and in disregard of the duties thereof. If they are so, however, the President might have the power to do them under the law; still, being so done, they are acts of official misconduct, and, as we have seen, impeachable. The President has the legal power to do many acts which, if done in disregard of his duty, or for improper purposes, then the exercise of that power is an official misdemeanor. For example, he has the power of pardon. If exercised in a given case for a corrupt motive, as for the payment of money, or wantonly pardoning all criminals, it would be a misdemeanor."

Mr. Butler affirmed that every fact charged in the first article, and substantially in the seven following, is admitted in the reply of the President; and also that the general intent to set aside the Tenure-of-Office Act is therein admitted and justified. He then proceeded to discuss the whole question of the power of the President for removals from office, and especially his claim that this power was imposed upon the President by the Constitution, and that it could not be taken from him, or be vested jointly in him and the Senate, partly or in whole. This, Mr. Butler affirmed, was the real question at issue before the Senate and the American people. He said:

"Has the President, under the Constitution, the more than royal prerogative at will to remove from office or to suspend from office all executive officers of the United States, either civil, military, or naval, and to fill the vacancies, without any restraint whatever, or possibility of restraint by the Senate or by Congress, through laws duly enacted? The House of Representatives, in behalf of the people, join issue by affirming that the exercise of such powers is a high misdemeanor in office. If the affirmative is maintained by the respondent, then, so far as the first eight articles are concerned — unless such corrupt purposes are shown as will of themselves make the exercise of a legal power a crime—the respondent must go, and ought to go, quit and free."

This point as to the legal right of the President to make removals from office, which constitutes the real burden of the articles of impeachment, was argued at length. Mr. Butler assumed that the Senate, by whom, in conjunction with the House, the Tenure-of-Office Act had been passed over the veto of the President, would maintain the law to be constitutional. The turning-point was whether the special case of the removal of Mr. Stanton came within the provisions of this law. This rested upon the proviso of that law that

"The Secretaries shall hold their office during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate."

The extended argument upon this point, made by Mr. Butler, was to the effect that Mr. Stanton having been appointed by Mr. Lincoln, whose term of office reached to the 4th of March, 1869, that of Mr. Stanton existed until a month later, unless he was previously removed by the concurrent action of the President and Senate. The point of the argument is, that Mr. Johnson is merely serving out the balance of the term of Mr. Lincoln, cut short by his assassination, so that the Cabinet officers appointed by Mr. Lincoln held their places, by this very proviso, during that term and for a month thereafter. For, he argued, if Mr. Johnson was not merely serving out the balance of Mr. Lincoln's term, then he is entitled to the office of President for four full years, that being the period for which a President is elected. If, continues the argument, Mr. Stanton's commission was vacated by the Tenure-of-Office Act, it ceased on the 4th of April, 1865; or, if the Act had no retroactive effect, still, if Mr. Stanton held office merely under his commission from Mr. Lincoln, then his functions would have ceased upon the passage of the bill, March 2, 1867; and consequently Mr. Johnson, in "employing" him after that date as Secretary of War, was guilty of a high misdemeanor, which would give ground for a new article of impeachment.

After justifying the course of Mr. Stanton in holding on to the secretaryship in opposition to the wish of the President, on the ground that "to desert it now would be to imitate the treachery of his accidental chief," Mr. Butler proceeded to discuss the reasons assigned by the President in his answer to the articles of impeachment for the attempt to remove Mr. Stanton. These, in substance, were that the President believed the Tenure-of-Office Act was unconstitutional, and therefore void and of no effect, and that he had the right to remove him and appoint another person in his place. Mr. Butler urged that in all of these proceedings the President professed to act upon the assumption that the Act was valid, and that his action was in accordance with its provisions. He then went on to charge that the appointment of General Thomas as Secretary of

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War *ad interim* was a separate violation of law. By the Act of February 20, 1863, which repealed all previous laws inconsistent with it, the President was authorized, in case of the "death, resignation, absence from the seat of Government, or sickness of the head of an executive department," or in any other case where these officers could not perform their respective duties, to appoint the head of any other executive department to fulfill the duties of the office "until a successor be appointed, or until such absence or disability shall cease." Now, urged Mr. Butler, at the time of the appointment of General Thomas as Secretary of War *ad interim*, Mr. Stanton "had neither died nor resigned, was not sick nor absent," and consequently General Thomas, not being the head of a department, but only of a bureau of one of them, was not eligible to this appointment, and that therefore his appointment was illegal and void.

The ninth article of impeachment, wherein the President is charged with endeavoring to induce General Emory to take orders directly from himself, is dealt with in a rather slight manner. Mr. Butler says, "If the transaction set forth in this article stood alone, we might well admit that doubts might arise as to the sufficiency of the proof;" but, he adds, "the surroundings are so pointed and significant as to leave no doubt in the mind of an impartial man as to the intents and purposes of the President;" these intents being, according to Mr. Butler, "to induce General Emory to take orders directly from himself, and thus to hinder the execution of the Civil Tenure Act, and to prevent Mr. Stanton from holding his office of Secretary of War."

As to the tenth article of impeachment, based upon various speeches of the President, Mr. Butler undertook to show that the reports of these speeches as given in the article were substantially correct; and accepted the issue made thereupon as to whether they are "decent and becoming the President of the United States, and do not tend to bring the office into ridicule and disgrace." After having commented upon the eleventh and closing article, which charges the President with having denied the authority of the Thirty-ninth Congress, except so far as its acts were approved by him, Mr. Butler summed up the purport of the articles of impeachment in these words:

"The acts set out in the first eight articles are but the culmination of a series of wrongs, malfeasances, and usurpations committed by the respondent, and therefore need to be examined in the light of his precedent and concomitant acts to grasp their scope and design. The last three articles presented show the perversity and malignity with which he acted, so that the man as he is known may be clearly spread upon record, to be seen and known of all men hereafter ....We have presented the facts in the constitutional manner; we have brought the criminal to your bar, and demand judgment for his so great crimes."

The remainder of Monday and a portion of the following day were devoted to the presentation of documentary evidence as to the proceedings involved in the order for the removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of General Thomas. The prosecution then introduced witnesses to testify to the interviews between Mr. Stanton and General Thomas. They then brought forward a witness to show that General Thomas had avowed his determination to take forcible possession of the War Office. To this Mr. Stanbery for the defense objected. The Chief Justice decided the testimony to be admissible. Thereupon Senator Drake took exception to the ruling, on the ground that this question should be decided by the Senate, not by the presiding officer. The Chief Justice averred that in his judgment it was his duty to decide in the first instance upon any question of evidence, and then, if any Senator desired, to submit the decision to the Senate. Upon this objection and appeal arose the first conflict in the Senate as to the powers of its presiding officer. Mr. Butler argued at length in favor of the exception. Although in this case the decision was in favor of the prosecution, he objected to the power of the presiding officer to make it. This point was argued at length by the Managers for the Impeachment, who denied the right of the Chief Justice to make such decision. It was then moved that the Senate retire for private consultation on this point. There was a tie vote, 25 ayes and 25 nays. The Chief Justice gave his casting vote in favor of the motion for consultation. The Senate by a vote of 31 to 19 sustained the Chief Justice, deciding that "the presiding officer may rule on all questions of evidence and on incidental questions, which decision will stand as the judgment of the Senate for decision, or he may at his option in the first instance submit any such question to a vote of the members of the Senate." In the further progress of the trial the Chief Justice in most important cases submitted the question directly to the Senate, without himself giving any decision. Next morning (April 1) Mr. Sumner offered a resolution to the effect that the Chief Justice, in giving a casting vote, "acted without authority of the Constitution of the United States." This was negatived by a vote of 27 to 21; thus deciding that the presiding officer had the right to give a casting vote. The witness (Mr. Burleigh, Delegate from Dakota) who had been called to prove declarations of General Thomas was then asked whether, at an interview between them, General Thomas had said any thing as "to the means by which he intended to obtain, or was directed by the President to obtain, possession of the War Department." To this question Mr. Stanbery objected, on the ground that any statements made by General Thomas could not be used as evidence against the President. Messrs. Butler and Bingham argued that the testimony was admissible, on the ground that there was, as charged, a conspiracy between the President and General Thomas, and that the acts of one conspirator were binding upon the other; and also that in these acts General Thomas was the agent of the President. The Senate, by 39 to 11, decided that the question was admissible. Mr. Burleigh thereupon testified substantially that General Thomas informed him that he had been directed by the President to take possession of the War Department; that he was bound to obey his superior officer; that if Mr. Stanton objected he should use force, and if he bolted the doors they would be broken down. The witness was then asked whether he had heard General Thomas make any statement to the clerks of the War Office to the effect that when he came into control he would relax or rescind the rules of Mr. Stanton. To this question objection was made by the counsel of the President on the ground of irrelevancy.

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The Chief Justice was of opinion that the question was not admissible; but if any Senator demanded, he would submit to the Senate whether it should be asked. The demand having been made, the Senate, by a vote of 28 to 22, allowed the question to be put. Whereupon Mr. Burleigh testified that General Thomas, in his presence, called before him the heads of the divisions, and told them that the rules laid down by Mr. Stanton were arbitrary, and that he should relax them; that he should not hold them strictly to their letters of instruction, but should consider them as gentlemen who would do their duty —that they could come in or go out when they chose. Mr. Burleigh further testified that subsequently General Thomas had said to him that the only thing which prevented him from taking possession of the War Department was his arrest by the United States Marshal. Other witnesses were called to prove the declarations of General Thomas. Mr. Wilkeson testified that General Thomas said to him that he should demand possession of the War Department, and in case Mr. Stanton should refuse to give it up he should call upon General Grant for a sufficient force to enable him to do so, and he did not see how this could be refused. Mr. Karsener, of Delaware, testified that he saw General Thomas at the President's House; told him that Delaware, of which State General Thomas is a citizen, expected him to stand firm; to which General Thomas replied, that he was standing firm; that he would not disappoint his friends; but that in a few days he would "kick that fellow out," meaning, as the witness supposed, Mr. Stanton.

Thursday, April 2.—Various witnesses were introduced to testify to the occurrences when General Thomas demanded possession of the War Department. After this General Emory was called to testify to the transactions which form the ground of the ninth article of impeachment. His testimony was to the effect that the President, on the 22d of February, requested him to call; that upon so doing the President asked respecting any changes that had been made in the disposition of the troops around Washington; that he informed the President that no important changes had been made, and that none could be made without an order from General Grant, as provided for in an order founded upon a law sanctioned by the President. The President said that this law was unconstitutional; Emory replied that the President had approved of it, and that it was not the prerogative of the officers of the army to decide upon the constitutionality of a law, and in that opinion he was justified by the opinion of eminent counsel; and thereupon the conversation ended.——The prosecution then endeavored to introduce testimony as to the appointment of Mr. Edmund Cooper, the Private Secretary of the President, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in support of the eighth and eleventh articles of impeachment, which charge the President with an unlawful attempt to control the disposition of certain public funds. This testimony, by a vote of 27 to 22, was ruled out. —The prosecution now, in support of the tenth and eleventh articles of impeachment, charging the President with endeavoring to "set aside the rightful authority of Congress," offered a telegraphic dispatch from the President to Mr. Parsons, at that time (January 17, 1867) Provisional Governor of Alabama, of which the following is the essential part:

"I do not believe the people of the whole country will sustain any set of individuals in the attempt to change the whole character of our government by enabling acts in this way. I believe, on the contrary, that they will eventually uphold all who have patriotism and courage to stand by the Constitution, and who place their confidence in the people. There should be no faltering on the part of those who are honest in their determination to sustain the several co-ordinate departments of the government in accordance with its original design."

The introduction of this was objected to by the counsel for the President, but admitted by the Senate, the vote being 27 to 17.

The whole of Friday and a great part of Saturday (April 3 and 4) were occupied in the examination of the persons who reported the various speeches of the President which form the basis of the tenth article; the result being that the reports were shown to be either substantially or verbally accurate. Then, after some testimony relating to the forms in which commissions to office were made out, the Managers announced that the case for the prosecution was substantially closed. The counsel for the President thereupon asked that three working days should be granted them to prepare for the defense. This, after some discussion, was granted by the Senate, by a vote of 37 to 9, and the trial was adjourned to Thursday, April 9.

THE DEFENSE.

The opening speech for the defense, occupying the whole of Thursday and a part of Friday, was made by Mr. Curtis. Reserving for a time a rejoinder to Mr. Butler's argument as to the functions of the Senate when sitting as a Court of Impeachment, Mr. Curtis proceeded to a consideration of the articles of impeachment, in their order, his purpose being "to ascertain in the first place what the substantial allegations in each of them are; what is the legal proof and effect of these allegations; and what proof is necessary to be adduced in order to sustain them." The speech is substantially an elaboration of and argument for the points embraced in the answer of the President. The main stress of the argument related to the first article, which, as stated by Mr. Curtis, when stripped of all technical language, amounts exactly to these things:

"*First*, that the order set out in the article for the removal of Mr. Stanton, if executed, would have been a violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act. *Second*, that it was a violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act. *Third*, that it was an intentional violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act. *Fourth*, that it was in violation of the Constitution of the United States. *Fifth*, that it was intended by the President to be so. Or, to draw all these into one sentence, which I hope may be intelligible and clear enough, I suppose the substance of this first article is that the order for the removal of Mr. Stanton was, and was intended to be, a violation of the Constitution of the United States. These are the allegations which it is necessary for the honorable Managers to make out in order to support that article."

Mr. Curtis proceeded to argue that the case of Mr. Stanton did not come within the provisions of the Tenure-of-Office Act, being expressly excepted by the proviso that Cabinet officers should hold their places during the term of the President by whom they were appointed, and for one month thereafter, unless removed by the consent of the Senate. Mr. Stanton was appointed by Mr. Lincoln, whose term of office came to an end by his death. He argued at length against the propo-

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sition that Mr. Johnson was merely serving out the remainder of Mr. Lincoln's term. The object of this exception, he said, was evident. The Cabinet officers were to be "the immediate confidential assistants of the President, for whose acts he was to be responsible, and in whom he was expected to repose the gravest honor, trust, and confidence; therefore it was that this Act has connected the tenure of office of these officers with that of the President by whom they were appointed." Mr. Curtis gave a new interpretation to that clause in the Constitution which prescribes that the President "may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their several offices." He understood that the word "their" included the President; so that he might call upon Cabinet officers for advice "relating to the duties of the office of these principal officers, or relating to the duties of the President himself." This, at least, he affirmed, had been the practical interpretation put upon this clause from the beginning. To confirm his position as to the intent of the Tenure-of-Office Act in this respect, Mr. Curtis quoted from speeches made in both Houses at the time when the Act was passed. Thus, Senator Sherman said that the Act, as passed—

"Would not prevent the present President from removing the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, or the Secretary of State; and if I supposed that either of these gentlemen was so wanting in manhood, in honor, as to hold his place after the politest intimation from the President of the United States that his services were no longer needed, I certainly, as a Senator, would consent to his removal at any time; and so would we all."

Mr. Curtis proceeded to argue that there was really no removal of Mr. Stanton; he still held his place, and so there was "no case of removal within the statute, and therefore no case of violation by removal." But if the Senate should hold that the order for removal was in effect a removal, then, unless the Tenure-of-Office Act gave Mr. Stanton a tenure of office, this removal would not have been contrary to the provisions of this Act. He proceeded to argue that there was room for grave doubt whether Mr. Stanton's case came within the provisions of the Tenure-of-Office Act; and that the President, upon due consideration, and having taken the best advice within his power, considering that it did not, and acting accordingly, did not, even if he was mistaken, commit an act "so willful and wrong that it can be justly and properly, and for the purposes of this prosecution, termed a high misdemeanor." He argued at length that the view of the President was the correct one, and that "the Senate had nothing whatever to do with the removal of Mr. Stanton, whether the Senate was in session or not."

Mr. Curtis then went on to urge that the President, being sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, must carry out any law, even though passed over his veto, except in cases where a law which he believed to be unconstitutional has cut off a power confided to him, and in regard to which he alone could make an issue which would bring the matter before a court so as to cause "a judicial decision to come between the two branches of the Government to see which of them is right." This, said he, is what the President has done. This argument, in effect, was an answer to the first eight articles of impeachment.

The ninth article, charging the President with endeavoring to induce General Emory to violate the law by receiving orders directly from him, was very briefly touched upon; it being maintained that, as shown by the evidence, "the reason why the President sent for General Emory was not that he might endeavor to seduce that distinguished officer from his allegiance to the laws and Constitution of his country, but because he wished to obtain information about military movements which might require his personal attention."

As to the tenth article, based upon the President's speeches, it was averred that they were in no way in violation of the Constitution, or of any law existing at the time when they were made, and were not, therefore, impeachable offenses.

The reply to the eleventh article was very brief. The Managers had "compounded it of the materials which they had previously worked up into others," and it "contained nothing new that needed notice." Mr. Curtis concluded his speech by saying that

"This trial is and will be the most conspicuous instance that has ever been or even can be expected to be found of American justice or of American injustice; of that justice which is the great policy of all civilized States; of that injustice which is certain to be condemned, which makes even the wisest man mad, and which, in the fixed and unalterable order of God's providence, is sure to return and plague the inventor."

At the close of this opening speech for the defense General Lorenzo Thomas was brought forward as a witness. His testimony, elicited upon examination and cross-examination, was to the effect that having received the order appointing him Secretary of War *ad interim*, he presented it to Mr. Stanton, who asked, "Do you wish me to vacate the office at once, or will you give me time to get my private property together?" To which Thomas replied, "Act your pleasure." Afterward Stanton said, "I don't know whether I will obey your instructions." Subsequently Thomas said that he should issue orders as Secretary of War; Stanton said he should not do so, and afterward gave him a written direction not to issue any order except as Adjutant-General. During the examination of General Thomas a question came up which in many ways recurred upon the trial. He was asked to tell what occurred at an interview between himself and the President. Objection was made by Mr. Butler, and the point was argued. The question was submitted to the Senate, which decided, by a vote of 42 to 10, that it was admissible. The testimony of General Thomas from this point took a wide range; and being mainly given in response to questions of counsel, was apparently somewhat contradictory. The substance was, that he was recognized by the President as Secretary of War; that since the impeachment he had acted as such only in attending Cabinet meetings, but had given no orders; that when he reported to the President that Mr. Stanton would not vacate the War Department, the President directed him to "take possession of the office;" that, without orders from the President, he had intended to do this by force, if necessary; that finding that this course might involve bloodshed he had abandoned this purpose; but that

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after this he had in several cases affirmed his purpose to do so; but that these declarations were "merely boast and brag." On the following day General Thomas was recalled as a witness to enable him to correct certain points in his testimony. The first was the date of an unimportant transaction; he had given it as taking place on the 21st of February, whereas it should have been the 22d; the second was that the words of the President were that he should "take charge," not "take possession," of the War Department. In explanation of the fact that he had repeatedly sworn to the words "take possession," he said that these were "put into his mouth." Finally, General Thomas, in reply to a direct question from Mr. Butler, said that his testimony on these points was "all wrong."

Lieutenant-General Sherman was then called as a witness. After some unimportant questions, he was asked in reference to an interview between himself and the President which took place on the 14th of January, "At that interview what conversation took place between the President and you in reference to the removal of Mr. Stanton?" To this question objection was made by Mr. Butler, and the point was elaborately argued. The Chief Justice decided that the question was admissible within the vote of the Senate of the previous day; the question then was as to the admissibility of evidence as to a conversation between the President and General Thomas; the present question was as to a conversation between the President and General Sherman; "both questions," said the Chief Justice, "are asked for the purpose of procuring the intent of the President in the attempt to remove Mr. Stanton." The question being submitted to the Senate, it was decided by a vote of 28 to 23 that it should not be admitted. The examination of General Sherman was continued, the question of the conversation aforesaid being frequently brought forward, and as often ruled out by the Senate. The only important fact elicited was that the President had twice, on the 25th and 30th of January, tendered to General Sherman the office of Secretary of War *ad interim*.

On Monday, April 13, after transactions of minor importance, the general matter of the conversations between the President and General Sherman again came up, upon a question propounded by Senator Johnson: "When the President tendered to you the office of Secretary of War *ad interim*, did he at the very time of making such tender state to you what his purpose in so doing was?" This was admitted by the Senate, by a vote of 26 to 22. Senator Johnson then added to his question: "If he did, what did he state his purpose was?" This was admitted, by a vote of 25 to 26. The testimony of General Sherman relating to several interviews was to the effect that the President said that the relations between himself and Mr. Stanton were such that he could not execute the office of President without making provision to appoint a Secretary of War *ad interim*, and he offered that office to him (General Sherman), but did not state that his purpose was to bring the matter directly into the courts. Sherman said that if Mr. Stanton would retire, he might, although against his own wishes, undertake to administer the office *ad interim*; but asked what would be done in case Mr. Stanton would not yield. To this the President replied, "He will make no opposition; you present the order, and he will retire; I know him better than you do; he is cowardly." General Sherman asked time for reflection, and then gave a written answer declining to accept the appointment; but stated that his reasons were mostly of a personal nature.

On the 14th the Senate adjourned on account of the sudden illness of Mr. Stanbery. It reassembled on the 15th; but the proceedings touched wholly upon formal points of procedure, and the introduction of unimportant documentary evidence. On the 16th Mr. Sumner moved that all evidence not trivial or obviously irrelevant shall be admitted, the Senate to judge of its value. This was negatived by a vote of 23 to 11.

The 17th was mainly taken up by testimony as to the reliability of the reports of the President's speeches. Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, was then called to testify to certain proceedings in Cabinet Council at the time of the appointment of General Thomas. This was objected to; the Chief Justice decided that it was admissible, and his decision was sustained by a vote of 26 to 23. The defense then endeavored to introduce several members of the Cabinet to show that at meetings previous to the removal of Mr. Stanton it was considered whether it was not desirable to obtain a judicial determination of the unconstitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Act. This question was raised in several shapes, and its admission, after thorough argument on both sides, as often refused, in the last instance by a decisive vote of 30 to 19. The defense considered this testimony of the utmost importance, as going to show that the President had acted upon the counsel of his constitutional advisers, while the prosecution claimed that he could not plead in justification of a violation of the law that he had been advised by his Cabinet or any one else that the law was unconstitutional. His duty was to execute the laws, and if he failed to do this, or violated them, he did so at his own risk of the consequences. With the refusal of this testimony the case, except the final summings up, and the verdict of the Senate, was virtually closed.

The case had been so fully set forth in the opening speeches of Messrs. Butler and Curtis, and in the arguments which came up upon points of testimony, that there remained little for the other counsel, except to restate what had before been said. Our Record closing before the last of these arguments have been delivered, we present no abstract of them, purposing, should it seem advisable, to touch upon the main points hereafter.

The proceedings upon the impeachment having occupied all our space, we reserve for a future Number an account of events which have occurred abroad, among which are the close of the Abyssinian war; various developments of the Fenian question; the agitation in the British Parliament relating to the Church establishment in Ireland, wherein the Ministry suffered a signal defeat; and the civil war now raging in Japan.

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Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT furnishes the following hitherto unpublished incident relating to the late Rev. Dr. Hawks. Early in the session of the Triennial Convention which met in New York in 1862, a member offered a resolution expressing sympathy with the Government in the effort to put down the rebellion. Doctor Hawks made an earnest and plausible speech against what he called the introduction of "politics" into the Church of Christ, whose "kingdom is not of this world." Others excitedly followed in the same style, and the resolutions were tabled by a large vote. Shortly afterward the subject before the Convention was a proposed revisal of the Hymns of the Church. Doctor Hawks advocated this measure with his usual ability. He was followed by a member who complimented him highly on his speech and sentiments; he had himself felt the revision to be necessary; in the present aspect of the Church it had become indispensable. In conclusion, he would ask the Secretary to read the 82d Hymn from the Prayer-Book. The Secretary read:

"Now may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry,
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high."

At the second verse the Secretary had seen the point; his face wore an expression broader than a smile, which he vainly tried to suppress as he proceeded:

"In His salvation is our hope:
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad."

At the third line there was a suppressed titter through the house, and when at the close the speaker added, "that is politics, Mr. President," and sat down, the dignified body was convulsed with undignified laughter. The loyal man had got his hearing. The rebellion subject was subsequently taken from the table, and loyal resolutions passed by a handsome majority; but Doctor Hawks's voice was never again heard in the councils of the Church.

A MICHIGAN correspondent notices a form of Ritualism which he observed not long since in that State. It was his privilege to attend the Methodist Church on Communion Sunday, where, after administering the Sacrament to the communicants kneeling before him, the clergyman benignly waved his hand to them and said: "Arise and disappear!"

THE question of removing the capital of New Hampshire need not necessarily be presented to the Legislature of that Granite Commonwealth, it having been disposed of as narrated in the following note from a Philadelphia correspondent:

We have at our house a diminutive contraband. One evening I was hearing him recite his geography lesson, the subject being the location of the capitals of the different States. Coming to New Hampshire, he said: "Cap'tal New Hampshire is Concord, on de Merrimac." Thinking he did not exactly comprehend the meaning of the sentence, I asked him what he meant by "on the Merrimac?" This was a puzzler! Scratching his woolly pate, he looked up in my face with a dubious expression, and said: "I 'specs it's on de big rebel boat!" The lad came from Fortress Monroe—hence, probably, his view of the subject.

THE crowd who daily pass St. Paul's, Broadway, are occasionally appealed to by a person who now and then takes his stand there for charity. This person, who purports to be bereft of sight, is led by a dog, the latter bearing a card with the words, "I am blind." A very benevolent gentleman, who had been in the habit of dropping a penny in the beggar's hat, passed by rapidly one morning without that little act of liberality, when the supposed blind party rushed after him, saying, "What! you are not going to pass without giving me something?" The gentleman, turning in surprise, said, "Why, I thought you were blind!" "Oh no, Sir," was the cool reply; "it is the *dog* that is blind!"

IN a certain town in New Hampshire resides a worthy woman who keeps a "Ladies' Furnishing Store." Her husband is rather a bad lot, and too much addicted to the use of those beverages which render the New Hampshire citizen disagreeable in polite society. Against the wishes of his wife he occasionally insists upon "'tending store." On one occasion, thus engaged, a young lady entered to purchase a pair of mohair mits, and, upon selecting a pair, inquired the price. The question of price was one upon which he was always "mixed;" but, assuming a business air, said, "two dollars and fifty cents." The lady was surprised, and said it was too much. "Well, ma'am," said George, "it *is* high, but the fact is, *Mo's* are scarce; there were five men down in Maine six weeks hunting 'em, and they only caught one *Mo!*" The law of demand and supply having been thus succinctly stated, the lady declined the proffered bargain, and sought "Mo" in some more economical establishment.

A NEAT little thing is circulating in the *salons* of Paris, showing how a well-timed anecdote is as useful in dispelling embarrassment as the soft answer in turning away wrath. It was on the occasion of the marriage of Mademoiselle B——. After the ceremony had been performed, and the party had adjourned to the Mairie to affix their signatures, the crowd was so great that in the crush the bride had the misfortune to upset the inkstand over her white satin dress. Great was the dismay at the occurrence, when Count G——, who was present, gave a happy turn to the incident by remarking: "Mais c'est tout naturel. Aussitôt qué Mademoiselle est arrivée au port, elle a jeté *l'ancre.*"

ONE of the odd characters that pervade the metropolis of Grass Valley, Nevada, is an old negro named Sanks. He takes considerable interest in politics, and is bitterly opposed to the present incumbent of the White House. He is also a zealous member of the Church. During a recent revival among the "colored Methodists" Sanks became very happy, and after relating his experience to the brethren, exclaimed, in a tri-

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umphant tone: "I's a-goin' to heaven—I is! *Andy Johnson can't veto dat!*"

THE April Number of the Drawer contained a couple of anecdotes of General Spinner, United States Treasurer. Here is another apropos of the General as a religious enthusiast. In politics he is known as a thorough Radical; in religion, a devout and conscientious Methodist. It began to be whispered around that, under very trying and extraordinary circumstances, General Spinner was guilty of swearing a little sometimes. The Church took the matter in hand as quietly as possible, and appointed a discreet sister (the grieving mourner of a husband and three gallant brothers slain in the war) to inquire into the matter. Instead of gathering evidence at second-hand, she went to head-quarters; she posted herself among a crowd of waiting ones in the General's office. The old man was absorbed in business, and working away like a steam-engine. File after file of men passed before him, and he shot his decisions at them in sharp, curt sentences as they moved on. Finally, a tall, handsome man approached and handed in his documents for examination. The General ran his eye down the pages, and a thunder-cloud settled portentously upon his countenance. He threw down the papers and shook his fist fiercely in the gentleman's face, and said:

"*You* have come to me with this! You sneaking hound of a deserter! *You* bring a paper here, signed by the President of the United States, setting forth that, when you deserted from the regular army to go and fight four years against your country, there were four months' pay coming to you from the Government you so outraged, and ordering me to pay you those arrearages! I'd see you and the President a hundred million miles in the hottest hole in hell first!"

A GEORGIA friend mentions the fact that old Uncle Jacob M'Googinson showed a strong love for the "old flag," in a peculiar way, under trying circumstances. When it was hauled down amidst the loud hurrahs and yells of an excited crowd of secessionists gathered before the empty barracks, old Uncle Jacob claimed it earnestly, his white head and bent frame trembling with emotion. "Boys, give it to me! I fout under that flag at New Orleen, and in Georgy, and 'way in Floridy among the Seminoles. I love that old flag, boys! Give it to me; don't tear it, boys; give it to your Uncle Jacob, what's so often fout under it. *It 'll make my ole woman a most beyutiful dressing-gown!*" The mixture of pathos and bathos was irresistible, and Uncle Jacob got the starry dress-pattern.

LUDICROUS blunders in proof-reading continue to occur, much to the enjoyment of those who so quickly notice and keenly appreciate them. Not long since, in one of our evening papers, the paragraphist had evidently written, as a heading to his item, "A Strange Dispensation of Providence;" but when the paper appeared the public were informed of "A Strange Distribution of Provisions!"

A morning journal not long since contained a report of a military reunion, in which the writer spoke of "Col. Rockafellow, of the 71st Regt." Imagine his disgust at reading in the types that "Col. Rock, a fellow of the 71st Regt., had been present," etc.

Most people in the newspaper business have heard of the singular error which occurred in no less than three of the dailies, when General Cochrane was made to say: "Fremont, Captain of the 'Time,'" instead of the "foremost," etc.

A musical critic of an evening paper spoke genially of the pantomimic powers of Mr. Fox, at the Olympic, in the scene with the "white darkey." It is scarcely necessary to add that he meant "white donkey," an animal of quite a different breed.

THE anecdote of Mr. Van Buren, in the April Number of the Drawer, reminds a Philadelphia correspondent of the replies of a wit of another kind. C. H——, who rose to the dignity of a *diplomat*, was the son of a brickmaker, who accumulated a fortune in the early building days of that city. The son of a bootmaker, also a wag, became a visitor at good tables, where the two sometimes met and scowled at each other. One day the son of Crispin said impertinently to the son of Bricks: "Mr. H——, suppose we *moisten our clay*," and offered wine. "By all means," replied H——, "provided there are no *heel-taps!*"

CROSSING the ocean with Mr. H——, his readiness at repartee attracted the notice of all on board, and a wager was laid that he could not be caught napping, but would give not only a prompt but witty reply. Next morning Mr. H—— was observed looking through the telescope, the atmosphere being damp and cold. The interested party, determined to win, touched Mr. H——'s arm, and asked: "Mr. H——, what ship is that?" "Don't know; but I hope it's a *Peruvian bark*, for I'm in a perfect chill!"

There was Champagne at dinner.

IF not by an amorous lawyer, by whom was the following verse written:

"Fee simple, or a simple fee,
And all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female."

FAUNTLEROY, the greatest of modern forgers, who expiated his crimes on the scaffold, had been accustomed, when in business, to associate with people of position in the financial and fashionable world. A new story has recently got into print in London, detailing an incident of his last moments which does not redound to the credit of all his friends: Among the delicacies he was in the habit of giving at his table was some remarkably fine Lunel, imported by himself, and kept to himself so far that he never put any of his friends on the scent of it. The day before his execution some of his oldest friends came to take leave of him, and one outstaid the rest.

"Fauntleroy," said this last visitor, with due solemnity, "we have tried all means to save you, we have done every thing in our power, but all in vain, and we have only to take leave of you forever. Consider the position in which you stand. The dread veil of life is about to be withdrawn. You are on the brink of that chasm which separates time from eternity. If there is any thing you leave unsaid in this world, you

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will have no chance of saying it then. Is there nothing you have to say to us? Do you not think you owe us some return for our exertions? It will soon be too late. Tell us where you get that Lunel!"

But Fauntleroy was resolute. He died and made no sign.

THE senior class of an Eastern college have recently entered upon the study of logic. If there is one thing that President —— enjoys more than another, it is to "catch" a man on a faulty syllogism. He had been amusing himself for some time in this way one day, compelling the students to make the very best use of their wits, when he suddenly stopped, and placed a regular syllogism on the board for analyzation, thus:

Major premiss (1), Man is mortal.
Minor premiss (2), John is a man.
Conclusion (3), John is mortal.

Mr. ——, a class-mate of Celtic extraction, had thus far enjoyed the discussion thoroughly, laughed heartily at the blunders of the others, and evidently wished himself on the floor that he might show "how the thing *should* be done." Now was his time:

"Docthor!" said he.

"Well, Mr. ——, have you any fault to find with that?"

"I'm unable to see, Sur, *how ye can dirive the secund from the furst!*"

The President joined in the laughter.

EVERY village has its odd character, and the oddest is often found at the fireside of the tavern. The "amplifier" is pretty sure to be there, "which he was" in the town of ——. His name was Atkins, and his elocutionary powers were in full swing describing a hog he had raised that weighed, dressed, seven hundred pounds. A doubt having been raised as to the accuracy of the avoirdupois, he averred its truth, and added: "I took him up in my arms myself, put him in the scales, and if he didn't weigh seven hundred and fifty—" A loud guffaw greeting this reiteration, Atkins said: "If you don't believe it, I'll agree to lift the biggest man in the room." Uncle Billy coming in, a bet was soon arranged that Atkins couldn't carry him (260 pounds) across the road and back. The boaster, "stubborner nor a mule," essayed the task, and after ten minutes' hard work took his timid passenger aboard from a chair. He got *to* the road, but, checked by a huge snow-drift, Uncle Billy was instantly buried therein. More laughter from the crowd.

"Lost your dollar, Atkins."

"No, I haven't," replied the indefatigable A. "I'll carry him across if it takes me all day."

"No," replied the snow-bound old gentleman, who had gathered himself slowly together, and sat blowing on the snow-bank; "*I guess Uncle Billy don't want to ride any more!*"

FROM a pleasant volume that has just appeared in London, but not likely to be republished on this side, we have an anecdote of Mr. Sergeant Wilde (then Sir Thomas), Mr. Sergeant Bompas, and a junior lately called to the bar, in a very heavy case in the Court of Common Pleas, in which a gentleman's servant was the plaintiff, and the Sheriffs of Middlesex were the defendants. Sir Thomas predicted defeat, and Mr. Sergeant Bompas had grave doubts of success; but the new-fledged barrister, with a boldness which startled these two practiced advocates, declared that he saw nothing but a verdict for the plaintiff. At the close of the consultation he said, "At all events, we have *justice* on our side." "It may be so," said Sergeant Bompas; "but what we want is *the Chief Justice* on our side."

ONE or two more from the same source:

A lady defended an action brought against her by an apothecary, and had the courage to get into the witness-box "to complain of the amount of the bill, and the dozens upon dozens of physic-bottles which had been sent to her." "Madam," said the Judge, "the next time you have such a quantity of medicine, *have it in the wood;* it will save you expense!"

THAT great, first principle of law, "costs," is understood quite as well, if not better, in England than with us. The instance which follows will strike our legal readers as an eminently simple and ingenious way of making out a "little bill:"

One morning (says our author) I met an attorney at the Master's Office taxing costs in an action for breach of promise of marriage, and I was astonished at the size of his briefs. A month afterward I met him going to tax costs in another action, with briefs equally as long. I asked him how he could make his briefs so bulky. "Easily enough," he said; "I have no library, keep only one clerk, who is a boy, and possess only one book, which is 'Napier's History of the Peninsular War.' I draw a fair brief of eight sheets, comprising the whole facts of the case. I then give 'Napier's History of the Peninsular War' to the boy to copy, telling him not to leave off till I give him instructions to do so. When I find there are sheets enough I tack them to the eight sheets; *but I never get beyond Saragossa!*"

NATURALLY, the bitterest thing that can be said against a greedy lawyer will be said by a lawyer, as, for example: A Sergeant, who was very clever in his profession and also in conversation, met a Queen's counsel, who was very rich, in the Temple. The Sergeant said, "How is it that, with the large property which you have made at the bar, you are staying in London this long vacation? I thought you would visit Japan or Astrakan." "No," said the Queen's counsel; "I have made £400 this week." The Sergeant replied: "You have plenty of money, and when you die you can't take it with you; and, if you could, it would *melt!*"

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent says:

Seeing a month or two ago in the Magazine an anecdote illustrative of the theology of our "colored brethren," reminded me of a sermon delivered before the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Frankfort, near here. The preacher was telling his congregation about Moses crossing the Red Sea; and, to make his description quite plain, illustrated it as follows: "S'pose you's de children of Israel, and I's Moses; Jarsey is the Wilderness, and Bridesburg (a suburb of

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Philadelphia along the Delaware) the Promised Land. Well, I bring you down to de ribber, and waves my hand up toward Tacony, and de waters roll backward toward Philadelfy, and we all goes over widout gitin' wet. When de las pickaninny gits over I waves my hand toward Philadelfy, and I waves my hand toward Tacony, and de waters r-o-l-l-s back from toward Tacony;—*and dey was fishin' for shad dar de nex' mornin'!*"

Not long since, in —— Church, one of the little Sunday-school girls being called upon to say her text, promptly delivered herself of the following: "He that hatched me hatched my father also." On her teacher desiring her to repeat it she reproduced it in the same form; but it was at last discovered that the passage intended was: "He that hateth me, hateth my Father also."

It was not altogether an infelicitous remark, made by a gloomy-minded gentleman a few evenings since: He pretended to be astonished at the small number of suicides; then, after a pause, he accounted for it in this melancholy but profound way: "The fact is, that by the time we have discovered the emptiness of life, living has become a fatal habit."

Speaking of suicide: There is an excellent French saying: "I do not understand suicide. Life is too short for one to have time for impatience with it."

Now that the "man and brother" of the South has become a freedman, it behooves him to throw off the old Adam of ignorance, and become the new creature of education. The younger sables, by way of improving their minds, may emulate the effort of their brother, a colored pupil in a school in Barbadoes, ten years of age, in the following essay, which it is hardly necessary to say is a "discripshion of the Lyon:"

"The Lyon is the King of Beests. His Concert is The lyoness, but She is not so nobel as The Lyon. If you want to see Nobility in a Beest you must go to the Lyon, but you must not go Alone, or you will Get et. The Lyon has 2 Roes of emence Teeth, and it is Treemenjuice to hear Him Rore. He has a long Tayle, and His Propensateys are very kannibell. The Lyon is menshuned in Scripsher and the lyon of Judy was much isteemed. He is now distinked xcept in Babylone, and Afrikker, and the Zoolojickkals, and in Woomwell's show of Wild Beests where He is domesticatted and Lets a lady ride Him which is a grate Blessing of providence and shows the supremmicey of the Humin Rayce."

It is not always that the lawyer gets the best of it in the examination of a witness. When the tables are turned upon him it seems allowable to indulge in an audible smile. Recently, in one of the interior counties of this State, the District Attorney, a clever gentleman and good lawyer, was cross-examining a witness and endeavoring to throw discredit upon his testimony. The District Attorney asked:

"Were you ever arrested?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Assault and battery, and paid my fine."

This was not bad enough. Sometimes good men will pay a fine for the privilege of knocking down a blackguard, and therefore Mr. Attorney went on groping in the dark.

"Were you ever in prison?"

"No—yes. Come to think I was."

Then, with the light of expectation breaking all over his expansive countenance, Mr. Attorney chuckles: "Oh! you were in prison, were you? Where were you in prison, Sir?"

"At Andersonville. *Was taken prisoner by the rebels!*"

Amidst a storm of applause, the cheers of the multitude, and the musketry-like rattle of hobnailed boots, the legal gentleman ceased to pester the ex-warrior.

An old contributor informs us of a member of a certain theological seminary who was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving his authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus: "Lord, we thank Thee that we have been awakened from the sleep which *a writer in the Edinburgh Review has called* 'the image of death.'"

General Fullerton, of St. Louis, is an official much to be commended, both for his promptitude and the humane tone that pervades his official documents. A correspondent recently happened in at the St. Louis post-office, and was favored by one of the employés with the perusal of the following communication:

—, Mo., March —, 1868.

Mr. J. S. Fullerton, Esq., Post M:

Sur,—Our Post M is ded yeastirda and I showd lik to git an infirmation from you what to do in the mattur. yours Most respecfuly, His Depputy

So respectful a request seeming to demand an immediate response, General Fullerton replied:

"Dear Sir,—See him decently buried and pay the funeral expenses. Yours, resp'y."

What more could have been expected?

Of the many beautiful sentiments expressed by Dr. Chalmers, the following is one of the best: "The little I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

On one of the cold days of last winter some eight or ten men were warming themselves, in various ways, in the Kinneo House, down in Maine. Large stories about trapping and hunting being the order of talk, an old trapper in the corner came out with: "Wa'al, boys, I reckon I've been trapper in these parts long enough to tell some pretty big stories, without stretchin' things, either. I'd come over into Kinneo one winter—three year ago, I reckon—to get a inch auger; and as I was crossin' the lake to my cabin, three mile on t'other side, I remembered I hadn't nothin' in the cabin to eat; so I reckoned I'd stop and kotch a fish. I got out my line, bored a hole in the ice with that auger, dropped the line in, and in less 'n one hour kotched more 'n

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a dozen fish, and one of 'em must have weighed *ten pound.*" "But how did you get it up through the inch hole?" asked a by-stander. Turning around he answered: "Wa'al, stranger, *that's the gaul of it!*"

THE following is just over from England:

The wildest piece of table-talk was surely that of the man to whom a lady complained of her upholsterer for not having come for a table that needed repair. "Madam, he is an un-come-for-table person."

THERE dwelt in Maine a good Methodist brother who was "blessed" with a wife of fretful disposition. Being at camp-meeting, they on one occasion knelt together in the tent prayer-meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, which he did in a devout and proper manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things, said: "Thou knowest, Lord, that I am *somewhat* fretful and cross at home," but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed, "Amen!—*truth, Lord, every word of it.*" It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose as to the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

OF a different style was the response of a dying soldier to General Clinton B. Fiske, "a man and a Methodist," now largely in the insurance way at St. Louis. He once asked a soldier at the point of death on the battle-field: "Can you tell me in a few words exactly how you feel about dying?" "Yes, General, I think I can; *it seems just as if I was going to the front.*"

A YOUNG New England clergyman, riding in the cars between Springfield and Pittsfield, sat opposite a spiritualist, who was holding a noisy discussion with his neighbor in the same seat on the subject of miracles. The spiritualist contended that the universe was governed by a fixed, unalterable law, and miracles were therefore impossible. After listening some time, the clergyman replied, that a law could not execute itself, and that Deity therefore continually acted; and he expressed the opinion that the spiritualist knew very little about what he was discussing. The latter retorted by saying: "Do you think you can make a fool of me?" "Oh no," replied the minister, "I am afraid the Lord has been too quick for me." There were no further "manifestations."

SOME twenty years ago there lived in a Western city a merry set of Scotchmen, whose mirth was not always regulated on the cold-water principle. John B—— was a prominent member. One particularly jolly night the "malt had got abune the meal," and toward the sma' hours two of his friends found him sitting disconsolately on a dry-goods box not far from his bachelor quarters. As they were passing he asked: "Do ye ken whaur Johnny B—— lives?" "You are Johnny B—— yourself," was the reply. "I ken that, man," said Johnny, "but whaur does Johnny B—— *live?*" That was the point.

OCCASIONALLY, not often, they have in France a banquet to celebrate a political victory, where things are said and sung somewhat in the way they are said and sung "out West." Not long since the Opposition in one of the French districts had a little dinner to jubilate over the election of their candidate, M. Houssard. Toward the close of the evening the health of the editor of the Prefect's journal was proposed in these terms: "We can not separate without proposing, with all possible enthusiasm, the health of M. Ladavèze, who by his outrageous articles, his falsehoods, and his indigestible prose, so happily smashed his own candidate, and contributed to the success of his adversary."

ONE often hears quoted certain expressions illustrative of "the ruling passion strong in death;" but we have heard of none better than that of a venerable woman, the grandmother of a banker, who had reached the age of ninety-nine years and eight months. Feeling very weak one morning, she sent for the doctor, and in the course of the interview asked him if he thought she would attain the age of one hundred. "Well, Madame, you may depend upon my doing my best," he replied. "Oh do!" said the old lady, "I should *so much* like to touch '*par.*'"

MANY years ago Colonel Weatherwax, proprietor of the Eagle Hotel in ——, kept an ass in his stable, near which stood a pump. A lady who lived across the street, having frequently heard the animal bray, losing all patience, and mistaking the origin of the discordant sounds, exclaimed: "I *do wish* Colonel Weatherwax would grease his pump-handle, it makes such a *dre'ful* noise!"

IT was in Newark, in the Jerseys, on last Thanksgiving-Day, when the children and grandchildren were gathered at the old homestead, and grandfather looking complacently at the merry group. Dinner was over. The jest and laugh were going around, when father turned to the merriest, and with grave face asked: "Oliver, did you ever read 'Watts on the Mind?'" "No, pa," was the frank reply; "but I know *What's on the Stomach!*"

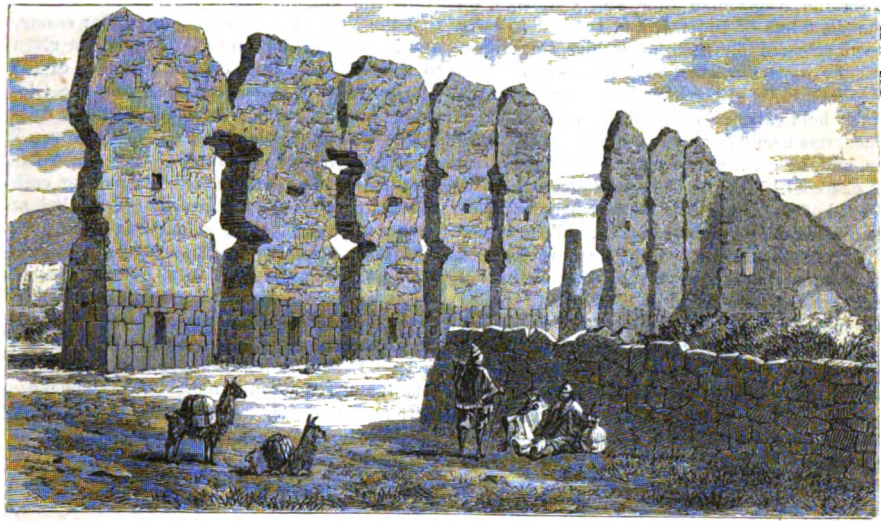
WHO is there that will not sympathize with the young gentleman of three years, "a child of freedom, whose home is with the setting sun," in California? His mother writes that mosquitoes and sand-burs are many in number and copious in size in her locality. One day her little man while rambling out of doors managed to get one of the before-mentioned inside the rear portion of his little pants. Running into the house and holding the minute unmentionables as far as possible from the person, he cried out: "Oh, mamma, I's dot a skeetie-bite in my—my *—back room!*"

AN officer in charge of the Freedmen's Department in Opelousas, Louisiana, mentions that among the many aged, helpless colored people who came to Government officers for relief, was one old aunty, to whom the usual questions—name, age, etc.—were put. As to her age she replied, "I dunno, Boss; I dunno how ole I is." "Well, how old do you guess?" "Can't tell dat neider, Boss, but I's got *double gran'chillen*, any how." So down she was put among the limited but highly respectable number of great-great-grandmothers.

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HARPER'S
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RUINS OF TEMPLE OF VIRACOCHA, CACHA, PERU.

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

IV.—THE CITY OF THE SUN.

I HAVE little room for Puno in this rapid narrative, but must not omit saying that it has a greater altitude than any town of its size (7000 inhabitants) in Peru or the world, except, perhaps, the mining town of Cerro de Pasco. It lacks but ten yards of being 13,000 feet above the sea. It owes its origin to the rich silver mines discovered in the mountains near it about the middle of the seventeenth century, but which, after sustaining it for a hundred and fifty years, have been practically abandoned. Wool of the sheep and alpaca, and butter, reputed the best in the world, are now its great staples of export. It is a dreary place, with low thatched houses and icy streets, through which glide noiseless llamas, and equally silent Indians, in garb sombre as that of the bare hills that circle round the town, and cut off the view in every direction except toward the lake. Here are the bright waters of the Bay of Puno, bordered all around by a broad belt of *totora*, and relieved by a few rocky islets, each of which has its Indian tradition, and on one of which the royalist governors confined their patriot captives during the war of the revolution, without shelter from the sun or protection from the cold.

A day or two of rest, and we began our preparations for exploring the lake and revisiting the Island of Titicaca. I have said there were no boats on Lake Titicaca. There *was* one, an ordinary four-oared open boat, fifteen feet long, and happily it belonged to our kind host, who introduced us to a person who had been employed in the Chilian navy, *Capitan* Cuadros, to whom I paid instant court. After several "surveys" of the craft, and much Bunsbyism, it was finally agreed that if her sides were raised and she were schooner-rigged, we might venture out in her on the broad and often turbulent lake. But to raise the sides—"bulwarks" Cuadros called them—was easier said than done. Where were the boards—he called the required material "timber"—to come from? The last consignment to Puno, consisting of half a dozen planks sawn in Maine, cut in sections at Islay, and brought up from the coast on mules, a twenty days' journey, had been exhausted by our host himself in making shutters

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for the windows of his warehouse. So we were fain to break up some goods' boxes, and build up our "bulwarks" from the pieces. The *Natividad* was a wonderful craft to see when all was done. Her sides were as variegated as a city dead-wall under its posters. Here you read "FRAGILE;" near by, "THIS SIDE UP, WITH CARE;" and next, "BITTERS, X. S. P. 9," in every variety of lettering. The masts were two poles which had been brought all the way from the Amazonian valleys of Carabaya, on the shoulders of Indians, and seemed to have been selected for their marvelous sinuosities. "They were too crooked," H—— protested, "to lie still." A box that had been lined with tin to hold calicoes, containing a little clay furnace, was firmly fastened in the bow as a kitchen, and, by great good luck, we obtained a bag of charcoal. Captain Cuadros had a little place fenced off for him in the stern, where he acted as captain, mate, and steersman. We occupied the centre of the craft, while the two *bogadores*, or rowers, and Ignacio my servant, a consummate rascal, who acted as cook, went "before the mast."

In this frail vessel we navigated the lake from end to end, visited its islands and the Bolivian shores, whither we were driven in a blinding storm of snow and sleet, lasting twenty-four hours, during which nothing but assiduous bailing kept the *Natividad* afloat. Becalmed in returning for five days, we exhausted our stores, and for two days were without food of any kind. This is not the place to recount our adventures or discoveries. I hope the latter may ultimately be of some use to the world, for I certainly shall undertake to make no more in an open boat, on a stormy lake, two miles up in the air, with the thermometer perversely inclined to zero.

Our friends in Puno had become greatly concerned on account of our long absence; in fact, they had given us up; and when we were discerned working across the bay they hastened down to the little mole and received us with a cordial welcome, as well as with some welcome cordial.

Before leaving on our expedition I had "assisted" at a grand "function," a patriotic Festival of Flags, I should call it, symbolical of a union of all the republics against monarchical intervention in America. France was then in Mexico; Spain in Santo Domingo; and, believing that the United States was in the throes of dissolution, the buzzards of reaction were hovering on the coasts of the Pacific, ready to swoop down on the rich but petty republics that lie there, and reduce them again to a state of colonial dependence. I had signed an "acto" on the occasion; and what was more, had carried an American flag, which the young ladies of the Colejio had improvised for the occasion, getting the number of the stripes wrong, and the azure field a world too little, but making up for all in the size and weight of the staff—one of the poles, I verily believe, that afterward answered for a mast in the *Natividad*. But that was not the worst. We had to go through a mass and a benediction of the *banderas* in the chill cathedral, with many genuflexions and much kneeling on the cold stones, besides enduring a speech from the prefect afterward, with heads uncovered, in the frosty air. The American flag had been given the post of honor, with those of Chili and Mexico on either hand. And as by a remarkable and unprecedented coincidence two young American engineers had arrived in Puno, so that the Yankee element mustered four strong, and in part recognition of the high honor given to the United States on the occasion of the *function*, Mr. T—— determined that the Glorious Fourth, then close at hand, should be celebrated by a dinner, and "with all the honors."

And it was so celebrated. The brass six-pounder of the place was fired, a gun for each State, at sunrise; the bells were pealed at noon; a mass for the good deliverance of the United States was performed in the cathedral at two o'clock; the garrison was paraded as an escort to the American flag, which was carried in triumph through the streets; and, altogether, Puno held high holiday on the 4th of July, 1864. Even the morose Aymaras seemed to relent, and a few of the more volatile Quichuas were seen to smile. It was the grand fiesta of St. Jonathan, and *chicha* could be had *gratis* in the plaza.

A severe hurt received through a fall among the ruins of Coati, and a fever superinduced by exposure on the lake, kept me from taking an active part in the entertainment and ball that followed the festivities of the day, which were shared in cordially, and with genuine sympathy, by all the people of Puno who had ever heard of the United States—the most respectable but by no means the most numerous class. I regretted this, as it prevented me from witnessing an incident which I can not help relating, and which, while it illustrates some things in Peru, is not to be taken as characteristic of the people.

It must be premised that in the smaller towns of Spanish America the *plebe* invite themselves to witness, if not exactly to participate in, any *tertulia* or social gathering that may take place. The style of buildings, around a court entered by a *zaguan* or single great doorway, precludes much exclusiveness, even if attempted. The court of Mr. T——'s house was consequently filled, not alone while dinner was going on, but afterward; and policy, as well as regard for custom, would have induced him to be extremely liberal of solids as well as liquids to the "outsiders." Most of these left when the invited and presumably more respectable guests departed; but a few inveterates, who had got a taste of genuine cognac, persisted in remaining in hope of another *trago*. The great door was closed at midnight and merely the wicket left open—a hint to leave which only two or three of the self-invited guests or spectators failed to understand. Finally all had departed except a stalwart mestizo, who wore a long and ample

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cloak—every body needs to wear a cloak in the Sierra—who lingered and chatted, and chatted and lingered, until Mr. T——, imagining that all he wanted was brandy, gave him half a bottle, and, gently crowding him toward the wicket, said, "Now, my friend, it is past two o'clock, I am very tired, and really you must go!"

"Open the door," responded the man with the cloak.

"Surely you can go out by the wicket. Why should I open the door?"

"To let me out."

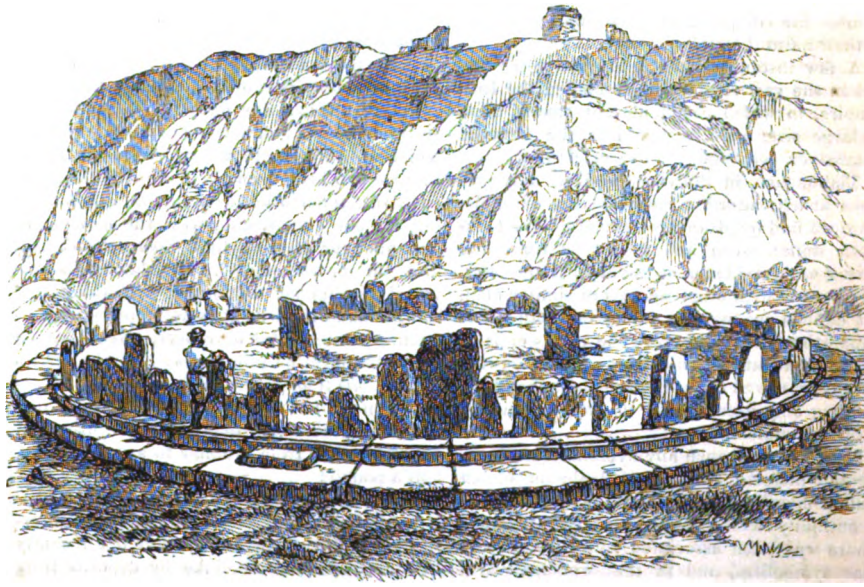
This was too much, and our host, in a fit of irritation, gave the persistent intruder a push. Staggering, he dropped a ladies' parlor chair that he had concealed under his cloak, darted through the wicket, and disappeared in the darkness.

Besides our long excursion on the lake we made several expeditions to places of interest around Puno. One of these was to the remarkable lake of Umayo, six leagues to the northeast of Puno, and four from Lake Titicaca. It lies at a higher level than the latter, is about twelve miles in circuit, surrounded on nearly all sides by abrupt cliffs 300 feet high, and might be taken for a vast, ancient crater, except for a large island in its centre, with its summit level with the plain in which the lake is sunk. The town of Vilque stands near one extremity of the lake, and is celebrated for its annual fair, which is attended by people from a thousand miles' distance—from Cuzco on the north to Tucuman and the provinces of the La Plata on the southeast. Droves of mules are brought from this direction for the supply of the Sierra, where the raising of sheep is more profitable than that of beasts of burden. Beyond Vilque, lying high up among the Cordillera, are other considerable lakes, one of which, called Coallaqui, is not far from 17,000 feet above the sea.

The lake of Umayo, although represented on the maps as discharging into Lake Titicaca, has really no outlet. It nevertheless contains several varieties of fishes, some of which, if not all, are identical with those of the greater lake. It was on the shores of Umayo that the powerful chiefs of the Collao, before their reduction by the Incas, had their capital, Hatun-Colla; and the headlands of the lake and the heights around it bristle with their burial towers or *chulpas*. These are generally of rough stones cemented together by a tenacious clay; but on the bold peninsula of Sillustani is a group of the largest and best built of all these structures to be found in Peru. Most of the towers are round, swelling upward, as I have already described, and terminating in perfectly symmetrical domes. Blocks of stone from eight to twelve feet long and from five to six feet thick are built in some of these, and *keyed* in place with admirable skill. All are vaulted, and some have two tiers of niches for receiving the dead. On the isthmus, connecting the peninsula with the main land, the Incas had built an edifice, probably religious, now in ruins, but retaining the name of Inti-cancha, inclosure or house of the Sun.

There are, however, on the peninsula other remains which, like the *cromlechs* of Acora, have a special interest from their absolute identity with the very earliest monuments of mankind, and which are indistinguishable from what in Northern Europe and the British Islands are called Sun or Druidical circles. They are here called *Inti-huatana*, literally "place where the Sun is tied up."

Some of these circles are more elaborate



SUN CIRCLE, SILLUSTANI, PERU.

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than others, and of one of these I give a drawing that will serve to illustrate all. It will be observed that there is first a circle of rough, upright stones, of irregular sizes, firmly set in the ground. The circle is 124 feet in diameter; it has an opening 5 feet wide on the east, and it incloses two larger upright stones (one of which has fallen), placed one-third of the diameter of the circle apart.

Outside of the circle thus formed is a cincture of broad, flat stones, roughly shaped by art, which lie flat on the ground and form a kind of platform four feet and a half broad. The adjoining edges of these stones are on radii from the centre of the circle. Their inner ends, or the parts nearest the upright stones and adjoining them, are raised, forming a kind of beading



PLATFORM STONE OF SUN CIRCLE.

running entirely around the circle. In this is cut a channel or groove, three inches deep and four and a half inches wide, which also extends entirely around the circle. The stones at the sides of the entrance or gateway are pierced with holes, as shown in the engraving, as if for the reception of ropes.

This is the perfected form of the sun-circles of Peru, and it must not be supposed that all of them are equally elaborate, for the greater number are composed of simple upright stones in their natural state.

A few instances have fallen under my notice in the vast region that composed the Inca Empire, in which rough upright stones, often of large size, were arranged in the form of squares or rectangles. The celebrated ruins of Tiahuanaco, in Bolivia, described in a previous article, afford a most striking example. Here we find quadrangles defined by great unhewn stones, worn and frayed by time, and having every evidence of the highest antiquity, side by side with other squares of similar plan, but defined by massive stones cut with much elaboration, as if they were the works of later and more advanced generations, which, however, still preserved the notions of their ancestors, bringing only greater skill to the construction of their monuments.

I shall not advance any hypothesis concerning the massive remains of Tiahuanaco, but content myself by observing what every student of antiquity will recognize as true, that the square was often associated with the circle in solar symbolism, and in that worship which seems to have been, throughout the world, the earliest adopted by its inhabitants. Striking and numerous illustrations of this may be found in the vast earthen structures scattered over the United States, and which seem to have an antiquity that few are bold enough to affirm, but which must be measured if not by geological, by semi-geological epochs.

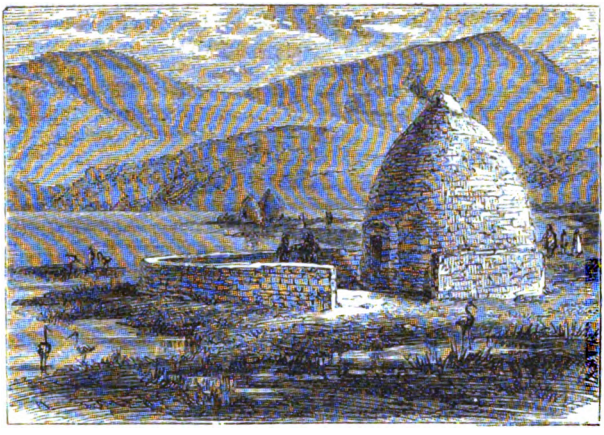
The bay that sweeps behind the peninsula of Sillustani is shallow, grown up with reeds, and with the lake weed which I have described as affording food for cattle in the dry season, and which is called *llachu*. A part of the area now covered by the bay, tradition affirms, was the site of the capital of the chiefs of Hatun-Colla; and certain it is that walls as if of buildings may be discerned beneath the water, and here and there projecting above it. The little Indian village that now bears the name of Hatun-Colla, or Atun-Colla, is more than a league distant, and contains no remains of antiquity except two great jambs or square columns of stone standing in front of the house of the cura. These are sculptured on their faces, with geometrical figures, interspersed with figures of frogs, serpents, and lizards. They are said to have stood on the banks of the lake in former days.

Our journey from Puno was continued around the upper end of Lake Titicaca, through the towns of Paucarcolla, Pusi, and Taraco, to Huancané, near the head of the fine bay of that name, crossing the considerable rivers Lampa and Ramis, not far above their mouths. Both these streams are erroneously laid down in the maps. The former does not flow direct into the lake, but into the bay of Puno.

Between Paucarcolla and Pusi we stopped to explore certain monuments that we discovered wide of our road, and sent our baggage ahead. Night came on without our overtaking it, and becoming entangled among the hills of Capachica we lost the trail, and were obliged to pass the cold night by the side of a rock, without food or fire, or any covering except our ponchos. When day dawned we found ourselves less than half a league from the town to which we were bound, where, in the firm belief that we had been drowned in crossing the Lampa River, Ignacio had commenced administering on our effects, and, with the *arrieros*, at half an hour after daylight, was "drunk as a lord" on our best cognac. Drunkenness is universal throughout the *Sierra*. Nothing that can be made to ferment is neglected in manufacturing intoxicating beverages. Nearly all the maize is converted into *chicha*; even the berries of the *molle* tree. And as for the cane that is grown in the hot valleys, its juice is wholly distilled into *cañaso*, so that sugar in Cuzco can only be had at from a dollar to a dollar and a half a pound!

The region around the mouth of the Ramis is a kind of delta, very low and level, interspersed with shallow pools, as if but recently half rescued from the lake by deposits from the river. These pools are thronged with

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TURF HOUSE NEAR MOUTH OF THE RIO BAMIS.

water-fowl, among which the scarlet ibis and strong-winged mountain goose are conspicuous. The inhabitants here are all shepherds; and as what there is of solid ground is covered with a thin but tough turf, this is used exclusively in constructing their dwellings and the pens or *corrales* for their flocks. Quaint and curious structures they are, looking like tall, quadrilateral haystacks. In some attempts had been made at something like architectural adornment, and, like the *chulpas*, these have a kind of cornice at the point where the roof begins to converge from the vertical walls—a feature suggested perhaps by the *chulpas*, or a tradition of style descending from the ancient builders of the tombs. In their interior they are, in common with all the dwellings of the Indian natives, filthy in the extreme. A few had been deserted and fallen down, forming mounds of more or less regularity and elevation, in which excavation would certainly expose what we generally find in mounds of earth all over the world—bones, fragments of pottery, some battered implements not worth removal, and traces of fire.

The town of Huancané is large, and occupied almost exclusively by Indians of Aymara family. It has some hot springs in its neighborhood, which have a high medicinal reputation, and the place may be regarded as the Saratoga of the Puno district. Four leagues beyond, following the shores of the bay of Huancané, is the Indian pueblo of Vilquechico, in the neighborhood of which are other hot springs, the Inca ruins of Acarpa, and the Pre-Incarial monuments of Quellenata, which I have not space to describe here. They consist of a vast number of *chulpas*, of various sizes, standing on an eminence that may justly be called a mountain, surrounded by walls of rough or rudely-fashioned stones, pierced with doorways, indistinguishable from what in the Old World are called Pelasgic walls. The ruins of Acarpa stand on a peninsula projecting far into a shallow bay, and were reached by the Incas over causeways of stone still visible above the water.

Leaving Huancané, where since our visit the Indians have risen in open revolt against the whites and committed great cruelties, we traveled northwest through the town of Chupe to Azangaro, one of the most famous seats of the ancient inhabitants, and distinguished now as containing one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity in Peru, the Sondor-huasi or Round-house, which retains its original thatched roof after a lapse of over three hundred years, showing us how much of skill and beauty as well as utility may be achieved and displayed, even in a roof of thatch. We know, from the concurrent testimony of the chroniclers, that all the Inca roofs were of thatch—as indeed nine-tenths of the roofs of all of the buildings of the Sierra still are. From this has been inferred an incongruity between the skillful workmanship of the walls and the rude character and meanness of the roofs, which the Sondor-huasi will go far to correct. The thin, long, and tough *ichu* grass of this mountain region is admirably adapted for thatch, lying smoothly, besides being readily worked.

The dome of the Sondor-huasi is perfect, and is formed of a series of bamboos of equal size and taper, their larger ends resting on the top of the walls—bent evenly to a central point, over a series of hoops of the same material and of graduated sizes. At the points where the vertical and horizontal supports cross each other they are bound together by fine cords of delicately-braided grass, which cross and re-cross each other with admirable skill and taste. Over this skeleton dome is a fine mat of the braided epidermis of the bamboo or rattan, which, as it exposes no seams, almost induces the belief that it was braided on the spot. However that may be, it was worked in different colors and in panelings conforming in size with the diminishing spaces between the frame-work, that frame-work itself being also painted. I shall probably shock my classical readers and be accounted presumptuous when I venture a comparison of the Azangaro dome, in style and effect, with that of the *cella* of the temple of Venus and Rome, facing the Coliseum in the Eternal City.

Over this inner matting is another, open, coarse, and strong, in which was fastened a fleece of finest *ichu*, which depends like a heavy fringe outside the walls. Next comes a transverse layer of coarser grass or reeds, to which succeeds *ichu*, and so on, the whole rising in the centre so as to form a slightly flattened cone. The projecting ends of the *ichu* layers

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were cut off sharply and regularly, producing the effect of overlapping tiles.

From Azangaro our route lay over a high table-land covered with snow, into the Valley of the Rio Pucura, which we ascended through the towns of Pucura and Ayavira to Santa Rosa, a considerable town, the last of the Collao, at the foot of the great snowy mountain of Apucumurami.

Here we witnessed one of those bull-fights, or rather bull-baitings, which are the delight equally of the people of the coast and the Sierra. The plaza of the town was fenced in, and the bull, with a gaudy crimson cloth fastened over his back, and his horns loaded with fire-crackers, was let into the inclosure. Then commenced the process of tormenting the animal. To mount on the bull's back and ride him round the plaza, while lighting the fire-works; to prod him with sharp nails set in the ends of poles, and generally to irritate and vex him, while dextrously escaping his blind wrath, seems to constitute this cherished pastime.

At Santa Rosa the performances were varied by fastening a young condor on the back of one of the bulls, which when roused by the noise, the motion, and the explosions began to beat the sides of the bull with his powerful wings, and to lacerate his flesh with his terrible beak. After both bull and condor had become completely exhausted, and the former with bleeding flanks and protruding tongue was standing helplessly in a corner, an Indian approached to unfasten the bird, which, however, seized him by the arm and nearly tore it from its socket. This condor with another was given me by their owner, and I undertook to send them home as a present to the Central Park. They, however, never reached the coast, as the following letter from Pedro Lobo, the arriero, who undertook to take them there, will, perhaps, sufficiently explain:

"Sir and Gentleman, Viracocha!

"I am ill. I supplicate your mercy. I am a poor man, as you know, and my family has had the small-pox. Manuela died, it is now a long time. There is little *alfalfa* to be had in my village. So I ask your forgiveness. I could not do otherwise. It happened so. It was in the Pampa of Tungasaca. One of the *pollos* (chickens), he of the bull, tore off the ears of the mule *Chepa* who carried him. You remember the mule *Chepa*, because of its tail, which was short. It made strings of my *poncho*, and grievously hurt me. I still crave your mercy. But it got away.

"You know that maize is very high, and, as I said before, poor Manuela died of the small-pox. They are taking men for the army. I don't know what may happen to me. There is measles in my village, and the roads are bad; but when the *pollo* of the *toro* got away, the other got away also. I know they will say in Santa Rosa that I cut the straps. And so it may appear. But Sir, Gentleman, and Viracocha, you will not believe them; for there is little *alfalfa* and no maize to mention in my village; and it is now two years since Manuela died, to say nothing of the measles, from which may the Virgin protect your worship! Hence I ask your mercy."

I should explain that I had on several occasions expressed great sympathy with Pedro Lobo an account of the premature death of his daughter Manuela, and he argued that the reference would soften my heart and avert any anger I might experience on account of the escape of the *pollos*.

At Santa Rosa the Andes and Cordillera are knotted together, and we soon become involved among their gorges, disputing passage-way with the head-waters of the river of Pucura. From Santa Rosa to the divide, a weary distance of five leagues, the scenery is most bold and impressive, resembling that of the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, in Switzerland, or the ascent of the pass of St. Gothard from Bellemzona. There are no habitations, only here and there, at exposed points, remains of Inca *tambos*, under whose crumbling walls we find some shivering groups of native travelers, huddled together over a smouldering fire of dung, endeavoring to warm their wretched *chupa*. The wind forces itself through the gorges with fearful force, driving before it the sand and gravel of the rough pathway and fine splinters of disintegrating rock, which puncture the chapped and smarting skin like lancets, until the blood starts in drops from every exposed part of the person. Our mules rebel against facing the blast, and obstinately turn their backs toward it, or viciously refuse to leave the shelter of some rock that breaks the force of the wind. The mountains all around us are covered with snow, which occasionally drives down in blinding whirls upon us, when some avalanche breaks away from the impending crests that curve over like the combing waves of the ocean before they break on the shore. We approach a narrow pass; a frosty stream, curdled with floating snow and icy crystals, frets between the rough rocks on one side, and the cliff rises sheer on the other, with only a narrow shelf for the roadway, so narrow that the animals can not pass abreast. We have just entered on it, with a hurt cargo mule now running *de valde*, or free, ahead, when we hear the sound of the warning whistle of some party approaching us from the other end of the pass, and which we had heard before, but half deaf and blinded, had confounded it with the shriek of the cruel wind. We make an attempt to turn back the mule, but she plunges forward, while we retreat to a wider part of the shelf and flatten ourselves against the rock to permit the approaching travelers to pass. They prove to be a man evidently of position, but wearing a thick mask and goggles, who answers to our inquiry if he had encountered a mule, by pointing down among the rocks at the foot of the precipice. He had shot the animal as it confronted him in the road; there was no other alternative.

As we approach the summit the gorge widens out a little, and we have a better road. Here we find every rock supporting heaps of stones, and there are hundreds of other heaps on all sides where there is room enough to build them up, from a foot to five and more feet high. They have been raised by the Indians in propitiation to the spirits of the mountains, and

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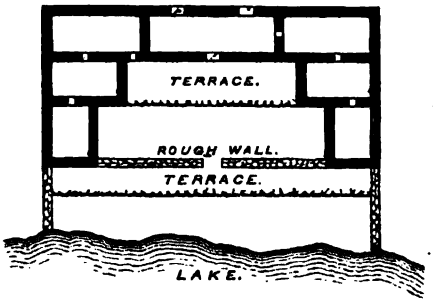
those which control the winds and the snows and the bitter frosts. The river of Pucura, reduced in size to a mere brook, babbles at our side, and we feel as grateful as the Indians themselves, albeit we do not rear our little *apachita* in token of having passed safely the worst part of our road. A mile further, and we reach the *cumbre* or divide—a *lap*, if I may use the term, between the two mountain ranges. Here, on one side, is a great *apachita* or pile of votive stones, and on the other a small lake or tarn, welling up among masses of vibrating, half-frozen turf, edged round with a silvery border of ice, and looking clear but dark under the cold, steel-like sky.

From this lake, which is only a few hundred feet across, flow two small, distinct streams—one through the gorge we have passed southward, forming in its course the River Pucura, falling into Lake Titicaca, and the other flowing north, constituting the source of the Rio Vilcanota, which, under its successive names of Vilcamayo, Yucay, Urubamba, and Ucayali, forms the true parent stream of the Amazon. A cork thrown into the centre of the lake might be carried into Titicaca or into the Atlantic, depending probably on the direction of the wind.

The divide which we have reached is in latitude 14° 30′ S., and longitude 70° 50′ W., at an elevation of 14,500 feet, dominated by the great snowy peak of Vilcanota, which still rises majestically above us.

Around the lake are the remains of several Inca *tambos*, some evidently designed for the poorer order of travelers, and one clearly intended for the Inca himself, or those of his blood. The latter has been most destroyed by the seekers for treasure, and its leveled walls afford no protection from the winds. So we gather for the night under the lee of some standing walls of humbler structures, fasten our mules close beside us, feeding them with raw barley, and, fencing ourselves in with our baggage, huddle around a little fire of sticks of *quinua*, which, by a fortunate accident, we were able to buy in Santa Rosa at a little less than their weight in silver. We refresh ourselves with coffee; our arrieros stuff their mouths with coca; we pack ourselves together as closely as possible, and await the dawn, when we shall start down the slopes of the Amazon.

The means of intercommunication in the Inca Empire, under the beneficent rule of its aboriginal sovereigns, were infinitely better than they are to-day. Apart from their roads and bridges, they built at all exposed points, at intervals in the *punos* and among the mountains, as well as in the villages, posts or *tambos* for the accommodation of travelers. These were by no means imposing, but large and comfortable, structures, in which not alone the travelers themselves but their llamas might find food and shelter. At La Raya, through which all communication between the capital and the Colla-suya, or important region around Lake Titicaca, had to pass, the public requirements were met by the construction of a number of *tambos* of large size; and there are also traces of a fortification, as if for the maintenance here of a garrison. I made a plan of one of these *tambos*, under the crumbling walls of which we found protection for the night, which may be taken as a type of this kind of structures in general, although no two are precisely alike. It is a building with



PLAN OF INCA TAMBO, LA RAYA.

a front of 180 feet in length, with wings extending inward at either extremity, forming three sides of a court. This court is extended down to the waters of the little lake by rough stone-walls, and the ground falls off by low terraces. The main front has but three rooms, each about sixty feet long; the central one alone having entrances from the outside. The corner rooms open into the court, and each has a smaller inner room that can only be reached through it—designed, perhaps, for the women or persons of distinction. The rooms have small niches on their sides, sunk in the walls, which are from two to three feet thick, composed of rough stones laid in clay. Altogether, the *tambos* seem to have been rough but substantial, common-sense structures, rationally devised to meet the wants of the people for whose use they were built. The courts were no doubt designed for the reception of the herds of llamas and alpacas that might accompany travelers, or be sent from the valleys to the plains of the Collao.

Descending now, here between steep mountains where stream and roadway dispute the passage, with eternal winter enthroned on the heights above us, anon urging our mules over narrow but arable intervals of land, or stopping to rest in quaint villages of Indians, famous in aboriginal history as the Canchas, we prosecute our journey sixty miles further, until the stream that trickled from the tarn of La Raya has swollen to be an unfordable river, under the name of Vilcanota. Here we reach the town of Cacha, near which are the remains of the famous temple of Viracocha. The valley has spread out to the width of a league, and is level and fertile. Beyond the town, on the right bank of the river, and rising nearly in the centre of the valley, is the broad and rather low volcanic cone of Haratche. It has thrown out

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its masses of lava on all sides, partly filling up the hollow between it and the mountains on one hand, and sending off two high dykes to the river on the other. Between these dykes is a triangular space, nearly a mile in greatest length, literally walled in by ridges of black lava, heaped in wildest confusion to the height of many feet. At the upper end of this space, which has been widened by terracing up against the lava fields, and piling back the rough fragments on each other, is a copious spring, sending out a considerable stream. It has been carefully walled in with cut stones, and surrounded with terraces, over the edges of which it falls, in musical cataracts, into a large artificial pond or reservoir covering several acres of area, in which grow aquatic plants, and in which water birds find congenial refuge. From this pond the water discharges itself, partly through numerous azequias that irrigate the various terraces lining this lava-bound valley, and partly through a walled channel into the Vilcanota.

Overlooking the reservoir or pond, on a broad terrace or rather series of terraces, in the middle of a great semicircular area, rise the lofty remains of the Temple of Viracocha, one of the most important ever raised by the Incas, and which seems to have been entirely unique in character. It is surrounded by remains of other structures of regular design, covering a wide space. The most conspicuous part of the remains is a high wall of adobes, rising on a base of worked stone to the height of upward of sixty feet, and showing evidences of having been part of a building three stories in height. One or two tall columns, built in like manner, still remain, and one gable of the building. The dependent structures are those of edifices raised round a succession of quadrangular courts on terraces, and fenced off by high walls from a grand series of square and circular buildings of inferior design and workmanship. A view of the central walls of this temple is given at the head of this article.

I can not stop to give a particular account of this wonderful building, nor have I space to repeat the traditions connected with its origin. I must content myself by saying that I regard the structure as second to none in Peru in interest, architecturally or otherwise.

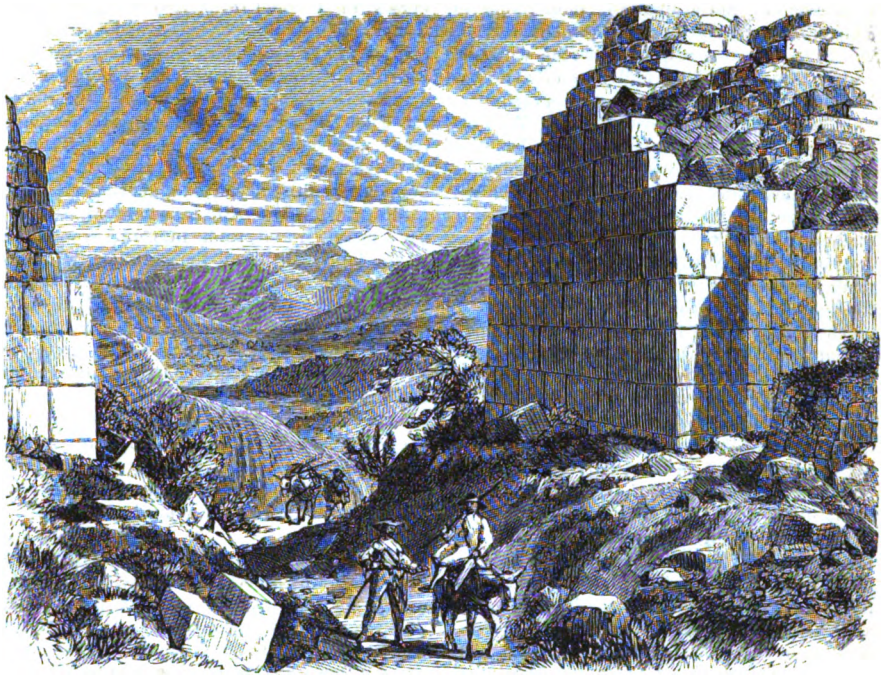
I can not, however, refrain from correcting one or two radical errors that have obtained as regards Inca architecture, and which have received the support of the great names of Humboldt and Prescott. The former, in his account of the fortress of Cannar, in the northern part of the Inca Empire, describes a building within its walls which, though smaller, was nearly a counterpart of the double houses found near the Temple of Viracocha. He seems to have been surprised to find that the edifice had gables like those of our own dwellings, and expresses his belief that they were added after the conquest. The fact of the existence of windows in these gables he regarded as specially favoring that hypothesis; "for it is certain," he adds, "that in the edifices of Peruvian construction, as in the remains of the houses of Pompeii and Herculaneum, no windows are to be found." M. de la Condamine before him had expressed some doubts of the antiquity of the gables, but thought it possible that they formed part of the ancient structure. Prescott, probably following Humboldt, denies the existence of windows in Peruvian architecture.

Humboldt, however, saw but few Inca remains in Northern Peru. Had he journeyed in the central or southern parts of the country he would have found the use of gables and of windows almost universal. Gables are even to be found among the ruins of Grand Chimu on the coast, where rain seldom falls. Every where in the interior the ruins of Inca towns are specially marked by their pointed gables, which have almost always one and frequently two windows. These windows were sometimes used as doorways for entrance to the upper or half story of the edifice, and were reached by a succession of flat stones projecting from the walls so as to form a flight of steps.

It was on the heights of Tungasaca overlooking the ruins of the Temple of Viracocha, on the opposite bank of the river, that José Gabriel Condorcanqui, better known by the name he ultimately assumed of Tupac-Amaru, organized, toward the close of the last century, that uprising of the Indians against the Spaniards which soon spread throughout the Sierra, and threatened the extinction of the Spanish power in Peru. Tupac-Amaru was the lineal descendant of the last of the Incas, and when he gathered his followers in the town of Tinta, on his way to wrest the capital of his fathers from the hands of the descendants of Pizarro, he led them first to the ruins of the Temple of Viracocha, and there, surrounded by black and rugged lava walls, and under the shadow of the crumbling sanctuary, with strange and solemn ceremonies and ancient invocations, adjured the aid of the Spirit that fought by the side of the young Viracocha on the plain of Yauhaur-Pampa. For a time he was successful; the dead gods seemed to live once more, and the banner of the Incas, glowing anew with its iris blazon, seemed destined to float again above the massive walls of the great fortress of Cuzco. But treachery more than force ruined the cause of the Indian chieftain; he was taken prisoner, and, after being obliged to witness the execution of his wife and son, was himself, May 21, 1781, torn in pieces by horses in the great square of Cuzco, and under the walls of its august cathedral, dedicated to the service of a just and merciful God.

After leaving Cacha we find nothing of special interest until we reach a point where the mountains close in on both sides of the Vilcanota and leave it only a rock-bound *cañon* wherein to flow. Here we leave the valley and ascending an abrupt ridge to the left enter the village of Urcos, beyond which, in a deep

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GATEWAY OF FORTRESS OF PIQUILLACTA.

depression of the land, lies the little yellow lake of Urcos, with neither inlet nor outlet, and in which the great golden chain of Huayna Capac is said to have been thrown to save it from the avarice of the Spaniards—a chain that "reached twice around the great square of Cuzco." The drift undertaken in Garcilosso's time, and driven for a hundred yards in the solid rock, for the purpose of draining the lake and recovering the hidden treasure, is still visible.

From the Calvario beyond Urcos we get our first view of the rich and beautiful valley of Andahuaylillas, one of those valleys, lying laterally to the great water-courses of the country, and considerably elevated above them, which form a distinctive feature of this portion of Peru, and in one of which Cuzco is situated. These valleys vary from five to fifteen miles in length, by half as much in width, and lie intermediately as regards elevation between the high, cold, arid table-lands or *punos*, where cultivation is impossible, and the deep, narrow, and often fervid channels of the great rivers. They are always well watered, collecting the rills that descend from the hills on every hand into a single bright and often considerable stream, which breaks through some deep, dark, rocky gorge, and by a series of brawling rapids and foaming cataracts discharge themselves into the great tributaries of the Amazon.

We will not linger in the beautiful little valley of Andahuaylillas, excepting for a moment near its northern extremity, where, approaching the hills again, we see a vast area covered with broken stones piled up in great heaps, while all around are blocks of fine-grained trachyte, squared with the highest precision of the stone-cutter, and looking as if but yesterday turned out from under his dextrous chisel. We will not require to be told by our *arriero* that this is one of the old Inca quarries; for the rude stone buildings in which the quarrymen lived cluster all over the hill-sides, and even in their ruin betray the unmistakable characteristics of Inca architecture. We shall find, when we get to Cuzco, now distant twenty miles, that the stones for the Temple of the Sun and the royal palaces were taken from these quarries, which cover an area hardly less than a mile square.

A mile or so beyond the quarries, the valley still contracting and our path ascending, we come to the Pass of Piquillacta, hemmed in by cliffs, within a width of 2000 feet. Here, rising before us, we find a massive wall of stones, between twenty and thirty feet in height, pierced by two gateways—a wall more massive than that which surrounded Latinum. The gateways are faced with stones cut with skill and laid, albeit without cement, with such precision that we can scarcely insert the thinnest knife-blade between them. This is the Fortress of Piquillacta, which was the southern limit of the dominions of the first Inca whose steps we have followed from the island of Titicaca. Inside the wall are the remains of the guard-houses or barracks wherein dwelt the defenders of his narrow domain against the Canchas, who were brought under Inca rule by his successor. A well-graded road leads hence to a vast group of ruins of the extensive ancient walled town of Muyna, laid out

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with avenues and streets and public squares. The lake of Oropesa lies to our left, and the village of the same name at our feet, while the white, Moorish-looking buildings of numerous haciendas glisten in the sun, at intervals, along the base of the hills on every hand. We press by them all, scarcely heeding their beauties, for we know the Inca capital is close before us, and we must reach it ere nightfall. The valley contracts; again the passage is disputed by stream and roadway. We are in the Pass of Augostura—the Narrows. A few hundred yards more, the heights all around us crowned with the tall gables of ruined Inca structures, we reach a point where the valley of Cuzco opens on our sight. An oblong valley shut in by treeless mountains, the air shimmering with the seemingly palpable golden bars of the declining sun, underneath which, past the clustering villages of San Sebastian and San Geronimo, at the head and most elevated part of the valley, reclining in calm repose of shadow against the umber-colored hills, the slant light gleaming on the tops of its threescore towers, whence the low vibration of bells, in whose solid masses are melted the gold and silver idols of an ancient faith, reach our expectant ears—here we pause, and in sympathetic action with our muleteers, who remove their hats and bow their heads low to the earth, we too salute reverently the City of the Sun!

We pass through the village of San Sebastian, where the haughtiness of the people might tell us, if we knew it not before, that they are the descendants of the *ayllos*, lineages or families of Inca blood, who, after the conquest, were assigned this spot as a refuge; and, striking a paved road, we hurry on toward the city of our destination. We enter it at the plaza of Rimac Pampa (the plain of the oracle), and, between buildings raised on massive ancient foundations, adobes on stone—modern on ancient art—the gutter occupying the middle of the street, and by no means redolent of the odors of Araby the Blest, we slowly reach the Inti-pampa, or Square of the Sun, where the serpent-covered walls on every side betray their Inca origin.

Here we inquire for the principal plaza, and are directed through a narrow street, darkened by heavy walls of stones cut with marvelous precision, impressive in their originality, pierced here and there with doorways, narrowing at the top, which bring back recollections of Egypt; and by-and-by we emerge in a great square with a central fountain, the Huaca-pata, or Sacred Terrace of the Incas, now flanked by a heavy cathedral on one side, the elaborate church of the Jesuits on another, and surrounded by a low colonnade. It is night, and when we inquire for the residence of the commandante of the forces—there are no hotels in Cuzco—a showily-dressed officer undertakes to conduct us thither, points to a heavy archway, beneath which our weary animals, conscious of a refuge at last, dash with unwonted and startling vigor, and we find ourselves the welcome guests of Colonel Francisco Vargas, whose name, it is only due, I shall ever mention with respect and gratitude—a respect and gratitude which all my readers would share had they undergone the privations, the hunger and thirst, the cold, exposure, and annoyances that were really involved in the long and weary journey, of which I have written so lightly, from the distant coast to this lofty eyrie of aboriginal power.

We are finally in Cuzco, where Manco Capac's magic wand sank into the earth, and where he commenced the fulfillment of the high and beneficent mission intrusted to him by his father the Sun. Here he built his palace, here his successors founded theirs, and here in due time arose that splendid fane, the Temple of the Sun, with the palaces of its ministers and the convents of its vestals. Above it frowns the great fortress of Sacsahuaman, the work of three reigns, the most massive and enduring monument of aboriginal art on the American continent, and which the wondering chroniclers pronounced to be the ninth great wonder of the world.*

Before, however, going into a description of the city and its objects of interest, let us pause a moment to notice its position, its climate, and the favorable conditions which contributed to make it the seat of empire. Its very name, Cuzco, which signifies the umbilicus or navel, was not given to it after the Inca dominion had been widely extended by warlike princes, but at the very period of its foundation, to denote that its position was central and dominating. The *bolson* or pocket in which it is situated is the central one of a group or cluster of such valleys, separated from each other by comparatively low passes between the mountains or hills, and is the one most easily defensible. To the north is the valley of Anta or Xaxiguana, where the Pizarros and Almagros decided the rule of Peru, and to the south is that of Andahuaylillas. The rule of the first Inca does not appear to have extended at first beyond this valley of Cuzco. The city stands at the northern or most elevated end of the valley, on the lower slopes of three high hills, where as many rivulets coming together, like the fingers of an outspread hand, unite to form the Cachimayo, the stream that disputes passage with the narrow roadway, in the Pass of Augostura. These three streams are named respectively the Rodadero or Tullamayo, the Huatenay, and Almodena, and within and around the triangles formed by their conflu-

* "Cuzco," wrote Colonel, afterward Marshal, O'Leary to General Miller, during the war of Peruvian Independence, "interests me greatly. Its history, its fables, its ruins are enchanting. It may with truth be called the Rome of the New World. The immense fortress on the north is the Capitol. The Temple of the Sun is its Coliseum. Manco Capac was its Romulus; Viracocha its Augustus; Huascar its Pompey, and Atahualpa its Cæsar. The Pizarros, Almagros, Valdivias, and Toledos are the Huns, Goths, and Christians who destroyed it. Tupac Amaru is its Belisarius who gave it a day of hope. Pumacagua its Rienzi and last patriot."

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ence the city of Cuzco is built. The old city, or that part of it dedicated to the royal family, was the tongue of land falling off from the hill of the Sacsahuaman, and lying between the Huatenay and the Rodadero. Here are situated most of the remains of Inca architecture, and to this will our attention be mainly directed.

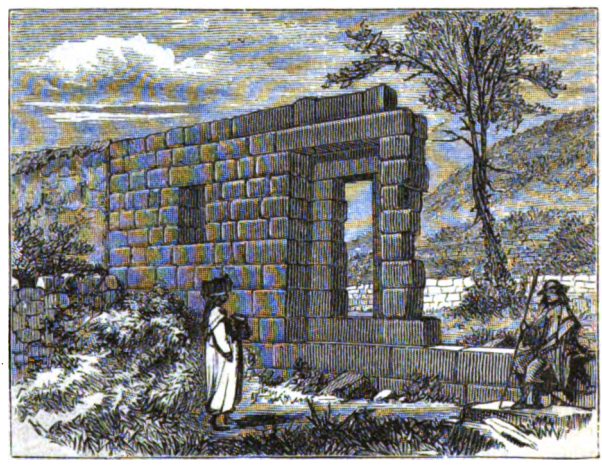
Cuzco is in latitude 13° 31′ S., and longitude 72° 2′ W. of Greenwich, at an elevation of 11,380 feet above the sea. Surrounded by high and snowy mountains, it might be supposed to possess a cold not to say frigid climate; but, in fact, its temperature though cool is seldom freezing, and although in what is called the winter season—from May to November—the pastures and fields are sere, and the leaves fall from most of the trees, it is rather from drouth (for the winter is the dry season) than from frost. On the whole the climate is equable and salubrious. Wheat, barley, maize, and potatoes ripen in the valley, and the strawberry and peach are not unknown. Equalize the extremes of a Pennsylvania summer and winter, or accept the climate of the south of France, and we shall have very nearly that of Cuzco. When we add to these favorable conditions that not more than twenty miles distant are deep and hot valleys where semi-tropical fruits may be produced abundantly, we may comprehend that Cuzco was not an unfavorable site for a national capital.

From the first the seat of government and the shrine of religion, it ultimately became the centre of a polity more profound than seems to have existed among the other American nations—a polity which subordinated the military arm to the grand object of moulding the scattered tribes and petty nationalities of the Sierra into a homogeneous civil body, and of harmonizing religion so that the several blocks of the national edifice should form integral parts of a constant and durable whole.

In its very construction and the arrangement of its divisions and wards, it was made to reflect this polity. It was made a microcosm of the empire. In common with the country at large it was divided into four quarters by four roads leading to the corresponding portions of the empire, which bore the general designation of *Tihuantisuya*, signifying the "four quarters of the world." These roads do not run exactly in the direction of the cardinal points, as is generally affirmed, but rather intermediately; that is to say, northeast and southeast, and northwest and southwest, their direction being fixed by the conformation of the country. The division to the northwest was named *Chinchasuya*, and in that direction lay the second city of the empire, Quito. That to the southwest, *Cuntisuya*, embraced the region of the coast. That to the southeast, in the direction and including the region around Lake Titicaca, *Collasuya*; and that to the northeast, *Antisuya*.

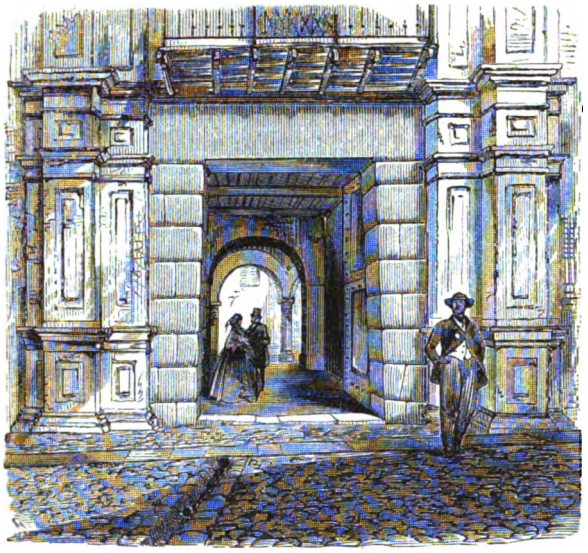
The road running northeast and southwest bounded the great square of Cuzco on its southeast side, and divided the city in two very nearly square parts, the more elevated part in the direction of the hill and fortress of Sacsahuaman being called *Hanan*, or Upper Cuzco; and the lower part subsiding into the level of the valley *Hurin*, or Lower Cuzco. Taking the *Huacapata*, or central square of the old city, and which is now the Plaza Principal, as a centre, there were grouped around it, in the form of a large oval, no less than twelve subdivisions or wards. These were occupied by inhabitants from the several principal provinces of the empire, and the position of each ward was made to conform as nearly as possible to the relative position of the province of which it was the representative. The names of these wards, however, so far as they can be made out, were given entirely with reference to their actual locality, such as *Cantutpata*, the terrace of flowers; *Pumacanchu*, the place of tigers, and not with reference to their inhabitants.

As I have said, the most important part of the sacred city was the spur of the hill of the Sacsahuaman, extending down between the rivulets Huatenay and Rodadero—a tongue of land, calculating from the terraces of the Colcompata, where the first Inca built his palace, to the confluence of the two streams, called metaphorically *Pumapchupam*, or the tail of the Puma, a mile in length by a quarter of a mile broad in its widest part, and comprising very nearly 130 acres. Within this area, on ground sloping to the valley in front, and to the rivulets on either hand, the royal *ayllos*, families or lineages, had their residences. Here were the palaces of the Incas, the buildings dedicated to



REMAINS OF PALACE OF THE FIRST INCA, CUZCO.

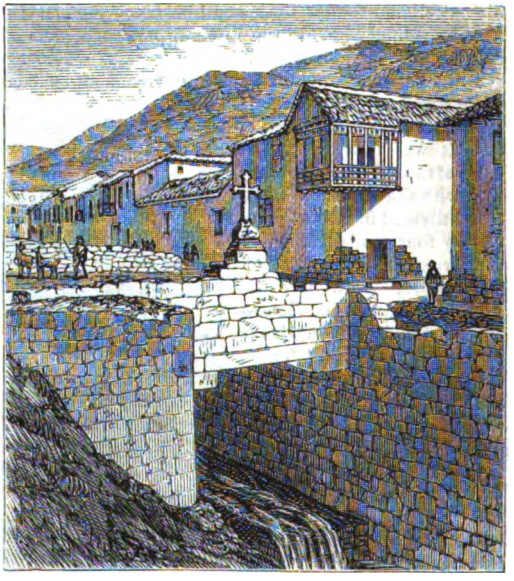
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INCA DOORWAY IN CUZCO.

instruction, the great structures in which festivals were held, the Convent of the Virgins of the Sun, and, situated far down toward the Pumapchupam, in the district called *Coricanchu*, or Place of Gold, the gorgeous Temple of the Sun, with its chapels sacred to the Moon, the Stars, the Thunder, and the Lightning. It was here, after the conquest, that the principal Conquistadors obtained their repartimientos of land, and on the ruins of the Inca palaces reared their own parvenu residences. Over the imposing gateways of the Inca edifices, which they preserved as entrances of their own, we still find, stuccoed in high relief, the arms of Pizarro, Almagro, Gonzalez, Quiñonez, La Vega, Valdivia, Toledo, and the other adventurers who for a while sought to emulate in pomp and display the nobles of the other, not to say higher, civilization which they had displaced. By a coincidence perhaps not wholly accidental, the Convent of Santa Catalina was established on the site, retaining in great part the very walls of the *Acllahuasa* or Palace of the Virgins of the Sun, and is still sacred to the vestals of another religion. The Temple of the Sun itself became the Convent of the Monks of Santo Domingo, who, in failing numbers, still prolong a sapless life among its gray and classic walls—ruin on ruin, a decadent faith expiring among the cold, dead ashes of a primitive superstition. The great Cathedral of Cuzco rises on the very spot where the eighth Inca, Viracocha, erected a building dedicated to the festivals of the people, in which a whole regiment of men could manœuvre, and where the scant forces of Gonsalvo Pizarro found refuge in the last desperate attempt of the Peruvians to recover their lost empire and reinstate the vicegerent of the Sun. Here, according to the legend, authenticated in archaic sculpture over the doors of the Chapel of Santiago, St. James came down visibly and tangibly on his white charger, and, with lance in rest, turned the tide of battle in favor of the Spaniards, and extirpated forever the Inca power.

All over this narrow tongue of land we find still the evidences of Inca greatness, as exhibited in their architecture. The streets of the new city are almost all of them defined by long reaches of walls of stones, elaborately cut, and fitting together with a precision not excelled in any of the structures of Greece or Rome, and which modern art may emulate but can not surpass. The walls of the Temple of the Sun, of the Convent of the Vestals, of the Palaces of the two Yupanquis, of Viracocha, Huayna Capac, the Inca Rocca, and portions of those of the palace attributed to the first Inca, are still preserved, and justify the most extravagant praise bestowed by old Garcilaso de la Vega and the early chroniclers on the skill of the ancient builders. But even where these walls have disappeared, and the stones which composed them have been used for other structures, we still find the ancient doorways, which the mod-



INCA BRIDGE OVER THE HUATENAY, CUZCO.

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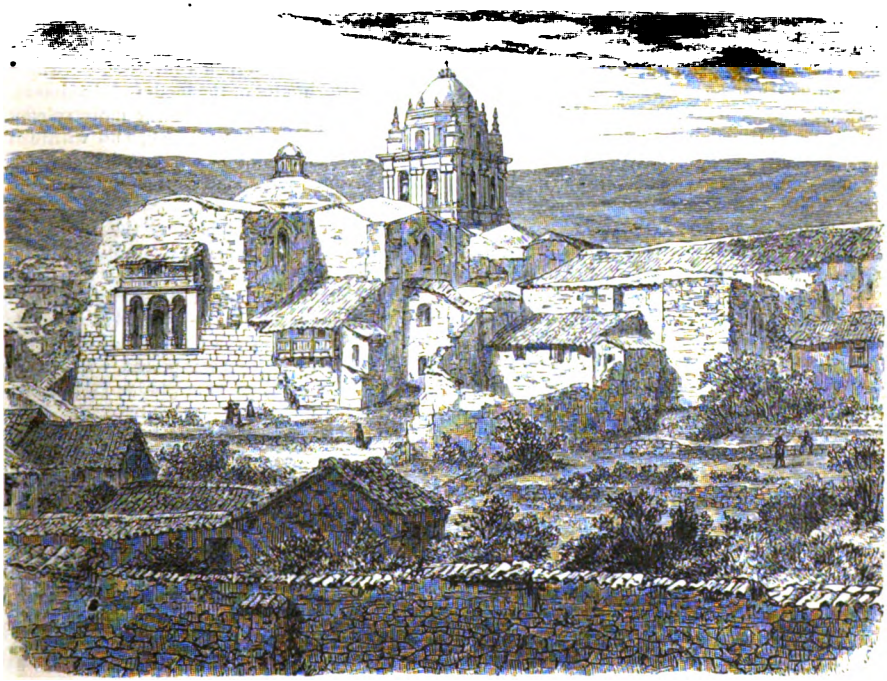
ern builders have preserved, and are thus enabled to define the outlines of the aboriginal city.

The centre of this city was the *Huacapata* or great public square, now covered in part, as already said, by the modern principal plaza. The ancient square, however, extended over the Huatenay, and embraced also what is now the Plaza del Cabildo, and the area covered by the block of houses between that plaza and the church and convent of La Merced. And I may here mention that both the rivulets Huatenay and Rodadero were shut in by walls of cut stone, with stairways descending, at intervals, to the water, and thus confined in narrow beds covered by bridges of a single stone, or by others composed of stones projecting from either side, and a single long stone reaching over the space between them.

Built, as was Cuzco, on declivities more or less abrupt, the ancient architects were obliged to resort to an elaborate system of terracing in order to obtain level areas to receive their edifices. These terraces were faced with walls, slightly inclining inward, and uniformly of the kind called "Cyclopean;" that is to say, composed of stones of irregular size and of every conceivable shape, but accurately fitted together. Where there are long lines of these walls, as for instance those supporting the terraces of the *Colcampata*, the monotony of the front is generally broken up by the introduction of countersunk niches, something like the blind windows, as I believe they are called, which our architects introduce to relieve the blank walls of houses. These niches are always a little narrower at the top than at the bottom, as were also nearly all the Inca doorways and windows. Inca architecture is peculiar and characteristic. Wherever it was introduced among the nations of the coast and other parts of the empire it may be at once recognized. In its massiveness, the inclination of its walls, the style of its cornices, and in some other respects, it certainly bears some resemblance to that of the ancient Egyptians; but the resemblances are not of a kind to imply necessarily either connection or intercourse between Egypt and Peru. Architectural progress must be made through the same steps and over the same road in all countries, and primitive architecture, as primitive ideas, must have a likeness.

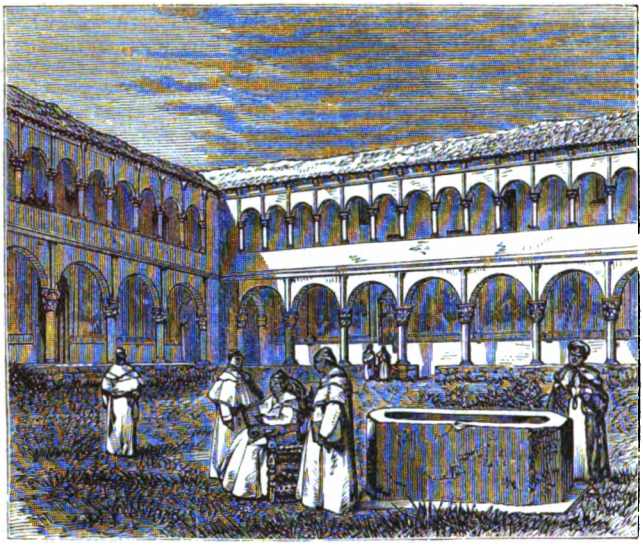
It is impossible within the limits of a popular article like this to give even an outline of the monuments of the old Inca metropolis, and I shall not undertake to do so; but limit myself to a brief notice of the remains of the Temple of the Sun, the principal and probably the most imposing edifice not only in Cuzco but in all Peru. The accounts of its splendor and riches left by the conquerors, and in which they have exhausted the superlatives of their grandiose language, have been so often reproduced as to be familiar to every intelligent reader.

They represent the structure as being four hundred paces in circuit; with high walls of finely cut stones, inclosing a court on which opened a number of chapels dedicated to the celestial objects of Peruvian worship, and apartments appropriated to the priests and attendants. The chronicle attributed to Sarmiento



CHURCH AND CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO, CUZCO.

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COURT OF CONVENT OF SANTO DOMINGO, AND ANCIENT INCA FOUNTAIN, CUZCO.

states that he never saw but two edifices in Spain comparable with it in workmanship; and Garcillaso affirms that all that was written of it by the Spaniards, and all that he could write himself, would fail to give a just idea of its greatness.

The temple proper occupied the whole of one side of the court. The principal entrance, says Garcillaso, was to the north. The cornice of the walls outside and in was of gold, or plated with gold, as were the inner walls. The roof was high and pointed, and of thatch, but the ceiling was of wood and flat. At the eastern end was a great plate of gold, representing the sun, and ranged beneath it, in royal robes and seated in golden chairs, the dessicated—some say embalmed—bodies of the Inca rulers; the body of Huayna Capac, as the greatest of the Inca line, being alone honored with a place in front of the symbol. This plate, all of one piece, spread from one wall to the other, and was the only object of worship in the building.

Surrounding the court were other separate structures dedicated respectively to the Moon, Venus, and the Pleiades, the Thunder and Lightning, and the Rainbow. There were also a large saloon for the supreme pontiff, and apartments for attendants. All these are described as having been richly decorated with gold and silver.

The existing remains confirm substantially the descriptions of the chroniclers. The site of the temple, as I have already said, is covered by the church and convent of Santo Domingo. The few ignorant but amiable friars that remain of the once rich and renowned order of Santo Domingo in Cuzco admitted me as an honorary member of their brotherhood, gave me a cell to myself, and permitted me during the week I spent with them to ransack every portion of the church, and every nook and corner of the convent, and to measure and sketch and photograph to my fill. Here a long reach of massive wall, yonder a fragment, now a corner, next a doorway, and anon a terrace—through the aid of these I was able to make up a ground-plan of the ancient edifice, substantially if not entirely accurate.

The temple proper, as described by Garcillaso, and as my own researches have proved, formed one side of a rectangular court, around which were ranged the dependent structures mentioned by him. It was not built, as has been universally alleged, so that its sides should conform to the cardinal points, but these coincided in direction with the bearings of the ancient streets, which, as I have said, were nearly at an angle of 45° with those points. Nor was its door at "one end exactly facing the east," so that the rays of the sun, when it rose, "should shine directly on its own golden image placed on the opposite wall of the temple." The entrance was on the northeast side of the building, and opened upon a square, or rather a rectangular area, called now as anciently *Inti-pampa*, or Field of the Sun. This is still surrounded by heavy walls of cut stones, sculptured all over with serpents in relief, on which are raised the houses of the modern inhabitants. This square was dedicated to the more solemn ceremonials of the Inca religion, and within it none dared enter except on sacred occasions, and then only with bare feet and uncovered heads.

The end of the temple next the Rio Huatenay, and that best preserved, rose above the famous Gardens of the Sun, and it is now built over by a sort of balcony, not directly connected with the modern church—a *belvidere*, in short. It was at this end of the temple that the great golden figure of the Sun was placed, which, falling to the lot of the Conquistador Leguizano, was gambled away before morning.

I present a view of this extremity of the ancient edifice. It is circular in shape, with walls of beautifully cut and closely fitting stones, sloping gently inward. In my opinion, within this circular extremity of the temple once stood one of those stones or "columns," which, under the name of *Inti-huatani*, were used to designate the solstices and equinoxes, and through which the periods of planting and harvest were fixed, and the times of the great festivals determined.

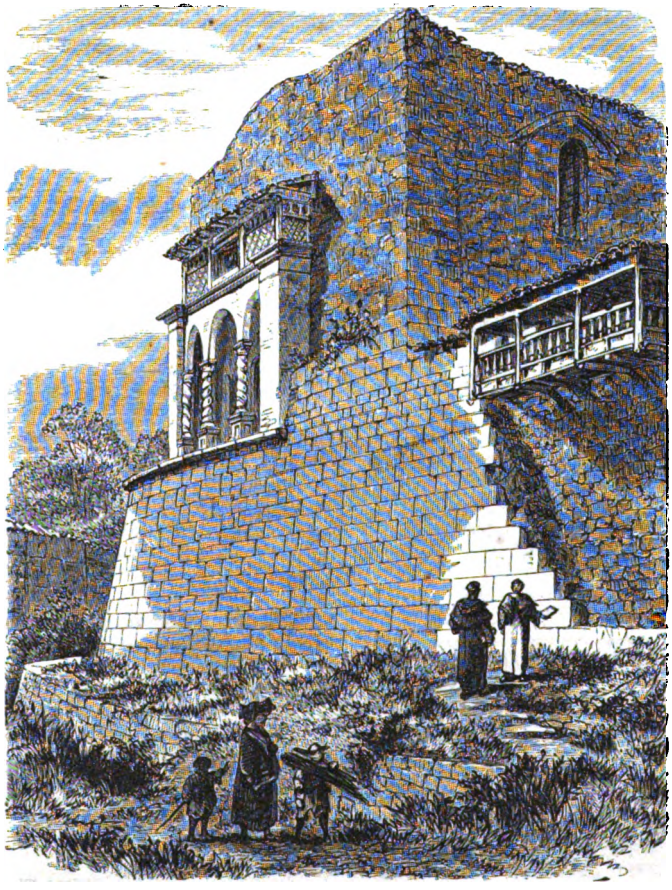
The structure dedicated to the Stars was 51 feet long by 26 broad, inside the walls; and

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that dedicated to the Moon, and those to the Thunder, the Lightning, the Rainbow, and the Pleiades were, so far as can be made out, of about the same dimensions. The convent of the priests, or rather the apartments of the guardians of the temple, were on the right hand of the court, the observer facing northward. These apartments were 33 feet 10 inches long by 13 feet 4 inches wide, inside the walls, each entered by two doorways, and having eight niches in the wall opposite the entrances, and three at each end. The stone reservoir or fountain, carved from a single block, of which the chroniclers speak as plated over with gold, still stands in the centre of the court. It is a long octagon seven feet by four, and three feet deep. The hole in the bottom, through which the pipe entered by which it was filled, is still open; but the conduit which supplied it is destroyed. The convent, nevertheless, is still supplied by water coming through subterranean channels, the sources of which are unknown. There is some reason for believing that the Incas understood the law of fluids known as equilibrium, which the Romans did not, and carried water for supply of the temple and some of their palaces through inverted syphons, and below the bed of the Huatenay.

On the side of the Huatenay the outlook from the Temple of the Sun must have been, as it still is, very fine, bounded only by the mountains that shut in the *bolson* of Cuzco in that direction. On the opposite side, however, there seems to have been only a narrow street, but nine feet wide, and buildings of a comparatively rude construction. The *Inti-pampa* in front, entered by three streets leading between lofty walls, still high and solid, from the Huacapata or Central Square, was, after all, only about 400 feet long by 100 wide, and does not realize the grandeur which the early accounts attach to it.

Some of the chronicles speak of the temple as being surrounded by a high wall; whereas nothing is more certain than that the exterior walls were simply those of the edifice itself. They tell us also that the terraces which formed the garden of the temple were covered with golden clods, and supported an infinite variety of trees and vegetables imitated in gold and silver, with figures of men, animals, birds, reptiles, and insects, all in the same precious metals. That the inner walls of the temple were covered with these metals, and that the inner and outer cornice, a yard broad, as Garcillaso says, were of gold, is not incredible; but that the gardens of the temple, extending over an area 600 feet long by nearly 300 broad, were thus covered with gold and silver exceeds belief. Not that the ancient smiths did not sometimes imitate natural objects with considerable skill, for of this we have abundant evidence, but because the Incas seem to have been a race of remarkably good sense, and eminently practical and utilitarian in their notions and practices —too much so, I am induced to believe, to have gold worked up in imitation of firewood, and piled away in the temple!



REMAINING END WALLS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, CUZCO.

There exists in Cuzco, in some of the private museums, portions of the golden plates with which the walls of the Temple

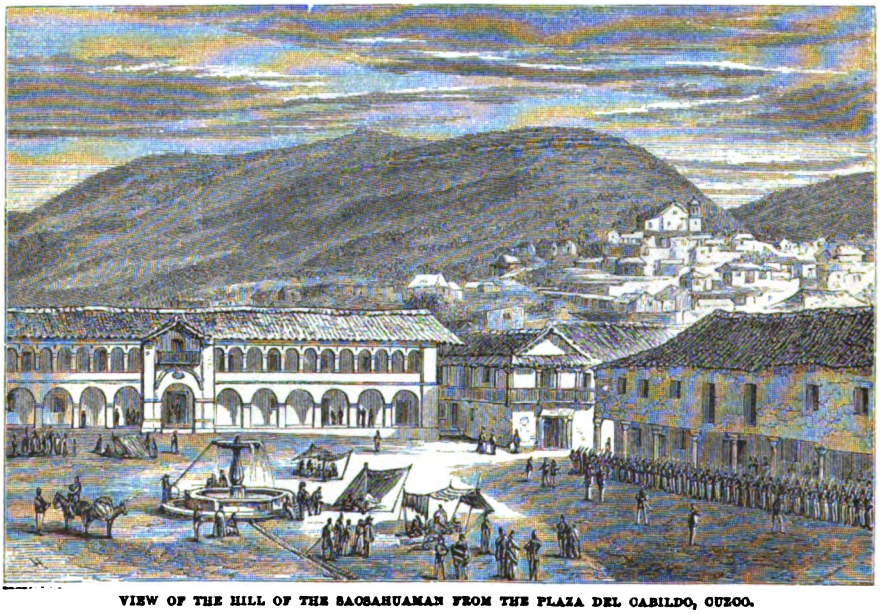
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SIDE WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, AND ANCIENT STREET, CUZCO.

of the Sun were covered. There is hardly a doubt of their authenticity. They are simple sheets of pure gold, beaten exceedingly thin, not thicker than fine note-paper.

A conspicuous object from every part of Cuzco is the steep, overhanging hill of the Sacsahuaman, rising to the height of 760 feet to the north of the city, and on which the Incas raised that gigantic, Cyclopean fortress denominated by the conquerors the ninth great wonder of the world. I shall have occasion to describe this fortress in another place; but at present refer to it only to say that well up on its *falda* or slope, just at the point where it becomes so steep as almost to render ascent impossible, are a series of elaborate terraces, supported by Cyclopean walls, ornamented with niches, and called the *Colcompata*, or Terrace of the Granaries. It was here, it is said, that the first Inca, Manco Capac, the founder of Cuzco, built his palace, some fragments of which still remain—a doorway, a window, and a short section of wall, with some portions of foundations, but not enough to enable us to make out a complete plan of the structure. There were fountains here, and the site, now occupied in part by the church and plaza of San Cristobal, not only dominated the whole city but the entire valley of Cuzco. The terraces were filled in with richest soil, still celebrated for its fertility, and altogether it was and yet is almost regal in its position. The Incas were the heads of a great nation, dependent on agriculture. To evince their respect for the art lying at the foundation



VIEW OF THE HILL OF THE SACSAHUAMAN FROM THE PLAZA DEL CABILDO, CUZCO.

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of their state, to elevate and dignify labor, they were wont to initiate here with their own hands the seasons of planting and of harvest. With pomp and ceremony, when the season of sowing came around, and the appropriate festivals had been celebrated, the Inca himself went to the terraces of the Colcompata, and with a golden adze, commenced to break up the soil. And when the crops of maize and *quinua* had ripened, he again went to the Colcompata and plucked the first ears of the harvest. The crops gathered here, under the direct cultivation of the Son of the Sun, were regarded as sacred, and, like the seeds from the holy Island of Titicaca, were distributed to be sown in the lands dedicated to the Sun throughout the Empire. Thus carefully were the people taught that the beneficence of their deity was perpetuated through his children, and thus were they led to look up to him, through the Incas, as the impersonations of his goodness and mercy, as well as of his power.

I can not dismiss ancient Cuzco without a few words regarding its pristine state and importance, as inferable from its monuments. All students of American early history and archæology are well aware that the Spaniards never erred in underrating their enemies in story, whatever they may have done in fact. Neither Cortéz, nor Alvarado, nor Pizarro, ever encountered inferior numbers in their wars. The hosts that confronted the Union armies at Bull Run and some other places, and that led President Lincoln to affirm, as the result of the best information he could get from his generals, that the Southern army was made of "nigh on two million of men," were insignificant, numerically, as compared with those that the conquistadors tell us they encountered. We know that Leonidas fought in the shadow of the hurtling arrows of the Persians; but the legions of Xerxes were small and few as compared with those that the Spaniards had to meet in America—that is to say, if we take their relations literally. The cities they conquered were always grand and populous, and the state of their princes dazzling, even to men who had seen the Alhambra and knew from historic poetry the glories of the Moors. In many, perhaps in most, respects—it may be in all—Cuzco was the most impressive city they had found in all the Americas. That it had barbaric wealth of gold and silver, and stately structures, we can well believe; for this is confirmed by concurrent evidence and existing remains. But that it ever contained much more than its existing population appears to me improbable. The story that it held 200,000 inhabitants, and that as many more lived in its suburbs, is simply incredible. The houses of the common people of the Sierra, and in the region around Cuzco, were not built, as are those of Central America and Mexico, of canes and other materials that might disappear in a single season, but of stone or adobes, that could not fail to leave some enduring traces. Such traces do not exist around Cuzco; and however great may have been the concurrence there on important occasions, when the people gathered from the valleys of Yucay and Paucurtambo, from the *bolsons* of Andahuaylillas and Xaxiguana, the *punos* of Chinchero and Chita, and from all the quarters of a mighty empire, yet it does not seem probable that the city ever possessed a permanent population of more than 50,000, while another equal number were dispersed through its valley.

The department of Cuzco is now the most populous of Peru, its inhabitants numbering upward of 300,000. These exhaust very nearly all its resources; and even if we concede that the economies of agriculture are less now than in ancient times, we must remember that the horse, the ox, the sheep, the goat, the pig, a number of vegetables, wheat and barley, have all been introduced since the conquest, and have contributed their aid to the support of population.

I can not agree with those writers who speak of the aspect of ancient Cuzco as bright and shining, and gay with many tints. Its most imposing edifices were, as we have seen, built of trachyte of sombre color. These clearly were neither stuccoed nor painted. The residences of the people, built of rough stones laid in clay, were probably stuccoed and painted yellow and red, and may have given some appearance of lightness to the city. The domes and towers of which we sometimes read probably never existed; those architectural terms being oftenest used in loose descriptions, framed on Oriental models, and intended to be impressive rather than accurate. Nor was the city laid out with perfect regularity, the streets crossing each other at right angles. Nor were the banks of the Huatenay faced with stones for a distance of twenty leagues, but simply for the distance it flowed through the city.

Modern Cuzco extends very compactly over the entire space between the Huatenay and Almodena, and even past the latter stream, forming the *barrio* of Belen. Although considerably reduced in population since the Independence, it still numbers not far from 40,000 inhabitants, and, as the capital of the Department of the same name, is, necessarily, a place of some importance—the seat of a Bishopric and a University, a Prefecture and a garrison. It is very well built, the edifices being mainly those raised by the conquerors themselves in the height of their wealth and activity, when they had *mitas* and *repartimientos*, before the treasures collected through five centuries had been scattered, and while they had a large, industrious, and skillful population under their absolute control. In style eminently Moorish, the houses are built around courts, with open corridors, supported by delicate columns, into which open the apartments of every story. Jalousies project from the fronts, and the whole aspect of the place is that of Granada in Spain. The lower or ground floor of the best buildings, facing on the principal streets,

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RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AND CHURCH OF LA MERCED, CUZCO.

are cut up in small, dark rooms, without windows, which are the shops, smitheries, *picanterias*, etc., of the town. The churches and convents are numerous and extensive. Of the former there are thirty, and of the latter eleven, five of which have been suppressed. They are all remarkably well built. The Cathedral, fronting on the principal square, is a large, massive, and rather heavy structure; but the Church of the Jesuits, fronting on the same square, is a marvel of architectural beauty — a little too florid, perhaps, but with the finest façade of any church I have seen in America. The tower of the Church of La Merced is admirable in proportion and taste, and the courts of the convent of the same name are surrounded by colonnades of white stone, elaborately carved, and which in grace and harmony may challenge comparison with the finest of Italy. Within this church lie the remains of Juan and Gonsalvo Pizarro and Almagro. Both churches and convents are crowded with pictures, some of merit and historical value. Of the latter there is a series in the little church of Santa Ana, contemporaneous with the conquest. They illustrate the procession of Corpus Christi, in which the Incarial family, in regal native costume, take part. Among them is Paullu, younger son of the great Huayna Capac, and numerous *ñustas* or princesses, the daughters and nieces of the same monarch. As illustrating the costumes and customs of the period these paintings have singular interest, and deserve to be faithfully copied.

For many years after the conquest, and long after Lima was founded, Cuzco continued to be the chief city of Peru, the seat of its wealth and learning, and the residence of its most noble families. But as the roads of the Incas fell into decay, the difficulties of reaching it, always great, were augmented, and the Viceregal Court established in Lima, more corrupt and luxurious than any in America, gradually drew away its more enterprising and ambitious inhabitants. Infinitely less is known of Cuzco in Lima, to-day, than of Berlin; not one person in the capital has visited it, while a hundred have visited Paris; and the journey from Lima to New York may be made in less time, at a fourth of the cost, and a thousandth part of the trouble and fatigue, than it can be made from the same point to the proud but isolated city of the Sierra. I know of but two American travelers besides myself who have visited it, Mr. S. G. Arnold, of Rhode Island, and Lieutenant Gibbon, of the United States Navy—the latter, only, publishing any account of his visit. I have only to add that seven-eighths of the population of Cuzco are pure Indians, and that a knowledge of Quichua is almost absolutely necessary for open intercourse with the mass of its inhabitants.

The Fourth of July in Peru occurs on the 28th, that being the anniversary of Peruvian Independence, and it came around on the second day after our arrival in Cuzco. It was ushered in by the same sulphurous detonations that we are accustomed to at home on similar occasions, and there was a review of the garrison and the volunteer militia, a concurrence of the notables of the city at the Cathedral, with a discourse from one of the canonigos, in which he reflected on the government, and was arrested for his pains in the evening. The students in the University, patriotic as students always are, were the most active participants in the festivities of the day—all dressed in black tail-coats, with funny cocked hats, like the *élèves* of St. Cyr in Paris. They constituted the leading feature in the procession in the afternoon, dragging with them through the streets a radiant Goddess of Freedom, in the shape of a huge doll with flaxen ringlets and a liberty cap, glittering with tinsel, and mounted on two wheels borrowed for the occasion from the only piece of artillery which a prudent government intrusts to the rather turbulent citizens of Cuzco. The Indians looked on with an indifferent air, as a matter that little concerned

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them, and only drank a little more *chicha* than usual. The great excitement of the day was the explosion of a keg of gunpowder in the *cuartel* or barracks, which are the sequestered cloisters of the Jesuits, where a squad of soldiers were compounding fire-works for the evening, resulting in killing four or five, and mangling or horribly burning twenty or thirty more—a practical commentary on the general policy of men smoking cigars in a powder magazine. In the centre of the great plaza was raised a symbolical monument, a sort of Temple of Liberty, made of canvas, stretched on frames, in which were portraits of the *Benemeritos* of Freedom in all parts of the world—Lincoln and Garibaldi side by side.

The students were not satisfied with the performances of the day, but insisted on prolonging them by a procession by moonlight, in which it was proposed I should carry the Peruvian flag, supported on each side by that of the United States. My Puno experiences were too recent to make me ambitious of the distinction; but the students invaded the court-yard of the commandante's house in a body, dragging the Goddess with them, and refused to credit my assurances of indisposition and Col. Vargas's more truthful asseveration that we were tired out and wanted rest. Finally a compromise was effected, and I consented to be standard-bearer, but only through the plaza and as far as the Alameda. The announcement was received with tumultuous *vivas* for the United States, which a single indiscreet individual sought to oppose with some allusion to Mr. Webster's *faux pas* in the Lobos Islands business. This resulted in the dissentient getting so savagely handled that he was obliged to keep his bed for many weeks after.

The white and foreign population of Cuzco is small, made up chiefly of government officials, a few wealthy *haciendados*, who live a great part of the time on their estates, and a dozen small *comerciantes*, who would be called shop-keepers in any other country. Collectively these are so few as hardly to be appreciable in the streets, and the aspect of the place is therefore that of a thoroughly Indian town. There is hardly any thing that can be called society, although the better class is hospitable and unaffected, and much more frank and easy in manner than the corresponding class in the towns of the coast, where native manners have been sacrificed in a vain attempt to imitate "foreign airs and graces."

Some of the old families live in considerable style, and their houses are fitted with real elegance. A few of them retain apartments with heavy damask and embroidered hangings, and the rich and massive furniture and carvings of two hundred years ago, when the nobility and wealth of Peru was concentrated in Cuzco. Others are furnished in modern, thoroughly French style, with great mirrors, inlaid wardrobes, and grand pianos, that have been brought up, with infinite labor and at almost fabulous cost, on men's shoulders, from the coast.

I may refer particularly to the residence of a lady who lives on the Plaza of San Francisco, whose attention to strangers is proverbial, and who has established an honorable public reputation as the collector of the finest and most valuable collection of antiquities in Peru, the Señora Zentino. This house would be called a palace even in Venice, if not in architecture, certainly in extent. In the spaciousness of its apartments, and their rich and varied contents and decorations, it would creditably compare with some of the finest on the Grand Canal. An adequate description of the museum would occupy a volume, and I content myself with engravings of some pieces of pottery selected from many hundreds, illustrating the skill of the ancients in the plastic arts, and their appreciation of humor.

In some respects the most important relic in Señora Zentino's collection is the frontal bone of a skull, from the Inca cemetery in the valley of Yucay, which exhibits a clear case of *trepanning* before death. The Señora was kind enough to intrust it to me for investigation, and it has been submitted to the criticism of the best surgeons of the United States and Europe, and regarded by all as the most remarkable evidence of a knowledge of surgery among the aborigines yet discovered on this continent; for trepanning is one of the most difficult of surgical processes. The cutting through the bone was not performed with a saw, but evidently with a burin or tool like that used by engravers on wood and metal. The opening is 58 hundredths of an inch wide and 70 hundredths long.

The absence of sculptures in Peru, except of small articles in stone, is conspicuous, and quite in contrast with what we find in Central America and Mexico. Except figures of serpents in relief on walls and lintels, and a single group of tigers over the doors of a house in the Calle de Santa Ana, there are no sculptures to be seen in Cuzco. There are some figures resembling griffins, etc., in the court of a house in the Calle del Triunfo, and a so-called siren built in the



TERRA COTTAS, CUZCO.

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terrace wall of the Colcompata; but I regard them as modern. In the collection of the Señora Zentino, however, are two stone figures, rudely resembling tigers, which, it is said, were taken from the Gardens of the Sun, where they stood one on each side the stairway that led from up the terraces. The bases are cut in such a way as to favor the hypothesis that they were built in some sort of wall, perhaps in the coping. Each is two feet high.



ANCIENT STONE SCULPTURE, CUZCO.

Among the notable objects of interest in Cuzco is the Alameda, to the south of the town, on the banks of the Huatenay, and opposite the ancient Gardens of the Sun. This is a long and rather narrow area, planted with willows and alder-trees, laid out with some taste, and having a kind of Grecian temple and a colonnade at its further extremity. But nobody walks there, and it is grown up with cactuses and weeds, over which the wash-women from the neighboring stream spread their clothes to dry. Public spirit in Peru is spasmodic, and all works of embellishment excite only a momentary interest, and then succumb under the general apathy of the people. The sentiment of affection does something to keep the various *panteones* or cemeteries in decent condition, and that of Cuzco is tasteful and well-ordered. But it strikes the visitor as strange that, with such a vast expanse of earth open to receive and protect forever the remains of the dead, they should be thrust for only a year or two in ovens in the walls, and then dragged out and burned or buried in a corner.

My first visit to the Panteon of Cuzco was early in the morning, and as I approached the *barrio* of Belen, outside the city, in which it stands, I observed a funeral procession in the street before me, preceded by some men carrying candles, a man playing a violin, and another a clarionet. As they passed the various squalid houses in that quarter the women rushed out with disheveled hair, and, huddling behind the bier, commenced the loudest and most extravagant wailings of which the human organs are capable. I was astonished at such violence of grief, and wondered who had died that had so deep a hold on the popular sympathies. I overtook the procession, or rather huddle, at the bridge of the Almodena, where suddenly the lamentations ceased, and the inconsolables clustered eagerly around a man, who, standing on a block of stone, distributed *cuartillos* (three-cent pieces) to them from his hat, whereupon, chatting and laughing, the afflicted creatures turned back to await another funeral. For a *medio* each these professional weepers of the Calle del Hospital will accompany the corpse to the gate of the cemetery, break their very hearts with grief, and dissolve themselves in tears.

The Panteon is shut in by high white walls, and entered beneath a lofty stone gateway, with trellised iron doors, over which is a deep niche, wherein stands a veritable skeleton, supported by an iron rod, wearing a gilt crown on its bony head, and holding in its fleshless hands two banners of sheet metal, one of which bears the inscription:

YO SOY PABLO BILIACA,

"I am Paul Biliaca;" and the other,

MEMENTO MORI.

Pablo Biliaca was a mason, and had been killed by a fall while repairing the front of the Cathedral.

The recreations of Cuzco are religious processions and cock-fighting; the former "coming off" almost daily, and so frequently that I early ceased to inquire about them. The latter occur only on Sundays. The *cancha* or cock-pit is in the court of the old suppressed *beatario* of San Andres, and consists of a raised ring of mud two feet high and as many thick, surrounded by other rings of graduated height, as seats for the spectators. Around the court are tiers of coops for the cocks, some of which were piled full of skulls and bones of the devout *beatas*, who had died here and been buried in the court, the earth of which, including their own dust, had been dug up to form the walls of the *cancha*. The fights were well attended by the clergy, the judiciary, and the military. I had the good fortune to win an *onza* from the judge of the Supreme Court, who challenged me to bet on the *viscacha*, an imported cock, with a single spur, which had already won two battles. My servant Ignacio had discovered "a bird" of excellent points in Cacha, and had brought him thence wrapped up in his poncho, with a view of matching him in Cuzco. For two weeks he had shared Ignacio's apartment and absorbed most of his care, besides vexing us with his incessant crowing, so that I insisted he should fight soon, be sent away, or decapitated. Ignacio determined on the first alternative, begged a month's pay in advance, matched him for four ounces, won, then sold him for another ounce, got drunk, gambled away every *cuartillo*, absented himself for three days, and then came home with a swollen eye and "very bad in his head."

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The dog-laws are strict and severely enforced in Cuzco, which would be overrun with mangy curs if they were not rigorously slain. The day of slaughter is Thursday of each week, when decent dogs are confined by their owners in case they do not find out, as many of them do, that the day is a black one for dogs, and stay at home of their own accord. Our host had a fine Newfoundland who understood the danger and the day, and from his safe position on the balcony, would abuse and malign the dog-killers on their appearance with all the vigor of which the canine language is capable. Woe to any one of them who undertook to enter the court of his castle on that day or any other.

The process of slaughter that is practiced is novel. Two Indians, each holding an end of a rope, station themselves at the mouth of a street, while two others, armed with clubs, start from its other extremity, and drive all the vagrant dogs before them. As these attempt to pass over the rope which lies harmlessly enough on the ground, it is suddenly and dextrously straightened out and the dog thrown high in the air. He is generally stunned or disabled by his fall, and dispatched by the club-bearers. I am sorry to say that even then he does not always cease to be a nuisance, as he is too often thrown into the bed of the Huatenay, which is the receptacle of all kinds of filth and rubbish, and there left to poison the air in his decay.

Of the filth of Cuzco every visitor must have sickening recollections. It offends the eye as well as the nose, and reeks every where. The azequias in the centre of the streets are scantily supplied with water during the dry season; and as they receive all the slops and wash of the houses, they are often fetid, and all the more so as that tropical scavenger, the ordinary buzzard, never ventures into this lofty region. Probably the world has no more extraordinary spectacle than is afforded on the banks of these azequias in the early morning—certainly none more startling to the eyes of the stranger accustomed to the decencies of life.

We passed some months in Cuzco, making it the centre of our explorations in every direction around. Upward of a week was spent in effecting a careful survey of the great fortress of the Sacsahuaman, and three weeks more were occupied in the beautiful semi-tropical Valley of Yucay, where the Incas had their country seat, and in examining the ancient fortresses of Ollantaytambo and Pisac, the bulwarks of the Inca Empire on the side of the Amazon.



DOG KILLING IN FRONT OF CONVENT OF SANTA ANA, CUZCO.

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THE FASHIONS IN GUINEA.



GO TO GUINEA.

"STILL sighs the world for something new," sings some poet who by accident slipped in a line of truth among his rhymes. And in what respect do we find this thirst for novelty so eager and intense, in the present day, as in regard to Fashion?

After a sojourn of several years in Guinea (where countless times in childhood I had been told to go), I walked again in Broadway a few days ago. Accustomed as were my eyes to the superior modes of dress among African belles, how tame appeared the costumes of civilization! Feeling it a duty to do all in my power toward the enlightenment and progress of my age and people and sex, I am constrained to describe the styles of dress most in vogue among the leaders of *ton* in Guinea, merely as suggestive to the corresponding class in America who from month to month, and with every changing season, "still sigh for something new."



HAMITIC DANDY.

I can never forget how, when my foot made its first imprint on the glowing sands of that far country, out of the terrible depths of dejection my spirits rose to the height of a genuine hearty laugh—a resurrection from the grave of sea-sickness, home-sickness, and all sorts of sickness, in which all the laugh of my nature had lain buried for more than two months, I saw before me a Hamitic Dandy. What a union of civilized and barbarous costume was here! Fancy a stalwart young man clad in a coffee-colored suit of Nature's tailoring, with the addition of two yards of gay plaid cotton cloth hanging from the waist. Recognize, set jauntily on one side of his woolly head, one of the common sort of straw-hats seen by hundreds in the stores here as summer draws nigh. The complete suit of the white man is, however, too sombre to meet with our dandy's approval. Rejecting the shirt and vest, the upper portion of his body is dec-

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orated with as many strings of glass beads and as large a bunch of various-sized keys as he has been able to beg or steal from the last sea-captain whom he served. The indispensable ivory bracelets and brass rings adorn his wrists, and the chief glory of the aspirant to dandyhood, whether American or African—the fancy cane—swings in his hand. I give this complete description with the humble hope that, as the summer styles of 1868 for gentlemen's clothing appear, some modification of this cool and comfortable attire may come in vogue.

Now and then one sees in Guinea an entire suit of broadcloth, with all the accessories of civilized toilet, from beaver hat to glossy boots, encasing and almost concealing the black savage. Is it not Gail Hamilton who tells us that man is like an onion? I believe she is right, having so often seen in Africa this unexceptionable outer layer, which requires but a short acquaintance by way of peeling to reveal the outrageous heathen just inside.

I have in mind a certain fashionable youth, named Ora Chaunk, with whom, owing to his passable knowledge of English, I became well acquainted. He had been employed as Krooman on different vessels along his native coast, and had even made a voyage to Liverpool. After a long absence he returned to the heathen town where his family resided. This was in the immediate neighborhood of a Mission Station established by one of our American religious societies. Going to church is very decidedly a *foreign* custom, and Ora Chaunk, determined to omit nothing that should assist in proving to his admiring countrymen his complete transformation into the similitude of a foreigner, took the first opportunity of presenting himself at the Mission church. The accompanying sketch represents him as he there appeared.

Sunday after Sunday found the devout Ora Chaunk in his place among the congregation, "the observed of all observers." But it was the dry season, the hottest part of the year, and gradually our hero's vanity melted away before that even stronger power in a darkey's nature, a desire for bodily comfort. One day he appeared in church in his usual faultless attire, minus the shiny boots; the following week no pantaloons concealed his well-formed legs; the next, the black coat was left at home; and, finally—a mark for the gibes of his hitherto envious comrades—Ora Chaunk appeared before us with all superfluity of apparel laid aside, save only the jaunty hat and cane. To these articles of foreign use he remained faithful.

On the Gabun River the usual dress of the males of the upper class is a shirt, over which is thrown a large square cloth extending from the armpits to the ankles, a fancy neckerchief tied in a sailor's knot, and a silk hat. It is a mark of gentility to have this cloth trail on the ground, the more the better. On Sundays, and sometimes when going on board a ship, they wear shoes, and now and then stockings; or if they are disposed to make a show on some



ORA CHAUNK.



A GABUN CHIEF.

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A GABUN PRINCESS.

grand occasion, they add a coat and vest. The dress of the women consists of a square cloth extending from the arms to a little below the knee, with a loose shawl or silk handkerchief thrown over the shoulders; their ankles, arms, and fingers being loaded with bright brass rings. The ankle-rings of a first-class belle will weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds, a load which does not tend to add special grace to their walk. In fact, the fashionable female gait is very like the waddle of a goose. Some of their styles of coiffure are really very pleasing. Thus Yanaway, a Gabun princess, was wont to wear her hair plaited over a huge pad on the top of her head, with rosettes of artificial hair on the temples.

Of all costumes the one most admired in Guinea (I wonder if it is not so all over the world) is the military dress. Let me here introduce to your notice, kind reader, an African chieftain ready for battle. Most hideous he certainly looks, especially if you happen to come upon him unexpectedly in some lonely path as I have done. Appearance does go a great way with us all, but half the terror inspired by the fiendish-looking being disappears when you learn that among these queer people the valiant man is he who in time of war is most expert in using, not his arms, but his legs. I remember the description of a battle in the history of one of these Guinea tribes which might answer for all: "they fought, they fought, and they fought, and they ran away." Not content with the darkness of complexion which is his birth-right, the warrior adds a thick coating of black paint to his entire person, relieved here and there by some grotesque figure in white, making him look like a chalked up blackboard.

The military hat is of braided grass cloth, also dyed black, and frequently edged with a heavy fringe which adds to the general sombre effect. There are several varieties of hats worn in war. One, quite as common as that just mentioned, is surmounted with an immense bundle of feathers spread out so as to make as great a display as possible. A company of soldiers, so adorned, bears strong resemblance to a group of peacocks with outspread tails. From the neck depend as many gree-grees (charms) as the man can collect for his preservation in the hour of danger, and the fearful sounding war-rattle. His arms and legs are encircled with strings of gree-grees instead of the usual ornaments. He is armed with a huge cutlass and an old gun, if he be rich enough to own one, and is draped from the waist with a short skirt of unwoven grass, among which are often suspended two or three cow tails or monkey skins.

The costume of the African chieftain in times of peace is far less elaborate; in fact, so very simple as to astonish travelers whose ideas of royal magnificence are derived from European palaces. His majesty, the aged Nimle Hue, for many years feared as the greatest potentate in all his region of country, will serve for an example. I had the honor of meeting him but



CHIEF IN WAR DRESS.

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KING NIMLE HUE.

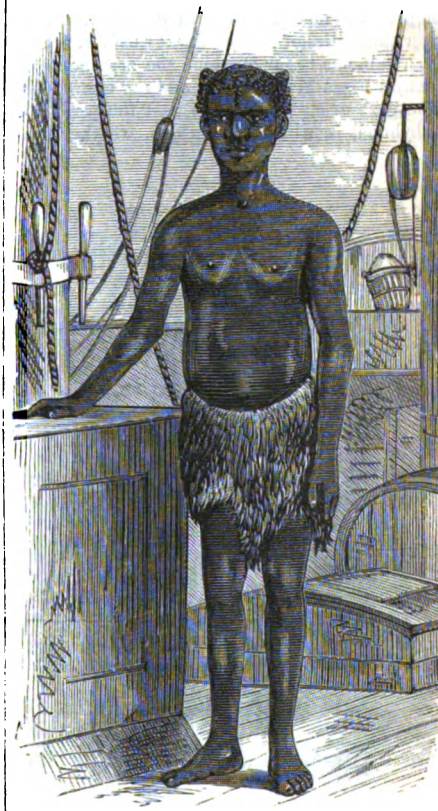
once, and on that occasion the royal figure was wrapped about with a patch-work bedquilt, so dirty as to suggest the probability of its having been an heir-loom in the royal family for several generations. He sat on a stool holding in one hand a rough stick. In lieu of a crown he wore a dilapidated beaver hat, so out of shape that even an "old cloes" man would reject it.

A word concerning hats. I have already spoken of the jaunty straw worn invariably by the returned Krooman. For the old men, however, the "proper gentlemen" of the tribe, no head covering is deemed so dignified as that commonly known as the *stove pipe*. No matter how many years behind the present fashion it may be, no matter how indented and rusty, the fortunate owner of such a hat struts about with an air of consequence quite ludicrous. So well known is the passion of these poor fellows for such hats that they are brought from England as trade goods. Indeed a special kind is manufactured for this purpose, dyed in various hues, blue, pink, yellow, etc., and these are much more in favor than black ones.

The younger members of society usually adopt a costume of severe simplicity. This will appear without need of further comment from a glance at the accompanying sketch of my young friend Norfli, who, in the capacity of Kroo-boy, sailed in the vessel which brought me once again to the land of the white man.

Perhaps the word Krooman, or Kroo-boy, although so familiar to the ears of African travelers, needs an explanation here. It is said that, in earlier times, a tribe of negroes called Kraow, were the most expert seamen on all the western coast, and that these, on account of the inability of white sailors to perform their usual labors while sailing along the fever-laden shores of tropical Africa, were hired in great numbers by captains of trading vessels to relieve the crew during their sojourn on the coast. The Kraow (Anglicized *Kroo* or "crew") people died out in course of time, and their profitable business has been taken up by the energetic young fellows of neighboring tribes on the coast, especially those of the Grebo or Monkey tribe, whose agility and expertness gave them the name in which they feel no small pride.

It seems hardly reasonable that in an article on Fashion so much space should be taken up in describing merely the masculine portion of society. It is quite time to turn to the consideration of Guinea belle-dom. A larger amount of beads, brass rings, and paint, and a smaller allowance of cloth constitutes in some places the chief difference between the dresses of men and women. On some parts of the coast, however, the females wear a large cloth, so wrapped about the person as to afford a tolerably modest concealment of it. On the Gold Coast one finds



A KROO-BOY.

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A DIX COVE CHIGNON.

a decided improvement in costume over that of their poorer neighbors on the Grain and Ivory Coasts. Here one sees no lack of gold ornaments, rudely fashioned, glittering among the wool, in the ears, on the necks, arms, and ankles of the female population. Even the lumps of precious metal, tied with dirty strings, all over the bodies of chubby darkey babies, are of such value as to far outshine the ornaments of many a Flora M'Flimsey of our gay metropolis. The garb of children, when past the period of babyhood, in which all mothers, whether heathen or Christian, delight to adorn their offspring, is plain enough, not varying materially from Nature's own. As a mate to the portrait of the boy Norfli, here is one of Miss Kranyine, a small damsel of my acquaintance, whose terror at having her picture taken (the soul taken out of her, as these poor heathens imagine to be the effect of photography) somewhat marred the expression of her pretty black face.



MISS KRANYINE.

The occasion on which to see a Guinea lady in her full glory differs not from that which leads her civilized sisters on this side the ocean to the display of their choicest finery—*a dance*. There are slight differences, to be sure. One wears bands of gold and jewels on her fair arms, while the other's limbs of well-greased ebony are decorated with brass rings, ten to twenty deep; and where one prides herself on a diamond necklace and brooch, the other is not a whit less fascinating to her dark admirers with her strings of many-hued glass beads. The American lady applies rouge and powder—the African belle, with no less taste for the beautiful uses red and yellow paint; but she has an eye for the picturesque, and daubs on the bright colors over brow, breast, and arms in all manner of fanciful shapes.

Then, as to hair-dressing, I challenge any young lady who reads this to *friz* equal to my African friends. In fact, the style which has been but a few years in vogue among us has been worn out in Guinea from time immemorial. Is it not probable that the patriarch Ham himself wore his wool in exactly the same manner as the Cuffee of to-day?

The former of the styles next represented is one very common on the Grain Coast, and is adopted by both sexes. The wool is shaved off in lines intersecting each other, and tufts allowed to grow between, like little flower-beds among the walks of an orderly garden. Number two is likewise a favorite style, but one requiring considerable time and skill on the part of the hair-dresser. One side of the head is first shaven quite close, and then polished with some black preparation, giving it a shiny appearance very like that of a bran-new stove pipe. The other side is adorned with numberless little curls standing out from the head.

It is very interesting, just before a dance or other full-dress occasion, to walk through a native town and notice at the door of almost every hut a group of women, busy over the head of one of their number, shaving, braiding, and painting most vigorously. There is a brilliant red powder much esteemed in those places where it is known, which, when liberally sprinkled among the wool, gives to a woman a very startling appearance.

While on a visit to Dix Cove, on the Gold Coast, I had an opportunity of seeing the fashions there prevailing, such as does not often occur. It was on some festival day, when hundreds of natives gathered in front of the head man's palace to drink his health (in very bad whisky) and honor him with a dance. Out of

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FLOWER-GARDEN COIFFURE.



DUPLEX COIFFURE.

the various modes of twisting the wool which I then saw, merely two were selected as specimens of Dix Cove taste. One consists of a number of sharp horns protruding from all sides of the head, and varying in number according to the luxuriance of the wearer's wool. These are drawn out to the greatest length possible, and tightly bound with thread or any kind of string that comes to hand, and not unfrequently are the horns surmounted by small lumps of gold. The other is a very passable *chignon*.

On still another part of the West African coast, where the wealthy class own a great many slaves, the ladies claim as their distinct portion of the property the heads (or rather the products of the heads) of their husbands' servants, and at regular intervals institute a regular shearing over the plantation. The wool thus obtained is made up into (not waterfalls exactly but) towers and pyramids, which the ladies fasten on the top of their heads, and over them comb their own hair. This gives a very majestic appearance, not unlike that of our great-grandmothers in the days of hair cushions.

Perhaps I have lingered too long on the subject of African heads for the pleasure of the civilized ones of my readers. The fashions of Guinea have so often struck me as being laughable parodies on those of America that I could not forbear this brief portrayal of them.

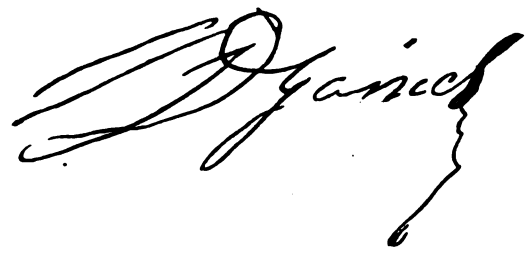


THE BELLE OF DIX COVE.

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DAVID GARRICK.





IT seems strange, almost, that three generations should have passed since Garrick's death, and before any comprehensive memorial of his life —any thing which might fairly be called a biography—has been published to the world. But, after all, it is not unusual. Biography, as a specialty in literature, belongs to a period which is within the memory of men now living. If we inquire the reason we have the simple answer: That the period to which we allude has been one of analytical investigation in science, art, philosophy, and history. To this period belong our Kants, our Schlegels, our Comtes, our Guizots, our Buckles, our Drapers, and we might add almost indefinitely to the list of names characteristic of an era pre-eminently devoted to the analytical study of humanity and of nature. It is an era which stands alone in human history. Before it there was no true criticism; before it, also, there *could* be no such thing as biography. If we go back two centuries we find not only no biographies, but not even the preservation of the materials from which biographies could be written. What would we not give if we could know as much about Shakspeare as we can now learn about Garrick, who was his interpreter!

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who had previously performed a similar office for Sterne, has just published a very full biography of Garrick. Comprehensive it is, but by no means satisfactory as regards its execution. The materials are all given, but they are thrown together at random, and the author's style is culpably loose and careless. We do not purpose, however, in this brief paper, to analyze Mr. Fitzgerald's work, nor even to attempt to give a connected outline of the life of the great actor. We shall simply reproduce some sketches not hitherto familiar to our readers, and write more of gossip than biography.

David Garrick was unquestionably the king among actors. Two things are essential to perfect acting: first, an ideal appreciation of the character assumed; and, second, the power of absolute identification with that character. As regards this second element, Garrick was probably superior to all his competitors. If he had any weakness it was rather in interpretation than in execution. He was a born actor. One half of the man was a Frenchman,* and as to the other half he was equally divided between being an Englishman and an Irishman. Assuming that he was a man of genius—and that we can not help assuming—his physical composition was favorable to the very best development of histrionic talent. Goldsmith, his contemporary, wrote:

* Garrick's grandfather was a Huguenot, who escaped from Bordeaux to London in 1685. His grandmother on the mother's side was Irish, while her husband was English. In all the pictures extant of Garrick, as has been observed by a writer for *Belgravia*, "we can see the French cast, the French air, the French eyes." The same writer also justly remarks that "the real secret of the versatility, the amazing originality, and, above all, of those 'two sides,' tragic and comic, of David Garrick's acting, is to be found in the fact of his being a Frenchman."

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"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

Of course, in our judgment as to Garrick's acting we depend entirely upon tradition. But the record fully justifies the place which we have accorded him as "king among actors," the only one deserving a sepulture in Westminster Abbey by the side of Shakspeare. His enthusiasm for the stage was early developed. When a mere child he, in company with "Sam Johnson," attended the performance of some "strolling players" at Lichfield. "Once," says our biographer, "when a very ordinary player was ranting 'Sir Harry Wildair,' and tearing the part to tatters, Johnson was charmed and grew rapturous in his praises. 'There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow,' he said. But even then the nicer 'instinct of the school-boy' could see that there must be a higher standard than this noise and fustian, and he felt that the artist his friend so much admired was 'the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards.'..... It was natural that the presence of these players should kindle in the school-boy's mind an eagerness to appear on some shape of stage. Full of spirit and gayety, he was presently to give a hint of what was to be the guiding passion of his life. He set on foot a little scheme for the diversion of his friends, enrolled all his companions in a company, drilled them carefully, and put Farquhar's 'Recruiting Officer' in rehearsal. The young manager, only eleven years old, took *Serjeant Kite* for himself — a part of fine, fresh humor—and gave the *Chambermaid* to one of his sisters.....The little piece went off admirably, and the spirit, vivacity, and perfect ease of the young player were long remembered in Lichfield."

Only a regard for his parents' wishes restrained him from going on the stage at once. We find him on his way to Portugal instead, to try and learn to be a wine-merchant. But he soon returns, and with his friend Johnson sets off to London to be a barrister. His father dies, soon followed by his mother; and David, living on a legacy left by his uncle, starts in the wine business in company with his brother, Peter Garrick. One of the partners was to live in Lichfield, the other (David, of course) up in London, to extend the connection. David was at this time 23 years old, and is described by one who then knew him as "a very sprightly young man, neatly made, of an expressive countenance, and most agreeable and entertaining manners." The business of the wine-merchants seems to have been chiefly confined to the clubs and coffee-houses, owing, probably, to David's peculiar method of "extending" it; and this elegant and spirited youth often stood upon the tables in the houses where his wine was drunk, and gave a series of diverting mimicries. "He produced intense delight and applause.....At the convivial meetings he was 'the idol,' and easily took the lead. He would relate stories of his Portuguese *fiasco*; excelled in humorous pictures of traveling life, and of characters met on the road. One of his enemies, who had often listened to him, and who was himself a humorist, declared that he had scarcely ever heard any thing to compare with the rich fun and gayety of these sketches. It was noticed that the stage was his darling subject, and that his most favorite mimicries were those of actors." Of course, under these circumstances the wine business did not flourish, and there might have been much truth in Foote's remark made long afterward, when David was a prosperous actor, "that he remembered Garrick, in Durham Yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant."

Garrick's associations no less than his predisposition inclined him to the stage. His almost inseparable companion for six years was Macklin, an Irish actor belonging to Drury Lane. They almost lived in Covent Garden—under whose piazzas the actors were always seen walking. "The atmosphere of the acting world about this time was indeed curious. The butchers of Clam Market were influential patrons of the drama, and rallied round a popular favorite in great numbers. These alarming supporters were seen early in the theatre, in awful rows, on the night of any expected cabal or tumult.....how the play-house looked a glimpse at Hogarth's plates will show. We can see the orange-women, whose ranks have furnished so many actresses for the stage; the boxes; the spikes separating the orchestra from the pit—a necessary defense in those days of riot and assault; and the twisted sconces. The boxes were kept for people of rank and condition. The pit—the centre of criticism—was crowded with young merchants, barristers, and students. Few women were seen there. It was all left to the professional critics. These sat gravely and listened to the piece, and after it was over adjourned to their favorite coffee-houses, where strangers sat in adjoining boxes and listened reverently to the criticisms and discussions, given publicly for the benefit of the whole room."

Such was the theatrical world, and such its associations in Garrick's time. "Now visiting every theatre, seeing every player, liking a few, but abhorring the stilted plain-chant, the stiff motions then in fashion, which the audience by unnatural training had been forced to accept and even relish, but which he himself knew to be wrong and loathed, David took up his pen and dashed off criticisms which he could get inserted in some journal. It was remembered that these were acute and unconventional, but above all were distinguished by a kindly and liberal spirit, very different from the 'slashing' style of the common 'hack' critics and literary bludgeon men.

"With Hogarth at this time he was on terms of warm friendship; and Chancellor Hoadley, who was passionately devoted to any shape of theatricals, with the great actor and the great painter, made up a trio who enjoyed each oth-

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ers' company. Once they arranged a burlesque of 'Julius Cæsar' for private representation; but their difficulty was Hogarth, who, full of excellent humor, found his memory utterly fail him. A device was at last thought of, which was to write his part in pretty large characters upon the paper cover of the lantern which he was carrying, and which was illuminated from within. A humorous play-bill of the performance was illustrated by the painter."

Thus we find Garrick shortly before his appearance upon the stage "living on town," criticising players, writing dramatic trifles of his own, and throwing off verses. Some examples of his versification are extant. A young buck declines to walk with him in the park, on the plea that young Garrick is not finely dressed enough, which brings out the following:

"Friend *Col* and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree,
For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear,
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear."

Garrick's first appearance on the stage, which took place in the Goodman's Fields Theatre, October 19, 1741, took the town by storm.

"That first night was well remembered. There were many who long after told how they sat in the boxes or pit, and had seen the 'great Garrick' play his first play. Among these was Macklin, with whom had been debated the choice of a play for the *début*, and who had approved of the young player's motive for the selection of Richard—namely, its suiting his figure so much better than any other. Even this showed a prudence and care not to lose a single point, though on the next morning no one thought of his stature, and he was free to choose what part he would.

"The company with whom he was to play was unpretending. Miss Hippisley, 'the leading lady,' who sang fairly in little ballad operas; Peter Bardin, an Irish general 'utility' actor; the two Giffards and Blakes—were the most conspicuous. It is evidence of the social state of the unhappy players that they dared not call their house a theatre, but 'the *late* theatre.' Tickets were to be taken for this momentous night at the Fleece, a tavern close by; and the best box places were three shillings. As the audience read their bills, they saw that the leading part was to be taken by 'a gentleman who had never appeared on *any* stage;' and it is certain that the news of the coming *début* had been known at all the coffee-houses, and drew a strong muster of his private friends. Otherwise the house was not crowded. Indeed, there had been so many first appearances of incapable amateurs who had failed outrageously that this announcement was more likely to repel than attract.

"On that Monday night the performance began at six o'clock with a few pieces of music. Then the curtain rose on *The Life and Death of King Richard the Third;* and after the first scene, at that nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing. It was acted, of course, according to old Cibber's clever arrangement of the play. It was recollected, however, long afterward, that when he came upon the scene and saw the crowded house he was disconcerted, and remained a few seconds without being able to go on. But he recovered himself. No wonder it surprised that audience. It was so new—and was all new. They found themselves in a fresh dramatic world, and were at first mystified, and scarcely knew whether they were to sanction this daring violation of all the old sacred rules. What astonished them was the absence of the 'plain-chant,' or sing-song, the dead-level declamation, now rising, now falling, either dry, hoarse, and croaking, or ear-piercing. This was free and natural. The surprising novelty was remarked, 'that he seemed to identify himself with the part.' They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of Richard were seen in his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words. There was a perpetual change and vivacity. One effect at last overbore all hesitation, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause. It was when he flung away the prayer-book, after dismissing the deputation—a simple and most natural action, yet marked with originality—and then the audience first seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them. Quin would have stalked, and mouthed, and pawed a whole half-hour to express all that that graphic motion conveyed. When he came to the later defiant and martial phase of the character, he took the audience with him in a tempest of enthusiasm. 'What do they in the north?' was given with such electric enthusiasm and savageness as to cause a thrill to flutter round the hearers; and when he came to the effective clap-trap, 'Off with his head,' etc., his 'visible enjoyment of the incident' was so marked, that the audience burst into loud shouts of delight and approbation. What a night of delight to look back to! Yet, upon reaching this point of the play, his vigor and animation had been so excessive, that his voice began to fail him at the most critical part. He felt himself growing hoarser every moment, and would have been overpowered but for the seasonable relief of a Seville orange. Mr. Dryden Leach, the printer, used often to boast how he had thus indirectly contributed to the success of 'the great Garrick.'

"There were no official 'critiques' in the daily papers which set out elaborately the details of the acting. Journals were too small, and all space was economized strictly for *news;* yet, under such conditions, the meagre notice to be read next morning in the *Daily Post* becomes very significant. For its extent it is almost enthusiastic. 'Last night,' said the *Daily Post*, 'was performed *gratis* the tragedy of *King Richard the Third* at the late theatre in Good-

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man's Fields, when the character of Richard was performed by a gentleman who never appeared before, *whose reception was the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion.* We hear he obliges the town this evening with the same performance.'"

By-and-by the intensest curiosity was aroused to see Garrick, and the procession of carriages began to set out from the West End. Even Pope —though sickly and fast failing—was caught in the whirlpool. Mr. Fitzpatrick thus describes the effect which the presence of this illustrious author had upon the new actor: "As he came from the wing with the usual

'Now is the winter of our discontent,' etc.,

he could see a little figure in black, seated in a side-box, whose eyes seemed to shoot through him like lightning. For a moment he was disturbed—he hesitated a little; but anxiety gave place to joy and triumph. The poet, he could see, was regarding him with a serious earnestness. Timidity wore off; the house was presently in a roar of delight, and he saw the great poet applauding heartily. This was, indeed, an honor; for Pope had given up theatres, but was persuaded to come up by his friend Lord Orrery. He was charmed, and with the old natural prejudice in favor of Betterton, whom he thought unapproachable, he turned to his friend, and said: 'That young man never had his equal, and never will have a rival.'" Presently distinguished parties were made up to go from Grosvenor Square to Goodman's Fields. The great Mrs. Porter, the retired actress, came to London expressly to hear Garrick. "She was charmed. She said the youth was a born actor, and knew more at his first appearance than others after twenty years' training. 'Good God!' added she, 'what will he be in time?'" The Duke of Argyle declared him superior to Betterton. Old Cibber—who had a son upon the stage—obstinately refused to recognize Garrick's merit. He was committed to the old school. One night Garrick had been playing Fribble. "You should see him," said Cibber, to a certain lord. "He is the completest little doll of a figure—the prettiest little figure." "But in other characters," said the lord, "has he not great merit?" He did not answer for a moment. Then, suddenly, "What an admirable *Fribble*—such mimicking, ambling, fidgeting! Well, he *must* be a clever fellow to write up to *his own character* so excellently as he has done in this part." Later, again, when Fleetwood asked Cibber, in the green-room, when they were to have another comedy from him—"From me!" cried the old man; "but who would take the characters?" "Why, Sir," said Fleetwood, "there's Garrick, Macklin, Clive, Pritchard—" "Oh yes," said Cibber, "I know the list very well; but then, my dear fellow," he said, taking a pinch of snuff very deliberately, "*where the devil are your actors?*"

Truly might Quin, who, after having been so long the established tragedian, was now at once thrust down and deposed, exclaim: "If this young fellow be right, then *we* have been all wrong!" He called Garrick "*the Whitefield of the stage,*" and added that the sectary was followed for a time, but they would soon all be coming back to church again. Garrick heard of this speech, and retorted:

"Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more;
When doctrines meet with general reprobation,
It is not heresy, but Reformation."

It must be said, however, that even Garrick's enemies—men who most unjustly charged him with meanness—admitted his wonderful genius. Among those who repaid the actor's favors with frowns was the intemperate and unscrupulous Arthur Murphy. But even he, when asked what he thought of Garrick's acting, after a pause, replied, "Well, Sir, *off* the stage he was a mean, sneaking little fellow; but *on* the stage" —throwing up his hands and eyes—"oh, my great God!" "This," adds Fitzgerald, "was the invariable formula: nothing less general could be obtained from him."

Doctor Samuel Johnson, notwithstanding his enthusiasm for the drama, was, as we have already seen, a poor judge of actors. But his estimation of Garrick as a man is worthy of notice. He really loved Garrick, though he envied him his great success. He spoke of the actor's death as a stroke "which had eclipsed the gayety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." Himself a great master of the art of talking, he speaks of Garrick as "the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." To Mrs. Siddons he said, "a true conception of character and natural expression of it were his distinguishing excellences. But, after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than when at the head of a table." His conversation, says the Doctor on another occasion, "was gay and grotesque. It was a dish of all sorts, but all good things." Behind the scenes, in the green-room, says one of his own actors, he would, "during the intervals of business, enliven the whole theatre by his sallies of gayety and mirth, which showed themselves in a thousand shapes; in the jests, *bons mots*, apt stories, and vivacities, thrown out in a manner so pleasing, so frolicsome, and original that all were made happy by his cheerfulness and good-humor."

Probably the best characterization of Garrick is that given by Goldsmith in "Retaliation:"

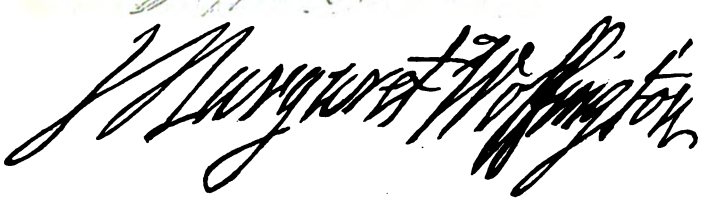
"Here lies David Garrick; describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor confessed without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
This man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of the way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.

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He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame,
Till his relish, grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised
While he was be-Roscianed, and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies.
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above."

Garrick's recent biographer gives us a somewhat different idea of the "Peg Woffington" episode from the vulgar one handed down by Macklin, Murphy, and others. "He was all through," says our author, "looking to an honorable attachment, an honorable establishment in life, with one whom he could sincerely esteem." Garrick became acquainted with Margaret Woffington before his own entrance upon the stage. They were almost of the same age. "Her story has been often told.....Her curious life was itself a play; her being picked out of the streets at Townes Court, her playing *Macheath* as an infant prodigy in Madame Violante's Lilliputian Company.....and her bewitching the gentlemen of Dublin with her dashing sketch of *Sir Harry Wildair*. From her portraits we can see that this notorious lady was not a bold, rosy-cheeked hoyden, as we might expect; but had an almost demure, placid, and pensive cast of face. She wore her hair without powder, and turned back behind her ear, nearly always with a cap carelessly thrown back, or a little flat garden hat, set negligently on, *à la* Nelly O'Brian. Certainly a deeply interesting face, but with a little hint of foolishness and air of lightness in all its calm, pale placidity.....She was indeed a captivating creature. Her male characters were her slightest attraction.....She could speak French admirably, and dance with infinite grace. She had a taste for reading, and above all possessed a kind, generous heart, that could do a good-natured thing. The charity so well painted in Mr. Reade's excellent romance and drama is scarcely overdrawn. .....Her conversation was in a style always pleasing and often instructive. She abounded in wit.....but there was present also an incurable unsteadiness and a fatal taste for the pleasures of the hour, which it became hopeless to think of overcoming. For that 'one female error' there may be some extenuation, considering the state from which the stage was then emerging, and that the *coulisses* were open as of right and as lawful pasture to every man of quality or reputation." It was this "incurable unsteadiness," this "fatal taste for the pleasures of the hour," which at last drove Garrick away from his "Peggy" in despair. He succeeded in attaching her to himself, but she easily broke away from the light obligations which held her, and rushed to the arms of some brilliant rival. We cannot understand the patience with which Garrick so long forbore, except on the ground that he honestly loved her, and so deeply that, if he could be assured of her future fidelity, he was willing to forgive all her past errors and to discard all "recollective jealousy"





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(as Madame George Sand phrases this sentiment, when exercised in this relation); but his jealousy was so often excited that finally he became utterly disappointed, and gave her up. His verses addressed her plainly show what was his heart's desire, so far as she was concerned. The following is an example:

"SONG.

"TO SYLVIA.

"If Truth can fix thy wavering heart,
Let Damon urge his claim;
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure, the constant flame.

"Though sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

"By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improve with years,
As when the blossoms fade away
The ripening fruit appears.

"May Heaven and Sylvia grant my suit
And bless the future hour,
That Damon who can taste the fruit
May gather every flow'r."

Passable, Mr. Garrick; but we must confess that in poetry you were outshone by your rival Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. This latter wrote the following verses, which were addressed to the actress, set to music, and became every where popular for their gayety and spirit:

"LOVELY PEGGY.

"Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy!

"Yet greater bards the lyre shall hit,
Or say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

"And when in Thetis' lap to rest
He streaks with gold the ruddy West,
She's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

"While bees from flower to flower shall rove
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the river love,
So long shall I love Peggy.

"And when Death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

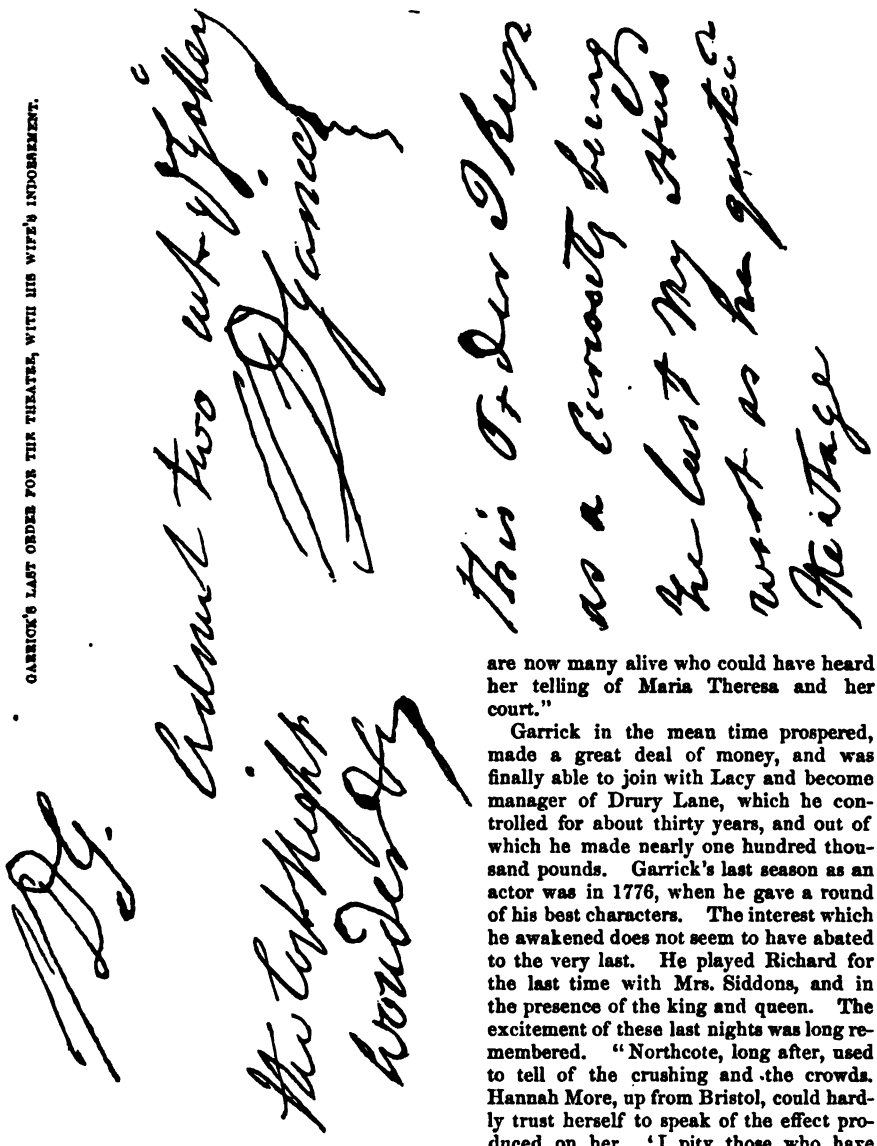
Garrick was more sincere than were his rivals, and the respectable alliance thus offered her was a great temptation. He was at one time seriously engaged to marry her, and even went so far as to buy the wedding-ring. But in a fit of anger the affair finally terminated about four years after Garrick's appearance on the stage.* Very soon after this engagement was broken off Garrick encountered Mademoiselle Violette, a beautiful dancer from Vienna, to whom he was subsequently married. "She was singularly attractive. A dainty little miniature of Petitot's shows her as she appeared about this time (1746)—a sort of Watteau beauty, with a small, round face, ripe lips, and a cloud of turquoise-colored drapery floating about her; and although there is no mezzotint of



Eva M. Garrick

* Peg Woffington's disappearance from the stage took place in 1756. She was playing in *Rosalind*, and with difficulty sustained herself through the part until she came to the epilogue. She had begun with awful gayety the words: "If I were among you, I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," when the saucy tongue was smitten with paralysis, and Woffington, with a shriek of terror, and amidst the cries of a commiserating audience, retired from the stage forever. She died at Teddington three years after this, in the meridian of her beauty.

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GARRICK'S LAST ORDER FOR THE THEATER, WITH HIS WIFE'S INDORSEMENT.

her in any character—like the splendid ones done in such profusion of her husband—to help us to an idea of the charms of the youthful dancer, even the copper-plates in the magazines preserve this delicate and inviting character of her beauty. This attractive young Viennese, who had heard all London talk of the battle of Culloden, and who danced with such applause in that ill-fated year, became the wife of David Garrick, and lived long enough to sit to Mr. Robert Cruikshank, for one of his most characteristic etchings, some forty years ago.* There are now many alive who could have heard her telling of Maria Theresa and her court."

Garrick in the mean time prospered, made a great deal of money, and was finally able to join with Lacy and become manager of Drury Lane, which he controlled for about thirty years, and out of which he made nearly one hundred thousand pounds. Garrick's last season as an actor was in 1776, when he gave a round of his best characters. The interest which he awakened does not seem to have abated to the very last. He played Richard for the last time with Mrs. Siddons, and in the presence of the king and queen. The excitement of these last nights was long remembered. "Northcote, long after, used to tell of the crushing and the crowds. Hannah More, up from Bristol, could hardly trust herself to speak of the effect produced on her. 'I pity those who have not seen him. Posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfections. The more I see him, the more I admire. I have seen him within these three weeks take leave of *Benedick*, *Sir John Brute*, *Kitely*, *Abel Drugger*, *Archer*, and *Leon*. It seems to me as if I was assisting at the obsequies of the different poets. I feel almost as much pain as pleasure.' There was, indeed, a pathos about the whole. He seemed to be in a sort of whirl. He spoke sadly of 'the present situation of my affairs, of the last hours of my theatrical life, and my preparing for another.'" June 10, 1776, was the very last night. He on this occasion played *Don Felix* in "The Wonder,"

* The portrait of Violette given as one of the illustrations of this article is from a charming picture by Zoffany.

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and had such a leave-taking as no actor ever had before, and none since. Two years and a half later he died of a painful malady, on the 20th of January, 1779. His wife lived on till October 16, 1822. At Hampton she was often visited by Queen Charlotte and the King. The Queen, on one occasion, surprising her peeling onions, took a knife and began peeling onions with her. She was generally surrounded by her "hundred head of nieces," as Miss Berry called them. On the night of her dying day she was to have gone to see Drury Lane, newly decorated by Elliston, and the little flutter of anticipation connected with the prospect of revisiting the scene of her husband's former triumphs was probably the occasion of her death.

POPPIES.

O Ladies, softly fair,
Who curl and comb your hair,
And deck your dainty bodies, eve and morn,
With pearls, and flowery spray,
And knots of ribbons gay,
As if ye were for idlesse only born
Hearken to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, after all,
But foolish poppies in among the corn!

Whose lives but parts repeat—
Whose little dancing feet
Swim lightly as the silverly mists of morn;
Whose pretty palms unclose
Like some fresh dewy rose,
For dainty dalliance, not for distaffs born:
Hearken to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, after all,
But flaunting poppies in among the corn!

O Women, sad of face,
Whose crowns of girlish grace
Sin has plucked off, and left ye all forlorn—
Whose pleasures do not please—
Whose hearts have no hearts'-ease—
Whose seeming honor is of honor shorn:
Hearken to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, one and all,
But painted poppies in among the corn!

Women, to name whose name
All good men blush for shame,
And bad men even, with the speech of scorn;
Who have nor sacred sight
For Vesta's lamps so white,
Nor hearing for old Triton's wreathéd horn:
O hark to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, one and all,
But poison poppies in among the corn!

Women, who will not cease
From toil, nor be at peace
Either at purple eve or yellowing morn,
But drive with pitiless hand,
Your plow-shares through the land
Quick with the lives of daisies yet unborn:
Hearken to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, after all,
But troublous poppies in among the corn!

Blighting with fretful looks
The tender-tasseled stocks—
Sweeping your wide-floored barns with sighs forlorn
About the unfilled grains
And starving hunger-pains
That on the morrow, haply, shall be borne:
O hark to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, after all,
But froward poppies in among the corn!

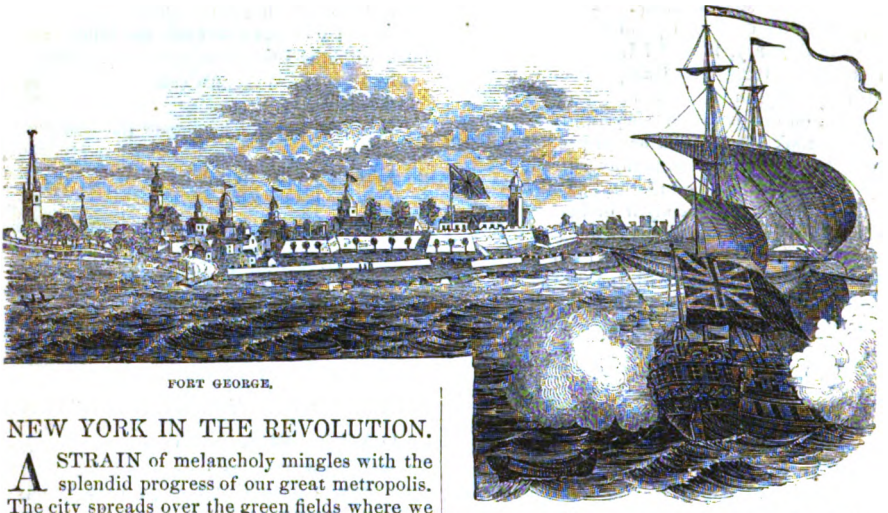
O Virgins, whose pure eyes
Hold commerce with the skies—
Whose lives lament that ever ye were born;
Whose work is still to bear
The cross, whose joy to wear
Never the rose, but only just the thorn:
Hearken to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, after all,
Better than poppies in among the corn!

What better? who abuse
The gifts wise women use,
With locks sheared off, and bosoms scourged and torn;
Lapping your veils so white
Betwixt ye and the light
Composed in heaven's sweet cisterns, morn by morn:
O hark to Wisdom's call—
What are ye, after all
Better than poppies in among the corn!

O Women, rare and fine,
Whose mouths are red with wine
Of kisses of your children, night and morn,
Whose ways are virtue's ways—
Whose good works are your praise—
Whose hearts hold nothing God has made in scorn:
Though Fame may never call
Your names, ye are, for all,
The Ruths that stand breast-high amid the corn!

Your steadfast love and sure
Makes all beside it poor;
Your cares like royal ornaments are worn;
Wise women! what so sweet,
So queenly, so complete
To name ye by, since ever one was born?
Since she, whom poets call,
The sweetest of you all,
First gleaned with Boaz in among the corn.

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FORT GEORGE.

NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

A STRAIN of melancholy mingles with the splendid progress of our great metropolis. The city spreads over the green fields where we were happy in boyhood, over streams we once knew lined with alders and murmuring amidst clustering foliage, over the meadows where we gathered berries, and the shady roads of our evening drives. It draws into its bosom the villages that shone sweetly to the setting suns of youth, secluded farm-houses where our ancestors passed their simple lives, villas once renowned as the haunts of rural fashion, and park-like scenery that bordered the tranquil Hudson with wood and grove and lawn. The fruit trees planted by our fathers, the quiet home scenes of our youth, the woods where the Indian Summer made its carnival of old, where the squirrel dropped its store of nuts at our coming, where the blackbird and the blue-jay fell before our first attempts in sportsmanship, and whose awful shadows seemed to the eye of childhood the fitting haunt of the Indian and the robber, fade like a vision before the ceaseless progress of the imperial city.

I have been led into these reflections in the endeavor to place the reader in the midst of that earlier New York, a striking passage in whose history I desire to narrate. New York, indeed, in the year 1770, was a small provincial town. The well-built portion of the city extended about a mile in length, in breadth half a mile, and formed an irregular triangle narrowing toward the Battery. Broadway was paved as far as St. Paul's, the Park was an uninclosed common, and no streets above Dey were regularly opened and graded. The churches were the finest buildings; and stately Trinity, St. George's, in the last London style, St. Paul's, and the great Middle Dutch, now the Post-office, seem even in the present day costly and remarkable structures for that early period.

Travelers, however, who visited New York, were struck by its attractions. Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, in 1749, was amazed at its opulence and beauty. To walk in Broadway, he says, was like entering a garden: the shade-trees were plentiful, the birds sang sweetly from their branches, and the frogs chanted so merrily in the elms and locusts that one could hardly hear one's self speak. The streets were narrow, and the houses a strange mingling of Dutch and English taste. But on the tops of gentlemen's houses were balconies, from whence in summer evenings opened a charming prospect of the lovely bay.

Healthful, tall, and robust, the people of New York were not so long-lived as the Europeans. They were gay, polished, and convivial, and their favorite drink was the fiery old Madeira. The ladies Dr. Burnaby thought handsome, discreet, and more "modest" than those of Philadelphia. New York society was famed for its air of easy gayety. It was more polished than that of any other city of the New World, and here the provincials came to perfect their manners and improve their taste.

But the citizens of New York, gay, social, and refined, were among the boldest of the defenders of freedom. When the Revolution came they hailed it with eager delight. Of the men of New York who created the new era something must be said. A Puritan, a Huguenot, and a Scotchman led on the general movement.

Gouverneur Morris represented the unbending spirit of his Puritan ancestors. Richard Morris, the founder of the family in America, had been an officer high in rank under Cromwell, and the iron element of Puritanism ran through all his descendants. Gouverneur Morris boasted that he had been from youth a stranger to fear, to modesty, and to self-reproach. He acknowledged no man his superior; he avowed himself the equal of every man he met. Eccentric, bold, and fearless, he was born to lead. His form was tall, well-made, and commanding; his face oval, regular, and fine. At

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twenty-three he was a clear and able speaker, a skillful lawyer, and a ready financier. He began an aristocrat, and spoke with contempt of the noisy rabble who, in 1774, were disturbing the tranquil rule of the Tories. He plunged into gayety, but soon grew weary of balls and assemblies, and even of the charms of the graceful daughters of Lord Dunmore, who seem for a time to have coquetted with the handsome Provincial. Early inclined to study the interior of life, he could scarcely rest satisfied with its outward form and show. Morris was stern and somewhat misanthropic, fond of pleasure, yet disturbed by stronger and deeper impulses, and he found something in the fierce movement of revolution that stilled the restless cravings of thought.



JOHN JAY.

The Huguenot, John Jay, contrasts strongly with the bold and moody Morris. He too was a marvelous young man. The purity, benevolence, and refinement of his Huguenot ancestors came naturally to Jay. His family had risen to wealth by industry and thrift, but had never lost the frugal habits, the strict morals, and that earnest love of freedom which had marked them in poverty and exile. Jay, at the opening of the Revolution, was a young lawyer of uncommon promise. Spotless honor and perfect purity of purpose marked him from the beginning. He was one in whom men naturally confided; possessed excellent talents; and when at twenty-nine he wrote his address to the People of England, Jefferson, not knowing the author, declared him the finest writer of America.

John Jay's fine head, marked features, and intellectual countenance, are familiar to his countrymen. Like Washington, he was a man made for the times, the ideal of a republican statesman. In calmer seasons Jay must have risen high, but could never have become known to us as we now know him. His courage, tried by the awful crisis which he governed, never faltered; his noble ambition was never tainted by self-interest; his literary culture adorned the era of the Revolution; and when he went abroad as the representative of his country, European scholars and statesmen recognized in him the noblest model of a freeman.

With Jay and Morris, both young men at the period of which I speak, another name is naturally joined. At a great meeting held in the Fields, May 6, 1774, a young collegian, the Chatterton of politics, arose to address the excited people. Small, delicate, and sickly, he trembled with timidity. At first it seemed that he must sink down in dismay. But soon his genius rose, his self-confidence returned never again to fail him; his eloquence governed the assembly, and his wonderful powers shone forth in all the supremacy of a master mind.

Alexander Hamilton, from the age of seventeen, became a ruling intellect of his time. He wrote with such clearness and power that he



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

was soon the chief support of the patriots. His style of speaking at twenty had no superior. And he drilled his company of Provincials, raised at the cost of all his little inheritance, with the skill of a veteran soldier. No sooner did he meet Washington than that acute observer chose him as his constant friend and counsel; and of all the men of rare ability who sprang up to meet the wants of the time, Hamilton was the most precocious and the most remarkable. Alsop and Livingston, the rich and generous merchants; Benson, Lynch, M'Dougal, "the son of liberty;" the active and fear-

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less Sears, and a throng of lesser names, now filled the ranks of the New York patriots. They feared no danger, were moved by no selfish terrors, and in the cause of freedom met unappalled the menaces of their approaching foes.

The winter of 1775–76 was a memorable season for New York. A war with England was already begun. Lee, sent by Washington, arrived to fortify the city, and the wealthiest citizens, first aroused to the nearness of the danger, fled hastily to their seats in the Jerseys or their villas on the banks of the Hudson. Frederick Rhinelander wrote to Van Schaick a melancholy narrative of the condition of the town. Vast numbers of houses were vacant, and women and children were scarcely to be seen in the streets. Broadway echoed to the tread of armed men from Connecticut and the Jerseys hastening to the defense of New York. The guns of the *Asia*, a royal ship of war lying off the Battery, might at any moment level to the dust the splendid mansions of Great Dock Street and the warehouses around Whitehall. An inclement winter added to the general distress. The poor missed the employment of the rich, the streets were silent, business ceased, and gloom and danger hovered over New York.



WASHINGTON AND CLINTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

Lee meanwhile urged on the fortifications. He threw down the inner wall of Fort George on the Battery, thus changing it from a Malakoff to a Redan, so that should the enemy enter it they would now be exposed to a fire from the town. He drew a barricade across Broadway two hundred yards in the rear of the fort, and placed upon it four or five pieces of cannon. The streets leading into Broadway were barricaded to prevent the Provincials from being attacked in the rear; on a commanding hill behind Trinity Church, now long leveled and forgotten, a battery was to be placed to keep the enemy's fleet in awe; and every thing was done that a skillful engineer could devise to make an indefensible post capable of some show of resistance.

Yet it was plain to every observer that the city was incapable of defense. Even the Provincials spoke with contempt of its miserable barricades and its fort, that a few guns from a man-of-war must crumble to the ground. Military men saw at a glance its dangers. Its defenders were untrained farmers and tradesmen who had never handled a musket; the broadside of the *Asia* might easily level its finest quarters, an army landed on the upper part of the island would find its rear unprotected, and an army on Brooklyn Heights with its bombs and balls would spread ruin and slaughter from the Battery to the limits of Broadway.

Washington arrived April 14, 1776. His success at Boston had excited even his calm nature, and he looked for no reverses at New York. The patriots received him as a preserver. His noble bearing, his unchanging serenity, his active and commanding nature filled them with new hope, and they fondly believed that the city might yet be saved.

To the citizens Washington spoke hopefully; but to Congress he wrote in alarm that the preparations for defense were few, the city full of Tories, and that the citizens kept up a constant intercourse with the royal ships which lay close to the very wharves. He at once established a stern military rule, the plans of Lee were enlarged and perfected, and in a fortnight from his arrival the king's ships had fled from the powerful earth-works he had erected on the Battery and were anchored in the lower harbor near the Hook. He collected provisions, gathered in recruits, and commenced arresting the more active Tories — "those abominable pests of society," as he called them in this moment of danger.

A faint gleam of hope still cheered the terrified citizens—the danger might yet pass away. No news of the British fleet had been received since it had sailed from Boston for Halifax, and Governor Tryon had assured them that no hostile designs were entertained against New York. But the spring of 1776 was a season of anxiety and expectation. Every day new fortifications were going up, new troops arriving. Vacant houses were broken open and occupied as barracks; the lead from the roofs and windows was melted into bullets, and the bells and knockers were converted into cannon. The ancient beauty and gay show of the city were gone. Broadway was barricaded into a fortress; the hills in the suburbs groaned under batteries of cannon; sentries trod the streets by day and night; and peaceful citizens who would take no part in the contest were hourly in danger of being arrested as Tories and sent to fill the jails of Litchfield or of Boston; their rich warehouses lay at the mercy of the stern commander, and their contents might at a word be confiscated for the use of the hated rebels.

In June the decisive intelligence arrived that destroyed the faint hopes of the neutrals. News of the defeat of the patriot army in the north

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had already been received, and now was added the assurance that a vast scheme of invasion had been projected in England, of which New York was to be the central aim. In Canada the New York regiments which had so lately entered St. Johns in triumph were now flying discomfited across the border, and the gallant New York commander, Montgomery, had fallen at Quebec. In that fatal invasion the patriot families of the city and the province had lost fathers, husbands, brothers, friends, some by the bullets of the foe, but more from winter and starvation. A general mourning spread over the city; heretofore its people had known nothing but success; their spirits rose high; they believed the struggle would be short. But now, as disaster thickened around them, the boldest might well sink into despondency.

With the news from the north came the particulars of the great expedition which was preparing for the conquest of the city and the province of New York. The whole force of the mother country, so lately the pride and the reliance of the Provincials, was now to be hurled, a desolating tempest, upon the shores of America. In this expedition the bravest soldiers and seamen of Britain were to have a share; the greatest armament that had ever left the British shores was now approaching the almost defenseless city. Burgoyne, the most daring commander of the age, was to penetrate with a great army from Canada to the Hudson; a fleet under Lord Howe, and a vast land-force, led by his brother Sir William, was to enter New York Bay, capture or destroy the city, and crush at a blow the feeble germ of the rebellion.

By June 28 Washington learned from some prisoners captured at sea that Lord Howe had set sail from Halifax. About the same time a conspiracy of the disaffected was discovered, set on foot by Governor Tryon and Mathews, the mayor of the city, to cut off the patriot leaders and arouse the numerous Tories on Staten Island, Long Island, and in the city itself, to a deadly contest with their fellow-countrymen. The particulars of the plot were never perfectly disclosed, but it forced Washington to redouble his severity; the mayor was arrested, and sent prisoner to Litchfield; Thomas Hickey, one of Tryon's agents who had enlisted recruits for the loyal cause, was executed; and many persons were arrested on Long Island, some of them tailors and laborers, who wept, begged for life, and were dismissed upon promise of amendment.

In July Howe took possession of Staten Island. The Tories came to him in great numbers from Long Island and the Jerseys, to assure him of their loyalty; the danger of the city was imminent; the final struggle drew near.

In the midst of the general alarm news came from Philadelphia that Congress had proclaimed the birth of a new nation; the Declaration of Independence arrived, and on the 9th Washington caused it to be read to the whole army, amidst the cheers of the brave and low murmurs of discontent from the cowardly. "Now we have indeed undone ourselves," whispered the timid, and lamented that they were free.



LORD HOWE.

The great English fleet, meantime, had been collected at Staten Island; more than thirty thousand of the finest troops of England were preparing to fall upon New York; the forest of masts could be seen from the city, and eager Tories, from the galleries upon the roofs of gentlemen's houses, watched through telescopes, with secret delight, the imposing array of their deliverers. The patriots were in hourly expectation of an attack, and many families sat up all night dressed, lest the guns of the invaders might be the first warning of their approach.

When on the 22d of August, after a long suspense, the enemy landed on Long Island, Washington, knowing that the crisis of danger had come, addressed a noble appeal to his army. He recalled the success at Charleston, the glorious struggle at Bunker Hill. "Remember," he said, "officers and soldiers, that you are freemen fighting for the blessings of liberty—that slavery will be your portion and that of your posterity if you do not acquit yourselves like men." Five days later, August 27, happened the battle of Long Island. While the contest was raging the city was filled with confusion and alarm. When it was ended there was no more hope of resistance. The patriot batteries still boldly replied to those of the invaders on Long Island, but it was plain to all that the city was no longer tenable.

A painful act now seemed demanded of Washington; he must destroy New York. Greene pressed him to take this measure. The winter, he urged, was approaching, and if the city were burnt the enemy would be left without a shelter; two-thirds of the buildings were owned by Tories, and to destroy them would impoverish and enfeeble the bitterest enemies of freedom. Washington wrote to Congress, recommending that they should discuss the measure at a secret meeting and inform him of their decision.

Was New York to become the Moscow of America? It would, perhaps, have been well for the country had Greene's advice been fol-

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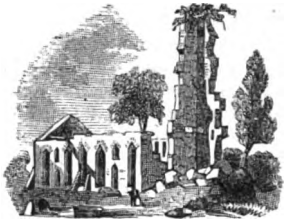
lowed. The preservation of the city prolonged the war and made New York the centre of hostile operations, a convenient shelter for the fleets and armies of the invaders.

Washington retreated, however, leaving the city unharmed; but he retreated in anguish and despair. The cowardice of his soldiers redoubled the bitterness of defeat. Whole regiments fled before a few English. Washington, with drawn sword, pistol in hand, strove to drive them upon the foe, but his soldiers fled, leaving him almost alone. He now began to doubt the final result of the contest. "Are these the men," he cried, "with whom I am to conquer America?" He wrote to his brother Lawrence, "Fifty thousand pounds would not induce me to go through with what I have endured again." It was with such feelings, in the shame and generous madness of a noble nature, his usual serenity gone, his weary brain teeming with bitter thought, that the Commander turned from the city, little foreseeing how, in the triumph of all his dreams of liberty and victory, after seven sad years of expectation, he should once more re-enter New York.

As the patriots fled the enemy assembled in the city. Their fleet filled the East River with a forest of masts, from the Battery to Kip's Bay. New York was now a conquered town. The Tories came in crowds from the neighboring country to welcome the invaders; but they were welcomed with an illumination such as they had hardly looked for. New York has become noted for its destructive fires. While Boston and Philadelphia have in a great measure escaped these calamities, with us they seem almost periodical. The Negro Plot of 1741 was suggested by the frequency of fires; those of 1836–45 some of us remember. But none has equaled in magnitude, as compared with the size of the city, that of 1776.

The origin of the latter is still unknown; whether accident, the rage of the disappointed patriots, or the secret orders of the Commander-in-Chief. The English asserted that they found combustible materials prepared to aid the flames, and that persons were discovered in the act of setting fire to vacant houses. Nor is this improbable, if we reflect that many houses were empty, that violent party feeling raged, that the design had already been entertained by Washington, and was, no doubt, familiar to the patriots themselves.

The fire began between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, September 21, in a wooden house near Whitehall Slip. The hour was late, few persons were in the city, and of these many remained in their houses through fear of the invading army. The fire, therefore, soon raged with fearful strength and speed. It consumed all the buildings on the east side of Whitehall Slip, on both sides of Beaver Street, and passed up the eastern side of Broadway to Fulton Street, where the three-story brick house of Mr. Harrison checked its advance. It crossed Broadway and laid nearly all the western side



RUINS OF TRINITY.

of the city in ruins. The Lutheran Church, then standing on the site afterward occupied by Grace Church, was speedily consumed. The flames fastened upon Trinity and left only its bare walls standing. From thence they rushed up to St. Paul's, but here the efforts of the citizens and soldiers upon its roof, directed by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, saved that fine building from the fate of Trinity. Nearly five hundred houses were burnt in the finest quarter of the city; and the loss of property, furniture, and other valuables fell heavily upon the wealthy Tories, to whom they chiefly belonged.

The British were now in quiet possession of the ruined city. The commanders were lodged in the finest of the remaining houses, the soldiers in those less costly. Lord Dunmore took a house for the winter in Broadway. Governor Tryon's was in Broad Street. Sir Henry Clinton, who affected the state of a vice-regal conqueror, occupied no less than four or five. Refugees from the country flocked in to take advantage of the protection offered them, and signed the declaration of allegiance. The property of the patriots was appropriated to their support; many vacant houses were let and the rents applied to the relief of the poorer Tories; and the newspapers of the day are filled with proclamations from the Commander-in-Chief, offering pardon to deserters and bounties to those who would enlist in the loyal regiments.

A single newspaper survived the conquest. At the opening of the struggle, in 1775, there had been three—Holt's *New York Journal*, the warm advocate of the patriot measures; Rivington's *Gazetteer*, violently Tory; and Hugh Gaine's *Mercury*, which professed a kind of neutrality. Rivington's press had been destroyed by Captain Sears, and the editor, after some hard usage from the "Sons of Liberty," fled to England. Holt, when the city fell, removed to Kingston, and afterward to Poughkeepsie, where he was appointed Provincial Gazetteer. Hugh Gaine, at the same period, went to Newark, but soon returned to the city, became a Tory organ, and chronicled with exultation the misfortunes of the rebels. His paper, now known as the *New York Gazette and Mercury*, was the only paper published in New York, until, in the fall of 1776, Rivington returned from England to share in the triumph of his party. Rivington was received as a martyr, he was welcomed by congratulatory verses and a public dinner; was made Royal Gazetteer, and his paper, the *Royal Gazette*,

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continued until the evacuation to record victories that were never gained, and to support the spirits of his party by unblushing falsehoods. The patriots called his paper "The Lying Gazette," and Rivington more than once, in moments of conscientiousness, acknowledged that now and then he might have been led into error.

Full of triumph for the Tories, the winter of 1776–77 passed away. The next campaign, they asserted, must forever crush the cause of freedom. Washington's army, nearly disorganized and dispersed, was flying from the invader; Burgoyne was approaching from Canada; Howe would soon enter the Delaware, take possession of Philadelphia, and complete the dispersion of Washington's "ragged banditti." The war, the Tories said, must be a short one, for the rebels every where fled at the sight of a royal regiment.

The Tories, now so exultant, were a peculiar and imaginative class. The spirit of the New World, free, bold, and progressive, had never affected them. They cherished amidst the wild scenery of their new home the same impulses of loyalty and submission that had been impressed upon them in the narrow landscapes of England. They were gentlemen, refined, well-bred, and well-informed; soldiers, bold, active, and devoted to their king. Like the cavaliers of Charles I., they affected a noble bearing, a love for gallantry and gayety, and a supreme contempt for the ignoble traitors with whom they condescended to contend. In their opinion a rebel could never be a gentleman. But they were inferior to their opponents in all the qualities demanded by the crisis.

No man of eminent ability arose on the side of the King. James and Oliver Delancey were persons of moderate talent, inferior to the vigorous but hasty Lieutenant-Governor. The city merchants—the Ludlows, Rhinelanders, and others of their class—had little of the executive ability of Philip Livingston or John Jay; and not a man from the Tory side has left a name worthy of remembrance for any great deeds, or signalized himself by any peculiar achievements, any wisdom in council, or any marked pre-eminence on the field of battle. The intellect of the city was wholly on the patriot side. All the young and rising lawyers, all the active and eager minds among the merchants and mechanics, the whole body of the dissenting clergy, the wits, fine writers, and ablest speakers of the day, instinctively reflected the spirit of a new world, and urged onward the movement for independence.

New York was now an armed fortress, the citadel of loyalty. Every night patrols of loyal citizens paraded the streets watching for fire. This was a constant terror, and as the winter deepened the danger was more than ever to be dreaded. Ships carrying powder were forbidden to approach the wharves without a permit—were hastily unladen and sent away to winter in Newtown Creek. Taverns and shops were closed at nine o'clock, and after that hour no light was allowed below deck through all the vast fleet of transports; and the chief aim of the British was now to preserve that city which afforded them so necessary a shelter.

Let us enter New York on a chill February night of 1778, when the streets are paved with ice, the sentries pacing rapidly the walls of Fort George, and the fire patrols speeding along desolate Broadway. As we pass through Broad Street the sound of music and gayety is heard from the noble mansion of Governor Tryon. It is the Royal Birth-night ball. The officers of the army and navy, Provincial dignitaries and loyal citizens, the fairest ladies of the city, and the wives and daughters of officers high in rank, are forgetting for a joyous moment the miseries of war. The few coaches that New York can boast stand patiently at the door. Within, the stately Clinton, the popular Tryon, the considerate Cornwallis receive the assembled guests. Beneath a canopy, in a spacious room, sits a lady, delicate and graceful, and of foreign air, the chosen queen of the evening's entertainment. Lady Cornwallis has kindly remained at home lest her superior rank should prevent the honor done to the distinguished guest. The lady rises and gives the first toast to the health of King George, and the ball goes on.

She to whom such general homage is deservedly paid is the Baroness Reidesel, the wife of a German officer high in rank in the invading army. Her youth, her well-rounded figure, but not her animation or her smile, have been lost in the anxieties of a military life. Old admirers who knew her in happier days now scarcely recognize her wasted form. The Baroness, for I have anticipated events, has followed her husband through all the perils and untold sufferings of Burgoyne's campaign, and now receives from the chivalric Tories the homage due to her heroic spirit. To her even Sir Henry Clinton is condescending, and Cornwallis assiduously polite.

Around the apartment no traces of the privations of military life appear. The walls are draped with silken hangings, the furniture is of costly mahogany, and mirrors of unusual size reflect the beauty of the loyal ladies, the military splendor, and civic pomp. A stately minuet is danced, and gayer dances follow; but tall head-dresses a foot in height, and sweeping trains of rich brocade can move but slowly over the sanded floor. The military band sounds cheerfully, the spirit of the company runs high, and it is two o'clock before the last of the revelers abandons the carnival scene of war.

Another evening we may go to the little theatre in John Street to attend an amateur performance of the Royal officers for the benefit of the wives and children of soldiers who have fallen on the field. The play is the "Beau's Stratagem," a song and a dance follow, and then an amusing farce by Master Foote of London. Here, too, gather all the loyal and wealthy of the city, and here we discover that

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the Provincial ladies have already learned to paint and powder, and that Provincial gentlemen sometimes remain too long at the table. The scenery of the Royal Theatre was painted by Colonel James Delancey in a manner, says the theatrical critic of Gaine's *Gazette*, worthy of Drury Lane. A Prologue, written by Captain Stanley, alludes not unpoetically to the present lull in the tempest of war. The house is crowded, the gentlemen of the company are well received, a large sum is taken in, and many a soldier's family will profit from the skill of the amateur performers.

In these amusements, balls, dinners, assemblies, and the theatre, the winters of the wealthy pass away. But even the rich, in the isolated city, are often unable to procure the common necessaries of life. Wines and malt liquors indeed abounded, but the plainer wants of the table could scarcely be supplied. When the Cork fleet was kept back by contrary winds flour rose to twenty shillings a hundred, and butter to seven shillings a pound. Firing wood was often unattainable. The rich shivered in their costly mansions for want of coal and wood. In vain did Sir Henry Clinton issue proclamations to the farmers of Long Island, directing them to send in their wood and tempting them with extravagant prices; in vain did he send out parties to cut down the forests on the large estates of William Floyd and William Smith, the patroons of Long Island; the demand for fuel could not be supplied, and even the Baroness Reidesel, the caressed of all the army, shivered for cold in her splendid apartments. Provisions of all kinds were equally scarce. The rich still endeavored to keep up their six courses and their three side-services, their profusion of fish, flesh, and fowl; but at length their resources failed. Many articles of food could no longer be had, others were so dear as to exhaust the means of the wealthiest. Fifty dollars, the Baroness Reidesel complains, would not feed a small family two days. Sir Henry Clinton invited, entreated, or commanded the farmers to send in provisions; but Long Island and Staten Island could no longer feed New York. War had checked their productiveness. Foraging parties were sent out by the Royal commanders, but they brought little back; the rebels destroyed or hid their provisions at their approach. Sentinels on the watch for the Royal marauders lined the shores of Connecticut and the Jerseys even in the coldest seasons. All day they paced the chilly round and at night relieved each other, lying down to sleep on the bare snow. At sight of the enemy the alarm was given. The farmers of Westport and Southport, of Elizabethtown and Rahway, hastened to bury their corn and oats in the snow; and old family furniture was carried away and concealed in the depths of the forest. The British foragers found the barns empty, the cattle driven off, the farm-house deserted; and in their rage set on fire old homesteads and desolated extensive districts.

The rich might bear with composure their comparatively slight privations; but wretched indeed was the condition of the poor refugee, of the sick soldier, and, above all, the patriot prisoner. The newspapers are filled with calls for charitable contributions for women and children perishing with cold and hunger, for disabled soldiers and families without a shelter. Once wealthy, loyalty had reduced them to want, and they seemed to have a proper claim upon the resources of the rich. The wealthy Tories and the Royal officers gave liberally, but they had no power to save the suffering with fire-wood unattainable, provisions too scarce to be supplied in sufficient quantities, and house-rent extravagantly high. Trade had ceased, employment failed, and a large proportion of the citizens were plunged in want, misery, and despair.

But if the favored Tories suffered, what must have been the condition of the patriot prisoners, confined by thousands in bleak barracks, churches, and prison-ships? Let us pass up Broadway, amidst the uncleared ruins, and, turning down Liberty Street, pause before a huge brick building near the Middle Dutch Church. It is

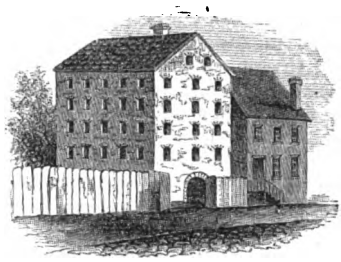


MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH.

five stories high, with broken windows, through which the fierce winds of winter rush unrestrained. Through its imperfect roof and various openings, snow, ice, and water penetrate to every part of the building. Sentries pace round its walls prepared to fire upon any of its maddened inmates who attempt in desperation to escape. Wounded men crawl to the windows begging aid; but the impassive sentinel turns back the gifts of the charitable. No communication with the prisoners can be allowed. The walls within are bare and cheerless, nor do any of the common conveniences of life soften the horrors of those dreary chambers. Yet the old Sugar-House is the most crowded building in New York, and hundreds of prisoners, some chained, others at large, fill its comfortless interior.

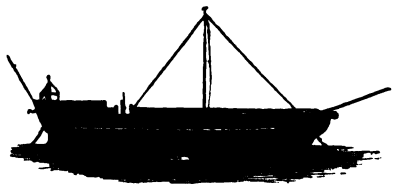
In the old Sugar-House were confined the prisoners of Long Island, the captives of sudden forays, the patriot citizen, and the heroes of

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THE SUGAR-HOUSE.

the rebel army. Clothed in rags and scarcely covered from the wintry air, crowded in narrow apartments and broken by hunger and disease, the prisoners died by thousands. The sick lay down on beds of snow to perish; the feeble wounded quivered in the February blast. Food of the coarsest kind was served out to them in scanty measure, and devoured with the eagerness of famine. Every night ten or twenty died; every day their corpses were thrown into pits without a single rite of burial. When led out to be exchanged, the glad hope of freedom gave them no joy—they died on the way to their friends, or lingered out a few weeks of miserable decline in the hospitals of the Jerseys. So wretched was their condition that Washington refused to consider them fit subjects for exchange. "You give us only the dead or dying," he wrote to Howe, "for our well-fed and healthy prisoners." Howe, as if in mockery, replied that they had been kept in "airy, roomy buildings," on the same fare as his own soldiers. Washington pointed to the condition in which they reached him—diseased, famished, emaciated, and dying, as they were conducted to his quarters.



THE PRISON-SHIP "JERSEY."

Across the river, in Wallabout Bay, lay the prison-ship *Jersey*. She was the hulk of a sixty-four gun-ship, long unseaworthy, her masts and rigging gone, her figure-head broken off, and her whole appearance singularly repulsive. Yet on board of the *Jersey* were confined twelve hundred captured seamen. She was never cleansed, and lay in that condition seven years. No fires warmed her occupants in winter, no screen sheltered them from the August sun; no physician visited the sick, no clergyman consoled the dying there. Poor and scanty food, the want of clothing, cleanliness, and exercise, and raging diseases that never ceased their ravages, made the *Jersey* a scene of human suffering to which the Black Hole of Calcutta might favorably compare. Benevolent Tories would sometimes convey by stealth food or clothing to her unhappy inmates; but this was little. Toward the close of the war the British, from shame or pity, made some improvement in her condition; but she remained throughout the contest a centre of sickness and death, always decimated by disease and always replenished with new victims. The bones of her dead, estimated at eleven thousand, lie buried on the Brooklyn shore.

The crowded city itself was never free from contagion. In winter the small-pox made fearful ravages; hundreds of the citizens died, and the wealthy fled in affright to their country houses on the island to undergo inoculation. Summer, stealing softly over the river and the bay, brought no relief to the stricken city. Violent fevers raged in the prisons, and from thence extended to the houses of the loyal. Of thirty persons in one family only ten escape. New York was full of mourning; the grave-yards teemed with burials; the summer air itself seemed deadly and malarious—when suddenly new and unlooked-for calamities fell upon the astonished Tories.

Throughout the winter and spring of 1777 the British armies had driven the Patriots before them, and no thought of danger to New York alarmed its loyal people. On the contrary, they had looked forward with eager confidence to the speedy suppression of the rebellion. The *Gazette* weekly recorded new triumphs for the Royal forces, and promised that Howe must soon drive Washington from the field, and Burgoyne make an easy conquest of New York. Brilliant pictures were drawn of the victories in the north; the Provincials, it was said, were every where beaten, and the campaign of the summer must decide the insignificant contest.

Even the battles of Princeton and Trenton did not shake the fond confidence of the Loyalists. Washington, they said, had defeated a few hundred Hessians with six thousand men; but the conduct of Colonel Mawhood and the 17th regiment was the proper test of British valor. Mawhood had twice broken the rebel ranks, and charged through an overwhelming force. But if one regiment could defeat thousands of rebels, what must be their fate when they encountered the whole Royal army? The first successes of Burgoyne completed the delusion of the Tories, and they prophesied that he would be in Albany by July.

But toward the end of the summer strange rumors began to reach New York, and by October some painful intelligence arrived. The *Gazette*, however, begged its readers not to be misled by these reports, and still asserted that Burgoyne was in good condition near Stillwater; that recruits from Canada were filling his ranks; that Bennington was only a skirmish, and the patriot army every where disheartened and distressed. By the 20th of October, too, the city was full of the great news from the south.

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Howe was in Philadelphia, and the rebels flying to the woods. After Germantown the newsboys before Hugh Gaine's shop, in Hanover Square, cried out, "Glorious news from the southward. Washington every where defeated. The bloodiest battle in America. Six thousand rebels killed, and one hundred wagon-loads of wounded."

The fate of Burgoyne, however, could no longer be concealed. The dismal news came to the city by various sources, and cheered the hearts of the patriot prisoners. November 20 the capitulation appeared in the *Gazette*. Little was said in comment, except that Burgoyne had sent off his military chest to Canada a few days before his surrender.

The capture of Burgoyne gave a new turn to Tory speculations. From exultation they sank to despondency. They no longer felt secure even in New York. Gates, it was said, was coming to besiege the city, and its inhabitants must prepare for its defense. The loyal gentlemen and refugees now formed themselves into twenty companies of Provincials, and commanded by the Mayor, David Mathews, paraded in the fields. They made a fine appearance, and would, it was thought, materially aid the Royal forces in defending New York.

Soon the Tories found that the danger was indeed imminent. Parties of rebels, full of confidence, began to plunder the neighborhood of the city. No part of Long Island was safe from their attack; and the Baron Reidesel, in his quarters opposite New York, could seldom sleep at night while the enemy were near; or if he slept, his wife kept watch at his side, amusing her wakeful hours with the reflection of the city lights in the tranquil river, and listening to the low tap of the drums or the voices of the distant patrols.

Even New York island was no longer safe from the foe. A party of rebels landed at Bloomingdale, surrounded the house of Brigadier-General Delancey, plundered and set it on fire. The male inmates were made prisoners, and the ladies of the family, Mrs. Delancey and her two daughters, fled in their night-dresses to the neighboring woods, where they remained all night, exposed to the chill November air. Colonel James Delancey, the active leader of the Westchester Rangers, was also captured at the house of Robert Hunter, in West Farms, and carried off to Connecticut. The insecurity of the Tories, too, was increased by the flight of Clinton from Philadelphia; and they saw with shame and terror their General-in-Chief chased over the Jerseys by Mr. Washington, and only saved from captivity by the misconduct of the volatile Lee.

A second great fire in August, 1778, desolated a large part of the already overcrowded and suffering city. Sixty-four fine houses and many stores were burnt, chiefly around Little Dock Street and Old Slip, and the wealthy Tories again lost largely, as if the elements conspired to impoverish them. Colonel William Bayard, who had suffered severely in the fire of 1776, lost six houses and stores, the rents of which amounted to £520; the Cruger family, six houses; Gerardus Duyckink, seven; while Peter Mesier and his relatives lost by the two fires no less than fifteen buildings.

Pressed on the land by the daring rebels, a new danger now threatened New York. The Royal fleet no longer rode undisputed masters of the sea. The French Alliance had been consummated, and a great French fleet was cruising off the Hook. The city was beleaguered on all sides, and from the summer of 1778 nothing but anxiety and want, a suffering population, and a crowded port was the fortune of New York. The miserable poor, unhoused by the two fires, built themselves a shelter of cabins from the fragments of the ruins, on the eastern side of Broadway, not far from the Bowling Green; and here, in want and squalor, gathered the wretched, the dissolute, and vile. Canvas Town, as this strange village was called, remained throughout the war the plague-spot of the city. Robberies were nightly perpetrated in all the streets; no citizen dared walk out after sunset without a guard; the long waste of ruins was tenanted by banditti, by soldiers who obtained the means of dissipation by plunder, or starving wretches who turned highwaymen in despair. Nor could Sir Henry Clinton, by all the severity of military rule, punish the guilty or protect the unoffending citizen.

In their distress the Tory editors endeavored to forget their own sufferings by recounting the misfortunes of their foes. The fall of the Continental money was a favorite subject for dull jests; the condition of the rebel provinces gave them food for bitter merriment. At Boston, said Gaine, the people were starving and rebellious; food was brought them from the South by a land-carriage of 1700 miles; damaged Bohea tea, transported in this way from Charleston, was selling at $15 a pound; West India rum was $12 a gallon; a plain surtout brought $60, and not a single hat could be bought in all Boston. The Yankee privateers had been chased from the seas by the King's ships; and the chief supplies of the Eastern States were wholly cut off. Trade was sunk; gold and silver had disappeared. Of the vile Continental currency a cart-load was not worth a dollar; and a piece of coin was not to be seen in all the New England States. The condition of the Southern provinces, according to the Royal editors, was no less unhappy. At Philadelphia fevers raged among the soldiers, and the people were longing for King George. In Maryland only forty recruits answered the call of Congress for volunteers; and the Loyalists would soon rise and reconquer the province. The Patriot army they describe as "such a miserable set of ragged creatures as was never scraped together before." Connecticut, their rebel neighbor, knew neither law nor quiet through all her borders; and the South, weary of the unnatural war, was prepared to rise at the first land-

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ing of a Royal army, and shake off the usurping tyranny of Congress.

A constant warfare of abuse and rejoinders raged between the editors of Boston and New York. Rivington, eccentric, free-thinking, and extravagantly loyal, was the favorite subject for the sarcasms of the New England press. His falsehoods, his absurd obsequiousness to his superiors, his narrow argument and bold assertions, laid him open to a thousand attacks. "Poor Rivington," said the Bostonians, "is hard put to it to keep up the spirits of the Royalists in their confined distress in New York. He has indeed a difficult task; but the magazine of his own head and of those of his coadjutors is not quite exhausted. Admiral Hardy, he tells us, with the finest fleet the Old World ever saw, is pressing the united fleets of France and Spain; one hundred thousand men are raised to defend Great Britain; sixty thousand to destroy America; British trade is flourishing; British taxes light. France, Spain, and America, united, are nothing compared with England." Rivington copied the article, but did not cease his boasting.

Rivington's argument, indeed, was sometimes taking. He contrasted in 1778 the condition of America at that period with its condition in 1773. In one column he painted the America of the past, in a parallel one that of the present. In 1773 armies and fortifications were needless, for no civil contest ravaged the flourishing land and all was loyal repose. In 1778 the country was desolated by contending armies, and the prosperity of America was gone. In 1773 its laws, modeled upon those of England, left the people happy, contented, and secure. In 1778 an arbitrary usurpation oppressed the land, lawless violence desolated vast tracts of country, and crimes of every name were perpetrated without restraint. In 1773 property was secure, and men reaped peacefully the products of their toil. In 1778 the rebel conventions preyed upon the impoverished people. In 1773 taxes were light and government cheaply administered. In 1778 usurpers plundered the nation to gratify their own evil ambition, and wasted the resources of the country in a mad rebellion against their King. Such were the fruits of that boasted liberty for which the rebels vainly sighed, and such they must continue until the spirit of loyalty to King George returned.

There was much truth in this picture. To escape a slight taxation the colonists had plunged themselves into bitter want. In the pursuit of an untried freedom they had fallen under a military rule. The weakness of the argument escaped the penetration of the Tories, and its force might well overpower any logic but that of principle. The patriots, however, were an intelligent and thoughtful as well as heroic race. Like the Nonconformist clergy of England, the Free Churchmen of Scotland, or the followers of Hampden and of Cromwell, they sacrificed to principle all the selfish instincts of human nature.

Toward the close of the war an appearance of business prosperity again dawned upon New York. The head-quarters of the navy and army, the resort of numerous privateers, money flowed into its streets, and its warehouses were abundantly supplied.

As one passed through William Street, Nassau, or Broad, a gay spectacle often met the eye. The streets were thronged with the fashion of the city. Coaches filled with beautiful women and gay young officers in glittering uniforms drove slowly out to the fields. Every morning Sir Henry Clinton, escorted by a long line of his chosen friends, rode in military pomp up Broad Street and through Broadway to the pleasant suburbs. His example was followed by all the loyal, and troops of officers and wealthy citizens took their morning drives through the fashionable streets. The untraveled spectators gazed with wonder and admiration at the splendid scene and the motley throng of their defenders, and saw with curious delight the Hessians with high brass-enameled caps, black mustache, blue coat, and yellow vest and breeches—the Highlanders in bonnet, plaid, and kilt—the stately grenadier, the uncouth Yager, and the British or Provincial soldiers shining in military array. In winter there were skating parties on the Collect, where sometimes the rebel prisoners ventured to join in the amusement, and smiled in secret at the awkwardness of the British on the ice. Mimic fox-hunts at times recalled the sports of rural England, and evening boating parties on the peaceful bay, often filled all the scene with the echoes of songs and distant flutes.

At Mrs. Carroll's, in Queen Street, were lodged several of the patriot officers who were prisoners upon parole. They received little notice from their captors. The British or Tory officers, if they ventured to show them any civility did so by stealth, and with little ceremony: a rebel, indeed, was scarcely fit society for the stanch supporters of the crown.

The rebel officer, a prisoner, exposed to daily insults, poor and unknown, led a melancholy life amidst the gayeties of the conquerors. In his tattered uniform, friendless and forgotten, he would sometimes steal away from his confined and cheerless lodgings upon some solitary ramble, musing upon his desolate lot. Instinctively he would turn toward the ruins, and would there, like another Marius, compare his own fortune with the surrounding waste. Here he would wander in still, summer evenings, amidst the blighted splendors of Broadway, thinking of the plain homestead in Connecticut or the distant plantation in Virginia, where the familiar fireside missed his gallant form, and where mothers and sisters were planning how to send their little store of hoarded coin to the needy prisoner in New York.

Meanwhile the luxuries of Europe flowed once more into the city, and its loyal people eagerly adopted the latest fashions of the time. The merchants spread out their finest wares.

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French silks, captured in some unlucky vessel, sold readily at extravagant rates; lutestrings, poplins, brocades, and the best broadcloths of England were shown upon the counters of William Street and Maiden Lane. Throughout all the war William Prince, of Flushing, continued his advertisements of fruits and flowers, of magnolias and apricots, of the finest grafts and the rarest seeds, as the William Prince of our own day was accustomed to advertise in the columns of the daily press.

Those who were fond of books found all the best authors at Hugh Gaine's book-store in Hanover Square. The latest editions of Chesterfield, Johnson, Thomson, and Addison, together with Dr. Robertson's "exalted" histories, were all there. But the most popular author of the time was evidently Dr. Goldsmith: his histories, his Animated Nature, his poems, and his essays crowd the bookseller's list: while the last new novel, Miss Burney's Evelina, and the latest plays of the witty "Master Foote," were in constant request.



FEDERAL HALL, TRINITY, AND WALL STREET.

Isolated from their countrymen in America, the Tories maintained, as far as their fortunes would allow, the habits and manners of the English gentleman. Annual races recalled in the spring the pleasures of Ascot and Newmarket. London fashions ruled New York, and it is plain from the advertisements of the time that great extravagance prevailed in dress and living. Many, indeed, had grown rich by privateering: the privateers of New York were renowned for speed and daring, and shares in the *Rosebud* or the *Royal Sun* were advertised and sold like any other article of trade.

In the lull of greater achievements, while the harbor was filled with idle men-of-war lying heavily at anchor, upon some cloudy night of August or July, a fleet of whale-boats might be seen setting out in various directions, intent upon their prey. The long line of the Connecticut shore, the sleeping Jerseys, and the rebel ships at Little Egg Harbor were the constant objects of Tory cupidity. The whale-boats swept out under the cover of darkness with muffled oars, escaped the Provincial sentries, landed on the unguarded coast, and snatched their plunder. Sometimes they brought back a Provincial officer of rank; sometimes a cargo of valuable goods, or a rare prize of hoarded gold.

The Tories, however, were not permitted to monopolize this gainful pursuit; the rebels were even more daring and successful than their opponents, and many a loyal family on Long Island and Staten Island was suddenly aroused at midnight from its fancied security, as Captain Hyler or Captain Marriner burst open the doors of the ancient mansion and appropriated its choicest contents. The whale-boats from New Brunswick suffered no part of Long Island to rest at night in peace. British officers were seized in their country houses at Flatbush, and Judge Jones was captured in his fine mansion at Fort Neck while entertaining his friends at a ball.

But I must hasten to the concluding scenes in the Revolutionary history of New York. Washington had ever kept his eager regard fixed upon the hostile city. He hovered around it as the prize most desirable, and constantly threatened it with siege or assault. When, however, Cornwallis entered Virginia his plans changed, and he resolved to capture New York upon the banks of the James.

And now began a game of strategy between the astute Washington and the inactive Clinton such as history can scarcely parallel. Washington kept Sir Henry in perpetual alarm, and his fears of an attack, so constantly dwelt upon in his letters, become almost ludicrous when we remember the real designs of his opponent. June 11, Clinton writes to Cornwallis that Washington, with the French and the militia, will soon besiege New York, and directs that active officer to send him reinforcements ere it be too late. By July 8 he has intercepted more letters, and the danger is drawing near. August 3, Washington is looked for every moment in New York. But by September 2 the dénouement came. "Mr. Washington," writes Sir Henry to Cornwallis, "is marching South," and he received about the same time a short dispatch from his correspondent: "Comte de Grasse's fleet is within the Capes." Clinton now prepared to relieve his Southern army; but the game was ended—Cornwallis was a prisoner.

The war was over, peace approaching, and the Tories must now prepare to leave the city. Sir Henry Clinton indeed promised that their interests should be protected in the surrender, but a large part of the loyal population felt that they must hasten away. The Tories, gallant, ardent, and devoted to their king, displayed many admirable qualities. To each other they ever showed great tenderness; to the poor their purse was ever open. On each returning November, throughout the war, a charity sermon

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was preached in St. George's and St. Paul's by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, or the amiable Dr. Moore, for the Charity School of Trinity parish, and considerable collections were invariably made. Eighty-six children, in the midst of a civil contest, were fed, clothed, and instructed at the cost of the impoverished citizens.

As they left the city the Tories professed a deep compassion for the country they abandoned forever. What must be its condition, they said, overwhelmed with taxes, with a murmuring people, and a lawless government! What, they urged, would Congress do when France demanded the payment of the great sums it had advanced to America! Will not the French seize upon the country and oppress its people with a tyranny unknown before?

On the 25th of November, 1783, the final departure took place. The wharves of the city were filled with weeping families separating forever, and exiles hopeless of return. The bay was crowded with transports and ships of war, and as the Loyalists entered the boats to row off to their ships, the royal bands played a farewell march. For a moment the long array awaited off the Battery to witness the entrance of the patriots. The flag-staff had been prepared to prevent the Americans from using it; but an active climber, covered with ashes, was soon at its top, and raised the flag of the newborn nation amidst the loud cheers of his companions.

At sight of it the English dipped their oars hastily in the water, and were soon beside the long line of transports that lay awaiting them on the Hudson. The ships at once dropped down to the Narrows, and the Tory exiles, with untold emotion, bade farewell to the beloved city and the beautiful bay.

On the upper part of the island, meanwhile, a brighter spectacle was seen.

Serene, yet full of grand emotion, his form as noble as ever, his manner as calm and self-sustained, the patriot commander passed over the ground which seven years before he had trodden in an agony of shame. He was attended by troops of citizens riding eight abreast, and by a long array of patriot soldiers, the heroes of Yorktown, Brandywine, or Bunker Hill. The procession moved slowly, with music, shouts, and fond congratulations, down Bowery Lane and Queen Street, until it reached the centre of the city. Here the commander paused to survey at leisure that noble prize for which he had long sighed hopelessly in his Jersey quarters or his Highland camp, but which had fallen at last before his unrivaled tactics.

Washington stood the master of New York. But what a change! Was this the gay, delightful city he had left not many years before, so full of the charms of nature, of tranquil wealth, prosperity, and ease?

There, as he gazed, lay before him the blackened waste untouched and unretrieved. There was the beautiful Broadway, a street of weather-beaten ruins. There were the shattered walls of Trinity frowning gloomily at its side. There were the churches desecrated by the enemy, their pews torn out, their interiors foul with the filth of the prison and the stable. There in the narrow streets clustered the vice, the wretchedness, and the refuse of the fallen party. There was Canvas Town, a village of hovels, sprung up on the ruins of the fairest quarter of New York. There were fine mansions gone to decay in the occupation of careless soldiery. There were the deserted wharves, the silent streets, the vacant warehouses, and the depopulated quarters. There, in fine, stood Washington, grieving over the ruins of New York; yet not, I trust, unconscious that from its ashes was to spring up an imperial city, the firm defender to all posterity of union, liberty, and progress.

DUMB ORACLES.

I.

FOR a wonder we were all in the parlor that evening. Usually, even at this hour, we were scattered about out of doors, up on the hill to see the moon rise, or down by the river side watching the water turn to liquid silver in its full flooding light. Even on moonless nights we wandered about the lawn, or strayed up and down the garden walks in the soft dusk of starlight, which the fire-flies, darting in and out among the shrubbery, brightened momently with gleams of paly gold; drinking our souls full of dew and silence and perfume, and draining to the very lees the rare rich wine of the summer. But to-night there was no gentle wooing in the air. The wind had an autumnal tone, and there was a dreary sound in the rain, very unlike the merry musical patter of the rainbowed summer showers, or the grand cataract rush of a thunder-storm. It dashed against the windows with fitful and fretful attacks, and the wind cried around the eaves like a child in distress, and sobbed and shook the panes in a vain effort to get in.

Vain, for we had closed the blinds tightly, and let the great curtains of faded crimson moreen fall heavily to the floor. We had coaxed our good-natured hostess, also, to let us have a fire on the hearth; and there it sparkled and crackled with a cheery glow and song, which effectually warmed away the chill that was beginning to creep over our spirits, and literally *hissed* down the plaining voices of the unhappy elements without.

The astral lamp burned with a clear, soft radiance upon the centre-table, and the wide, old-fashioned parlor looked pleasant enough in the cozy warmth and light. The whist-table had been drawn out of its corner, and General Upham, with Mr. and Mrs. Seyton, and old Miss Waddell, of course, were gathered round it, playing in the decorous silence dear to the true lovers of the game. Little Mrs. Evelyn, the sweetest young mother in the world, sat in

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a low chair by the fire, toasting the pink coral toes of her year-old baby, which ought to have been in bed an hour ago, only she couldn't bear to part with it even to the nurse; cooing to it like a dove, and telling it over and over the sweetest thought in her own innocent and loving heart, that to-morrow was Saturday, and papa would be up to spend Sunday with baby and her.

Lou and Kate had betaken themselves to the piano, and, with an arm twined round each other's waists, were with the disengaged hands rattling off polkas, schottisches, and redowas in a sort of improvised duet style, filling the room, if not with music, at least with a merry jingle of tuneful sound, which harmonized well with the cheerful snap and crackle of the fire. Tom Heather and Philip Van Arden hovered near as usual, and kept up a running accompaniment of nonsense and compliment, more serious, I thought, on Philip's part, than either he or Kate actually realized.

Miss Urquhart wandered restlessly about the room, now stopping to overlook the whist players, and now drawing near the merry group at the piano; pushing aside the curtains now to look out upon the stormy night, and now kneeling in the corner of the hearth, and gazing into the fire with a strange brooding look, but apparently unable to remain quiet very long in any one place.

I glanced at her from time to time, noting the deep lines upon her strongly-marked and peculiar face, and speculating upon her intense and strange personality; but she did not interest me so much just now as another group, withdrawn from general observation in the deep recess of the projecting chimney-place, but directly within my range of vision. Being only a little quiet old maid, with no special business of my own, I naturally fell into a habit of interesting myself in other people. Not, I trust, that I busied myself unpleasantly in their affairs; at least I never heard that I had been accused of this special sin of the conventional old maid; but I had a faculty of quiet observation, the indulgence of which did nobody any harm, and put a social interest into an otherwise rather solitary life.

At any rate I could not, and did not try to, prevent my glance from straying now and then from my crochet to the low *causeuse* in the corner, where Mrs. Dudley half sat, half reclined, clad in white, her usual wear, but wrapped in a scarlet India shawl, and with slippers of quilted scarlet silk upon her chilly little feet. The Spaniard, Quevedo, was at her side, of course, on a low ottoman, his dark, melancholy face, with the hungry eyes and dreamy mouth in such strange contrast to each other, fixed upon hers, as though in her alone he lived and moved; his whole personality absorbed in hers, as though she were the only other being in the room, or in the world—to him. She did not return his glance, however, but lay like a statue, with closed eyes and marble-pale face; she had one of her sick headaches to-night, and I must confess I was not sorry for it, as her husband was not at home. It was not worth while for other people to find out how much she cared for the Spaniard, for they would perhaps have less charity for the imprudent wife than I somehow felt, almost against my will.

I suppose it was very foolish in me to take such an interest in the beautiful, mistaken young creature; and very impertinent in me to fret about what was none of my business. But I could not help worrying over the intimacy between these two. I knew it could add nothing to the real happiness of either of them; and it seemed to be such a very close intimacy, and growing daily nearer and dearer. My room adjoined Mrs. Dudley's little parlor, and was directly opposite Quevedo's; these, with her bedroom, were the only apartments in the left wing of the rambling old house, and communicated with the main building by a narrow hall, through which none but the occupants of these chambers had occasion to come. So that no one else was likely to know how many of the long hours of her husband's daily absence in the city were relieved of their tedium for Mrs. Dudley by the handsome young Spaniard, with his melancholy eyes and musical voice. But *I* could not help hearing, morning after morning, his door open and shut, his quick step across the hall, his low knock at the door, and her answer of admission; and the ceaseless murmur of voices that ensued, plainly audible through the thin walls, often, from the very betrayal which it gave of their mutual absorbing interest, made me so nervous that I was fain to desert my apartment, and betake myself and my Berlin wools to the shady corner of the honey-suckle piazza, where the twitter of the birds and the laughing chatter of the young people on the croquet lawn would put out of my mind and my ears the low, seductive tones whose constant murmur annoyed me so.

For I felt that society was becoming so revolutionized in such matters, and this seemed a case of such special temptation. It was easy to see that Mr. Dudley was twice the age of his beautiful girl-wife; and that his serious, practical, positive nature was not calculated to win easily upon a dreamy, sensitive, poetic temperament like hers, though it might, perhaps, be the very shield and support she needed. No one could imagine she cared for him who noticed her languor and indifference in his presence; yet he was all affectionate attention to her, and I fancied I had more than once seen a look of the deepest, saddest love in his eyes when fixed on her. I pitied him for the disappointment which would probably warp his whole nature and darken his whole life; I pitied her that she could not give him the love he craved, nor even accept his, though her heart was starving. I even pitied the Spaniard, who had, perhaps, been surprised into love, and was now struggling to love purely; and I raged inly at the blindness and baseness of parents who, from

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motives of convenience, doom their young, yielding daughters to a living death—nay, the legalized prostitution of a loveless marriage.

And I feared, I sadly feared, that in this case more than ordinary trouble and misery would come of it. Not that I thought Quevedo wicked, or Mrs. Dudley weak; but love is blind, and passion strong; and they were young, counterparts in temperament, and left to each other's society all these long, languid summer days, with nothing to do but to dream and to feel. Of actual evil, perhaps, I was not afraid for them; of sorrow and entanglement I certainly was; and thus it was that my glance rested on them oftener than on any other group in the pleasant old parlor this stormy evening, when Mr. Dudley happened not to have returned from town.

The evening wore on meanwhile, and the storm increased rather than diminished; while our fire, on the contrary, grew low, and gradually gave up its cheery effort to "put down" the persistent wail of wind and sobbing of rain. The great logs had burned slowly out, leaving instead a mass of fiery coals, which glowed red and fierce in the centre of the hearth. Little, imp-like flames of blue and violet and lambent yellow flickered back and forth, and threw out our shadows in grotesque and gigantic relief upon the wall. The lamp, too, needed trimming, and shone pale as moonlight through its globe of clouded glass. The whist players were too absorbed to notice this; but Miss Urquhart looked up at it with a quick, impatient glance, and pushing from her the book which she had picked up a few moments before, sat gazing into the dying fire, with eyes in which there gleamed a wild and fitful light not unlike those same leaping, mocking flames.

The gay girls at the piano had unconsciously glided from their merry jingle of dance tunes into slow, soft melodies, with sad and tender refrains, which their attendants forbore to interrupt by playful quip or jest as before. Little Mrs. Evelyn had long ago taken her baby and herself up stairs to dream of "papa;" and the group in the chimney recess was as quiet and motionless as ever. The stillness in the room, in contrast with the wild wail of the storm without, was beginning to feel eerie, when all of a sudden Miss Urquhart sprang to her feet, as though she could bear it no longer.

"People!" she exclaimed, with an excited look and tone; "what is it that is abroad in the air to-night? Are none of you conscious of any strange influences at work around you? I don't know what's the matter, but I am full of magnetism to-night; my very fingers tingle with electricity—I feel as if I could move mountains—and you all sit so dumb and so tranquil you make me frantic!"

She laughed as she ended her strange speech; but her laugh was very nervous, and it was plain to see that she was in earnest; for when we looked at her in amazement her eyes were glittering, her dark face aglow, and her features working with some strong inward excitement. The group at the piano echoed her laugh.

"Capital!" cried they; "we were all getting dreadfully moped, and this will be a great deal better than the tableaux we were just thinking of improvising. Let's have a spiritual séance, and test Miss Urquhart's magnetic power. Lend us that table, Miss Peyton, that's a dear!"

I prepared to gather up my wools; but old General Upham paused in dealing the cards, and growled out a protest. "Nonsense!" he said; "don't introduce any of that confounded mummery here among sensible people, I beg of you!" Miss Urquhart flouted the idea as well.

"Tables, indeed!" she said, with scorn; "do you suppose I have any dealings with the vulgar spirits who spell out silly communications with raps on senseless wood?"

"Mesmerize us, then!" called out some of the young people, eager for some novel amusement. "Prove your vaunted power in some way, Miss Urquhart!"

"I will," she replied, with a real solemnity, to which she endeavored to give a mock tone. "But not by mesmerism; you are none of you fit subjects for that—unless, perhaps, Mrs. Dudley or Mr. Quevedo. I should think they were both highly mediumistic—"

"*Mediumistic!* Oh Lud!" ejaculated the General, in disgust; but Miss Urquhart paid no heed to his interruption.

"If either of them would like to try," she said, hesitatingly, and glancing toward their corner; but Mrs. Dudley did not move nor open her eyes, and the Spaniard shook his head with a silent, skeptical smile. Miss Urquhart's lip curled a little in disdain of his incredulity, and she went on in a tone of conscious power.

"I will tell you what I will do. I will give you a glimpse into futurity. You shall each of you ask any question you choose, having for its answer a direct yes or no, and you shall receive a reply in such a mystical and supernatural manner that you shall see it does not come from me, but from the spirit now in possession of me. I shall not even know either question or answer, but be merely the medium of spiritual communication to you."

"But how? What are we to do? We don't understand," eagerly inquired the puzzled but excited young people.

"I will explain. *Think* of whatever you wish to ask, but do not mention it—not to me at least. Then fix upon two points—any thing in the room will do—one of which, if I lead you to it, will signify that the answer to your question is affirmative; the other, that it is negative. Keep these points secret from me likewise, and the spirit will guide you, through me, to one or the other of them. The probable truth of the information thus obtained you must judge from the supernatural manner in which it is given. I have nothing to do with it, and simply obey the leading of a power within me, whose source

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I know no more of than you do, only it has never failed me when I feel as I do to-night."

She spoke quite seriously now, and we all looked at the possessor of this mysterious power with curiosity not unmixed with awe.

"It is certainly very strange," said Lou, a little nervously, "and I should like very much to test it. But I think I am afraid! You try first, Kate!"

"No, you, Lou! I'm afraid too!"

"But I don't know what in the world to ask."

"Well, *I* do, then, and I am not a bit afraid," broke in Philip Van Arden, springing to his feet and spouting, with a mock-heroic air, but with a tell-tale blush:

> "'He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desert is small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> And win or lose it all!'

Come, Miss Urquhart, summon your attendant spirit; I am ready with my question, and have chosen my points of direction. I yield myself to your mystical guidance."

Miss Urquhart advanced to meet him, and fixed her eyes upon him with a strange, searching glance.

"Remember," she said, in an authoritative tone, "you must make yourself perfectly passive, and submit your will as entirely as I do mine to the spirit power; no resistance, and no attempt to draw near either the one point or the other."

"I understand perfectly," replied the young man, in a mock-solemn tone; "and I am as passive—well, as passive as putty!"

Some of us laughed at his simile, more expressive than elegant; but Miss Urquhart did not smile. Whatever absurd notion she had got in her head, she evidently had faith in it herself, and there was something really quite awful in the strange, unmoving look with which she fixed her solemn eyes upon his, and closed her dark, nervous fingers about his hand.

We all looked on curiously; and they stood thus for a minute or two, he bearing without flinching or smiling that silent, far-off sort of look; and she waiting, like the statue of old, for the magic spark which should kindle it into life. It came presently; a sudden gleam passed over Miss Urquhart's face, and the two clasped hands uplifted themselves as it were without volition, and waving to and fro with a slow, circling motion, drew them both, following passively, around the room. Round and round they went, slowly and hesitatingly, pausing now and then at this or that object, but again resuming the slow, mechanical movement; and we looked on, amused and curious.

Presently there came a decided pause beside a small plaster group of Burns and his Highland Mary, which stood on a pedestal in the corner of the room. The clasped hands waved back and forth, back and forth before it, and at length settled finally upon the lovers' heads; a quick glance at young Van Arden's face showed that this was not only one of the points he had selected, but the one indicating the answer he desired. A warm flush suffused his handsome countenance, and his eyes sparkled with joyous triumph.

"Yes, indeed, she is right, quite right," he replied, merrily, to the dozens of eager questions which instantly assailed him. "You are the most amiable of sibyls, Miss Urquhart," he continued, turning toward her with a profound bow. "I, for one, shall never doubt your powers again, and I accept your oracle most gladly and gratefully."

"What did you ask, Phil?" said Tom Heather, mischievously, and sending a sly glance in the direction of the piano stool, upon which Kate had suddenly turned round and begun to execute some marvelous roulades, not thinking of the tell-tale blush which was crimsoning her very throat and ears.

"Never you mind—time will tell, perhaps," rejoined his friend, so elated with the happy prophecy vouchsafed by the dumb oracle that he hardly cared whether he betrayed it or not, and adroitly slipping into the seat near the piano from which Tom had just risen.

"Well, I shan't believe there's any thing in it till I prove it myself," said Tom, saucily. "Miss Urquhart, will you try your powers on a skeptical scamp like me?"

"Yes, provided your skepticism is non-resistant and unaggressive," was the reply, given in serious good faith; and Tom summoned a demure look to his mischievous face, and placed his hand submissively in that of the "dumb oracle."

The mystic evolutions were again gone through with. With clasped hands, slowly circling, the two were drawn, as it were, without volition of their own, around the room; but before the circuit was once completed they paused abruptly at the window, and their hands fell, as if involuntarily, upon the curtain. They parted its folds, and disappeared within the recess.

Heather's merry laugh rang out from behind the drapery, and the next instant he reappeared, laughing still, but looking a little confounded notwithstanding.

"It is all right," he affirmed, "though I'm blest if I can understand how it's done. But I've tested the *power* of your familiar, Miss Urquhart, and to-morrow will test its *truth*. I asked, ladies, whether it would rain to-morrow or no—a practical test question, you see. If not, I was to be led to the window to look out upon the night; I see no signs of promise there, but I'm sure I shall not doubt the prophecy of such a good-natured spirit, unless a storm to-morrow compels me to. Time will tell, as Phil says."

It was certainly very curious, and the quiet parlor was just now a very Babel of eager tongues, questioning, exclaiming, and speculating. I looked searchingly at Miss Urquhart, but she sat quite quietly in a chair, leaning back, a little pale, but with no clew to her

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strange power to be read on her grave, abstracted countenance, and no answer to be obtained from her but the simple reassertion,

"I know nothing of either question or answer, or of the point selected. I simply follow an unseen guidance, as you follow mine."

"If you will allow me, Madam—I beg your pardon, ladies, and Mr. Seyton—" suddenly exclaimed General Upham, jumping up so violently that he nearly upset the whist-table; "if you will honor me so far, Miss Urquhart, *I* should like to test this unseen guidance of yours. I flatter myself," he went on, in a growling aside to Miss Waddell, "she won't read *my* thoughts quite so easily as she does those of those two young transparencies!"

Miss Urquhart rose at once. "I am quite at your service, General," she said, with quiet confidence. "Only perfect passivity, remember!"

"Oh yes, perfect 'passivity'—whatever that is, Madam," repeated the General, in a tone of mock deference, putting his great paw in the sibyl's dark and slender palm, and bowing over it with elaborate courtesy.

"You have chosen your points of direction?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, I have chosen my points of direction," he repeated, with triumphant meaning, chuckling, and nodding sagaciously to his late partner at cards. "I am quite ready, if you please;" and without more words the mystic circuit began.

It was a ridiculous sight—the stout, pompous old officer, with his gruff countenance sleekened to an expression of mingled submissiveness and slyness, following the movement of Miss Urquhart's hand about the room like a baby in leading-strings; and we who looked on would have been exceedingly amused if surprise had not overpowered the first emotion. But when they reached the door in their slow walk the "spirit" stopped short, and refused to pass it. The two clasped hands descended upon the knob and rested there. After a moment's pause Miss Urquhart opened the door, and with the General, who looked suddenly wonder-smitten, passed out into the hall; while the rest of us, our curiosity excited to the highest pitch, sprang up and followed them.

Even Mrs. Dudley, who had been watching the proceedings of the last half hour with what seemed to me a strong though repressed excitement, rose too, and leaning on Mr. Quevedo's arm, approached the door, and stood there, watching with intense eagerness the slow but unhesitating march of the General and the "fate lady."

They went directly toward the staircase, and still apparently following some unseen guide, began its ascent. The rest of us trooped after them, our interest excited all the more from seeing how the General's lofty and complacent expression had changed to one of unmistakable consternation; and the whole company, agog with curiosity, mounted the stairs, and traversed the length of the upper hall, until Miss Urquhart, obeying the spirit impulse, paused again at the General's door.

It was very funny to see the brave old soldier's struggle with his boasted sang froid, and his very evident feeling of awe; the drops fairly stood upon his brow, but he made a mighty effort, and said, with forced jocoseness:

"Oh, don't hesitate, I beg of you, Madam, at entering my bachelor apartment, if your spirit is at all inclined to. Come in, ladies—come all; forward, march!"

And we accepted the invitation, and marched straight, following Miss Urquhart's lead, up to a certain old-fashioned secretary in one corner of the room, upon which stood, in lieu of books or papers, an array of bottles and glasses, very suggestive to those who knew the General's reputation as a fancier of choice and curious wines.

Beside this they paused, and the hands, after wavering for a moment or two, settled upon an oddly-shaped flask, with a long, twisted neck, and rested there. Instantly a dozen pairs of questioning eyes sought the General's face. His usual proud and pompous bearing had changed curiously enough. He looked absolutely awe-stricken—he, the rough old veteran, who had never quailed in the shock of battle, turned pale now at what seemed to him a bit of real *diablerie*. He stared at Miss Urquhart with starting eyes, as though he thought her a veritable sorceress, and his teeth chattered as he tried to answer our eager looks.

"Oh yes!" he said, in a queer, shaky voice; "it was all right; he had willed that if the whole thing wasn't a humbug she should lead him to that particular flask—jolly fine wine it was too; been in his cellar for thirty years; he should be happy to offer it to the whole company—spirit included, if it would only come forward. But, by Jove!" and there the General paused, unable to find words to express his consternation, and too really confounded to be in the least ashamed of his previous boasting.

I turned to see how this, the strongest proof yet of the singular influence at work among us, affected Mrs. Dudley. Her headache had made her pale all the evening, but her cheek was ashen now, and she was clinging tremblingly to Mr. Quevedo's arm, and trying to hold him back from his evident wish to test for himself the power of the oracle.

"Don't—don't, I beg of you, Ignace!" I heard her plead, in a low, affrighted tone; "I am sure she reads one's thoughts; and, great Heaven! if she should read yours—ours!" But the Spaniard was resolved, and he broke away from her slight grasp, and advanced hastily to Miss Urquhart.

"My turn now, if you please, Madame," he said, presenting his hand, and she took it quietly, and led the way back to the parlor. The rest of us followed, with the exception of the doughty General, who protested that he had had enough of *that* kind of spirits, and remained

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above to comfort himself, doubtless, with *another* kind, with which he was better acquainted.

The usual preliminaries were now gone through with by Mr. Quevedo, and the slow, circling march recommenced. I sat near Mrs. Dudley on the sofa, and kept my hand on my smelling-bottle in my pocket, for I was really afraid that she might faint, so intense was her suppressed excitement, such a wild look of fear and suspense in her eyes, and her face so deadly pale. I was annoyed and provoked that the thing was kept up so long; it gave one a strange, uncomfortable feeling; it was very mysterious, very incomprehensible, very unpleasant, I thought; and I wished they would stop it before that misguided young creature was made absolutely ill from excitement, or worse still, filled with some notion that might work her serious mischief.

But I had no right to interfere, and so the two went on in their slow, solemn pacing around the room. As they drew near a certain point, and seemed disposed to pause there, I heard Mrs. Dudley draw a quick, shuddering breath, and then it seemed as if her very heart stopped beating—so intense was the gaze in her wild, dilated eyes. I looked at Quevedo; he too had grown white to the lips, and the hand which Miss Urquhart held shook like a leaf. Only for a moment, for the pause was but momentary, and as soon as they moved away the color came back to his face, and Mrs. Dudley drew another long sigh of relief. A moment more, and there was another pause; and this time a quick flame leaped to the Spaniard's great dark eyes, and as the hands settled firmly down upon the chosen object, a swift smile of triumph and joy flashed like lightning across his dark countenance. He withdrew his hand from that of Miss Urquhart, bowed low in acknowledgment, and crossed over at once to his old place by Mrs. Dudley's side.

"An omen of good, if nothing more," I heard him whisper, in a low, passionate tone. "Go you, now, and see if it will be confirmed. I tell you I have faith in destiny!"

But she trembled and flushed, and seemed as much frightened as pleased; and I hoped she would not be foolish enough to court any more excitement. Another intense whisper from him, however, and she rose falteringly and advanced toward Miss Urquhart.

"My dear, do you think you are well enough?" I ventured to say. "It is all nonsense, of course, but very exciting. I wouldn't risk it—" But she shook off gently the hand I had laid on her arm, and stepping forward, put her own in Miss Urquhart's.

However, just as they had started on their mystic walk, the door opened suddenly, and, to my great relief, Mr. Dudley appeared. I did not think that his wife would go on with what she was doing in his presence; and she did indeed redden to the very hair as he stopped in the middle of the room and looked at her in amazement. But the Spaniard fixed his eyes upon her with an imploring look, and she was herself too excited now to be balked of her purpose. She only said coldly to her husband, "You are very late. I had ceased to expect you. I will see you in a minute; but pray don't interrupt us just now;" and waved him back, moving on all the time at the leading of the unseen guide.

"What in the world is all this?" Mr. Dudley asked, in a puzzled and not very pleased tone; and I made room for him on the sofa beside me, and hastened to explain just so much as would satisfy him for the moment, and prevent a scene which I dreaded for their sakes. He listened with a look of very decided disapprobation, but said nothing, and even smiled in welcome as, following the spirit guidance, his fair young wife drew near him and paused at his side. The smile faded, however, meeting no answering one from her; and a mystified and annoyed expression took its place as her hand, avoiding the one he held out to her, and still clasped in Miss Urquhart's, slowly uprose, and wavered to and fro across his face and above his head, and lingering as though loth to leave him, passed down his side to the very floor, compelling both her and her leader to their knees. There they passed slowly to and fro, low on the ground, just as though —it was a horrible thought, but it *would* suggest itself—as though they were measuring the length of his grave!

No wonder Mr. Dudley looked puzzled and annoyed. The whole thing was so startling, so singular—there was something so really awful in those slow, strange movements, impelled by an unseen power, that every one was looking on with intensest interest, and a painful impression of something wrong seemed to pervade the very atmosphere. Miss Urquhart's face wore a strained look of painful effort, as though the power were striving within her, and Mrs. Dudley's pallor had increased to ghastliness. It seemed as if her strength were giving way, and a short spasmodic sob broke from her lips, which reached her husband's ear, and made him spring suddenly from his seat and raise her forcibly from her kneeling position.

"Come, Isabel, there has been enough of this nonsense, whatever it is!" he said, almost angrily. "It is exciting you too much; you are as pale as death, and you will be ill. Miss Urquhart, be good enough to release my wife's hand."

But his wife thrust him away.

"No, no, I am not ill," she cried, passionately; "and I will not be interrupted. It will be over in a moment, and you must not interfere. I will have my own way for once. Sit down again, and let us alone. Miss Urquhart, go on, please."

She spoke so vehemently, and seemed so determined, that her husband, confounded at such unwonted violence on the part of his wife, usually so passive and indifferent, yielded to her,

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and released her hand, and the slow walk commenced again.

The poor young thing's probation was nearly ended, however. The hands again paused, this time decidedly, upon a small picture which hung in the chimney recess, just above the sofa where Mrs. Dudley had been lying. It was a copy of one of the old masters, and its tints were as dingy and indistinguishable as such copies usually are. It was probable that she had never noticed it before, and had chosen it carelessly, thinking it as good a point of terminus as any thing else, without an idea of its subject. But now, as she was led up face to face with it, and stood looking directly upon the faded and blurred canvas, there looked back to her from out the tarnished frame the tonsured head and cadaverous face of an aged monk, cowled and girdled, and holding in his outstretched hand—a *skull!*

It was too much even for the unloving wife; she gazed at the picture with a wild stare of horror, while its full meaning forced itself upon her, and then she shivered all over, and uttered a little moan, and suddenly staggered backward. Two men sprang forward to support her, and the Spaniard already had his arm about her tottering form; but she moaned again, and shrank away from him, and throwing out her arms toward her husband, sank swooning upon his breast.

It was a tragic ending to our evening's foolish dabbling in the mystical; and the virtuous whist players were loud in condemnation of our folly. The Babel of voices grew high and strong in discussion, but I did not stay to listen to them. Mr. Dudley had lifted his wife in his arms and carried her up to her room, and I ventured to follow, sure that a woman's aid would be needed, and anxious to keep others, who knew or suspected less than I did, away. Mr. Dudley welcomed me eagerly; he was already beginning to be terrified at the death-like swoon in which his wife still lay, and gladly relinquished the active care of her into my hands, only hovering over her with a look of such anguish, such hopeless love, as I shall never forget.

It was a long time before consciousness returned to the unhappy young creature; and when at length the shuddering breath stirred her bosom, and her heavy eyelids uplifted, there was a look of such horror, such despair, that it almost seemed as if its total suspension had been better after all. She uttered a low cry and covered her eyes with her hand as she saw her husband bending over her, and he looked up with a bitter smile.

"What in God's name was the meaning of all that mummery going on down stairs? What have they done to my wife among them?" he asked, in a terrible voice, and I made haste to reply in the most soothing tone:

"Oh, it was only some of Miss Urquhart's spiritualistic nonsense. She fancied Mrs. Dudley might be a medium, and it was a little too much for her. She has had a sick headache all day. She will be herself now in a moment, if you do not agitate her."

He ground out something savage between his teeth, but the fear of injuring her compelled him to restrain his indignation; and he sat quiet beside her, I bathing her forehead with Cologne-water, and he watching her with devouring eyes. How strange it was, I thought, that such love as his could win no answering love! Such wayward things are these hearts of ours!

Mrs. Dudley opened her eyes again after a while, and raised her head from the pillow. She was better now, she said, but very, very tired. She wanted to go to sleep—wouldn't I please stay with her? Mr. Dudley would sleep on the sofa in the other room, and she liked the touch of my hand—oh, so much!

I glanced hesitatingly at Mr. Dudley, and saw the hurt look which this wish of his wife brought to his face. Plucking up my courage I bent over her and whispered, as decisively as though I—a solitary woman—knew any thing about it: "Believe me, my dear, a husband is the very best friend a woman can have in sickness or in health. No one else can take such good care of her if she will only let him. I beg you *will* let your husband have that great pleasure and privilege to-night. I would yield it to none but him." And then I kissed her so heartily that she could not doubt my true feeling for her, and slipped hastily out of the room.

II.

True to the prophecy of the dumb oracle, the sun rose bright and glorious next morning, and the earth looked as clean and sweet as Mrs. Evelyn's baby, just fresh from its bath. There was a good deal of laughing and talking about it at the breakfast-table; and from Philip Van Arden's fond, triumphant glances at Kate, who sat blushing and smiling beside him, I guessed that more than one verification of the sibyl's prophecies had been afforded that morning. The General, who had recovered from his awe-struck fit of the evening before, growled away to Miss Urquhart about the nonsense of the whole thing all breakfast-time. But she only smiled in her far-away fashion, and said nothing; and by-and-by the subject gave place to discussions of the day's plans. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dudley were at breakfast. He had gone to town by the early train, and she had sent down word that she needed no breakfast, and wished not to be disturbed. Mr. Quevedo appeared at table for a few minutes, but ate nothing; and after trifling with his spoon and fork for a while, rose abruptly and left the room. An hour later, as I sat quiet in my room, busy with some of my "poor-work," I heard him knock at Mrs. Dudley's door, heard her admit him, and then listened to the tones of their voices, low but excited, and evidently engaged in deep and agitating discussion, until I got so nervous I could stand it no longer; and picking up my work-basket, betook myself to my usual refuge, the

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shaded corner of the piazza overlooking the croquet ground, and the happy young creatures disporting thereon.

Mrs. Dudley did not appear at dinner either. And not Quevedo, but his ghost, appeared to be there; so pale, and desolate, and desperate he looked. People began to wonder, I saw, and to whisper together; and it worried me so that after dinner was over I armed myself with some tea and toast and went and sought admittance at Mrs. Dudley's door. No answer came, however, to my light but repeated knocks; and at length, concluding she was asleep, or did not choose to see me, I set down my tray outside the door and withdrew.

So I was exceedingly surprised when, about five o'clock, just as I had finished my afternoon toilet, the lady herself appeared at my door, clad in her usual dress of spotless white, but with a light shawl thrown round her, and a broad-brimmed hat shading her beautiful sad countenance.

"I hope I am not intruding, Miss Peyton," she said, with a kind of sweet shyness; "but I know you usually take a walk about this time, and I should like to go with you this afternoon, if you please."

"Why, my dear! I should be delighted," I exclaimed, really very much pleased. "But are you sure you are equal to it? You look so pale, and you have eaten nothing to-day."

"Oh yes, I had something in my room," she said; "and I am quite well. Pray say no more, Miss Peyton; I positively *intend* to go."

I looked at her for a moment; there was something in her voice, in her face, that I could not understand—so sweet, so sad, and so resolved. I only said, "Then, my dear, as I said before, I shall be delighted to have you;" and in another minute or two I had donned hat and mantle and we were out of the house.

Kate and Philip were standing under the walnut-trees by the gate; they looked at us with some wonder as we passed through; it was so unusual to see any one but Quevedo the companion of Mrs. Dudley's walks. She started and shuddered as she saw them standing there, secure in their happy love, and her first words betrayed her thought.

"Didn't you think last night that the question he asked was whether she would accept him or not? And now it is plain that they are engaged. And the sun shines—oh, so brightly! The glare hurts my eyes. Miss Peyton," she asked, abruptly, "what did you think of all that performance last evening? Did you have any faith in it? Above all, do you think Miss Urquhart read our thoughts?"

I hesitated. "Indeed, my dear, I do not know what to think about it," I said, presently. "Perhaps the best thing is not to think of it at all. It certainly was very strange, and yet there are a thousand mysteries of clairvoyance a great deal stranger. Miss Urquhart has a peculiar temperament, and certainly showed peculiar powers last night; but she declared that she was a mere agent, that she knew nothing of what was passing in the minds of others, and I see no reason to doubt her word. As for her prophecies, I should attach no importance to them; nothing was more natural than that the sunshine should follow the storm, nor that two congenial young people should fall in love with each other, *when neither was bound by stronger ties to another*. I do not think it is wise to try to wrest secrets from the grasp of the future. The only oracles we need to apply to are our consciences, our Bibles, and the Spirit of God within us."

The young creature turned and looked at me with great, sorrowful eyes, whose pathos made my heart ache.

"I do not know—I can not tell," she said, with a sort of shudder, "whether I wish her prophecy to me to come true or not. It will probably influence my life greatly either way." And then, after a pause, and in a sweet, sad tone, "But I have been consulting those oracles of yours, Miss Peyton, and I intend to keep the other subordinate to them."

"Then you will be happy yet, my dear," I said, pressing her little hand, and we walked on, both feeling relieved.

"But where are you going?" I asked, presently, as she turned out of the quiet, shaded lane into the broad and dusty turnpike. "I thought you objected to the glare of the sun?"

"But it is getting low now, and I have a fancy—I would like—" She stammered and seemed embarrassed. "Do you mind coming this way, Miss Peyton?"

"Not in the least, my dear; wherever you like," I replied, promptly, though wondering a little at her strange whim; and we trudged along the highway until presently there was a sudden rushing noise, a trembling of the earth, a shrill shriek, and the up train shot out of the tunnel directly beneath our feet and stopped panting at the little station below.

"Let us rest here a minute or two," said Mrs. Dudley, again in that odd, shy tone, which I understood well enough now, and felt glad to the core of my heart. *She had come to meet her husband;* a duty-offering, I knew, prompted in some way by the mysterious warning, whatever it was, she had received last night; but no matter for that; I was sure good would come out of it, and I could have kissed her on the spot.

So her husband looked as if he could have done, when a moment after he appeared at the top of the hill, flushed and weary. Such a glad look of surprise and pleasure brightened his grave face as he recognized his wife, *waiting for him!* Such a joyous, tender greeting he gave to her; such a pleased, cordial one to me! There was no answering glow of delight on Mrs. Dudley's face, but she gave him a little sweet smile, which to his craving heart must have been a gleam of heaven's own light; and he tucked her arm in his, and almost lifted her over the road, with a fond, proud care which did my very heart good to see for *their* sakes, though I won't

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deny but that it gave it a little bit of an ache on its own lonely and uncared-for account.

My small pain was as nothing, however, to Quevedo's jealous torture. I saw his dark face watching us gloomily enough through the vines that screened his window, as we walked up the lawn; and he looked so lost, so unhappy all the evening, that I could not help pitying him a little, though I was none the less provoked with him. Why couldn't he fall in love with some one of the millions of lovely and mateless young girls in the world, and let other men's wives alone?

III.

Although the sun shone so warm and bright during the shortening days, these late September evenings grew chill and autumnal. People were beginning to talk of fall shopping, of operas, and receptions; and every day saw our pleasant summer party lessening in numbers, until at last the Dudleys, Quevedo, and myself were the only lingerers. She had been trying very hard to do right since the evening of the "dumb oracle." Whatever its message to her, it had certainly influenced her greatly; and, though her sad, resolute face betrayed the struggle of her heart, she "suffered and was strong."

No more long *tête-à-têtes* with the Spaniard; her mornings were chiefly spent with me on the piazza, helping me in my "poor-work," and completely winning my heart by her beautiful courage, her sweet, patient effort. Every afternoon we walked together to meet her husband; and her evenings were generally passed with him in their own parlor. Mr. Dudley and Quevedo seemed to have changed natures: the husband now seemed full of a puzzled but sweet happiness; the lover looked dreary, neglected, and bitter. It was evident, however, that he had not lost hope, but, nerved by some strange confidence, was striving to possess his soul in patience. Indeed I more than once saw Mrs. Dudley looking at him with a wistful glance, which betrayed the lingering of the old feeling; and he doubtless caught and fed upon those glances, and trusted to the future yet to give into his hands the desire of his heart. And so he lingered on, haunting her steps like a shadow, after every other man had returned to the city to take up again the duties of life, after the holiday of the summer.

He disappeared suddenly one day, however, and I guessed the reason when the next morning Mrs. Dudley came to bid me good-by. Her husband had received letters, she told me, which made it necessary that he should go South at once. She was glad of it, she said, for he had a cough which made her a little anxious, as there had been consumption in his family. She should go with him, and they would remain probably all winter; but in the spring they would be in the city again, and I must be sure to come and see them. As for the summer, why, of course, July must find us all back again in the same dear, delightful summer quarters!

I was exceedingly glad to hear of this Southern plan. It was not likely that Quevedo would follow them; and she would have all winter to get over her feeling for him, which I somehow felt sure was a fancy rather than a passion. Then, in traveling about in a strange country, her husband and herself would inevitably have to depend upon each other more than they had ever yet done, living in fashionable boarding-houses, where swarms of elegant idlers were forever lounging about, and always on hand to come between husband and wife. Oh, it was the best thing in the world that could have happened to them. If he could really be a little sick, just enough to frighten her a little and oblige her to wait upon and amuse him, why so much the better; and I bade them good-by with a sure hope that when I next met them their life-boat would be anchored in safe and sunny waters.

IV.

I did not see them in the spring, however, for I was called away from the city to attend the sick, and finally the dying, bed of an old aunt who was as alone in the world as myself; but the summer found them and myself and several others of the old party in the old quarters. Miss Urquhart had betaken herself and her mysteries elsewhere; but Kate and Philip were there, fresh from a honey-moon spent in all manner of delightful trips, and happy as a pair of turtle-doves. Lou, too, had come back, with a superb solitaire upon her forefinger, which told tales that were confirmed by the arrival of a dashing young naval officer to "stay over Sunday." The General was back, pompous and grouty, but kind-hearted as usual; and little Mrs. Evelyn, more in love with her baby than ever, now it could walk and talk.

I was heartily glad to see them all again, but none so much as Mrs. Dudley, though things had not improved with her quite as rapidly as I had hoped they would. She did not seem quite happy enough yet for my desire for her, and there was a sort of nervous restlessness about her at times which troubled me. It appeared to me as if she had a kind of apprehension that something was impending, for which she was always on the look-out, and she bent upon her husband at times a strange, brooding glance, whose mystery I could not fathom. Still I found great reason for gratulation in the continuance, nay the increase, of her wifely attentions; and I hoped much from the pleasant home-like associations which now surrounded her, and the quiet, beautiful, country life.

Vexed enough I was, therefore, when, a few days after the arrival of the Dudleys, Quevedo appeared, and I saw from the flush and tremor which ran over Mrs. Dudley as he took her hand that she had not forgotten him, nor yet freed herself from his influence. Mr. Dudley saw him enter with no pleased glance, and indeed I am afraid none of us were overwarm in our welcome; but I will do him the justice to say that he behaved very well, made no obtrusive demonstrations to Mrs. Dudley, and was

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far more social with the rest of us than he had ever been before. Rosalie Thorne, a piquant little blonde, who was the belle of the house this summer, raved about him: "his dark, picturesque beauty, his melancholy, his wonderful music, his conversation—all poetry and philosophy, so much better worth listening to than the rattle of American young men;" and her very evident admiration solaced him somewhat, I think, for the loss of Mrs. Dudley's society. Still it seemed to me that he, too, was watching and waiting for something to happen; and glances occasionally passed between him and Mrs. Dudley which made me almost fancy that there was some mutual understanding between them, some doubtful secret which they shared together.

The summer was there, however, in all its glory; the skies were blue as Italy's own; the air was perfumed with flowers; the river sparkled like a belt of diamonds in the glittering sunshine; the birds sang loud in every tree. It was impossible not to feel something of calm and happiness in this Eden, and calm and happy we most of us accordingly felt. Mrs. Dudley spent a great deal of her time with me, and we went together as of old to meet her husband, day by day; and the days glided by, and, "or ever we were aware," the summer had fled, and the autumn was upon us.

It was verging toward the equinox, and there were already tokens of a coming storm in the air, loud mutterings of the wind in the trees, livid edges to the clouds, and an uneasy fluttering to and fro of birds, when one afternoon Mrs. Dudley appeared at my door, at the usual hour, equipped in strong boots and a water-proof cloak.

"Don't go if you think it will rain, Miss Peyton," she said. "I don't mind going alone, and I would not have you get wet on my account for any thing."

"You think it best to go yourself?" I asked, doubtfully.

"*I?* Not the wildest storm that ever raged could keep me from going *to-day* of all days!"

I looked at her in surprise at her excited tone, but she had turned abruptly away, and I silently made ready to accompany her. We walked fast, and reached the brow of the hill just as the train came thundering through the tunnel. In another minute or two Mr. Dudley should have been with us; but five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still he did not appear. Mrs. Dudley had stood with her face averted and without speaking a word all this time; now she turned toward me a face ashy white to the very lips, and said, in a strange voice:

"He has not come. Let us go home, Miss Peyton."

I threw my arm hurriedly round her, or I think she would have fallen. "Why, my dear!" I remonstrated, greatly perplexed at an agitation so disproportioned to its cause. "What if he has not? Why should that disquiet you so much? How many times this summer he has been delayed till a later train! He will surely be up in an hour or two."

"Do you think so?" she asked, still in that indescribable tone. "But you do not know—" and then she tottered so that I thought again she was about to swoon. She recovered herself, however, with a violent effort, and we turned our steps homeward. The wind was rising, and blew in gusts against our faces, and every now and then a great drop of rain struck sharply against brow or cheek. We were obliged to walk slowly, for Mrs. Dudley's trembling limbs were scarce able to support her at all; and I was so afraid that she would be really ill that I coaxed her, when we reached the house, to let me lay her on the bed and tuck her up with shawls, while I went to fetch her tea to her own room.

She was perfectly docile, and did every thing I told her, lying so still that I thought her asleep after a while. But she was only watching and waiting, and listening with such preternatural intensity that, long before I heard the faintest rumble announcing the train in the distance, she threw off the shawls wildly, and sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"There is the train; and you said—you said he would come in it!"

"And so he probably will, my dear," I said, soothingly. "But it will be a quarter of an hour or more before he can make his way to the house in the face of such a storm as this. You had better lie down again and compose yourself, or you will not be able to take care of him when he comes in, all wet and tired."

She looked at me doubtingly, almost defiantly.

"If you knew—if you knew!" she said, "you would not keep telling me to lie still—you would know that I *can not!*" and she began pacing the room to and fro, to and fro, with feverish strength; stopping now and then to strain her eyes out into the darkness and the storm, or to open the door and listen intently for a step upon the stair.

But the slow moments crept heavily by, and no welcome footfall was heard. Only the wild wind howled around the house, and the rain dashed fiercely against the window-panes. Involuntarily I thought of the night about a year ago, when just such a storm was raging, and when, to beguile the dreary hours, we played the game of "Dumb Oracles" after a new fashion in the parlor below. I remembered Mrs. Dudley's agitation, ending in a long swoon, on that evening, and compared it with her present excitement. That the one had to do with the other I was sure, but I could not tell how. And meanwhile she knew that the quarter of an hour, and more, had passed; and she stopped suddenly before me in her rapid walk, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry, which struck to my very heart,

"My husband! my husband!"

I put my arms around her and drew her down on the sofa beside me. "My darling," I pleaded, in my tenderest, most soothing tones, "your husband is safe and well; of that I feel a firm assurance. Business, or perhaps the

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storm, has delayed him. He will be with you to-morrow, if not to-night. Calm yourself, I beg of you, or you will be ill, and that will grieve him more than any thing."

She tore herself from my clasp, and faced me with flashing eyes.

"That you may not drive me mad with your continued entreaties to be calm," she said, "I will explain to you why it is impossible that I should be other than tortured by the most horrible dread. You remember a night last autumn when Miss Urquhart offered to obtain for us information in a supernatural way; and I and—and another—strove—guiltily—to grasp the secrets of the future. He—you know who I mean—asked if we two should ever be free to belong to one another? The answer was *Yes*. Then I asked when? if within a year? The answer was *Yes*. That freedom could come only by the death of my husband. The year expires *this very night*, and my husband has not returned to me; and meanwhile I have learned to *love* him—*love* him, do you hear? Now you *understand* me at least, even if you despise me as well!"

Despise her? Poor, lonely, loving, stricken heart! I felt shocked and grieved, of course, as I listened; but this was no time to think of a past which she had nobly retrieved by a brave resistance of temptation and a patient persistence in duty. I put my arm about her again, and this time she let her head droop upon my shoulder, and her tears fell fast and wild almost as the rain outside. I did not try to check them, for I knew they would ease the overstrained nerves; I only said, quietly:

"I do not think, my dear, I would trouble myself overmuch about any thing that happened that night. As for the prophecies, I put no faith in them, though they were certainly given in a mysterious way; but the future does not yield its secrets so readily. And I think you have suffered enough already for a sin of which, after all, those who forced upon you a marriage without love are more guilty than you. I do not believe God will take from you your husband just as you begin to find him a husband indeed."

And I did not believe it, though I spoke with rather more assurance than I felt. I was never a very strong-minded woman, and I confess there was something rather nerve-shaking in this mysterious forewarning, and the apparent danger of its fulfillment. Still I would not betray any apprehension, and I kept my arm about her, and warmed her little chill hands in mine; and so we sat waiting, watching, while the dreary hours crept by, and the house grew still with the hush of midnight, and only the wild storm raged and raved without.

Once she started up. "There is the last train," she said, as the fierce shriek of the locomotive rose above the howling of the gale; and then she sat still, scarcely breathing, for many, many minutes. When the last hope had died out she slipped quietly to the floor, and buried her head in the sofa pillows. I knew she was praying—taking her anguish to God—poor young thing! and I too lifted my heart in strong pleading that if it were possible this cup might pass from her. Suddenly, almost as if in answer to our passionate entreaty, there was a loud slam of the hall-door, which startled Mrs. Dudley from her knees like a galvanic shock; a man's quick tread on the stair, and she flew rather than ran out into the passage, and sank, half fainting, into his arms.

"My husband—my husband!" she said; and he stopped, and looked down into her face with a keen wonder, which suddenly flushed into ecstatic conviction.

"What, Isabel? Then you really *love* me at last? Oh, this was worth being saved for!" he almost cried out. And she answered, passionately:

"*Love* you? I live in you!"

There was no further need of me, and as they entered the door I slipped past them unnoticed; but I heard her exclaim, as her husband came into the lighted room:

"But what is the matter? You are pale as death, and covered with mud. Your forehead is bleeding. Oh, Robert, you are hurt! What is it?"

I stopped to hear his answer; perhaps I might be wanted yet.

"No, no; it is nothing, dear, to be frightened about, thank God! though it might well have been, but for his mercy. I have been very near death to-night, Isabel."

There was a low, wild cry from the wife, and the door was suddenly closed; but I could not refrain from lingering near a moment to catch a word or two of explanation. A few broken sentences—"blinding storm," "slippery rocks," "terrible fall," "providential deliverance"—told me the strange story, and I stole to my room fairly awe-stricken at the thought of how near the mysterious prophecy had come to its fulfillment.

Before I had turned the key in its lock there was a light knock at the door, and on opening it I started back in amazement at seeing Mr. Quevedo.

He was very pale, and his dark eyes glittered with excitement.

"He has returned, then—that man in there?" he asked, in a low, passionate whisper.

"Mr. Dudley has returned—yes," said I, coldly.

"And she is glad, she is happy, that he has got back all safe?"

"It would be strange if a wife were not glad to welcome her husband."

"Oh, bah!" he said, with a sort of scornful hiss. "She is fickle, she is false, like all of her feeble and frivolous sex. I beg your pardon, Madame; but, my God! do you know how she has treated me? Do you know what I suffer? If you did, I think even you, her friend, would pity me!"

He looked as if he were suffering indeed.

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His eyes were fearfully bright, but there were black circles beneath them; his face was haggard, and he trembled as he stood.

I did pity him deeply, and I was thinking what comfort I could offer him, when suddenly the door opposite opened again, and Mrs. Dudley appeared.

She looked pale, but infinitely sweet and kind, and she came directly toward us and laid her hand on Quevedo's arm.

He drew back for an instant and looked at her with flashing eyes, but the sound of her voice gentled him at once.

"I heard your voice and came out to speak to you," she said, in her sweet, pure tones. "Ignace, do you know that God has saved my husband from a horrible death to-night? Ignace, you have been my lover in the past—will you not be my friend in the future? Will you not forgive me for being happy, and let me one day rejoice in a like joy for you? You know I know what you suffer, and that I too suffer for you; and if you ever really loved me you will not leave me in bitterness now. Will you give me your hand, Ignace?"

He hesitated a moment, and his dark, handsome features quivered with pain. Then, with a sudden impulse, he snatched her in his arms, strained her to his breast, and pressed his lips to hers in a long, almost fierce caress. In another moment he had vanished into his room. I never saw him again.

Mrs. Dudley turned to me a face dyed red with shame.

"If I ever owed him any thing," she said, "I think my debt is canceled now, and my fault expiated. Good-night, Miss Peyton. I am going to tell my husband a long story."

WOMAN'S FORM.

IN ancient times it was the human figure which gave shape to the dress, nowadays it is the dress which gives shape to the figure. The Greek woman of antiquity, conscious of the beauty and grace of proportion to which she attained by a consummate physical culture, scorned the artifices of the dress-maker in which our modern dames delight. She, rejoicing in the full possession of her natural charms, had no motive for concealment, and thus was content with a mere cover of her nakedness for decency's sake, and a protection against the weather. She carelessly threw upon her shoulders or wound about her waist a loose cloth, which, falling as it might, could only assume folds of grace and beauty, as it flowed over a living model of both.

The modern woman is essentially the work of her dress-maker, as man is of his tailor. She is so distrustful of her own natural physical qualities that she resorts to all kinds of artificial substitutes. As far as the surface and those other parts that are visible are concerned, there is hardly a bit of the natural woman left. As we ordinarily see her, she is nothing but chignon, paint, padding, and boots; or false hair, white-lead, vermilion, cotton, and leather. With high heels, like stilts, she lifts her head of false hair to a height not her own; she borrows her blushes from the paint-pot, and her sentiment or the look of it from the powder-box; her bosom heaves with sighs of cotton, and her whole figure swells and stirs with an emotion of starch and crinoline. Abandoning nature, and trusting herself completely to the hands of the hair-dresser, the mantua-maker, and the other artificers of modern woman, it is not surprising that she has been made a marvel of ugliness and ill-proportion. The present art of female decoration seems to turn resolutely from every indication of natural grace, and perversely to follow the monstrous suggestions of a distorted fancy. What a prodigy of ugliness, for example, is the present fashion of dressing the hair! It is caprice, not taste, which admires any such perversion of natural proportion as that morbid growth of fashion—the chignon.

There can be no beauty in any thing, and especially in woman, which is not regulated by the laws of nature. Accordingly in studying and appreciating the grace and proportions of the female figure, we shall never lose sight of this truth. Our purpose is to show how woman can secure for herself that beauty of form which nature intends her to possess. We shall accordingly do our utmost to establish her in the possession of this her inalienable right, but not say a word in favor of any claims she may make to the artificial attractions of fashion.

The figure of woman has probably as much influence as the face upon her admirers. Most men, whose estimate of the female sex is entirely of a sensual kind, prefer a well-developed form to the finest countenance. That physical grace which La Fontaine declared to be more beautiful than beauty depends chiefly upon the configuration and movements of the body. A harmony in the proportions of all the parts which compose it, a certain fullness and succulency of substance, a smooth and undulating surface, a suppleness in movement, and what the French call *abandon* in repose, are essential to the beauty of the female form.

A woman's neck is rounder and fuller than a man's. St. Pierre, in his "Studies of Nature," describes it as a cylindrical column placed harmoniously in contrast with the roundness of the head and squareness of the chest. The female neck should be somewhat round and long, full but firm, and well detached from the shoulders. Its curve should be slight and so gradual as to appear to pass insensibly from the head to the trunk. The shoulders of a woman are nearer the body than those of a man, and should be full, well set in their place, and of a gradual fall. The chest should be ample, and arched with a graceful curve. Buffon says that "a woman's breasts to be well placed should be separated by a space equal to that between the nipple and the centre of the hollow of the collar-

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bones. They should be, moreover, small, solid, gently rounded, and not too firmly attached." The collar-bones of women are generally longer and less curved than those of men. The upper parts of their chests are consequently fuller, and the portions of the back between the shoulders broader. Their bellies are placed higher; their waists are smaller; and their thighs brought further forward. In a well-formed woman the half of the length of the body is just a little above the point where it is divided by the legs.

From the neglect of various precautions in childhood, which seem trifling but are very important, there are but few, if any, perfect female forms. The shoulders are either too round, or one is higher than the other; the neck is sunk too deep into the trunk or twisted; the figure is too thick, too thin, or all of a piece, as it were; and the limbs are more or less distorted. When the shoulders of a young girl show a tendency to become too round she must be made to throw her elbows well in the rear and her chest forward, and to sleep on her back. An hour's exercise every day, under the eye of a judicious teacher of female gymnastics or calisthenics, is an excellent preventive of this, as of all other female deformities.

The neck should be carried straight, but without stiffness; in such a way, in fact, that the fleshy part below the jaw may form as it were a double chin. Various contrivances, in the shape of bridles, martingales, and collars, have been resorted to in order to keep children's necks straight; but they are of no use. People who are in the habit of carrying weights upon their heads, like the negro women of the South, are observed to be remarkably upright. It has, therefore, been advised to make children do the same, with the view of giving straightness to their figures. This, if done with moderation, will probably prove advantageous.

Care must be taken not to place an infant always in the same position in reference to the light, for by constantly turning its eyes in that direction the neck and body may become permanently twisted. The practice not seldom indulged in of lifting a child by the head, to make him "see London," as it is called, not only distorts in time the carriage of the head and neck, but may again, as it has already done, prove fatal to life. The lifting or suspension of a child by means of leading-strings is sure to cause that ugliest of female deformities, the sinking of the neck between the shoulders. Children, when seated at a table for any purpose whatsoever, should be placed neither too high nor too low, for in the former case they are forced to arch their chests and round their shoulders, and in the latter to lift their arms to a height which deforms the upper part of the figure. The child should be so placed that the top of the table may reach to two fingers below his elbows. With the least inclination of the neck to sink, chairs with arms must be scrupulously avoided, and a foot-board provided. In dressing all bandages and tight garments should be eschewed, and the freest movement allowed to the natural flexibility of the limbs. In carrying an infant care must be taken to shift it from arm to arm, for if always borne in the same position it will be sure to become deformed. When one of the shoulders sinks too low, the child should be made to support itself frequently on the foot of the opposite side. A weight should never be placed upon the high, but occasionally on the low shoulder, because the muscular effort to sustain it raises instead of depressing. It is a good practice to walk with a long cane on the low and a short one on the high side. When fatigued rest in a chair with arms of equal height will be of advantage.

Girls who draw in and tighten their waists excessively not only sin against the laws of taste but of health. The beauty of the form does not consist in the reduction to a minimum of the size of this or that part of the body, but in the harmonious relation of the different parts which compose it. The stomach and lungs, moreover, require a certain freedom of movement, and the one can not digest or the other breathe if strangled in a vice. Serious and even mortal diseases are not seldom produced by this prevalent practice of female constriction. Dr. Cazenave, who, as a Frenchman, speaks knowingly of corsets, says, "that they still require the greatest care and watchfulness, in regard to their construction, notwithstanding that, thanks be to God, those whalebone cuirasses which were so hard and so injurious to young girls have been abandoned. They should be always easy, and though intended to support the chest, should never press in front, especially above. The most important matter, however, in regard to young people is to take care that their corsets are in conformity with the progress of development. They should be frequently changed, and adapted each time to the form. *A corset which has become too tight, if worn only eight days, may destroy the beauty of the form forever.* There should always be room enough between the corset and the upper part of the chest to pass the width of two fingers."

It is a matter of great importance, though seldom attended to by parents, to select proper chairs for their children when they first commence to sit down. The seat should be firm and regular, for if soft and low in the middle, the child's neck will be sure to sink within its shoulders, and its figure to turn and become distorted from the want of a uniform and solid support. It has been recommended to use a chair with a wooden seat provided with a screw by which it may be raised or lowered. Young girls should always hold themselves straight, especially when at work, avoiding, however, excessive stiffness. In sewing or reading, instead of bending to their work or book, they should rather lift them to their eyes. They should strive, moreover, to keep their posture as erect as possible when at the piano, the drawing-board, or the easel.

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Narrow shoes with high heels, which are now all the fashion, are serious obstacles to a good figure. Without a solid basis it is impossible to sustain the form in an erect posture, and poised, as our young girls are, upon the stilts in fashion, it is not easy to preserve their equilibrium. They thus habitually bend forward or backward, to the right or the left, until in the course of time they become permanently misshapen in one direction or the other.

The figure of the young is occasionally excessively stiff. It may be thoroughly well-formed, and yet so constrained in its movements as to appear to be, as the French say, *tout d'une pièce*—all in one piece. The body seems to be impaled with a stake. The best means of remedying this is by encouraging the child to play at all such games as will oblige her to run, to jump, and otherwise develop the extensibility and flexibility of her limbs. The carriage of the arms, the hands, the legs, and the feet has much to do with the ease or stiffness of the whole person. The very young, when thus prematurely stiffened, should be allowed to tumble and toss about at will until they have rubbed out all superfluity of starch.

A woman's arm is beautiful when, gradually enlarging from a delicate wrist, it becomes round and plump, with rather more fullness of the outer than inner side. It is seldom sufficiently developed in the modern woman of fashion to reach the standard of classical beauty. She does not use her limbs, and especially her arms, sufficiently to give them the muscular growth of which they are capable; and there is no more expressive illustration of the effects of exercise and indolence than the contrast between the blanched and tender pipe-stems of Miss Sophonisba in the parlor, and the bulky and glowing sledge-hammers of Bridget in the kitchen.

A delicate and beautiful hand is considered as the especial privilege of people of leisure. It is seldom found among those women who are obliged to work hard, though they may be endowed with fine eyes, a beautiful mouth, or all other female charms. We are told that small and delicate hands are more common in the United States than elsewhere; but perhaps we should hesitate in accepting this compliment to the good looks of our women at the expense of their industry.

A well-made hand should be delicate and somewhat long. The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent. The fingers must be long, pulpy, and tapering, forming little graduated columns of perfect proportion. When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which should be slightly prominent when the hand is closed. Each finger ought to be gently curved on the back and somewhat flat on the palmar side. The thumb should not pass beyond the middle joint of the forefinger, which should terminate when extended precisely at the base of the nail of the middle one. The ring-finger ought not to extend more than halfway up the nail of the same, and the little finger should be exactly of the length of the two joints of its neighbor. The palm of the hand, when open, should be somewhat deep, and bordered with a slightly curved and pulpy cushion of flesh. The skin of the whole should be delicate, smooth, mostly white, but here and there slightly tinted with rose color. The fingers must have an air of ease and flexibility. The common habit of stretching their joints with the view of making them snap is fatal to their regularity of proportion and beauty.

Much of the beauty of the fingers and hand depends upon the proper care of the nails. These if cut too close deform the finger-ends, rendering them stubby. The upper and free border of the nail should always be left projecting a line or so beyond the extremity of the finger, and should be pared only to a slight curve without encroaching too much on the angles. To preserve the half moon, or what the anatomists call the *lunella*, which rises just above the root of the nail, and is esteemed so great a beauty, care must be taken to keep down the skin which constantly tends to encroach upon it. This should be done with a blunt ivory instrument, with which the growth should be pushed away but never cut. Soap and the finger-brush are all that are necessary for cleaning and polishing the nails. People often find it almost impossible to remove the dirt which gathers so easily. This is generally owing to the fact that the smoothness of the inner surface of the nail has been roughened by some harsh instrument, leaving irregularities which firmly retain filth of all kinds. Care must be also taken to avoid separating the nail from the flesh, which is often done by inserting knives between them for the sake of cleanliness. Some persons are in the habit of cleaning their nails with a bit of lemon. This effectually answers the purpose as far as the extremities are concerned; but it is impossible to keep the juice from touching the surface, the transparency of which it, like all acids, destroys, and will, moreover, if it reaches the skin below the *lunella*, shrink and shrivel it.

The habit of biting the nails is as ugly as it is fatal to them. They become excessively brittle in consequence, not being allowed time to acquire their natural toughness; and, moreover, the ends of the fingers being unsupported turn over, forming an ugly rim of hard flesh which finally prevents the regular growth of the nail. When this deformity is once established it is almost impossible to remedy it. The best plan is, with the abandonment of the frightful habit of biting the nails, to press down the fleshy excrescence with sticking plaster and bandages. The surest preventive of what we term hangnails and the French *envies* is habitually to keep down the growth of skin at the base of the nails. They should never be torn away or bitten off, but cut with a pair of sharp scissors. When much inflamed, as they sometimes are,

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it becomes necessary to apply a poultice or some diachylum plaster. All hard, irritating, and corrosive substances must be kept from the hands, and excessive cold avoided. The rose tint essential to beauty of the nail comes from the transparency of its substance through which is transmitted the color of the flesh. This depends much, however, upon the health of the person.

The skin of the hands, which should be soft, smooth, and flexible, is sometimes hard and rough. This condition is not only common among persons who are daily engaged in work, which exposes them to the contact of irritating substances, but is not unusual with women of leisure. Some seem to have a particular tendency to a dryness of the skin, which on the least exposure to changes of temperature, or any cause of irritation, however slight, becomes roughened. Such should keep their hands almost constantly gloved, and wash them always, but not too often, with lukewarm water and fine soap, to which may be added a little bran, or what the French call *pâte d'amandes*. A little cold cream before going to bed is a common and useful application. The wearing of a pair of cosmetic gloves is found by the Parisian dames very favorable to blanching and refining the hands. They may be thus prepared:

Yolks of fresh eggs	2.
Oil of sweet almonds	2 tea-spoonfuls.
Rose-water	1 ounce.
Tincture of benzoin	36 drops.

Beat the eggs first with the oil, then add the rose-water and tincture. Besmear the inside of a pair of kid gloves with the mixture, and wear them all night.

The hands are frequently chapped, and such gashes and fissures formed as to become not only frightful in appearance, but excessively painful. Care must be taken to avoid the cold. The hands should be not too often washed, and always thoroughly dried. The best remedy is a little cold cream. Professional performers on the piano, and young girls learning to play it, are sometimes affected by an excessive tenderness of the ends of the fingers, the skin of which becomes finally rough and painfully chapped. The best application is this:

Tincture of aloes	40 drops.
Glycerine	1 ounce.

It should be applied to the tips of the fingers with a camel's-hair brush on going to bed, and gloves worn.

The veins on the back of the hand are sometimes too large and noticeable for good looks. However well made the hands may be, they can not appear beautiful if prominently veined. This generally arises from some peculiarity in the organization of the vessels, and can not be entirely removed. Much can be done, however, toward lessening this natural defect by a few simple precautions. The hands must not be washed in very hot water, or allowed to hang down, as the blood will thus fill and stretch the veins. Care also must be taken to avoid all compression of the arm and wrist by tight arm-holes and sleeves. A close-fitting glove, however, may be worn with advantage.

Chilblains not unfrequently attack the hands as well as the feet of children, and leave after them ugly scars of the skin and a disfigurement of the nails. Nothing is so fatal, in fact, to the beauty of the fingers. Here is a balm which is strongly commended:

Essence of turpentine	1 scruple.
Olive oil	2½ scruples.
Diluted sulphuric acid	18 drops.

There have been a thousand or more remedies proposed for those ugly excrescences known as warts. Those which are so common among children generally disappear with their growth. They can be removed by tying tightly about their base a silken thread, and thus strangling them; by cutting with a knife, taking care to touch the bleeding surface with a little nitrate of silver; or by caustics. The best of these is the pure acetic acid, with which the wart should be lightly touched morning and night, taking care that the application does not extend to the surrounding skin. A little wax spread about the base, or a bit of sticking plaster with a hole cut in it, and passed over the top of the wart, is a convenient means of protection to the neighboring parts.

Many young girls, and even women, are much inconvenienced and annoyed by an excessive sweating of the hands. It is not uncommon to see such continually occupied with soaking up, by means of their cambric handkerchiefs, the moisture of their dripping palms. This unceasing exudation is more or less constitutional, and is to be cured only by remedies applied to the body generally, such as tonic medicines, generous living, regular exercise, particularly riding on horseback, and sea-bathing. The best of all local applications is powdered starch. Mental causes have great influence, and particularly depressing emotions of all kinds. These, therefore, should be avoided, if possible, and the nerves fortified by a proper moral regimen.

The distinguishing beauty of a woman's thighs is their fullness, lustre, and the gentle curves of their lines. They should be firm, massive, and, when in a standing posture, should touch each other lightly above. "*Les reliefs qui les surmontent en arrière, ont*," says a French writer, with a nicety of expression not easily translated into English, "*un genre de beauté qu'il serait difficile de décrire, et qui paraît consister dans le passage agréable que ces renflements établissent entre les torses et les membres. La sécheresse ou l'exagération sont les défauts ordinaires de ces parties.*" These are to be remedied by such diet and regimen as affect the fatness or thinness of the person. An undue prominence of these parts is often caused by an excessive tightening of the waist.

The legs, to be beautiful, must be long, round, plump, and white. They should gradually taper toward the foot, but not so much as to term-

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inate too meagerly. The calf should be full, enlarging by gentle degrees from the knee above and ankle below. The Parisian dames, who are famous for the full development of the calves of their legs, which they are so proud and ready to display, are indebted for them, it is said, to something which has no beauty in itself, though it appears to be the cause of it. This is the dirt of the streets of Paris, to avoid which the French woman lifts her robe to a height, and poises herself upon her toes with an agility unknown to the modest and graceful of other lands. This mode of stepping brings into powerful action the muscles of the leg, and thus expands the contour of the calf. The same effect is produced by the same cause in the figurantes of the Opera. The ankles, however, are frequently enlarged in the course of the process; and thus most dancing girls have them coarse and swollen. The joint of the knee is never prominent in a well-formed thigh and leg.

A perfect foot is a great rarity. It should be of a size graduated to the height of the person, and white, well arched, and firmly planted. Such a foot, neither too large nor too small, but justly proportioned to the stature it supports, with a smooth surface, regularly curved outline, and distinct divisions, is now only to be seen in art. The woman of ancient Greece possessed it, for the sandal she wore left the foot unfettered and gave a free development to its natural grace and proportions. The boot and shoe of our day, with the prevalent notion that every thing must be sacrificed to smallness, have squeezed the foot into an ill-shapen and indistinct mass, where it is impossible almost to recognize its parts, and especially the toes, in the individuality and completeness of their original forms. In all antique statues the second toe is observed to be longer and more salient than the others. This was undoubtedly the original form of nature, but it is seldom if ever seen in the modern foot, the shape of which has been so greatly perverted by the shoe. As our coarse climate and fastidious delicacy forbid the sandal, and render the boot and shoe necessary, care should be taken to adapt them as perfectly as possible to the natural conformation of the feet. They should be long and wide enough to admit of a free play of the toes. The space between the heel and beginning of the sole of the shoe should be firm and of the same curve as the natural arch of the foot. A boot or high shoe should be preferred to a low one or a slipper, for it protects the foot better, prevents the tendency to swelling, supports the lower part of the leg, and is favorable to the walk and attitude. "The female shoe or boot now in vogue is, in some respects," says a sharp critic in *Harper's Bazar* of the shortcomings of fashion, "very faulty. It has but one good quality, the square or broadly-rounded tip, which is conformable to the natural shape of the end of the foot; and if not made, as it generally is, too tight, would be favorable to the free action so essential to the ease and beauty of the toes. The arch of the shoe is too high, and, by pressing strongly upward, weakens and distorts that of the foot. This defect is increased by an inordinately high and narrow heel, which is, moreover, brought too far forward, with the view of giving an artificial appearance of shortness to the extremity. This position of the heel toward the centre of the foot has the same effect as if the buttresses of an architectural arch were removed from the end to its middle. It takes away the strength of its natural prop and makes it a weakness.

"The natural arch of the foot is a distinctive mark of what we are pleased to call ourselves—a superior race. The African has scarcely any arch at all, and 'wid de hollow of his foot he makes a hole in de ground' of the Ethiopian song is hardly an exaggerated description of the negro's peculiar structure. Fashion, with its usual tendency to exaggerate natural beauty, adopts the high and forward heel with the view of heightening the instep, or increasing the arch of the foot which is so much coveted. This attempt to force a grace beyond the intention of nature is followed by the usual result of distortion and disease. The high and misplaced heel, and the other vices of construction of the fashionable shoe or boot in vogue, force the toes forward, constrict them violently, and not only deform the foot but torture it with various painful affections.

"The growing of the nail to the flesh of the toe is one of the common results of wearing a fashionable or ill-made shoe. This is one of the most painful of affections. In its earliest stage it can be easily remedied by paring the nail always in the centre of its free end, without touching the angles, until it becomes of a semi-lunar shape, with its concave looking outward. The tight and high-heeled shoe, however, must be at the same time abandoned. If the disease is too severe for this simple remedy recourse must be had to the surgeon, who will remove it by an operation which is considered, though not dangerous, the most painful of his art. He will pass with all his force the sharpest blade of his scissors between the nail and the flesh of the toe down to the very quick, and having severed it in two, will, with strong pincers, wrench out each half from the ulcerated flesh in which it is embedded. Before the discovery of chloroform it was customary for the surgeon to tighten with all his might a bandage about the root of the toe, in order to deaden somewhat the excessive torture of this operation.

"The corn and bunion come from an enlargement of the natural papillæ which exist every where in the skin, and the thickening and hardening of the integument which surrounds and covers them. They are produced solely by ill-fitting shoes. They can be easily relieved by cutting, but can only be effectually got rid of by the removal of the cause. A corn or bunion should be dug out in the centre, and never pared on the edges. The professional pedicure always operates in this way; but with a shrewd,

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though dishonest, compliance with vulgar error, he pretends to take out a root which does not exist, notwithstanding that he often exhibits one in the form of a hog's bristle, which he has ever ready at hand to confirm the public credulity.

"Next to the knife—which is dangerous in a clumsy hand—the best remedy is the application, by means of adhesive plaster, of a piece of wash-leather, or *amadou*—or spunk, as it is commonly called—cut so as to cover the whole corn, and pierced in the centre with a hole corresponding to the size of its summit. This diffuses the pressure, and removes the particular friction which has created the excrescence."

The blisters which usually form on the feet after a long and fatiguing walk should be opened with a needle, and all the fluid allowed to escape, but the skin which contains it ought never to be removed. The application of a little cold cream and rest will be all the additional treatment required. The best remedies for chilblains are cold water, snow, wine, brandy, hartshorn and oil, Cologne, lavender, rubbed daily on the affected parts, provided they are not yet broken into sores or ulcers. An ointment thus made is considered excellent:

White precipitate	6 grains.
Chloroform	20 drops.
Cold cream	1 ounce.

When the chilblain is very painful, and there is a good deal of swelling, a poultice of elder or camomile flowers will be useful, followed by a little simple ointment and laudanum.

The foot is liable to a troublesome exudation between the toes, accompanied often by redness, itching, and inflammation. The best preventive of this annoyance is, in addition to cleanliness, the application of a lotion of diluted Cologne or lavender water, and a bit of fine linen between the toes. It may be necessary sometimes to use this ointment:

Carbonate of lead	18 grains.
Cold cream	1 ounce.
Essence of bergamot	10 drops.

Mix.

The feet, like the hands, are not seldom affected with an excessive sweating, which moreover has the additional inconvenience of being almost always of an insufferable odor. If this were only the result of a neglect of cleanliness it could easily be remedied by that attention to the toilet obligatory upon every decent person. It, however, unfortunately is often a constitutional infirmity which, although it can be diminished by a minute attention to cleanliness, can not be entirely removed. It must therefore be masked. The best applications for this purpose are lotions made of infusions of sage, thyme, or rosemary; but care must be taken not to repeat them too often lest the skin should become finally macerated by constant wetting, and rendered more favorable to the secretion of this nauseous perspiration. One application morning and night will be sufficient. After each the feet must be well dried, and rubbed with powdered starch or orris root. It is a good plan to dust the inside of the stocking with this:

Starch powder	16 ounces.
Orris-root powder	4 ounces.
Camphor	2½ drachms.

Mix.

A certain plumpness is essential to the beauty of the female form; but its excess is not considered with us, at least, as an addition to the charms of woman. Africa alone, of all nations—though Turkey has a leaning that way—sets up fatness as a standard of beauty. Cuffey expands female loveliness beyond the limits of the embrace of any ordinary mortal, lards it with layers of fat, like a plump partridge prepared for the spit, and feasts his dainty imagination upon the oleaginous charms of female blubber. The Hottentot Venus suckled her young over her shoulder, and carried the rest of her family upon her natural bustle. It is not often that our women, who are generally too nimble in mind and body for its accumulation, complain of fat. Some people, however, have a great tendency to it. This is often hereditary, and shows itself in childhood. There are certain circumstances, moreover, which greatly favor the development of fatness, whether original or acquired. Such are a sedentary life, habits of indulgence, want of light, frequent and prolonged slumber, and physical and moral indolence. A life of wantonness and idleness is said to be the cause of the plumpness of the women of the East, and there is no reason why it should not have the same effect upon those of the West.

The food, however, has more influence than any thing else upon the plumpness of the body, and the effect of quality is greater than that of quantity. Bread, butter, milk, sugar, potatoes, beer, and all spirituous liquors are particularly fattening. The women of Senegal expand to an extraordinary degree of plenitude, in the course of a few months only, by gorging themselves with fresh dates. Any woman who is troubled with a superfluity of fat and wishes to get rid of it, can succeed by persevering in a certain diet and regimen. She must live in a warm and dry climate, avoid those articles of diet which are especially fat-producing and eat those which are not, with a plentiful supply of acids, lead an active life with brisk exercise both of body and mind, lie on a hard bed and never remain on it long. To these may be added with advantage frequent rubbing of the body with a rough towel or brush, an occasional laxative, alkaline, sea, and vapor baths, with shampooing or kneading of the flesh. Iodine has been occasionally given and found useful. Banting, an Englishman, at the age of sixty-six years reduced himself from two hundred and two pounds (202 lbs.) to one hundred and fifty-six (156 lbs.) in twenty days, by the following diet and regimen: For breakfast, 4 or 5 ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, bacon, or cold meat of any kind, with the exception of fresh pork; a large cup of tea, without sugar or milk, a

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small biscuit, or an ounce weight of toast. For dinner, 5 or 6 ounces of fish (no salmon) or meat (no fresh pork); all kinds of vegetables except potatoes; an ounce of toast, the fruit but not the paste of a tart, poultry, game, two or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or Madeira, but no Champagne, port-wine, or beer. For tea, 2 or 3 ounces of fruit, about an ounce of toast, and a cup of tea without sugar or milk. For supper, 3 or 4 ounces of such meat or fish as at dinner, with one or two glasses of claret. Before going to bed, if required, a glass of claret or sherry. This plan of Banting has been tried again and again with advantage and without the least unfavorable accident.

If there are some persons who are anxious to get rid of fat, there are many more, particularly in our country, who are desirous of acquiring it. Thinness is by no means the sign of a bad constitution. On the contrary, it often belongs to the most vigorous of our race. There are, moreover, some charming women, who, though endowed with every other personal attraction, are destitute of that fullness essential to the perfection of the female form. Such, instead of grieving over an organic defect, and resorting to useless and often injurious means to remedy it, should console themselves with their natural fineness of structure, lightness of movement, and the use of such resources as are furnished by a skillful toilet. A regular life, great moderation in pleasure, the avoiding of all social and other dissipation, moderate exercise, light occupation, freedom from nervous excitement, plenty of sleep, and a tranquil and contented spirit, will tend to give flesh to the most meagre. To these must be added a generous diet of meat, vegetables, farinaceous food of all kinds, and a moderate quantity of beer or wine. Fresh milk taken early in the morning is said to have a very fattening effect, and frequent warm baths, either simple or emollient, are indispensable.

Dr. Cazenave says that there is nothing more likely to produce excessive thinness than immoderate love, and especially jealousy. Saint Augustine, as quoted by Fénélon, in his treatise on the education of girls, says: "I have seen a baby in arms jealous; it could not pronounce a single word, and already regarded with a pale face and angry eyes another infant who was being suckled at the same time with it." This infantile jealousy is said to be a not uncommon cause of the wasting away of the youngest children. Care, therefore, should be taken to avoid exciting this pernicious passion by a just distribution of care and caress among brothers and sisters.

The beauty of woman depends greatly, after all, upon her bearing and address. The most perfect face and form, if deficient in expression and grace, will fail to attract, while irregular features and a disproportioned body are not seldom endowed with the most winning power. Our American women, with all their acknowledged attractions, do not reach the very highest standard of beauty as often as they might for want of due attention to their expression, attitude, and walk. They are ordinarily too brisk; and this is no less true of the muscular action of their faces than of their forms. Hence results a jerkiness, if we may use the word, which is fatal to that calm and almost languid flow of movement essential to female grace. The Greek women of antiquity, who were very studious of their attitudes and actions, thought a hurried and sudden step a certain sign of rusticity. La Bruyère says a fool never comes in or goes out of a room, sits down or rises up, or stands upon his legs like a person of sense. A habit of walking stiffly frequently comes from wearing excessively tight dresses, particularly in youth; and a very ugly way of stepping heavily is generally produced in children by their nurses and other grown people not adapting their walk to theirs. A certain relaxation, as it were, or *abandon*, as the French say, in each attitude, and a graceful suppleness in every movement, greatly increase the intensity of female seductiveness.

UNANSWERED.

How sad and awful it must be for God to listen,
  Sitting in white calms upon His shining throne,
To all the ceaseless and unanswerable prayings,
  Beseeching blindly for the good unknown—
The importunate pleadings of strong souls in pain,
Yearning for what they never can attain:

To answer with a blank and wordless silence
  The passionate longings of the heart's desire
Over some dear one, on whose brow His finger
  The awful sign hath written—"Come up higher!"
To listen, answering not, yet know one breath,
One look, would stay the chariot wheels of Death.

God is not deaf: the cry of every human creature
  That out of doubt and darkness calls to Him—
The infinite, sad chorus of appeal He heareth,
  Between the hymning of the cherubim;
Amid the music of the swinging spheres
The lowliest breathing of His name He hears.

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THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XVII.

IT was in sunshiny summer weather—like those days in the Isle of Wight when she was first married, that Edna's little baby came to her. The same evening there came to the tall elm-tree in their little bit of garden, a blackbird—who, like Southey's thrush, took up his abode there, and sung, morning, noon, and night—his rich, loud, contented song to the mother, as she lay, a "happy prisoner," with her first-born by her side. In after-days, Edna never heard a blackbird's note without remembering that time, and its ecstasy of restful joy.

What need to write about it? a joy common as daylight—yet ever fresh: to the queen who gives an heir to millions, or the poor toiler in field or mill who brings only a new claimant for the inheritance of labor and poverty. But upon neither does the unknown future look with angry eye—the present is all in all. So it was with Edna. Her eldest son was born amidst considerable straitness of means, and many anxieties; his mother made him no costly baby clothes, nor welcomed him in a grand nursery, with every device of fantastic love: she only took him in her arms and rejoiced over him—as the Hebrew women rejoiced of old—her man-child, her gift from the Lord.

And William Stedman—the young man thrown ignorantly and unthinkingly, as most young men are, into the mystery and responsibility of fatherhood—how did he feel?

Whatever he felt he said little: he was not in the habit of saying much—except to his wife. Nor, at first, did he take very much notice of the small creature in whom his own face was so funnily reproduced. But he never forgot something repeated to him by his sister-in-law during a certain fearful half hour when his wife lay, half conscious, her life hanging on a thread—"Tell William to be a *real* father to my poor baby."

Many a time, when nobody saw him, Dr. Stedman would creep in and look at his boy, a grave tender look, as if he were pondering on the future—his son's and his own—with infinite humility, yet without dread. More sadly wise than Edna in worldly things, and not having—no man has—that natural instinct for children which makes them a pure joy, and, at first, nothing else: yet it was clear that he too was striving to take up the conjoint burden of parenthood—accepting both its pleasantness and its pain: and so was likely to become worthy—oh, how few men are!—of being a father.

Letty did not understand her sister's felicity at all. She thought the baby would be a great trouble and a great expense, when they had cares enough already. She wondered how people could be so foolish as to marry unless they had every thing nice and comfortable about them—as was far from the case here, especially of late, when double work had fallen upon poor Letty's elegant shoulders. She had more than once declared that if ever a baby was born she would look out for a situation, and relieve her brother-in-law from the burden of her maintenance, and herself from the alarming duties of a maiden aunt. But Letty always talked of things much oftener than she did them; and besides— But it is useless attempting to analyze her motives; probably for the simple reason that she had no motives at all. As she said one day to Julius, who all this winter and spring had kept coming and going, sometimes absenting himself for weeks, then again appearing every evening at his brother's house, to sit with Edna and Letty, though he paid the latter no particular attention—"What did it matter where she went or what she did? nobody cared about her—she was a solitary creature, and therefore quite free."

The evening she gave utterance to this pathetic sentiment Aunt Letty was a very lovely object to behold. She had taken the baby; for though not enthusiastic over it, she was a woman still, and liked to nurse it and "cuddle" it sometimes. As it lay asleep on her shoulder, with one of its tiny hands clutching her finger, and her other hand supporting it, she looked not unlike one of Raffaelle's Madonnas.

"Stop a minute—just as you are; I want to sketch you," said Julius, rousing himself from a long gaze—*not* at the baby, for whom, though it was his namesake, Uncle Julius had testified no exuberant admiration. But still, it being safely asleep, he continued sitting with Letty in the drawing-room, as he had got into a habit

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UNCLE AND AUNT.

of doing of evenings, since Edna's disappearance up stairs.

"Dear me, Julius, I should think you were quite tired of taking my likeness; but Edna will be in raptures if you draw the baby."

Julius curled his satirical lip—more satirical and less sweet than it once was, and then said, with a certain compunction, "Oh, very well; I'd do much to please Edna, the dearest little woman that ever was born. How she puts up with a fellow like me is more than I can tell. I think—that night I walked our street with Will, and we did not know but that she might slip away from us before the morning, I would almost have given my life for poor Edna's."

The voice was so full of feeling, that Aunt Letty opened her eyes wide to stare at Uncle Julius—only to stare; the penetrating, yet loving gleam of sympathy was not in those large beautiful orbs of hers.

"Not that my life would have been much of a gift," added Julius. "It is of little value now to me or to any body. Once, perhaps, and under different circumstances, it might have been."

Letty dropped her eyes. It was the first time her rejected lover had made any reference to those "circumstances," though she had sometimes tried, a little coquettishly, to find out whether he remembered them or not. For it was provoking, to say the least of it, that he should so quickly have overcome a passion which he had vowed would be eternal—that he could see her—Letty—in all her fascinations, weekly, daily, if he so wished, and yet be as apparently indifferent to her as he was to the many other young ladies of his acquaintance, whom he was always talking about and criticising, as probably he criticised her to them in return. The idea rather vexed Letty.

She, and even his own brother, knew little of Julius's life beyond what they saw when he made his erratic appearances and disappearances. Now, as of old, all his brother's friends were his, but only a small proportion of his friends were also his brother's. Julius cultivated a class of intimacies which William had never cared much for, and now cared less—the floating spin-drift of literary, artistic, and semi-theatrical society—clever men, and not bad men, at least nobody much knew whether they were bad or good, and certainly nobody much

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cared, brains being of far greater use and at a far higher premium than morals. With this set, lounging about during the day, and meeting of nights at various well-known symposia of men—only men, and not their wives, even if they had any—Julius spent much of his time. But he never brought these friends to his brother's house, or, indeed, said much about them, except that they were "such jolly clever fellows—so excessively amusing."

Amusement was, however, not his whole pursuit. He sometimes took vehement fits of work, which lasted a day or two, perhaps a week or two; then he would throw up his picture, in whatever stage it was, and devote himself to every form of ingenious idling. In short, he was slowly drifting into that desultory, useless existence, grasping at every thing and taking a firm hold of nothing, which, without any actual vice, is the very opposite of that calm, pure life—laborious and full of labor's reward—which is the making of a real man.

And its effects were already beginning to be painfully apparent. Sallow cheeks, restless eyes, hand shaking and nervous; brightening up toward night, but of mornings, as he confessed, utterly good for nothing except to lounge and smoke, or lie and sleep in thankful torpor—all these signs foreboded fatally for poor Julius. His brother began to doctor him for "dyspepsia;" but Edna, less learned, yet clearer-eyed, detected a something more—a sickness of the soul, far sadder, and more difficult of cure.

He who had no one to think of but himself, who earned a tolerable livelihood which he spent wholly upon himself, was beginning to look older and more anxious than his brother with all his burdens.

Now, while Letty and Julius were talking lightly down stairs, in Edna's room overhead was a grave silence. William, coming in to spend a quiet hour beside his wife's sofa, had fallen dead asleep through sheer weariness. And Edna was watching him as Letty watched his brother, but with, oh! what a different sort of gaze! The difference which always had been, and would be to the last; eyes that said honestly, "I love you;" and the coquettish, down-dropped glance that inquired selfishly, "I wonder how much you love me?"

Women are often attracted by their opposites in men, and perhaps some woman, bright and wise, with large patience, and courage enough to sustain both herself and him, might have loved deeply and understood thoroughly this Julius Stedman. But Letty—beautiful Letty—was not that sort of woman. Therefore while he made his last remark about his life being of no value to any body, she only sat and looked at him.

"Yes, mine is a wasted life, Letty. I shall end like that stranded ship on the Isle of Wight shore; you remember it?"

"Nonsense," said Letty, blushing a little. "Or if it is so, it will be your own fault. You artists are always so miserably poor."

"Some of us do pretty well though, if we run after titled patrons and high society. Or if we happen to be especially fascinating, we marry rich wives, and—"

"Perhaps that is what you are thinking of doing?" interrupted Letty, with some acrimony. "Indeed it struck me there was more than met the eye in a hint Mrs. Marchmont gave me to-day, as I dare say Mr. Marchmont has given to you."

"What?" asked Julius, eagerly.

"That, if you liked to change your career, he thought so well of you, and of your extreme cleverness for every thing—business included—that he would take you into their house at once; first as a clerk, and then as a partner."

"'Marchmont and Stedman, indigo-planters!' How grand it would sound! What an enviable position!" said Julius, satirically; though not confessing whether or not the news had come upon him for the first time.

"Very enviable indeed," said Letty, gravely; "and especially with Miss Lily Marchmont to share it."

Julius winced, but turned it off with a laugh.

"Lily Marchmont—poor Lily! A nice creature! if she were only a little taller, and not quite so fat."

"She is getting as thin as a shadow now, at any rate," said Letty, in much annoyance. "But it is no use speaking to you, or trying to get any thing out of you, Julius. Indeed you're not worth thinking about."

"I was not aware you ever did me the honor to think about me at all."

"Oh yes," returned Letty, with an air of sweet simplicity. "Who could help it when you are always here, and every body is so fond of you, and makes such a fuss over you? Edna told me that if any thing had happened to her, you were to come back and live here again. I was to tell you that she depended upon you to take care of and comfort William."

"Poor Edna—dear Edna—to fancy I could comfort any body! But this is ridiculous!" added he, abruptly. "Here are Edna and Will, both as jolly as possible, and that young rascal besides, to carry down the ugly name of Stedman to remotest ages. Every body is all right—except me—and as to what becomes of me, who cares? Not a soul in this mortal world. But I beg your pardon, and I am wasting your time. Just move your right hand, Letty, please. No, fingers closer together. May I place them?"

"Yes, only don't wake the baby."

"That would be a catastrophe."

Julius knelt down, and with hot cheeks and hands that trembled visibly, tried to arrange his group to his satisfaction. Letty bade him "take care," and leaned her other hand on his shoulder, carelessly enough; she thought nothing of it. Besides, was he not, as she sometimes called him, her "half-brother-in-law?"

At her touch the young man looked up—a look no woman can mistake: it is madness, or

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deliberate badness, if she does mistake it; and then, turning, pressed his lips on her arm—not tenderly, not reverently, but with a passionate fierceness that was less a kiss than a wound.

So the barrier was broken down between them, and Letty knew—as any girl of common perception must have known—that the indifference was all a sham, that her discarded lover was just as desperately in love with her as ever.

Was she glad or sorry? She really could not tell; but she was considerably agitated. She started up, regardless of the baby, and shook down angrily her lace sleeve.

"Julius, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am not. You used to let me kiss you once. Give me the right to do it again."

And he came nearer, and was on the point of carrying out what he threatened, when some instinct of gentlemanhood made him pause. But he grasped both her hands, and looked in her face, half mad with the passion that was consuming him. No sentimental philandering—no child's play, or silly flirtation—but a violent passion, the first he ever had, and—would it be the last?

Some women might have hated him for it, and the manner he showed it—strong, proud, reticent women, whose love must be given as a free gift, or else is wholly unattainable—but Letty did not hate him. Indeed she rather liked being taken by storm in this way.

"Let me go," she cried. "See, you are waking the baby!" Which remorseless infant now set up a howl loud enough to fright away all the lovers in Christendom.

Julius stopped his ears. "Take it away—horrid little thing! But Letty," and he seized her hands again, "you must come back to me at once, for I want to speak to you. I shall wait here till you come back if it is till midnight, or next morning. So you had better come. Promise you will."

She promised, though with a very dim intention of keeping her word. In truth, all she wanted at that moment was to get rid of him—any how, in any way; for she felt rather afraid of him. "He looked," she afterward confessed to Edna, "as if he could have kissed me, or killed me, it was all one, and didn't much matter which."

It was true. Men—no worse men than Julius—have sometimes killed the women they were in love with, on scarcely more provocation.

But when, having resigned her charge to nurse, Letty ran up into her own room, she began to recover herself. There was a pleasurable excitement in being once more made love to, when she had half feared such a thing would never happen again; that she should have to sink into a drudge and a maiden aunt, obliged to help in other people's work, and contemplate from a distance other people's joys—a picture not too attractive in the eyes of Miss Letty Kenderdine. Now, at least, she could be married if she chose—it was entirely her own fault if she were not. After her dull life in her brother-in-law's house, perhaps unconsciously, the spirit of the old song ran in her head—

"Come deaf, or come blind, or come cripple,
O come, ony ane o' ye a'!
Better be married to something,
Than no to be married ava."

And Julius Stedman was not a despisable "something." He had youth, good looks, good manners, good brains. Every body admired him—so did Letty too, in her way. And then he was so frantically in love with her.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, as she stood arranging her hair at the glass, which gave back by no means a disagreeable reflection. "Poor fellow! I'm sure I could have liked him very much, if he had but had a little more money."

She was here summoned for some inevitable house business, which she got through absently—there was little pleasure in keeping other people's houses. If she had one of her own now—really pretty and comfortable—it would be quite different. And she caught herself reckoning, with arithmetical precision, how much it would be possible for Julius Stedman to earn per annum, supposing he painted a picture regularly every three months, as of course he might easily do, and sold it, which was a little more difficult.

So serious a calculation made Letty look a little grave—at any rate, quiet—when she entered her sister's room, and stood watching the group there. William, shaken from his sleepiness by the energetic howling of his little son, had resigned himself to circumstances, and now sat looking very tired indeed, but exceedingly amused and contented, watching that young hero take his supper. While the mother—the pale, bright-eyed, smiling mother—but God only knows what is in the hearts of mothers. It was but a poor room, plainly furnished too; but in its narrow compass it rounded the whole circle of this world's best joys.

"Come here, Letty," said William, kindly; "just look at that young gentleman. Isn't he enjoying himself? He will be taking a walk in the park, and giving his arm to his Aunt Letty, in no time."

Letty laughed. Perhaps she was a little touched by the happiness before her; perhaps there came also a little of the sad feeling which must come to the best and most unselfish of unmarried women at times, to see the rest of the world running its busy race, enjoying daily its natural joys, and she shut out. She, Letty Kenderdine, handsome and admired as she was, or had been, was now first object to no one—except that poor fellow down stairs.

"Letty looks as grave as a judge," said Edna, turning a moment from her sucking child, her little blossom of Paradise, to the common world. "Is any thing the matter?"

"Oh no!" answered Letty, with a novel reticence, and blushing extremely. "Only—When is William coming down to supper?"

"I don't know," said William, stretching

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himself out in lazy content, and regarding tenderly his wife and son. "Tell Julius— By-the-by, is he here still?"

"I think so."

"Tell him I wish he would get his supper without minding me. If he had been up nearly every night for a week, and had a wife and baby on his mind besides, I am sure he would excuse me. You'll take care of him, won't you, Letty? See that he is comfortable, and be kind to him. He has been so very kind and good lately—poor Julius!"

Letty felt that fate was against her. To explain to William—then and there—William, whom she was always a little afraid of—the reason why she could not go down and entertain his brother was simply impossible. At least, she said to herself that it was. Besides, would it not be better in every way, would save trouble and prevent future misunderstandings, that she should just hear what Julius had to say, give him his answer, and put a stop to this nonsense at once? For it must be put a stop to—of course it must. And then she would again go out as a governess; and who knew what might happen? Some wealthy, sedate, respectable widower—about whose circumstances and position there could not be the least doubt—who would not expect too much, and would make her very happy and comfortable. And then she thought of Julius—how handsome he was, and how wildly in love with her; and Letty sighed.

She took as long a time as possible to order supper, and again went up into her room while it was being laid, to give to her dress a few last touches, so as to make herself look as well as possible.

Yet it would be unfair to human nature to declare that Letty was quite composed, quite cold-blooded. As she looked in the glass at the fair face which was already beginning to fade, she thought of Edna, who never was pretty, who had not cared whether she was pretty or not, to whom growing old had no terrors; for was she not wife and mother, loved with a love that was at once strong and tender, protecting and adoring? Letty's heart beat a pulse or two faster. Yes, such a love would be "nice" to have. Neither solemn nor satisfying, delicious nor desperate—merely "nice." But of course it could not be. A year's experience of what marriage is—upon a limited income—had given Letty a deeper dread than ever of poverty.

"Oh, dear me!" thought she, "why are some people so very fortunate and others so very unfortunate—and all for no fault of their own?" And then she gave the final brush to her shining hair, and went down to "that poor fellow."

He was a poor fellow. He was mad—literally mad—with a passion against which he had struggled as much as was in his nature to struggle, but in vain. This insanity—shall we anatomize it? I think not. God knows what an awful thing it is; and some women know it too, and have witnessed it, as Letty did now. But seldom the best or highest kind of women; for the lover is very much what the loved one makes him to be; and no passion, however hopeless, which has not been needlessly tortured by its object, stung with coldness one day and lulled by tenderness the next, is ever likely to degrade itself by groveling in the dust—as, his first burst of impetuous tyranny over, Julius groveled this night.

"Oh, have pity on me, Letty!" he cried, throwing himself before her, kissing her hands, her feet, the very hem of her gown. "I have tried all these months to forget you, to live without you, and I can not do it. If you will not marry me I shall go to utter ruin. For I can understand now how men drink themselves to death, or take to gambling, or buy a pistol and—"

"Oh, stop!" exclaimed Letty, shuddering. "Please do not talk about such dreadful things. You are very cruel to frighten me so."

And she began to sob—real honest sobs and tears. They drove Julius quite beside himself for the time being.

"I frighten you? Then you do care for me? I'll make you care for me!"

He sprang from his knees and clutched her—a clutch rather than a clasp—tight in his embrace, and kissed her innumerable times.

"Julius, for shame!" was all she said, still sobbing angrily, like a child.

He released her at once.

"You are right. I am ashamed of myself. I have acted more like a brute than a gentleman. Shall I go away, and never enter your presence more?"

"I—I don't quite see the necessity of that," said Letty, half smiling.

And then the poor frantic fellow snatched her to his arms once more, and vowed that if she would only say to him one loving word, neither heaven nor hell should prevent his marrying her.

"But," said Letty, when she had suffered him to calm down a little, and had taken a brief opportunity to arrange her hair, and seat herself in her proper place at table, in case any body should come in, "what in the wide world are we to marry upon?"

"Never mind—I'll see to that. I shall be as strong as a lion, as bold as Hercules, as patient and hard-working as—well, as my brother Will himself, if you only love me, Letty—only love me. Oh, say it!—say it over and over again!" and his dry and thirsting eyes seemed ready to drink in, like water in the desert, every look of this beautiful, beloved woman. "Tell me, my sweetest, that you really love me?"

Letty hardly knew what had come over her. As she afterward confessed to Edna, it was the greatest piece of folly she ever committed in her life—she could scarcely tell even if it were speaking the truth or not—but what could she do? She was obliged to say something just to

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quiet him. So she looked in her lover's face, and answered smilingly, "Yes."

It is not the first time that a man's undoing has been the woman's doing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dr. Stedman did not get the quiet evening he had promised himself—a comfort in his busy life only too rare. He might easily have indorsed, out of his own experience, the brief question and answer recorded of two companions—"My dear friend, when shall you take a little rest?" "In my grave!" But if any such thought came across him, this brave Christian man would have smothered down the weak complaining, knowing that life is meant for labor, and the grave is our only place of righteous rest—or, perhaps, not even there.

Still, for the time being, the hard-worked doctor felt excessively tired—too tired to talk much. He laid his head on his wife's shoulder, and watched the baby, who was fast asleep across her lap, until his face gradually softened, so that it was difficult to say whether child or father looked most peaceful and content. Very like they were too—with that strange inherited likeness which is seen strongest immediately after birth—often then vanishing, to reappear years after in the coffin; but it made the young mother's heart leap when she looked at her child.

"I am so glad he is like you, dear," she said. "I hope he will grow up your very image. I could not wish him a better blessing."

"I could—ay, and I'll help him to get it as soon as ever he can."

"What is that!"

"A wife!—and just such a wife as his mother!"

"Oh, Will!—oh, papa, I mean—for you must learn to be called that now," said Edna, with her own merry laugh, though all the while in each eye was a bright, glittering tear. And then she held up her face to be kissed, and the two overfull hearts met silently together over the little creature that owed its being to their love—whose future was to them utterly, awfully unknown—except as far as it lay, humanly speaking, in their hands and in their love—to guide or misguide—to ruin or to save.

"And now I must go down and bid good-night to Julius—Uncle Julius. I wonder whether his nephew and namesake will at all take after him."

Edna shrank involuntarily, and then said, with the infinite yearning pity that happy people feel toward those who have missed happiness—

"Yes, you should go down to him for a little—poor Julius!—and bring me up my work-basket out of the little room behind the dining-room, for I have his gloves there, which I promised to mend three weeks ago. Oh, what an age seems to have gone by since then!"

"Yes, thank God!" muttered Will, as he



MR. AND MRS. DOCTOR STEDMAN.

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went away quietly—all the house seemed in dread of that great enormity, waking the baby—and hunted for several minutes in the little room—his wife's special room, with all her household relics scattered about, Letty's regency not being remarkable for neatness. But the right mistress would soon be back again to resume her place, and put every thing in order. And oh, to think what might have been!—of the households of which he happened to have known several lately—where the mistress had vanished thus, and never come back again—alas, never more!

The young husband shuddered, and then, with a thrill of thankful joy, put the sickening thought away from him, and went back into his ordinary life and ordinary cares, of which not the lightest was his brother Julius.

In early youth people find it hard enough to bear their own burdens; later on, they learn to be thankful when these are only their own; for each day brings with it, in a manner that none but the wholly selfish can escape from, only too heavy a share of the burdens of other people. As Will fulfilled his wife's small mission, he pondered with an anxiety, sometimes dormant, but never quite subdued, over his brother Julius.

The dining-room was so silent that at first he thought Julius was gone, and so came suddenly in there—to see, what made him for the moment instinctively draw back, feeling himself exceedingly *de trop*.

The supper-table, laid an hour before, remained just as it was; while, sitting on a sofa together, very close together, with his hands clasping both hers, and his eyes fixed on her face—the intense, passionate gaze which told but one possible tale—were Letty and Julius.

Both started up, and sprang apart; but Letty recovered herself much the sooner, saying, in quite a careless voice, though her cheeks were hot and her manner slightly nervous—

"Come in, William. We have been waiting for you."

William stood, quite confounded, doubting the evidence of eyes and ears. Then he said, rather sharply, "You need not have waited, for I told you I was not coming;" and paused for some explanation.

But none came. Letty, with great composure—she was used to these sort of things—took her seat at the table, and officiating there, managed not only to eat a good supper, but to keep up an easy conversation. True, she had it all to herself. Will was too honest to say more than half a dozen commonplace words and shrink into silence; and Julius, after meeting a warning glance from Letty, did the same.

But the young lover was like a lover, painfully nervous, trembling with smothered excitement. He could not look his brother in the eyes; yet William was struck by the mixture of sadness and rapture that came and went in lights and shadows over his sensitive face. His was not the calm of assured happiness, but the fitful, desperate joy of a child who has hunted down a butterfly, and caught it under his cap, yet scarcely dares to believe it is safe there, or to look for it, lest he should find it flown away after all.

Supper over, Letty, with a brief good-night to Julius, coquettish rather, but careless and indifferent as any other good-night, vanished up stairs, and the two brothers were left alone. Julius took up his hat to go.

"Ju!" said Will, laying his hand on his shoulder, and looking him hard in the face, "have you got nothing to say to me?"

"No, nothing!" The words came out hurriedly, and then he repeated them in an altogether changed and suppressed tone—the sudden and causeless depression which was one of his characteristics. "No, nothing!"

Will, of course, said no more.

But when he had shut the hall-door upon his brother, he went up to his wife with a countenance on which it was hard to say whether anger or grief predominated.

"Oh, husband, what is the matter?—what has vexed you?"

"Vexed is hardly the word; but I am sorely grieved and perplexed. Where is Letty?"

"Gone up stairs. She looked in here a minute, and went away."

"Did she say nothing—tell you nothing?"

"No."

And then, seeing how pale his wife grew, he told her in a few words all he had seen.

"If I had not seen it, I could not have believed. I don't know how you women feel in such matters—that is, ordinary women: not my wife—I know her mind!—but if Letty is not engaged to Julius, I might say a few sharp words concerning her, even though she is your sister."

Edna was silent. The strong tie of blood, which in tender and faithful hearts will bear such long straining, kept her silent; but she looked exceedingly sad.

"The girl can not know what she is doing," said Dr. Stedman, rising and pacing the room in exceeding annoyance. "It is like the fable of the boys and the frogs—sport to her, and death to him. For he is just as mad after her as ever. I saw it in his eyes. And she will never marry him; she would marry nobody that is not well off; I heard her say so only yesterday."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure; and I entirely agree with her. It would be madness in any poor man to think of marrying *her*. She wants, not an honest man to love, which some people I could name were silly enough to care for and think worth having, but an establishment and a few thousands a year."

Edna would not answer. She knew it was true.

"Not that I blame her; and I hope she'll get her wish," said Will, waxing hotter every moment. "But in the mean time she shall not

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NOTHING TO SAY.

make a fool of my brother Julius. And it's not merely making a fool of him, she is making him despise her, and, through her, all women. Edna, when once a man gets that into his head—that you are not better than we are; that there is nothing worshipful about you; nothing for a poor fellow to look up to and hold fast by in this wicked, contemptible world—it's all over with him. If he does not respect women, he respects nothing. He goes down, down, to the bottomless pit. Oh, I wish I had been wiser, and had never taken her into my house, or never let my brother set foot within it. For I know what he is, and what she is. She will be the ruin of him."

William spoke with a passion that even his wife could hardly understand; and yet she felt he had right on his side.

"But," she pleaded, "perhaps we entirely mistake. She may have accepted him."

"Then why not say so? Why should he not say so? I gave him the chance. Of course a man holds his tongue till he is really engaged. Ju and I have never once named Letty's name between us. But depend upon it, there's something wrong, something bad, or weak, or cowardly, when a man dare not tell his own brother that he is going to be married. And as for her—Edna, I am sorry, sorry to my heart, to think ill of your sister; but I can not help it."

"No, you can not; I see that. Still she is my sister; and, as you said, she does not know what she is doing."

Will stopped in his angry walk, and contemplated the little figure sitting on the sofa corner, in white dressing-gown and cap, so matronly, calm, and sweet.

"You are right, my darling; she does not know. Women never do. I was not such a very bad fellow as a bachelor, not in the worst sense, only selfish, rough, worldly; but oh! how I have learned to hate my old self now! How thankful I am that a certain little woman I know came and laid her fairy hands on me, and led me right, as only women and wives can! Strong, pure, loving hands they must be; if they are not, if they lead not the right way, but the wrong—Edna, if Julius goes to the bad, it will be Letty's doing."

"What is Letty's doing? and why is William

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in such a passion? Have I got into disgrace about the dinner again? I'm always getting into disgrace, I think. Nobody can please him but you, Edna."

Letty stood at the door with a pretty air of innocent sulkiness, her candle in her hand, which, while in the dusky twilight it hid from her the faces of her brother and sister, vividly displayed her own. Such a lovely face; more dazzling than ever in its expression of mischievous triumph. A face that, whether or not it could soothe or comfort a man, had assuredly in it the power to drive him wild.

"So you have nothing to say to me after all? And you both look exceedingly comfortable, and don't want me, I'm sure. Good-night, then, for I'm going to bed."

"I have something to say to you, sister Letty," replied William's grave voice. "Stay: for I had better say it at once."

Now, in her secret heart, Letty had a great respect for William. He was the only young man of her acquaintance who had come within fair reach of her charms and not succumbed to them; who had been to her the kindest of friends, but never a lover; over whom, well as he liked her and showed it, her fascinations had not the slightest influence. She knew it, and stood in awe of him accordingly.

She set down her candle, and answered rather meekly than otherwise:

"Well, if you are going to scold me I had better take a chair, for I am rather tired. Your brother kept me talking so very long. But, then, you told me to make him comfortable. And, really, Julius is so clever—so exceedingly amusing."

She spoke flippantly, and yet not unobservantly; she seemed wishful either to throw dust in her brother-in-law's eyes, or to find out how much he really knew of the state of things. But her finesse was all lost upon William. He said, bluntly and angrily,

"I wonder, Letty, you dare look me in the face and mention my brother's name."

"Dare! Why should I not?"

"You know why."

There was an awkward pause, and then Letty said, carelessly,

"Oh, if you mean because he once made me an offer and I refused him, as I have refused a dozen more. I couldn't help that, you know."

"No, and I never blamed you for it. But it ought to have been a plain, decisive 'No,' as I understood it was, and an end to the matter. Now—"

"Well, Dr. Stedman, and now?" mimicked Letty, half mischievously, and yet for some reason or other unwilling to betray herself until the very last.

"It isn't an easy thing to say to a lady; but I have eyes in my head," said William, much annoyed, "and, from what I saw this evening, I can only conclude—"

Letty began to laugh. "Oh, pray don't conclude any thing! You are so very particular."

William Stedman turned away in anger—in something worse than anger—contempt, and was quitting the room abruptly, when his wife caught his hand.

"Oh, stop! Letty, do explain things to him. Will, perhaps she meant nothing; or she may not quite know her own mind."

"Then she ought to know it; it is mere weakness if she does not. And in such cases weakness is wickedness. You women dance with lucifer matches over powder magazines. I beg your pardon, Miss Kenderdine. Your love affairs are no business of mine; nor should I take the liberty even of naming them, were it not that Julius happens to be my brother. I know him, and you do not. As I have just been saying to my wife, if you do not take care you will be the ruin of him."

"Shall I?" said Letty, a little frightened, and a little touched, also, for there is something in an honest man's righteous wrath which carries conviction to even the shallowest natures. "Perhaps I may be. I told him so; but it won't be in the way you imagine. I didn't mean to tell you—not just yet, for there's many a slip between the cup and the lip—and I know I am doing a very silly thing, which I didn't mean to do, only somehow he persuaded me; but— Well, brother Will," and she laughed and cast down her eyes, "instead of abusing me, you had better kiss and forgive me, for I'm not going to harm Julius. I promised I would marry him; that is, as soon as he can afford it."

She held out her hands in a pretty, beseeching way, and her eyes glistened with something not unlike tears; in truth, the beautiful Letty had not often looked so womanly and so sweet.

William was melted. He embraced her warmly, and said he was glad to have her as a double sister. As for Edna, she sprang to Letty's neck—almost forgetting the baby—and did—as women always do on these occasions; women who, judging others' hearts by their own, believe true love and happy marriage to be the utmost blessedness of life.

Then they all three settled down, as people will settle down from the highest tide of emotion to corresponding ebb, a little dull, perhaps, seeing that, after the first warm impulse, each of them had necessarily some reserve. Besides, they were not very romantic—at least, Will and Letty were not. As for Edna? Mercifully Heaven puts into some natures, especially those destined for a not easy life, a certain celestial leaven—a sense of the heroic, lovely, and divine—which the world calls romance, but which they themselves know to be that which sustains them in trial, braces them for bitter duties, comforts them when outside comforts are faint and few. Edna was a "romantic" woman. You saw it in her eyes. Whether she was the better or the worse for this her life showed.

"My darling, you look as pleased as if you were going to be married yourself."

"Do I, Will?" and she took a hand of her husband and sister—her two dearest on earth—

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and cast a fond look on a third small creature, still so much a piece of herself that she hardly regarded it as a separate existence at all. "Yes, never was a happier woman than I am this night, with you and baby, and Letty and Julius all right. Oh, how glad I am! How very glad I am!" and the wife's and mother's heart danced within her at all the joy that was coming to her sister.

"I know Julius will be a good husband, not so good as William—nobody could be that—but very, very kind and good. And, Letty, you will be his lady and his queen. Don't laugh. We are queens, we women—queens and handmaids too, and as royal when we serve as when we rule. It is only when we step down from our throne and turn into nautch-girls and harem slaves that we degrade ourselves and our husbands too."

"You are talking poetry, my love," said Will, with a tender patronizing. "And so I must turn the tables, and talk a little prose. Sister Letty, may I ask, when shall you and Julius be married?"

Letty didn't know. She hoped rather soon, as she had a great objection to long engagements.

"And what are you going to marry upon?"

"Ay, that is the difficulty which your brother and I were talking over just when you came in."

"What, already?" said Edna.

"Yes, why not? It was the most important point of the matter; for, as I told him, I have been poor all my life, and very uncomfortable I have found it, so I am determined when I marry it shall not be to poverty. I told Julius he must contrive to make an income—a good settled income—within a reasonable time, or our engagement must necessarily fall through. Though I should be sorry for that, for I do like Julius; he is handsomer than any body I ever knew—and so exceedingly amusing."

The husband and wife met each other's eyes with an anxious mournful meaning, and then hopelessly turned the matter off with a jest.

"Edna, my wife, I am afraid you are by no means the handsomest person of my acquaintance."

"Nor you the most amusing of mine."

"Yet, you see, Letty, we contrive to jog on together, but shall be delighted to be outdone by you and Julius. Let us reckon. Since the whole question apparently resolves itself into pounds, shillings, and pence—how much does he make a year—not counting—"

"Not counting your allowance to him, if you mean to refer to that. He told me of it to-night, but says he will not accept it any more."

"I did *not* mean it, but am very glad to hear it," returned William, gravely. "No man ought to marry upon another person's money. But how does he intend to manage without it?"

"That is the thing; and I wish you would try to persuade him," cried Letty, anxiously. "There is a matter on which I have been persuading him with all my might; in fact, I have told him I don't think I can marry him unless he does it."

"Does what?"

"Gives up art and takes to business."

"Takes to business—which he so dislikes!"

"Gives up art—which he loves so much!"

"You may say what you like, both of you," Letty replied to these exclamations, "but I know it would be the most prudent. I have said my say, and I mean to stick to it. He has grand ideas, poor fellow, about how well he should get on when we were married, and he had me for his model—his inspiration—his muse, I think he said, but I told him that was all nonsense; he had much better have me as the mistress of a good house, with every thing nice and comfortable about me. I should be happier, and he too. Now, William, don't you think so?"

"My dear sister, I have given up thinking much about these matters of you and Julius. I have no call to interfere or do any thing but offer my best wishes."

"And your advice—pray give him your advice," cried Letty, with more anxiety and eagerness than she had yet shown. "Make him understand how foolish he would be to reject Mr. Marchmont's offer—of entering his house of business, first as a salaried clerk, then becoming a junior partner."

"Did Mr. Marchmont really offer that? I wonder Julius never told me."

"He only told me to-night, or rather I told him; I heard it this morning. It was the first thing which made me think seriously of marrying him."

The excessive candor of Letty's worldliness often disarmed indignation. Dr. Stedman could hardly help smiling.

"Letty, you are the oddest girl I ever knew! Whatever else you may be, you are no hypocrite. And so you want me to help you in turning my brother's life clean upside down. Is he mad enough to do it, I wonder, for you or any woman alive?"

"I don't consider it mad; and I am almost sure he will do it for me. He had nearly promised me when you came into the room."

"Well, that is some consolation. It was not a kiss I intruded upon—only a bargain."

"William, do be serious!" cried Letty, really annoyed. "Can't you see what a good chance it is? Here is old Mr. Marchmont with no son—only Lily—"

"Perhaps he does it with an eye to Lily, as you hinted once she liked our Julius."

"Oh no, that was all a mistake;" and Letty tossed her head. "At least, Julius won't marry Lily—she is never likely to marry any body. For all her red cheeks, she is dying of consumption, and they know it."

"Poor thing—poor father and mother!" said Edna, stopping in her busy hushing of the baby to listen. "But perhaps she really liked Julius, and for her sake, even though she is dying, they wish to do him good."

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"That is your romantic version of the affair, but the plain sense of it is that Julius has received such an offer: if he accepts it, I'll marry him; if not, I won't. So there is an end of the matter. And now I'll go to bed."

But still she lingered, watching her brother and sister. Edna sat leaning against her husband; and he had his arm round both her and the child, his rugged, yet tender face looking down protectingly upon both. A pretty picture, unconsciously made, yet full of meaning, which even Letty saw. Something of nature —sweet, true, human nature — tugged at her heart-strings.

"Don't be vexed with me. I know I am not so good as you two. I can not, for my life, see things as you do; but I'll try my best, indeed I will. Please don't be angry with me."

And sliding to her knees, she laid her cheek on Edna's lap—or, rather, on the baby—and kissed the sleeping hands which lay there curled like tiny rose-leaves. God knows what was in the woman's mind; perhaps a momentary gleam —all womanly—of that maternal instinct which in some women is stronger even than conjugal love—exists before it, and long survives it; or, possibly, only a sudden thought of how far removed she was both from her sister and from that innocent babyhood, fresh from heaven, which none of us can look at without wonder and awe. But there she knelt, and shed on the tiny hand and pretty white frock—her own working — more than one tear; maybe the purest, honestest tears that Letty Kenderdine ever shed.

"Go away, William, please," whispered Edna; and when the door closed upon him she took her sister in her arms, wished her happiness anew, and, moreover, told her how to earn it and keep it—as women well-beloved always can. The listener, if she did not understand much, at least listened with a tender, touched expression; and when the two sisters parted for the night they felt more thoroughly sisters, more near together than they had ever done in their lives.

For William, he followed his first natural impulse, snatched up his hat, and, late as it was, went off straight to his brother's lodgings.

It was still dusk, not dark; and through the balmy summer night the nightingales were singing shrill and clear—as they used to sing twenty years ago from the tall trees of Holland Park. But Kensington High Street shone all a-glare with gas-light still, for it was Saturday night; and filing through it and its wretched-looking crowds came a string of grand carriages from some entertainment at the Palace. Dr. Stedman looked carelessly in at the lovely faces and flashing diamonds, and thought of the little figure in the sofa-corner, and the other one, as yet scarcely to him an entity at all, asleep on her lap. His heart leaped—the husband's and father's heart. He had tasted the life of life: he could afford to let its empty shows go by.

With a blithe step Will entered his brother's room—half parlor, half studio—which, though a good room in a handsome house, was always strewn with what the doctor called artistic rubbish. Still Julius's keen sense of beauty and fitness had hither kept it in some sort of order. Now it had none. Utter neglect, all but squalid untidiness, were its sole characteristics; and the owner sat alone, not even smoking, though the room was redolent of stale tobacco, but lolling on the table, his head hidden upon his arms, so absorbed, or else half asleep, that he did not even notice the opening door.

"Hollo, old fellow, what's the matter with you? A pretty sight I find you, after turning out at this late hour just to wish you joy."

"Wish me joy!" Julius sprang to his feet, his flushed face gleaming wildly. "What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean, you deceitful, shut-up, unbrotherly fellow, not to tell me what I should be so glad to hear? Of course she told."

"What did she say?"

William laughed, though a little vexed at this excessive reticence, till the agony of suspense in Julius's face startled him.

"Don't mock me, Will; tell me what she said — what she really thinks. For, before Heaven, I declare to you this minute I have no idea whether she will take me or not. I only knew that if she does not—" He laughed hoarsely, and made a sharp, quick sound with his mouth, like the click of a pistol.

"Don't be a fool," said Will, angrily; then clapped him on the shoulder. "You are a fool, of course; we are all fools in our day about some woman or other. But cheer up; you'll get what you want. Letty said distinctly to her sister and to me that you and she were engaged to be married."

Evidently Julius had been strung up to such a pitch of excitement and despair, that, with this sudden reaction, his self-control entirely left him. He threw himself back in his chair, covered his face with his hand, and sobbed like a woman or a child. Alas! there was about him, and would be till the day of his death, much both of the woman and the child.

Will walked to the window. If the young man had been any one else— But all his life Julius had won from him an exceptional tenderness. The look of slight contempt faded from his face, leaving it only grave and sad; and it was a kind and cheery hand he laid on his brother's shoulder once more.

"Come, come, Ju! this is not exactly the way to begin life; for you are beginning it quite anew, as every man does when he is engaged to be married. I give you joy, my lad, and so does Edna!"

"Thank you both."

The brothers shook hands, brotherly and friendly; and then, without more waste of emotion, Will plunged into the practical side of the affair, asked Julius what were his future plans, and especially what was that offer of Mr.

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Marchmont's to which Letty had alluded, and which seemed too extraordinary to be true.

"Yes, it is quite true. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

And then, with some natural and not discreditable hesitation, he confided to his brother one of those romances in real life which, when we authors hear of and compare with those we invent, we smile to think that were we to make our fiction half as strange as truth nobody would read us.

The rich merchant's only child had fallen in love with the poor artist, frantically, desperately, and held to him with a persistent passion that, being concealed, came in time to sap the very springs of life. In fact, she was dying—merry, rosy-faced Lily Marchmont—dying literally of a broken heart. How far Julius was to blame nobody could say: he himself declared that he was not—that he had never made love to her, never intended such a thing. And when at last—Lily's secret being discovered—her miserable parents betrayed it to him, and made him this proposal for her sake, he declined it. Whatever he had done, he did the right thing now. He was too honorable to degrade a woman by marrying her for mere pity, when he felt not an atom of love.

"You did right," said Will, with energy. "And all this was going on, and we knew nothing. You kept it so close. What you must have suffered, my poor fellow!"

"Never mind me; there's another I think of much more. Poor little thing! God forgive me for all the misery I have caused her!" And could she have seen Julius then, Lily might have felt herself half avenged.

"Does she know about Letty?"

"Yes; I told her—clear and plain. It was the only honest thing to do. But it signifies little now: she is dying; and before she dies she wants her parents to adopt me as a son—to take me into the house of business, either in London or Calcutta—only fancy my going out to Calcutta!—first as a clerk, with a rising salary, and, then as a partner. She settled it all, poor girl, and her father came and implored me to accept. But I never thought of it, not for one minute, till they told Letty, and Letty urged me to agree. She has no scruples about poor little Lily."

"And Lily?"

"Lily only thinks of Letty—that is, of me through her. She wants me to be happy with Letty when she is gone. Oh it's a queer world!"

Will thought so too, as he recalled the merry little girl, whose governess his wife had been, who had now and then come to his house, and whom he knew Edna was fond of—rich, bright, prosperous Lily Marchmont—dying. He looked at the haggard face which even happiness could not brighten much: he remembered his talk with Letty that night—Letty, who considered it almost a misfortune to marry Julius—and the strange incongruities and inequalities of life forced themselves upon his mind. Yet perhaps things were less unequal than they seemed. Perhaps in the awfully uncertain future there might come a time when Lily Marchmont in her grave would be more happy than either Letty or Julius.

However, to forecast thus mournfully was worse than useless—wrong. Will rose.

"I must go now. My wife will wonder where I am. Yes, lad, as you say, it is a queer world; but we must make the best of it. You'll come over to breakfast to-morrow?"

Julius hesitated.

"Of course you must. Letty will expect you."

Poor fellow—how his whole countenance glowed! Yes, that was the one thing certain in all this perplexity. Julius was deeply, devotedly in love; and out of a man in such a condition can be made any thing good or bad.

"You're very far gone—quite over head and ears, I see," said Will, smiling. "I wonder you never told me till now."

"How could I, while I had nothing to tell, except that I was perfectly mad? She kept me in a state something like Tantalus or Ixion, or some of those poor ghosts that I've been trying to paint here. I ought to be successful in painting hell; these six months I have assuredly been in it."

"You're out of it now, though, old fellow; so cheer up and forget it. You'll be all right soon. A man is not half a man till he is married; and when he is, he may face the whole world. That's my opinion and experience. Now I'm off. Good-night!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Julius accepted Mr. Marchmont's offer, and Letty Kenderdine accepted him. That is, conditionally, promising to marry him as soon as his income warranted what she called a "comfortable establishment." The exact sum, or the exact date, she declined to give, and she wished the engagement to be kept as private as possible. "For," said she, "who knows what might happen? and then it would be so very awkward."

So they were betrothed, to use the good old word—now almost as obsolete as the thing—and two days afterward Lily Marchmont died, slipping away, quietly and happily, to a world which long sickness had made to her a far nearer world than this. Her former governess, Mrs. Stedman, was with her at her death-bed, and mourned her affectionately and long.

Julius also, let him not be too harshly judged. For many days after Lily's death, even amidst his own first flush of happiness, he looked pale and sad; and while playing the devoted lover sudden glooms would come over him, which Letty could not in the least understand, and which affronted her extremely. Doubtless she was very proud of him and his prospects; for in her secret heart she had always looked down

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upon the profession of an artist as not quite the thing—not exactly respectable. Besides, how could it ever have supplied the house in Phillimore Place, or some place like it, upon which she had set her heart, and which she furnished and refurnished, imaginarily, a dozen times a day? Likewise, her mind was greatly occupied by her future carriage, and the difficulty of deciding whether it should be a brougham or a britska, Julius being gloriously indifferent to both. But all these splendors loomed in the distance; his present income was only £300 a year—a sum upon which Letty declared it was quite impossible to marry.

So she lived on in her brother-in-law's house, and her lover in his lodgings hard by, meeting every day, and enjoying, or they might have enjoyed, to their fullest content, the sweet May-time of courtship; when restless hearts gain strength and calm, and true hearts grow together, learning many a lesson of patience and forbearance, self-distrust and self-denial, from which they may benefit all their lives to come, if they so choose.

But these two were rather uncomfortable lovers. They did not "shake down together," as Will insisted they must be left to do, without any interference from the sympathetic Edna, to whom—luckless little sister!—they both came in their never-ending small "tiffs," forsaking her, of course, when the troubles were over. No doubt Julius was madly in love still, which, considering the silly things Letty often said and did, and how little of real companionship there was between them—affianced lovers though they were—sometimes roused Edna's surprise. But she comforted herself by the common excuse that tastes differ, and people who seem the most glaringly dissimilar to others, often between themselves find a similarity and suitability which makes them grow together, and in the end become perfectly united and happy.

"As, truly, I hope Letty and Julius will be," repeated Edna for the twentieth time, concluding a talk on this subject with the only person to whom she ever confided it. "Dearest, what a mercy it is that each one thinks his or her choice best, and nobody ever wishes for anybody else's wife or husband!"

Will laughed; it was impossible to help it; but as he kissed her earnest, innocent eyes—as innocent as her baby's eyes—he thanked Heaven for the safe assuredness of his own lot, even though at the same time he half sighed over the uncertainty of his brother's.

Dr. Stedman was no poetical optimist, or purblind dreamer; just an honest, ordinary man, working hard among the world of men, with his eyes wide open—as a doctor's must be—to all its misery and sin, yet shrinking from neither; walking straight on, through foul ways and clean, with a steady, upright, pure heart, as an honest man can do. But being thus sadly wise, and seeing only too far into the depths of things, made him more than ever anxious over his brother Julius.

For the first few months of his engagement Julius seemed happy. He had gained, as he said, his heart's desire; and he was young enough to bear a little of hope deferred. His changed career he did not actually dislike. Either he had a little wearied of unsuccessful Art, and business, with its settledness and regularity, had a soothing and strengthening effect on his excitable temperament; but he vowed that his "erratic" days were done, dubbed himself a regular "city man," came home punctually; and daily, as the clock struck eight, his little, slender, lissome figure might be seen hurrying round the street corner, and his quick, impetuous knock was heard through the evening quiet of Dr. Stedman's house. Then he would just put in his smiling face to what was formerly a consulting-room, then the dining-room, and afterward the domain of Edna and baby; would give a brotherly jest or two, and leap up stairs, three steps at a time, to the drawing-room, where sat, always sweetly smiling and prettily dressed, his expectant Letty.

They were pleasant days, these courtship days; and a pleasant sight were the two lovers—when in their good moods—both so handsome, light-hearted, and bright. Still dark days did come—they come soon enough in all loves, and all lives—and then Edna had a hard time of it. Yet still, in her fond romance, her earnest faith in the saving power of love, she put up with every thing, hoping for the best, and determined to do so till the end.

Which end, after six months of love-making, seemed as far off as ever, until an unexpected turn of affairs brought it to a crisis.

One January night Julius came in, "all in the sulks," as Letty called it—one of those moods to which he was so liable, and to escape which his betrothed always, as now, ensconced herself behind the safe shelter of the family circle, and sewed away, unconscious, or pretending unconsciousness, of the sad, passionate, beseeching looks which followed her every movement. She had grown used to his devotion—it was nothing new now; and the silly woman threw away as dross that which some other woman—poor Lily Marchmont, for instance—might have gathered up and stored as the wealth of two lives.

But Letty stitched and stitched, wholly occupied with the effect of her white tarlatan and pink ribbons.

"And, after all, I shall have to ruin it in a common street cab. How very provoking! Will, do you ever mean to set up your carriage?"

"You would not benefit much by it, Letty," returned Will, rather gruffly, since from behind his newspaper he often saw more than he was given credit for. "I suppose you will not live with us always."

"Heigh-ho! It looks very like it."

Julius winced. "That is not my fault, Letty, as well you know. May I tell William and Edna what I was telling you yesterday, and ask their opinion?"

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"If you like; but I take nobody's opinion. I said, and I say it still, that five hundred a year is actual poverty. Look at Edna; she has not, to my certain knowledge, had a new dress these six months."

"Because she wanted none," said Edna, hastily. "But come, Julius, your news! Has Mr. Marchmont raised your salary? He told me he should; you were so clever—had taken to business so aptly—were sure to get on."

Julius shook his head despondently. "He thinks so, but Letty doesn't. She will not trust herself to me—not even with five hundred a year."

"No," said Letty, setting her lovely lips together in the hard line they would sometimes exhibit. "You may all preach as you like, but I don't approve of poverty; and any thing is poverty under a thousand a year."

"Then we may as well part at once!" cried Julius, violently.

Letty stopped her sewing, to turn round upon him a placid smile.

"Indeed, my dear Julius, I sometimes think that would be by far our best course."

Julius answered nothing. His very lips grew white; his anger ceased; he was ready to humble himself in the dust at Letty's feet.

"Letty, how can you?" whispered Edna in passing. "You speak as if you did not love him at all."

"Oh yes, I do," returned Letty, carelessly, as she devoted all her energies to her last pink bow. "But he might wait a little longer for me without grumbling. He is not near so wretched as he makes himself out to be—has comfortable lodgings—heaps of friends."

"Take care. Better not drive me back to my 'friends.'"

"Why, Julius? Were they so very—"

"Never mind what they were—I have done with them now. Only keep me from going back to them. Dearest, if you wish to save me, keep me beside you. Take me, and make the best of me, my Letty—my only love!"

The latter words were in a whisper of passionate appeal, such as a man sometimes makes to a woman—a cry for help, strength, salvation, such as she, and she only, can bring. But this woman heard it with deaf, ignorant ears, neither understanding nor heeding.

"Oh, my dress—my beautiful new dress—you are trampling over it, ruining it! Julius, do get away!"

He moved aside at once.

"I beg your pardon," and the old satirical manner returned. "I ought to have remembered that woman's first object in life is—clothes."

But the next instant, when Letty rose to quit the room, he threw himself between her and the door.

"Have I vexed you? Oh, say you are not displeased with me. It will kill me if you quit me in anger. Oh, Letty, I will work like a horse in a mill to get you all you want."

"I am sure I want nothing, except not to be married just yet—until you can make me comfortable," said Letty, in an injured tone. "And you do worry me so" (which perhaps was true enough). "It's very hard for me."

"It is hard." Then suddenly and impetuously, "Would you like to get rid of me? Because—there is a way. No, not that way," seeing Letty looked really frightened. "I am not such a fool, though I have sometimes said it. And the other way would be almost as sure. Mr. Marchmont could secure me a thousand a year—your great ambition—if I would at once go out to India for—let us say twenty years."

"Go out to India—for twenty years!" cried Edna. "Oh, Julius, surely you would never think of such a dreadful thing!"

"Is it so dreadful, my kind little sister?" replied Julius, tenderly. "But Letty, my own Letty, what does she say?"

Letty had turned eagerly round, on the point of speaking, but when her sister spoke she drew back a little ashamed.

"Of course, as Edna says, it would be a very dreadful thing in some ways; especially at first; but you might get used to it. And consider, if you were to make your fortune, as Mr. Marchmont did—as people who go out to India always do—"

"And you would share it? Or"—a new idea seemed to strike the desperate lover—"you might help me to win it. Tell me, if I went out to India would you go too?"

Letty looked down demurely. "Perhaps I might. I don't know. I always had a fancy for India, where one could ride in a palanquin, and have plenty of diamonds and beautiful shawls. Yes, perhaps I might be persuaded to go—some time."

Julius covered her hand with grateful kisses, and Letty allowed herself to be led back to the fireside, where the project was entered into seriously in family conclave.

But, in truth, Letty, assuming for the first time in her life a will of her own, decided the question. In one of those rare fits of resolution which the weak and irresolute take, she had convinced herself that going to India was the best thing possible for herself and Julius. "Herself and Julius." Her unconscious wording of the matter was the key to it all.

For Julius, all places were alike to him, so that he had Letty beside him—Letty wholly his own. He betrayed even a wild delight at the idea of having her all to himself—away from all her kith and kin, in the mysterious depths of India. He was in that condition when the one passion, less a passion than a monomania, swallows up every lesser feeling—overwhelms and determines all. So, after discussing the point inconclusively until past midnight, he went away, and came back next evening at his usual hour with the brief words, "I have done it."

"Done what?" asked Letty.

"Exactly what you wished me to do. I have

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arranged with Mr. Marchmont to go out to Calcutta. And now, my dearest, you can set about your preparations at once."

"Preparations for what?" said Letty, innocently.

"Our marriage. We must be married and go out in three weeks—only three weeks. Oh, my Letty, my Letty!"

He clasped her in his arms, almost beside himself with joy.

But Letty drew back, primly protesting, "She had had no idea of such a thing. She did not like being married in such a hurry. How could she possibly get her things ready? Besides, she had never promised—she was quite certain she had never promised. No, if he went, he must go by himself."

Julius stood literally aghast.

"What have I done? Oh, Edna!" for seeing him turn deadly white, Edna had sprung up from her work, and caught him by the arm. "Edna, this is what comes of trusting a woman."

And then ensued one of those scenes—only too common now—of anguish, bitterness, protestation, appeals, ending by Letty's being moved to tears, and Julius to contrite despair accordingly. Edna said nothing; they had both grown quite careless of her presence at such times; and how could she, or any third person, interfere between them? She was only thankful William was not by—William, who had not so much patience as she. But she trembled as she thought of the future of these two lovers, who made love not a blessing, but a torment—a burden, almost a curse. If it were thus before marriage, what would it be afterward?

Presently the storm lulled. For once Letty had overstrained her power. Even in this Armida's garden where she held him bound, the poor Rinaldo began to feel blindly for his old armor, and to struggle under his flowery chains.

"It is of no use talking, I must go, and by the next mail. I promised Mr. Marchmont; and I will keep my promise. Am I not right, Edna?" And he walked across the room to her.

She held out her hand to him. "Yes, I think you are."

Then Letty, seeing her sceptre slipping from her, gave way a little, and said, in a complaining tone:

"You are all very unkind to me. How can I go out in three weeks? And to be married and left behind a 'widow bewitched,' as Julius proposes, would be dreadful. If he would go first, and make all comfortable for me, and I could follow in six months or a year; young ladies often do it under proper escort."

"And would you—oh, my darling—would you come out to me all alone?"

And Julius, again in the seventh heaven of rapturous devotion, was ready to consent to any thing, if only he might win her, even thus.

The matter was settled, and Letty having got every thing her own way, made herself sweet as summer to her lover, who hung upon her every look and word; so that the brief intervening time before his departure was the smoothest and happiest of his whole courtship. This, without any hypocrisy on Letty's part; for she was really touched with his devotedness. And besides, in great crises, people rise to their best selves; and many a love which would soon wax meagre and threadbare in the daily wear and tear of life, drapes itself heroically and beautifully enough at the supreme hour of parting.

So Julius sat, in his last evening at an English fireside—his brother's, of course; for he declared that beyond it was not a single soul whom he cared to say good-by to; sat, not broken-hearted by any means, for the excitement of this sudden step, and his eager anticipations in his new career, seemed to deaden pain. Still, he kept desperate hold of Letty's hand, and gazed continually in her face with that eager passionate gaze, half of artist, half of lover, neither of which seemed ever to tire of its beauty. And now it wore a softness and tenderness which made parting grow into a delirious ecstasy, less of grief than joy.

Edna and William were not sad neither. Their long suspense over these two was apparently ended; the future looked bright and clear; nor did they blame the lovers for a somewhat selfish enjoyment therein. For they knew, none better, this happy husband and wife, that those who mean to become such, have a right to be all in all to each other, to go out cheerfully together into the wide world, and feel all lesser separations but as a comparatively little thing.

"Yes," Will said to his brother; "I'm glad you're going—thoroughly glad. You may have your health better in India than here, if you take care. And you will have a wife to take care of you. You will do well, no doubt—perhaps come back a nabob before your twenty years are out. And though I may be old and gray-headed before I see you again, still, my lad, I say, I'm glad you're going."

Thus talked he, to keep his own and every body else's spirits up, while quick as lightning the final minutes flew by. Edna sat behind the tea-urn in her customary place, and was waited upon by Julius in the long-familiar way. He tried so hard to be good and sweet to her, and to pay attention to her baby, who, not to detain the mother, had been brought down unlawfully, cradle and all, to a corner of the drawing-room, where he contributed his best to the hilarity of the evening by sleeping soundly all through it.

"Poor little man! he will actually be a man, or nearly so, before I set eyes on him again. I only hope, Edna dear, that he will grow up a better man than his namesake. And yet not so—" Julius turned round, his countenance all glowing. "Not a better man than I mean to grow—than *she* will help to make me."

Letty smiled—her sweet, unmeaning, contented smile—and that was all.

She sat by her lover's side—sat and looked pretty; did not talk much, except to give a few

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earnest advices about practical things; the sort of house—or bungalow, she believed they called it—which she should like him to take; the number of servants and horses which they should keep—all which facts she was found to have informed herself upon very accurately. She promised, faithfully and affectionately, to get her "things"—which seemed her chief care—ready without delay, so as to follow by the first feasible opportunity; and she begged Julius to write her every particular about Calcutta, and every information necessary for her own voyage thither.

But she never once said, as some fond, foolish women might have said, "Take care of yourself—the dear self which is all the world to me."

Thus passed, in the strange unreality of all parting hours, this last evening, as if every succeeding evening would be just like it, and its cheerful chat, its quiet fireside pleasure, would come all over again next night, instead of never coming again in all this mortal life; as by no human possibility could it come—just as now—to these four.

At last Dr. Stedman looked at his watch. There was only time to catch the train to Southampton, whence Julius was to embark the following morning.

"I'll close up your portmanteau for you, Julius, my lad; you never could do it for yourself, even when we were at school. Come, Edna, come and help me."

Edna, shutting the door close behind her, followed her husband; and as she stooped over him while he was fastening the valise, she kissed him softly on the shoulder. He turned and kissed her also, both feeling, as in moments of sharp pain like this all such married lovers must feel, the one intense unspeakable thankfulness that "naught but death parts thee and me."

"Julius, ready?" Will called outside the drawing-room door, and shortly afterward his brother appeared, Letty likewise. She looked pale, and was crying a little. For him—never as long as they lived did Edna and William forget the look in Julius's face.

"Now, not a minute to spare," Edna said, as she threw her arms round her brother-in-law's neck and kissed him fondly, forgetting all his little faults, remembering only that, to her at least, he had never been aught but brotherly and good. "Take care of yourself! oh, do take care of yourself!"

"Take care of *her!*" he answered, hoarsely. Then staggering blindly forward, indifferent to all beholders, he snatched frantically to his bosom the woman whom he so madly loved.

"Oh, be true to me!" he gasped. "For God's sake be true to me! Edna, don't let her forget me! Letty, remember your promise—your faithful promise!"

"I will!" said Letty, with a sob, and offered her lips for the last kiss. It was given in a frenzy of passion and grief; then Will took his brother by the arm, and lifted rather than led him to the cab at the door—and they were gone.

* * * * * *

About nine months after this night a group of three persons found themselves all in the gloom of a muggy, disagreeable November evening at the entrance-gate of one of the docks of East London, whence trading vessels start for the Indies. It was William Stedman, his wife, and her sister. They groped and stumbled through the dirty devious ways, guided by a man with a lantern, which showed dimly the great black hulls of ships laid up in dry dock, or the ghostly outline of masts and rigging. Strange, queer noises came through the dark—of men shouting and swearing, the lading of cargo, the tramp of horses and carts.

"What a horrid place! Oh, I wish I had never come here! I wish I were not going away at all!"

"Never despair, Letty! Take my arm! We are safe now. This is certainly the *Lily Marchmont.*"

For by the *Lily Marchmont*—strange, pathetic coincidence—Letty Kenderdine was going out to India to be married to her lover.

Julius had waited—been compelled to wait—until some good opportunity offered for the safe-conduct of his bride; for Letty was not the person to do any thing without a due regard to both comfort and propriety. Indeed she delayed as long as she could, until all possible excuse for hesitation was removed by the offer of a passage in this ship, which belonged to the firm, and was taking out to Calcutta Mr. Marchmont's nephew and his young wife. With them Letty could reside until she was married, and the wedding could take place from their house with all *éclat*, for they were well-to-do and very kindly people.

So the matter was settled; though Letty might have lingered yet longer, had not the strain of narrow means and an increasing family rendered her brother-in-law's house a less desirable home for her than even the comparatively small establishment which awaited her in India. New clothes were now scarcer than ever to poor Mrs. Stedman; they were all wanted for little Julius, and for another little child that was to come by-and-by, not long after Aunt Letty was gone. In Edna's face was increasing, day by day, the anxious, worn look which all mothers have at times, and never wholly lose—never can lose—until their sons and daughters close the coffin-lid upon the heart that can suffer no more. Still, when Letty said to her sister, as often she did, "Oh, Edna, I wonder you ever married!" there would come such a light into the thin face—such a holy patience and thankful content—as none but wives and mothers ever know.

But the cares of Dr. Stedman's household were numerous enough to lessen his sister-in-law's regret at leaving it. She did regret a little, clinging to them both with a curious fitful tenderness as the time went by; but still she made up her mind—and her trousseau, absorb-

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ing therein all her own money, which William had carefully kept for her, declaring that her help in his house was a full equivalent to him for her residence there—and departed. Not, however, without many complainings and self-pityings, even to the final moment; when after a visible hesitation, as if at the very last she were half inclined to draw back, poor Letty climbed up from the gloomy dry-dock side to the still gloomier deck of the *Lily Marchmont*.

But when they descended to the bright, cheerful, handsomely fitted-up cabin, where every thing had been arranged for the comfort of the young married couple and her own, her spirits revived. Her fair looks made her at once popular with strangers, and as she stood talking to the young Marchmonts—after being briefly introduced to the only two other passengers, a little fat elderly Dutchman and a lady, his sister, who were to be landed at the Cape of Good Hope—Letty Kenderdine was herself again. Well dressed—for she had made the utmost of her small means, and even contrived a little present or two from Aunt Letty to the baby that she would not see; well-preserved, and, though past her first youth, much younger-looking than Edna, Miss Kenderdine shed quite a sunshine of feminine beauty abroad in the little cabin. Her sister, forgetting all parting pain, smiled to think what a sunshine she would also bring to poor Julius, yearning for her so terribly in his busy, lonely, anxious life of amassing wealth—wealth that perhaps he, with his careless artist temperament, might never have cared for, certainly never would have struggled for, excepting for her sake.

But Letty herself seemed less absorbed in the future than in the present. When her four fellow-passengers quitted the cabin, to allow her in quiet a few farewell words with her own friends, she glanced after them depreciatingly.

"Good people, I dare say, but dull, very dull. I am afraid I shall have a dreary voyage. I wish I had taken the overland route—if only I could have afforded it. Oh, Edna, the misery of poverty!"

And then, struck with a sudden compunction—a sudden impulse of tenderness for these two, so contentedly bearing theirs, and sharing with her, for these last two years and more, every little comfort they had, Letty flung herself into her sister's arms.

"Oh forgive me! You have been so good to me, both of you. I'll never forget you—never! Do not forget me."

"No, no!" said William, as he hurried his wife away, for he saw that the trial of parting was more than she could bear. "Kiss her, Letty, and bid her good-by."

But—the sharp, final wrench over—he himself came back again, to say a last kind word to his sister-in-law, on whom depended his brother's whole future in this world.

"Letty," whispered he, very earnestly, "I trust you. Make Julius happy. Remember, his happiness all rests with you."

"I know that."

"Never forget it. Be to him all that my wife is to me. Good-by! God bless you!"

Letty leaned over the ship's side, violently sobbing.

"Go back into the cabin, Letty dear," Dr. Stedman called out. "Is there nobody who will be kind enough to take charge of my sister?"

"May I assist you, Miss?" said a funny Dutch voice, and William thankfully consigned her to the care of the elderly merchant.

Next morning, spreading her white wings in the winter sunrise, and moving as gracefully as when a poor little hand, now mere dust, had given her her christening libation, the *Lily Marchmont* weighed anchor and sailed away to the under world.

THE RELIEF.

SOMETIMES at night when on my bed,
Wrapt round with sleep, I seem to hear
In dreams the slow and measured tread
Of soldiers drawing near.

All round the night is hung with gloom;
The murky air is chill and damp;
And grim and dark the shadows loom
About the sleeping camp.

Nearer and nearer o'er the ground
Close, even step the soldiers keep;
Heard with a hollow, falling sound
Distinctly in my sleep.

They reach the tent wherein I seem
Once more, as oft of old, to lie;
And in the net-work of my dream
With steady tramp go by.

At last they near the sentry's beat;
I hear his order sharply sound:
"Halt!" and no more the marching feet
Re-echo o'er the ground.

I hear, or seem at least to hear,
His challenge, uttered stern and brief;
The answer, spoken low and clear;
And know 'tis the Relief:

And waking find it but a dream,
Born of the cloud of Battle past,
Whose fringes brightened with the gleam
Of Peace that dawned at last.

Oh hearts, borne down by grief and care,
Yearning and praying for the light,
Watchful as anxious sentries, where
You stand hung round with night;

Who let no doubtful step come near
Without the challenge, stern and brief;
Who listen, but who never hear
The tread of the Relief—

Sooner or later it will fall,
Through the thick darkness drawing nigh,
And to your earnest challenge-call
Shall angel lips reply.

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STREET PAVEMENTS.

IT would seem as if the magnificent and astonishing results of railroad locomotion might earlier have taught us an important principle in the construction of pavements. There is something almost astounding in the fact that such an enormous weight is carried forward with a propelling power so simple as that of steam. But the secret lies in the fact that so little friction is opposed in the perfectly smooth surface of the iron rail. It would be a curious and important achievement could we compute the amount of force which is lost in the propulsion of vehicles over the stone pavements now in use, and the advantages which would be gained in the substitution of a material which affords little or no resistance to the movement of the wheels. When we take into consideration the force that is expended, and the physical injury sustained by animals in their effort to maintain a foothold upon the slippery stones, as in the Russ pavement, and the loss of power and strain upon their limbs as in the insecure cobble-stone pavement; and further, when we estimate the resistance which is offered by the inequalities of the surface in both one and the other, and especially in the latter, it is not an extravagant statement to say that, in comparison with that of the wooden pavement, it costs the people in the city of New York alone every day hundreds of thousands of dollars.

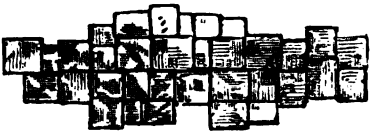
That these wretched pavements are an injury and obstruction it does not need any labored or scientific argument to prove. We see its practical illustration every day. The traveler journeying in the outskirts of our cities will drive half a mile out of his way to get from the paved street on to a dirt road. The teamster, with his load of cotton bales or sacks of grain, will tell you that it requires two horses to haul the load on Broadway which is easily transported by one horse over the wooden pavement on Nassau Street.



COBBLE-STONE.

The round, slippery cobble-stone is not only unequal in form in itself, but, where there is any amount of travel upon it, there are frequent depressions which, in a little while, increase into huge holes, which become sinks of unhealthy deposits and the most efficient of carriage-smashers. To the traveler its jar and jolt and rattle is extremely uncomfortable.

The Belgian pavement is open to the same objections, yet in some ways is an improvement on the cobble-stone. It is made of small blocks of stone some four inches square, which do not, when carefully laid upon the street, offer the same inequalities as the other; yet after a little use they become as slippery as glass, and the spectacle is witnessed on Broadway every day of the miserable animals who, striving to haul their loaded omnibuses or wagons, slip and slide to one side and the other, and finally fall down with broken limbs, and then it is the truest mercy to kill the poor beasts at once.



BELGIAN PAVEMENT.

We have discussed at some length the objections to stone as a paving material, because, while it has been more used than any other, it undoubtedly has been the most useless. We will not refer to roads built of one and another kind of concrete, because they are not practicable for the traffic of large cities, even if they are desirable in the country in preference to a good dirt road.

Several years ago there was an experiment made in Nassau Street, New York, of an iron pavement, which was octagonal in form, honeycombed at the top and grooved at the sides, so that the blocks fitted into each other; but this pavement proved a failure—a pressure upon one side of a block at once threw it out of position, and in a little while the entire pavement was broken up.

There are few questions concerning the internal commerce of our cities of more importance than that of the proper construction of our roads and street pavements. In our large cities this subject involves the important considerations of health, comfort, and economy; and the experiences under which our communities have suffered, of one and another kind of pavement which have exhibited more or less of disadvantages, not only warn us what to avoid, but have at the same time taught us what we most need. The most perfect construction of street pavement includes several absolute requirements. It must be durable as against decay, and to withstand the pressure and increasing wear and tear of the traffic of the thoroughfares of our cities. It should be firm and smooth, for the comfort of the traveler and to permit the easy transit of heavily-loaded vehicles; at the same time it should give a firm foothold for animals, so that they may be able to transport their burdens in wet or dry weather without slipping down at the cost of life and limb. Another important requirement is that, while it possesses all the others, it should be so constructed that after it has been put down it can be taken up again, so that sewers can be laid and gas and water pipes rapidly repaired, and again replaced without interruption to business and without injury to the pavement itself.

This problem of the best way to pave the streets has for a long while been discussed in the cities of Europe, and many costly experiments have been made in iron, stone, concrete,

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wood, etc., but never with any very successful result. The city of Paris lies under peculiar disadvantages in this matter. The only stone within economical carrying distance is a soft limestone, which crumbles at the least abrasion; and the so-called Macadamized streets in wet weather are thick with mud, and in dry weather fill the air with thin, blinding, choking dust. They have tried also what is known as the "Asphaltum" pavement, which is smooth and pleasant as a means of transit, but which is expensive, is not easily removed, is but measurably durable, and has been abandoned. In London the streets are paved with small blocks of hard stone, which answers somewhat to that of the Belgian pavement used in our cities; but while the work is much more perfectly done there than here, yet it meets with the same objection which we have stated above to the use of stone for street pavement, in the injury to animals from slipping and falling; in the destruction of vehicles; in its discomfort to the traveler, and in the rapidity with which it gets out of repair.

It is another evidence of the mechanical genius of our people, that, by the ingenious application and preparation of wood, we have obtained the most perfect pavement that has ever yet been constructed. The application of wood in street pavement has met with the opposition of ignorance and selfish interests, which almost always obstruct the introduction of any great public improvement, but frequent experiments have incontestably proven its superiority.

There are two kinds of wooden pavement which are prominently before the public. One known as the "Nicolson," and another, and subsequent invention, known as the "Stafford" pavement. The Nicolson pavement we will not describe in detail, because it is well-known to our readers, who, any time within the last few years, may have seen it in process of construction in our streets. The Stafford pavement is a later invention, and claims to possess superior advantages over that of the Nicolson, while its cost is about the same.

There is so much of public interest in this subject that we will proceed to give a detailed description of Mr. Stafford's ingenious improvements, with a few pictorial illustrations in order to make it more clear to the reader.

In the first place, all the wood used is subjected to a preservative process known as "Seely's," by which every particle of moisture is ejected from the wood, and its place supplied with a material which is sometimes called "mineral kreosote," by reason of its remarkable antiseptic properties. In fact, it is one of the properties of coal-tar, and contains a series of compounds, the best known of which are, carbolic and cresylic acids, which, whenever in the presence of organic matter, render decay, putrefaction, and fermentation quite impossible. In addition to the specific antiseptics the mineral kreosote contains oily substances, which, like ordinary turpentine, linseed oil, and balsams, have the property of solidifying or changing into resins by the absorption of oxygen from the air, thus filling up the pores of the wood, making it dense, tough, and impervious to water. We will not discuss here the question as to the value of this process for preserving wood, because it not only has the indorsement of the wisest chemists here and in Europe, but because a similar process has stood the successful test of more than twenty years of use in Europe, and it is now largely adopted in America. Both in its tensile power and in its economy and durability, it possesses incontestable advantages.

In its method of construction the Stafford pavement embodies new and valuable principles. It will be remembered that the Nicolson pavement is put together on the street, that the upright blocks of wood are set upon a board floor, and then fastened together by horizontal pieces of board nailed to the blocks, thus covering the street from curb-stone to curb-stone with a united mass, which, so long as it is undisturbed, is durable and gives a smooth easy pavement, but it is so secured and nailed together that it can not be taken up for purposes of repair without cutting and breaking some of its parts, which can not easily be replaced and made smooth and regular again. With its many merits this is the greatest objection which has been made to the Nicolson pavement.



NICOLSON PAVEMENT.

The Stafford pavement is composed of blocks of pine seven inches deep by four inches thick and six and twelve inches wide, for the purpose of breaking joints. The small blocks are grooved on the sides, and set up in sections of two by three feet, the blocks standing on their grain as in the Nicolson pavement. Double-headed or double dove-tailed keys are then driven into the grooves in the small blocks, both laterally and longitudinally, thus forming a compact framed mass of the greatest possible solidity, which becomes one piece, of the dimensions of two by three feet.

Grooves of one inch in depth, three-quarters of an inch wide, are then sawed in the top of the sections at intervals of four inches. These are made in order to give to animals a secure foothold. The sections thus formed are then submitted to the "Seely preservative process;" that is, the moisture and air are expelled from the pores of the wood, they are then placed in a tank where they are saturated with the prepared oils and acids, after which the section of blocks is ready for the street. Stringers two and a half inches thick and six inches wide, which are used as bearings and placed across the street, and upon which the sections are to rest, are treated with the same preservative process.

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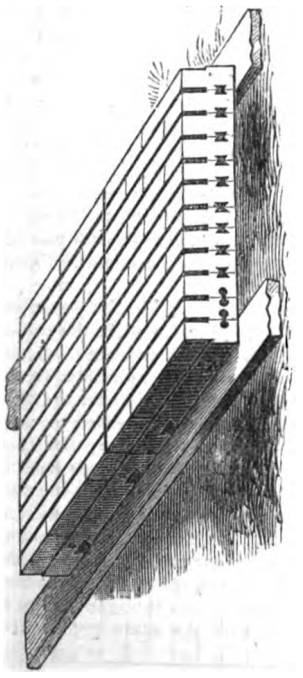
The work of laying is performed as follows: The street is first excavated to the necessary depth to allow a bed of four inches of sand; the stringers are then bedded into the sand and tamped solidly in place, across the street, so that their surfaces shall be level with the surface of the earth. They are laid three feet apart from centre to centre, and consequently allow an end bearing for the sections of three inches each. The sections are so laid as to break joints with each other. The gutter is formed by a higher row of blocks next the curb-stone, which slopes down to the grade of the street.

The Stafford pavement will attract earnest attention, and the assurance of its popularity over that of other pavements will be found in the durability of the preserved wood, the strength of its peculiar construction, and the ease and rapidity with which it can be removed, and as quickly replaced, without injury to the pavement itself, or interruption to the traffic of the street. We will explain how this is accomplished:

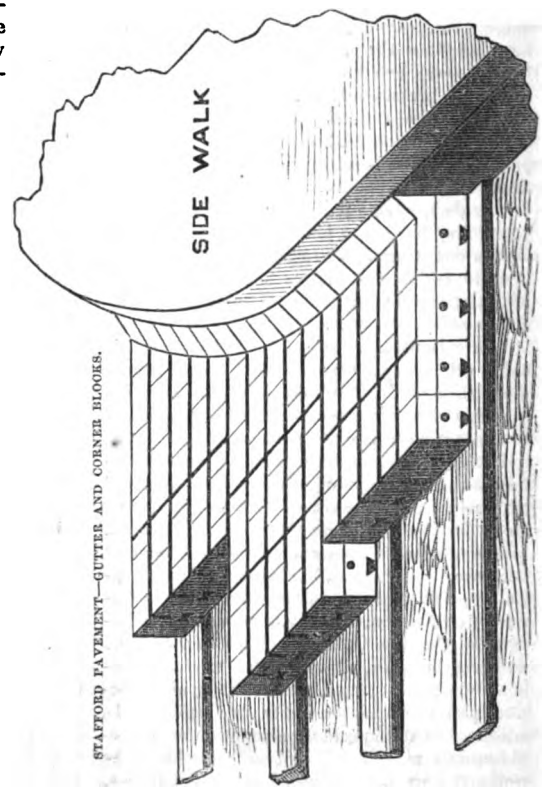
When it becomes necessary to remove the pavement for the purpose of gaining access to water or gas pipes or sewers, screw bolts are inserted into the section, a bar and chain attached to a jack, and the section is removed and the earth exposed. If from any cause the earth should settle beneath the pavement, any desired surface can be removed, the grade restored, and the pavement replaced, with absolutely no injury to the material of the pavement.

Again, as to its healthiness and durability: Wood thoroughly treated with carbolic acid, as has been shown, is proof against decay, and is antiseptic. Thus the garbage and foul matters of the street become perfectly innocuous. Expansion and contraction, by means of moisture, are absolutely prevented, and the pavement, once laid, is as permanent as stone, and liable to injury only by reason of mere friction. Moreover, being *framed* together, it possesses the highest degree of solidity and strength, and will resist the action of heavy traffic as perfectly as can be done by any pavement whatever. The shock and weight of each load is distributed over a superficial area of twenty-five square feet, and so divided that no one point can receive the whole burden. Another advantage is, that whatever surface-water may find its way through the joints and cracks of the pavement (and it is assumed that no pavement is absolutely water-tight), instead of a tight floor, meets a stratum of sand, in which it sinks, and the wood is left perfectly drained. Further, as the wood is subjected to the preservative process, there is no occasion for the use of tar and gravel, which does not in the first instance, as with other pavements, make dirt in the street.

The Stafford pavement is also to be commended in the fact that the work of manufacture is all done at the mill, mostly by ma-



SECTIONS OF STAFFORD PAVEMENT.

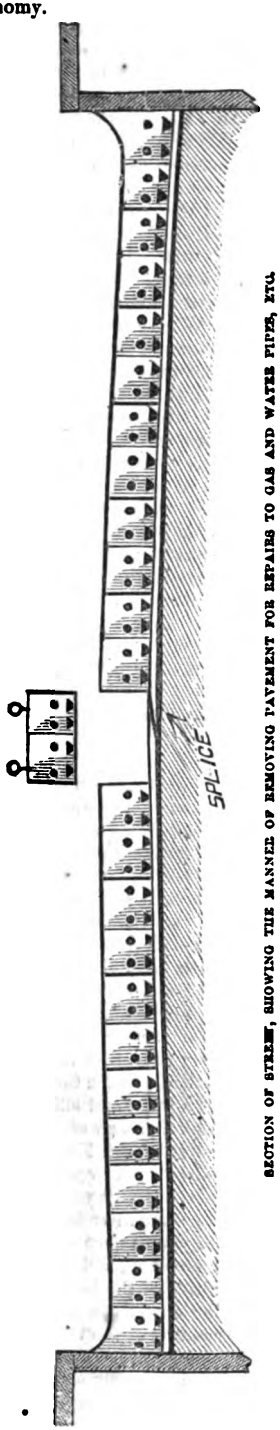


STAFFORD PAVEMENT—GUTTER AND CORNER BLOCKS.

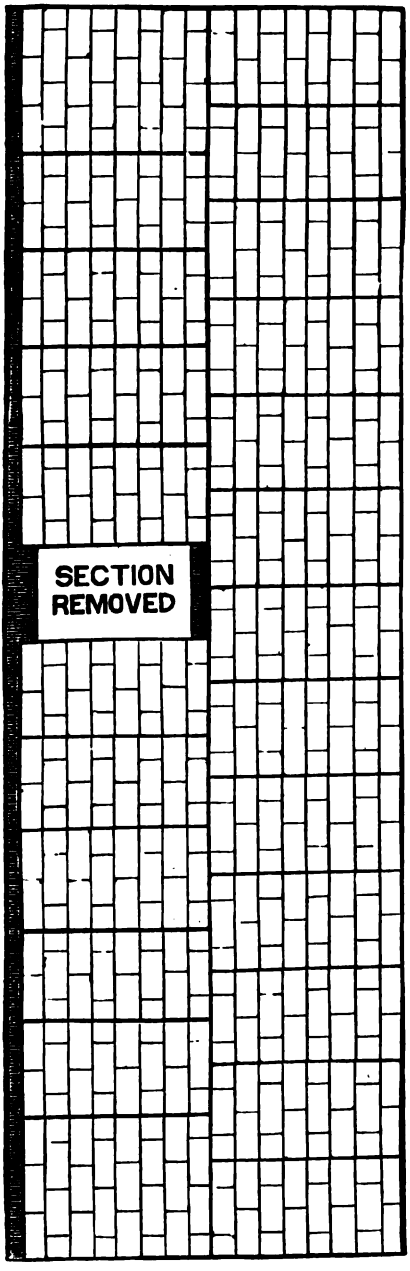
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chinery, and that, being composed of large masses, it can be laid down as fast as it can be brought to the street, and that the entire process is conducted with system, speed, and economy.

The use of wood for street pavements is an important event in our public improvements. In the trifling friction which it offers, so far as our street locomotion is concerned, it will do away with the evil of street railways. With a broader tire than is used in omnibuses, there is no reason why cars may not run in the open street to carry twenty or thirty passengers, and thus obviate the objectionable rail-tracks, which have come to be a serious obstacle to locomotion in our cities.



SECTION OF STREET, SHOWING THE MANNER OF REMOVING PAVEMENT FOR REPAIRS TO GAS AND WATER PIPES, ETC.



TOP VIEW OF PAVEMENT, SHOWING TRANSVERSE STRINGERS WITH SECTION OF PAVEMENT REMOVED.

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AN ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.*

By NEWMAN HALL.

NOTHING was more strongly impressed on my mind during my visit to your country than the substantial unity of our two nations. When seated at your hospitable tables; when gathering with your households round the dear old family Bible; when worshiping in your churches and ministering in your pulpits —but for the absence of those most dear to me, I might have forgotten that a great ocean rolled between us. In your Courts of Justice I found the same Common-Law administered, the same precedents quoted. And when visiting scenes of historic fame it seemed that Englishmen might claim an interest in them as well as Americans.

On Plymouth Rock I felt that if New England received the Pilgrim Fathers old England nourished them; that others like them remained behind, and that by their labors and sufferings we both enjoy the inestimable privilege of "freedom to worship God." On Bunker Hill, where I was honored with a public reception, I rejoiced to see our national flags draped together, and to hear the national airs of the two countries performed by the Arsenal band. As an Englishman I could exult in the proud memories clustering round that spot; for it was not America which conquered Britain, but it was rather English justice and English bravery which triumphed over a tyrannical and bigoted faction, whose defeat no intelligent Englishman of the present day regrets.

At Niagara—so sublime, yet still more beautiful—among the many aspects of that majestic cataract indelibly stamped on my memory there is one of pre-eminent and unspeakable loveliness which I shall ever cherish as a precious emblem as well as a glorious vision. A rainbow was spanning the entire stream. One limb resting on American, the other on British soil, it linked together the two empires. Just there the river had divided, but soon reunited, and though immediately beneath there was the roar and the foam of the cataract, that bow of beauty and peace rested on the storm-cloud that ascended from the gulf. I regarded it as an emblem of International Peace. For a little season the sympathies of the two nations seemed separated, but they are soon to blend together again; while above the din and confusion of differing judgments, and perhaps unkind and even angry feelings, there hovers all the time the radiant bow of amity and peace.

Throughout your war it was my privilege to take an humble but earnest share with others in endeavoring to correct some of the mistaken ideas of a portion of my countrymen in reference to your struggle. I may therefore claim some indulgence if I respectfully presume to endeavor to remove, or at least mitigate, what I venture to consider to be erroneous opinions entertained by some Americans in reference to the feelings and attitude of the British nation.

I am not surprised that you should have felt disappointed, grieved, and finally indignant, at much that was said and done in my country during your mighty struggle. Viewed in one aspect I rejoice in that indignation, for it is a proof of your love. When a stranger treats us with indifference we are not angry, because we expected nothing; but the case is very different when a friend on whom we relied fails us in the hour of need. It is well known that France not only recognized the belligerency of the South as hastily as Great Britain did; but proposed to recognize its nationality also, which Great Britain refused. Why, then, were you more angry with us than with France? Because you really love us most. But that love, deep-rooted as I believe it was and still is, was most severely tried. Rude and terrible seemed the blow dealt by the "Mother Country."

When you were struggling for an existence which slavery, undisguised, threatened to destroy as antagonistic to itself, that Mother Country whose moral sympathy alone was asked, stood by cold and critical, and, as you thought, even antagonistic.

You felt it was more than strange that a country which had always denounced you as permitting slavery, condemned you for engaging in a war, the certain issue of which would be the destruction of slavery. You felt it more than strange that the party always priding itself as the party of "order," the aristocracy which always condemned rebellion and preferred to stand by the law, should make an exception in your case, and openly sympathize with those who, trampling upon the most sacred obligations, and without any pretext of oppression, were endeavoring to control the voice of the people and the authority of the Constitution, and to rend in pieces a great and allied nation.

You might well think that we were not "slow to wrath" in the matter of the *Trent*, and betrayed a too eager disposition to put the worst construction on an action which your own Government had not sanctioned nor indorsed, but in reference to which you at once submitted to the decision of your own authorities.

The hasty recognition of the belligerency of the South, the fitting out of the *Alabama* and other cruisers, the running of the blockade with munitions of war, you regarded not simply as marks of ill-will, but as actually strengthening your enemy and greatly increasing your labor

* Including the Principal Statements on International Relations and the Attitude of Great Britain during the War. Delivered in Washington, in November, 1867, under the presidency of Chief Justice Chase; in Steinway Hall, New York; and other places.

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and your losses. Added to all this was the general tone of the leading newspapers and reviews, and of what is called "Society." This you regarded as entirely opposed to you. Under these circumstances I can not be surprised at your feelings of indignation. It seemed to you as if a garroter had suddenly seized his victim when unprepared, while the friend of the victim looked on, encouraging the miscreant in his murderous assault.

Let us, however, in fairness permit the accused to say what he can, if not to prove his innocence, yet in mitigation of sentence. In reference to the blockade it may be pleaded: This was an act not of the Government; not of the People; but of unscrupulous individuals disgracing the name of merchants and seeking only their own wretched gains. They sent out those vessels under pretense of legitimate commerce. They ran the blockade at their own risk. Many of them were ruined—and justly so. The British Government did nothing to shield them from damage brought on themselves by lawlessness. Moreover, if the South obtained large quantities of the material of war from Great Britain, did not the North—though legitimately, because their ports were open—obtain much more? And if British merchants, foreigners, ran the blockade with ammunition, is it not said that some New York merchants—parties to the war of their own nation—did the same? If bullets of British make helped to kill the Northern soldiers, were not some of these bullets imported by Northern traders? And have no American merchants run the blockade during wars in Europe? If they did, it was not the fault of the American Nation. Neither should the running the Southern blockade by some British adventurers be attributed to the British Nation.

Let me speak somewhat more at length respecting the "Belligerency" and "Alabama" questions. You complain with reason that within a few days of the arrival of your new Minister, Mr. Adams, who was known to be on his way with special instructions from your Government, a Royal Proclamation of neutrality was issued, whereby equal maritime rights were granted both to the North and the South, at a time when the South had not a port open nor a vessel at sea. You complain of this as unnecessary, unprecedented, and hostile. You should have been left to deal with your own rebels as such—a friendly and allied Power not listening to treat those rebels as on equal terms. Not thus you say, truly, were the Poles recognized, or the Hungarians. Not so are the Crotans recognized in their valiant resistance to the Turk. Not so would you, while professing to be friendly, rush to recognize the Fenian conspiracy.

Permit one who deeply feels how much cause you have of just complaint, briefly to suggest what may be said on the other side by way of defense or apology.

The embassadors of the old régime who represented Buchanan's policy had been allowed to remain a considerable time at their posts after the accession of Mr. Lincoln. They disseminated Southern views, and had great influence in inducing the belief among our governing classes that if the South seceded there would be no attempt made to force them back, or that such attempt would be futile if made. Moreover, the vast extent of the territory in insurrection must be taken into account, and (excepting the slaves) the supposed concurrence of all the population and of the local Governments. This seemed to distinguish the Southern Rebellion from the cases adduced in Europe.

Moreover, it is said that the South had vessels afloat before our Proclamation; and if not, that orders had been issued for the fitting out of privateers, and that it was for the advantage of America that the Proclamation should be issued, so as the better to stop them. Though you may reply that such vessels would have been mere pirates but for the Proclamation, which made them belligerents, yet it is a fact that some of the best friends of America supported that Proclamation in the interests of the Union. Mr. W. E. Forster, an eminent statesman, and a distinguished and consistent advocate of your great cause, stated the other day in his place in Parliament, that at the time of the Queen's Proclamation he regarded it as an act friendly and not hostile to the American Government.

It is also urged that Mr. Seward had officially spoken of the Southern rebellion as "open, undisguised war," and had given public directions as to the treatment of "neutrals" previously to our Proclamation; so that it was not Great Britain which first baptized rebellion by the name of belligerency. Besides, the blockade of the Southern ports and the news of it preceded the Queen's Proclamation.

According to international law a Government may close but can not "blockade" its own ports. "Blockade" involves the right of search at sea; but no Government has this right of search unless there is a state of war. To make the blockade effectual by the right of search a state of war must needs be supposed to exist. Thus your "blockade" was regarded as an actual recognition of a state of war. Great Britain, therefore, it is said, if hasty, did not anticipate the action of your own Government. Subsequently, and throughout the war, by your treatment of prisoners, by your exchanging them, and by many other acts, you treated the South not as rebels but as belligerents. Great Britain, therefore, is not to be blamed for recognizing what yourselves practically admitted. Moreover, if she erred, she did so with the assent and conjunction of the other European Powers. Such is the plea put forth by the defenders of the Proclamation; and though you may reject much of it, still it is only fair to listen and to consider.

The chief and most reasonable ground of

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complaint is the fitting out of the *Alabama* and other cruisers. There were sufficient grounds to suspect the true design of this gun-boat "290." The evidence was laid before the proper authorities by your Minister, but was declared inadequate for her detention. More evidence was obtained. There was no reasonable doubt. But the case had to be submitted to the law-officers. There was culpable and suspicious delay. At length the order was given to stop the ship; but she had slipped away on pretense of a trial-trip. Built in a British yard, manned by British sailors, armed with British guns, alluring her prey by the British flag, entering no Confederate port, but allowed to enter and refit in British colonial harbors, this hornet of the sea attacked and burnt to the water's edge upward of sixty unarmed peaceful vessels of commerce belonging to the Northern States. Another of the same class of vessels destroyed the *George Griswold* on her return voyage from carrying a cargo of food generously sent by American citizens to our starving cotton operatives. Was it the act of a friendly power to allow these pirates the protection of her ports and the privilege of belligerency? Would Great Britain calmly submit to such treatment on the part of any of her own allies? And seeing that thus American shipping was exposed to such danger that a great portion of the carrying trade went over to British shipowners, is it surprising that some Americans should attribute an interested motive to remissness which was, in fact, so profitable?

Again we must let the accused speak for themselves, if only to show how little they have to say. The apology may thus be stated: We are an old country, and stand much on forms and precedents. America is a new country, less trammeled and more prompt in action. When "God save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle" are played every one must notice that the latter is much the faster. When the parent can only walk the child can run, and should not too harshly chide the slowness of age. In the case of the *Alabama* there were certain formalities which had necessarily to be gone through; and while officials paused the ship escaped. Besides, it was never openly professed that the *Alabama* was intended for the Confederates. It is said that the Fenians in the United States have magazines of arms and mustering places, and that openly and undisguised they are allowed to carry on their preparations. If, with one-half this openness, the *Alabama* had been proclaimed to be for the Southern conspirators, she would have been arrested within twenty-four hours.

Besides, say our apologists, the *Alabama* went out merely as an empty vessel, built in the process of ordinary commerce; that whereas a vessel armed for war and sailing from a neutral port would be a violation of neutrality, it is otherwise with a mere empty ship paid for by others and taken away, and then armed elsewhere; and that the *Alabama*, though built in Liverpool, was armed off the Azores by other parties.

Although such pleas may be urged, there is a large party in Great Britain who do not attempt to vindicate the conduct of the Government. If the law is not adequate, it should be made so. The interests at stake would have justified, nay, demanded, prompt action, even beyond the limit of precedent. There was no delay in recognizing the belligerency—there should have been none in arresting the pirates. Though not actually armed, she was evidently prepared for arming and intended for war. It was monstrous, that having once escaped nefariously and by an evasion of British law, the *Alabama* should have been allowed to enter our colonial ports. She was either a pirate or a belligerent. If the former, she should have been seized as such. If the latter, her claim was false, being vitiated *ab initio* in the mode of acquiring that character. Above all, the British Government is to be censured for peremptorily refusing to refer to arbitration the question of wrong and of damages thus arising. This was as impolitic as it was ungracious; for if any nation is interested in preventing such a career as that of the *Alabama* becoming a precedent it is Great Britain.

Nevertheless it may be said that, however some of the subordinate officers at Liverpool may have favored the escape of the *Alabama*, most Englishmen would deny that there was any dishonesty on the part of Earl Russell and the Cabinet. The Foreign Minister did not act promptly, but he did not act treacherously; and his refusal of arbitration was not from injustice, but a mistaken notion of Imperial honor. But now all parties are anxious to redress the wrong. The various sections of politicians unite in giving honor to Lord Stanley, the Conservative Foreign Secretary, one of whose first acts on coming into office was to reopen the *Alabama* question on the terms refused by his predecessor. It is the universal wish of Great Britain to refer the question to an impartial tribunal, and at once to pay any damages which such tribunal shall adjudge to be due.

Let it not be said that this is altogether a sudden and merely interested conviction. The great mass of *the people* deprecated at the time in the strongest manner the fitting out of those gun-boats. It was not the act of the nation; nor should the nation be held responsible for the culpable dilatoriness of those who held office. The great mass of the people who have to pay the damages were not to blame that those damages were incurred; but they are earnest in their desire to pay them. There are some Americans who openly avow a wish to keep the question unsettled for political purposes, and in order to retaliate on Great Britain at some future time. There may be some Englishmen who only wish it settled from self-interested motives; but there can be no doubt that the majority of our statesmen, and the great mass of the people, desire this on the

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grounds of justice, and for that international good-will which it is their honest desire to cultivate.

But Mr. Seward asks that, in considering the *Alabama* case, the recognition of belligerency be introduced as part of the question. To this Lord Stanley objects, first pleading that as an act of National Sovereignty the royal proclamation does not come within the range of subjects suitable for reference. Next he pleads "not guilty" to the charge of undue and unkind haste, referring to the statements of Mr. Seward and the conduct of the American Government as recognizing a state of belligerency in the South prior to the royal proclamation. Then he pleads irrelevancy. He says that if the question of recognition is introduced simply as relating to the *Alabama*, in the encouragement and protection thus afforded, it does not bear on the case. He argues thus: The belligerency of the South must have been recognized at *some* time. If it was premature at the date of the proclamation, it would not have been so after the battle of Bull Run, when so vast a territory was in possession of the Southern Government, and Washington itself was in jeopardy. If the recognition of belligerency at that time would not have been premature, it would not have been appropriate to introduce it into the *Alabama* case; and the *Alabama* was fitted out some months after Bull Run. What relevancy, therefore, has the proclamation of neutrality to the *Alabama* case on the ground of its being premature, when a few months after it would not have been premature, and yet would have preceded the *Alabama*? Moreover, it is said that if our proclamation of belligerency is disputed on the ground that at the time there was no war, then there was no right of search of vessels breaking a blockade, since there can be no blockade where there is no war; and that thus Great Britain will have claims of compensation against America in the case of all blockade-runners seized by American cruisers.

Thus at present the case lingers. Americans who long for a speedy adjustment of differences may urge their own Government to drop the recognition question as a part of that of the *Alabama*, which should be discussed and settled on its own merits. On this side the lovers of peace urge the British Government to allow no trifling questions of procedure to hinder the performance of an act of justice. Let the plaintiffs state the case in their own way. The arbitrator will decide if it is relevant or not. Their statements will be replied to by counter-statements. If this is a grievance, better let it be brought out and settled. If Great Britain was certainly right in issuing the proclamation, any arbitrator fit to be chosen for the office will say so. If there is a complete difference of opinion as to the facts of the case, so much the more necessity for an impartial arbitration. Let us not allow a wound which may easily be healed to inflame and fester till danger arises, while the doctors dispute on questions of ceremony and details of procedure.

As the course of a river is determined in the hills before it becomes a river, and where for a time it seems uncertain on which side it will descend; but when once it has broken forth upon the plain that river's course can not be changed: so it is in the sublime heights of diplomacy that wars are generally determined, and when the people below first become aware of them it is too late to arrest them. War between Great Britain and America—the greatest calamity and wickedness the world has ever known—is still in the regions of diplomacy. But may not the people of both nations climb without presumption into those regions, and before it is too late break in upon the disputes of jurists and historians and diplomatists, and declare that there shall be no strife between us, for we are brethren?

The voice of the people of Great Britain has long been heard. Parliament has nobly spoken in the recent debate on this subject. Leaders of both sides the House stood up in the interests of justice and peace. We do not counsel humiliating concessions; we do ask honorable reconciliation. If we have erred, we are willing to confess it. If we have done injury, to redress it. We would make it easy for any Government to bring about a speedy and righteous solution of the difficulty. All party prejudices are forgotten among Englishmen in reference to this matter. Lord Stanley has been assured that he or any other Foreign Secretary who will remove this cause of difference, and cement more firmly the two nations, will, in so doing, have the support of all classes of the people, and will earn a title to the thanks of the civilized world.

The *Alabama* case would not have excited so much feeling in America if it had not been regarded as a practical proof of that hostility which was thought to animate the British nation throughout the war. This it is which rankles in the breasts of Americans: that not the Government alone, but the People, as represented by their newspapers, reviews, leading politicians, and the general tone of cultivated society, wished success to their foes.

In mitigation of this judgment, and with the earnest desire to promote a better understanding by removing in some measure this sense of wrong, I wish to show—(1.) That the greater number of Englishmen who sympathized with the South did so from erroneous views of the policy of the North, and not from any feelings of hostility; and (2.) That, notwithstanding appearances, the great mass of the British nation did actually agree and sympathize with the North in their great struggle.

As to the first point: It can not be denied that an influential party in Great Britain did sincerely wish the triumph of the Rebellion. Some did so from a mean spirit of jealousy. They saw how great America had become;

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they saw how much greater she must speedily be; and because they feared she might some day overshadow us they welcomed a schism which threatened to break her up into several smaller nationalities, and thus leave Great Britain *greatest*.

Others sympathized with the South from hatred of republican institutions. The Tories, who have disputed every step of progress the people have made these three hundred years, have always said: Beware of giving power to the multitude; stand by the ancient barriers; trust to your hereditary legislators, who by birth, rank, and wealth are your natural rulers; but beware of any approach to republican government, which has in it no principle of stability. If in reply to such counsel the example of America was referred to, they said: America is a new country; republican institutions are only on their trial; wait a little, and the end will come. When your war broke out many thought the prophecy was about to be fulfilled. And so, because they honestly hated republicanism and all approach to it, many desired the defeat of your government and the failure of your institutions.

But those who felt thus were only the remains of the old oligarchy of England, against whom the nation has long been struggling; than whom no country can produce an aristocracy more honorable and more respected as individuals; yet, as a political party, representing the past and not the present, and by no means to be regarded as the British nation. The great people who have so long been battling for their rights against this party, and who looked to you for sympathy, were aggrieved that you should attribute to them the sentiments of a few, and those few their political adversaries. Yet even these persons, in the hostility of their views to your policy and government, were not hostile to *yourselves;* and if any occasion rendered it needful, from none would any of your citizens receive more generous hospitality and personal succor.

But the great majority of those who sympathized with the South did so in the absence of any such unfriendliness to your Government, and from mistaken views of your policy.

The Constitution of the United States is not very generally understood in Europe. Many persons consider your Government responsible, as European Governments are, for every thing done by authority in the various States composing your republic, not distinguishing between those sovereign rights which have been surrendered to the central authority of the Union and those other rights which are reserved for "State Sovereignty." Thus slavery, a "domestic institution," was regarded by many as a question for the United States Government, which was often blamed for what it had no power directly to control. As some exaggerated the power of the central Government, others unduly exalted that of the several States; as though, because each State retained its independence for internal purposes, there were no sovereign powers which it had surrendered and merged in the General Government of the Union.

Many persons, otherwise well informed, failed to see that the question of slavery had really been agitating your nation from the beginning, and that this war was not a sudden accident, but the culmination of a series of events, the inevitable climax of a long controversy. They did not see that although your Constitution conferred no direct power to put down slavery, yet that the natural development of it was hostile to slavery at every stage, and must at length be its destruction. The Declaration of Independence contained fundamental principles totally condemnatory of an institution so contrary to the idea of the equal right of all men to liberty. Washington freed his slaves. Jefferson said that, on account of slavery, he "trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just." The question of slavery was always agitating the Republic from 1787, when the boundary line was fixed northwest of the Ohio, to the times of the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law. Then Sumner was struck down, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared, and the Dred Scott decision was given, and the struggles in Kansas took place, and the slave-owners made a martyr of an enthusiast, little dreaming that the sentence which doomed him to the gallows was the death-knell of the system, and that in so few years twenty thousand colored troops would be marching through Washington, singing, as they tramped along the streets amidst the plaudits of the citizens:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Then came the election, which turned on the question of the extension or non-extension of slavery. Lincoln was the representative of freedom; and when he was chosen those who by voting had pledged themselves to accept the decision of the nation took up arms to overcome law and the will of the people. Then South Carolina unfurled the standard of Secession on this only plea, that the North had completed a long series of acts hostile to slavery by appointing an anti-slavery President, whereas they were determined to perpetuate and extend slavery as the corner-stone of their Empire. Thus the war was the issue of a long controversy. Instead of being an isolated fact and for a trifling object, it was the final struggle of Anarchy against Law, Oligarchy against Republicanism, Slavery against Freedom.

But the majority of those who sympathized with the South did not perceive this, and were influenced by erroneous notions in regard to the rights of the South, the intentions of the North, and the probable issue of the strife. I refer to these erroneous notions for the purpose of showing that the apparently hostile attitude of a great portion of the British public may be attributed to honest mistake rather than to deliberate ill-will.

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Many quoted the secession of the United States from Great Britain as a proof that the United States Government was unfair in resisting on the part of the South conduct which they justified in themselves. They did not take into consideration the essential difference of the two cases. In the one, taxation imposed without representation, and respectful remonstrances unheeded; in the other, a more than proportionate share in the representation and in the Government, treachery and hostility without remonstrance, and no grievances to complain of but a Constitutional discouragement of their own oppression of another race.

It was considered by many that your Constitution left to every State the option of withdrawal; and that therefore the Government was oppressive when it resisted the exercise of such right. This was an opinion not confined to certain parties in England. It was frequently maintained in America as justifying the secession. Of course it was a fallacy. No national Constitution would incorporate a principle of self-destruction. What would be the credit of a Government which might incur a debt and then be disintegrated? One State might withdraw from increasing burdens, and then others might follow, each hurrying lest it be left the last to bear the whole. Or in case of war, the State in danger of the first attack might secede and make separate terms, and so all power of common resistance be nullified. Yet it was honestly believed by many that your nation differed from others in this respect—that its component parts were held together only by the volition of each. England has always been consistent in its sympathy for national independence; so that those persons were not inconsistent who, erroneously thinking the national independence of the South was tyrannically assailed, advocated their cause.

Others considered that though the South might not have a legal right to secede, they did possess the actual right which oppression gives. It is strange that there should have been so much ignorance; yet it is a fact that many persons believed the South had long been groaning under an oppressive tariff imposed for the advantage of Northern manufacturers, and that from this and other causes the Government of the Union was no longer endurable. The spirit which induced sympathy for Hungary and Poland induced sympathy for the South; though the ignorance which classed the cases together is a matter of astonishment.

Some refused sympathy with the North because she was fighting for "Empire." Of course she was. If war is justifiable at all nations may surely urge self-existence as a plea. The objection came with the worst possible grace from a quarter where war for empire has been so common. If a rock belonging to Great Britain, no larger than a table, were threatened by a foreign power, all the Imperial fleets would sail across the ocean "to preserve the integrity of the Empire." If, when emancipation was decreed in the West Indies, the planters had refused obedience and proclaimed a separate government, Great Britain would have sent her forces not to liberate the slaves, but to put down the rebellion; this being done, the emancipation, to resist which the rebellion had been raised, would have ensued as a matter of course. So your war had for its certain issue the destruction of that system of slavery for which the South seceded, although the avowed and immediate object of the war was necessarily the assertion of law and the maintenance of the Empire. Yet it should be admitted that many persons who felt deeply on the question of slavery withheld their sympathy because the North did not proclaim that the war was avowedly to put an end to that system.

Others, who might admit that you were really fighting to destroy slavery, withheld sympathy because they object to all war. No doubt you were surprised that our Anti-Slavery Society expressed no approval of your course. It should be known that the chief supporters and officers of that Society are "Friends," or "Quakers," who disapprove of all war whatsoever. How could they, consistently with their principles, express sympathy with you? They had all sympathy with your *object*, but they could not approve the *means*.

Some persons of great intelligence, and who heartily abhorred the object of the South, expressed themselves in favor of recognizing the Confederacy simply in the interests of humanity. They said: History has no case of a territory so vast, and a people so numerous and united, being finally subdued by another nation: the issue of this war seems, therefore, certain: the sacrifice of treasure and blood is prodigious: the longer it continues the worse for both parties: the inevitable result had, therefore, in the interests of humanity, be better recognized at once.

There were others, including some of the most earnest friends of freedom, who wished success to the Secession in the interest of the negro race. They said: So long as the Union continues with the Fugitive Slave Law a fugitive can not be safe till he reaches Canada; but let the North and South be separated, and then merely a river or an imaginary line need be crossed. For if the South secede the North will never surrender runaways; and the facilities of escape will be so great that slavery itself will be given up as unprofitable. When it is remembered that in the early stages of the Secession the Southerners were promised that, if they would return, all their former laws and guarantees would be preserved inviolate, and that the preservation of the Union was by many Northerners considered not only as having priority over, but as exclusive altogether of, the question of slavery, and that there were many who would have sacrificed the negro on the altar of the Union, much allowance must be made for those who, seeing nothing but the negro,

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withheld their sympathy from those who seemed to see nothing but the Union.

Some took the side of the South from blind, unthinking sympathy with weakness. As they would take the part of a little boy, bravely but hopelessly resisting a strong man. They said: Here is the South, much the weaker of the two, little but full of pluck; let us, as always, take part with the weak against the strong. This was as foolish as to take the side of a criminal because he is weaker than the law. But it was not necessarily hostility to the North; for had the cases been reversed, and the North been the weaker, this chivalric folly would have been enlisted on your side as earnestly.

There were many others who were influenced merely by fashion. Englishmen are sometimes told that America is a free country in such a tone as to imply that Great Britain is not so. Too true. With us, for example, a lady wishing a new dress, instead of consulting merely her own good taste and her husband's purse, asks her dress-maker what the Empress of the French is wearing! And persons have been known to make their choice of a church depend not on the truth of the doctrine or the excellence of the minister, but on the style of the congregation. This sort of thing may be unknown in a free country like yours; but there are some persons in England who are subject to this tyranny of fashion, and it is not strange that they should bend to its influence in reference to opinions on public questions. For a time it was undecided what direction the current would take; but when once the leaders of fashion gave the sign, many who had been waiting for it said: "I always sympathized with the brave, chivalric Southerners!"

Americans are respectfully asked to distinguish between those who were really hostile to themselves and those who expressed sympathy with the South from ignorance or weakness. There are reasons for leniently judging them. Their mistakes were in some degree pardonable. During many months Southern agents were influencing the conductors of the press, and causing statements to be published greatly calculated to mislead, and which remained for a long time without contradiction. Some of the official utterances of Mr. Lincoln and others seemed enigmatical; especially when he said that it was his business to save the Union, without slavery or with it. It is not surprising that words uttered to gain Democratic votes for the Union should have been interpreted in the sense of upholding slavery, and that many Englishmen considered it would be better for the Union to be broken into a thousand parts than to have its entire strength devoted to rivet the fetters of the slave. It must also be considered that the erroneous opinions current in Great Britain were only echoes from America. You did not consider all your own citizens who wrote or spoke during the war as some of our people did as enemies to their own country and people. To take a different view of the policy pursued by a Government is not the same thing as to cherish a hostile feeling toward the nation which that Government represents. And this applies to the majority of those who sympathized with the South. They did so, not because they approved of the manner in which the rebellion was begun; not because they did not abhor the system of slavery which the South upheld; not because they cherished any ill-will to the people or Government of the United States; but because they were mistaken as to the principles involved, the intentions of the North, and the issue of the struggle. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, the heart of Great Britain was sound, and although many from whom better things might have been expected held aloof in the hour of trial, the nation as a whole felt and acted under the conviction that

> "Though specious tyranny be strong,
> Humanity is true;
> An Empire founded on a wrong
> Is rotten through and through."

I have now, as my second point, to show that the great body of the English nation did actually approve of and sympathize with the policy of the North in the late war.

The Aristocracy were not all against you: for though it is generally unconstitutional for our Royal Family to express political opinions, they being the head of the entire nation, including all parties, yet it is well known that the heart sympathies of the late Prince Consort and of Queen Victoria were thoroughly opposed to that Rebellion, whose object was to perpetuate the atrocities of slavery. Among some others of the nobility, the Duke of Argyle, a member of the late Government and a man of no secondary rank, warmly espoused your cause. He said that "Any people who would not fight for their national existence, and save themselves from dismemberment, were not worthy of being a free people." He is a Presbyterian and a Scotchman, which in combination make a very stanch piece of orthodoxy; yet he said at a Bible meeting during your war that if Colenso lived a hundred years, and wrote a book of heresy every year, he would not so dishonor the Bible as the man who tried to defend slavery from its pages. Lord Russell made mistakes, but he had the nobleness to admit as much when he attended the public breakfast to William Lloyd Garrison; and though his views of policy were, as I think, mistaken, he never did and never could desire success to the slave rebellion. The greatest statesman we possess—a man of universal learning, transcendant genius, unsurpassed eloquence, doubtless soon to be the virtual ruler of this Empire—has always been a generous friend of America, admiring her greatness and desiring her increasing prosperity. Though he once seemed ready to admit that the South had won its independence, I have the best authority for knowing that this opinion was expressed solely on the ground of humanity, and in order to arrest a war so destructive, the ultimate is-

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sue of which seemed to those most versed in the history of the past altogether certain to be the establishment of the independence of the Secession. In the interest of the North this opinion was expressed, and for humanity's sake, whether North and South, and not because he wished success to the latter; for no man more rejoices in the triumph of your great cause of Union and Emancipation, however much his expectations were contradicted by resulting facts, as they always were opposed to his personal wishes.

I might mention the names of many other of our statesmen and representatives. Milner Gibson, W. E. Forster, Edward Baines, C. Gilpin, Tom Hughes, Peter Taylor, and others were always stanch and true, never hesitating to advocate the cause of justice and freedom, and making it impossible even to introduce to our House of Commons the question of recognition of the Confederacy.

There is one name which is a tower of strength to any cause on which it is enlisted—the name of a man foremost in the great struggle of right—whose heart has always beaten true to humanity—whose eloquence captivates all classes, and who has this peculiarity, that, however his opinions may be hated, they are always reported, so that at whatever length and at whatever spot he addresses the public on one evening, his speech is produced, word for word, to be read by the entire population next morning—he was always your faithful champion; I mean your friend, and the world's friend, John Bright.

You have not, then, much reason to complain that *all* our leading statesmen were against you. If we come to political philosophers, I have but to mention Professors Newman, Cairnes, and Goldwin Smith. These men, with their keen logic and persuasive speech, maintained the argumentative struggle in your favor. And what names of philosophers can you mention as a set-off on the other side? You had also the greatest of our living philosophers, John Stuart Mill, who saw clearly the true character of the struggle, and testified to the literary and philosophical world that it was well known "what the question between the North and South had been for many years. Slavery alone was thought of and talked of. Slavery was battled for on the floor of Congress and the plains of Kansas. On slavery Lincoln was elected. The South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the cause of separation."

I might mention many eminent citizens as showing how men not engaged professionally in politics added to or neglected their commercial and other pursuits by their zeal in your cause. The Hon. L. Stanley, Mr. Scott, Chamberlain of London, and many others were constantly speaking and lecturing to maintain a wholesome feeling in the country. Mr. Potter, now Member of Parliament for Rochdale, spent six thousand pounds sterling in printing and distributing pamphlets among the working-men of England to instruct them in the true character of the struggle. Another friend of mine, Mr. Chesson, whose time is his only estate, gave up all his leisure for four years in unpaid services to work the "Union and Emancipation" Society. Another personal friend, Mr. Handel Cossham, would spend a few hours in his mines during the early morning, then take an express-train and travel one or two hundred miles to lecture on the war, and return for his own business next day. Thus a large number of our private citizens labored at great personal cost not only of time and ease, but of money also, in sustaining the popular sympathy with you.

If we come to the Church, it must be remembered that an established clergy are not generally prominent in political movements, and especially in expressing sympathies opposed to the governing classes. I do not say this from any disrespect to individuals. The clergy of our Established Church are a body of men generally deserving the utmost respect, and many of them I value among my best personal friends. But I refer to the *system*. In some respects it is desirable that the clergy should not be political. It is a fact that the established clergy of England have never taken prominent part in political controversy. They have not done it on our own English questions. It is not, therefore, surprising that they were silent in reference to yours. Their silence must not, therefore, be taken as a proof that the congregations they represent were indifferent, still less that they were hostile to you. But it was otherwise with the Free Churches, the majority of which did, by their pastors and as congregations, in prayers, addresses, and public meetings, take part in a struggle which, involving as it did the question of slavery, was regarded by them as intimately connected with religion. I will not mention names; for those Free Church clergy of different denominations who earnestly labored for your cause were so many that it would be invidious to select a few. That, however, of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel I can not forbear to name, as he, both by the pen, the pulpit, and the platform, was pre-eminent in his zeal and influence.

Some Americans were specially grieved that the Congregational Union, representing the Pilgrim Fathers and New England principles, was silent. The reason was that the business of the Union is considerable, and the time for it very short; that extraneous topics, when likely to lead to discussion, are generally avoided; that a few of our influential clergy and laymen had notified their resolve to speak against a proposal to express sympathy with you in the war; and so to avoid a long discussion, which would have put aside the special business for which the Union meets, it was resolved not to bring in the motion. This course I greatly regret, and endeavored to prevent. But though, as a Union, Congregationalists were silent, nine-tenths of the Congregational pastors and church-

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es were heartily and actively with you in their individual capacity.

Let us come to the Press. You were often hurt by sentiments uttered in our papers. It is possible to overestimate the importance of harsh sentiments expressed by anonymous writers. We do not judge America by the paragraphs in some American journals. An American paper honored me last winter with a column of abuse. For what? That I had been guilty of skating. My only reflection was, that, if preachers more frequently skated, or rode on horseback, or took long walks, we might get a wholesomer and pleasanter theology. And Americans are too sensible to attribute to the English people some of the insults of some English papers, which may have been inserted without the editor's knowledge, and only by some printer's nameless assistant. But you say the *London Times* was against you. The *Times* has the best paper and print, the quickest intelligence, the raciest writing, the largest number of advertisements, and thus has many readers and a wide reputation; but it does not necessarily represent British opinion. The *Times* was abusing Kossuth at the very time when the people were honoring him. So the *Times* was habitually writing against the North when multitudes of public demonstrations were being made in your favor throughout the country, all notice of which it suppressed from its readers. But if the *Times* was against you, the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star* were constantly and zealously with you. So were the *Non-Conformist* and other religious papers. So was the *Leeds Mercury*, and so was the best portion of the provincial and local press, which more truly represents the public sentiment than metropolitan journals.

Still the important question comes—On which side were the *People*? Republicans, who consider that a man without a cent is as respectable as another who owns a thousand acres, if he is equally intelligent, honest, and industrious, must not say that the people were against the North because those who frequented the best hotels and rode in first-class carriages generally were so. The great masses of the People—those who have fought and won so many great moral victories—the People who struck off the fetters of our own slaves, the People who achieved freedom of religion, freedom of trade, and parliamentary reform—the People were heartily with you.

What is the proof? Thousands of public mass-meetings were held in London and throughout the country during the four years of your struggle, all of them in advocacy of your cause. Not one was convened to express sympathy with the Rebellion. In the majority of cases the resolutions of sympathy were carried without a dissentient; in the rest by an overwhelming majority; in all with the utmost enthusiasm. If England was Southern in sympathy, why was not at least one public meeting convened to express it? You read the utterances of some public men and leading journals; but you did not know of the public meetings in which the masses of the people uttered their voice. If money, if rank, if genius could have convened popular assemblies to express sympathy with the South, those assemblies would have been convened. But the public sentiment of the People at large was such as to render such an attempt utter folly. It would have resulted in complete discomfiture. If in any districts such an attempt might have been supposed possible, it would have been those where the cotton operatives were starving in consequence of your blockade. But even here the attempt was not made. On the other hand, those operatives assembled and emphatically declared their willingness if necessary to starve rather than aid and abet a slave empire which trampled on law, the dignity of labor, and the rights of the human race.

Thus I maintain, in spite of appearances, that the English Nation was far more with you than against you. The sentiment of the great masses of the people was that expressed by one of your own poets:

> "Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State;
> Sail on, O Union, strong and great;
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all its hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

Thank God! it hangs breathless on your fate no longer; but the people of England still can say:

> "Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee, are all with thee!"

Let all lovers of peace in both nations frown on those selfish politicians, those despicable merchants, who for their own ends would do any thing which might stir up ill-will between two nations in whose harmony the interests of the whole world are bound up.

War between us would be the greatest calamity and the greatest crime recorded in history. Material interests forbid it. How vast a quantity of the corn consumed in Great Britain is grown on Western prairies, and how much of British manufactures is purchased in America! War would mean injury on the largest scale to trade and commerce, with consequent starvation to hundreds of thousands of operatives. Consider the fearfulness of a conflict between nations both of whom possess such resources, such determination, such bravery. I watched the Volunteer army of Boston march through the streets in honor of Sheridan; and I thought there was not a man there who would not die for his country, nor a woman looking on who would not wish to be a man to do the same should that country be in danger. Yes! you are brave because you are English. How awful the very idea of two such nations engaged in mutual and deadly strife!

I beseech you, then, by our community of race—one nation though under two governments; by the grand old language which we

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speak in common, with the same thrilling words of Father, Mother, Home; by the common literature we possess; by our Shakspeare and Milton, which are yours also; by our Longfellow and Tennyson, side by side in all our libraries; by the stirring memories of our common history; by our ancestors, whether as sturdy Saxon rallying round the standard of King Harold, or as daring Norman spurring his splendid chivalry to the trumpet of Duke William, and afterward, on a nobler field, uniting to wring from a reluctant tyrant that great Charter which is the foundation of our liberties on both sides the Atlantic; by those great days when our forefathers rallied round the standard of a lion-hearted Queen, and launched forth, some of them in mere fishing-boats, against the proud Armada which was threatening them with Popery and persecution; by the days of the Commonwealth; by Pym, and Eliot, and Sir Harry Vane, who battled in the Parliament, and Milton, who battled with the pen, and Hampden and the Ironsides whose psalm of praise was the signal of discomfiture to the foes of freedom; and by Cromwell, common to us both, greatest of monarchs though uncrowned; I appeal to you by the Pilgrim Fathers who sought your shores, and by the Puritans and Covenanters who remained behind to suffer and to dare in the same good cause; I appeal to you by the ashes of our ancestors, whether they repose beneath the stately towers of some ancient Minster or beneath the daisied turf of some homely English village church-yard; I appeal to you by that same Bible we read in common; by that same Gospel of Peace our missionaries proclaim; by that same Saviour whom we adore—never let there be strife between two nations whose conflict would be the opposition of two Niagaras, but whose accord is as the flowing together of two such rivers in an irresistible tide of blessing to mankind—never let our glorious standards—yours reminding of the rays of Day and the stars of Night, and ours, with its clustered Crosses, telling of union in diversity, and reminding of that Saviour who by the cross came to liberate all mankind from wrath and selfishness and wrong—never let those glorious flags be arrayed in hostile defiance, but folded together may they lead on the van of the world's progress!

We two are the common natural champions of universal Freedom; and I can not but imagine all the demons of hell exulting, and all the despots of earth clapping their hands, and angels in heaven weeping to see us wasting the treasure and shedding the blood which should be husbanded against the common foe. Never, never let us give angels such cause for lamenting; never let us give demons and despots such cause for rejoicing; but ever let Great Britain and America—the mother and the daughter, or, if you prefer it, the elder sister and the younger—go forth hand in hand, angel guardians together of the world's civilization, freedom, and religion—their only rivalry the rivalry of love.

THE REPORTERS OF THE SEA.

THERE is no department of a daily paper so uninteresting to the general reader as that which is headed "Ship News." Men and women regularly peruse the marriage and death notices without any special reason for so doing, and without any expectation of finding either good or evil news of friends; they read with interest advertisements of articles which they do not want, and would not buy even at a bargain; they read telegraphic news from quarters of the globe of which they know nothing and care less; but it is seldom that you find any others than those specially interested in some particular vessel engaged in examining the "Ship News" of the great dailies. It may be that it is unattractive reading to the multitude for the same reason that the dictionary is—because "it changes the subject too often," and the "stories are too short." The editors themselves seem to look on it as of little importance and interest, for they print it in the smallest and most repulsive type and in the least prominent part of the paper.

And yet the "Ship News" columns of the great dailies like the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, *Sun*, *World*, etc., of New York, and the smaller sheets of the less important ports, are the most interesting, romantic even, whether we regard what they tell or what is to be told of them, of all the paper. Why will not some one write the romance of dry things? What a formidable volume the stories of Wall Street would make! How much more marvelous than Aladdin and his lamp is the tale of Law and his Mississippi scheme, or Drew and Vanderbilt and their great railroad war! How entertaining the true artist has made that unpoetical character, the "commercial traveler!" The "Ship News Editor" has just as much entertainment in him as the commercial man, if the true artist had only made studies of him; and his column is one of the most interesting records that are daily presented to an unappreciative audience.

The "Ship News" is the local news of the sea. It has its paragraph for fires; its sporting record of races, its arrivals and departures, its obituaries of old vessels and its births or launches of new ones, its murders, its horrors, its piracies. It records daily the actions and decisions and orders of the Admiralty and Light-House Boards of all maritime nations. Its "Mariners' Notices" tell of the changes in the guide-posts of the ocean, the beacon-lights, and of the discoveries made by hundreds of pilots of the changes in the deep-sea soundings. It records the whereabouts of dangerous icebergs, that they may be avoided, or that owners ashore may guard against them through the agency of the Insurance Companies. It traces the routes of the great storms by the wrecks that have marked their disastrous ways. It tells of the wreckers' daring labors at saving the wrecked; their profitable work in stripping

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the lost vessels. From day to day it locates the vessels on the high seas in its paragraph of "Spoken," telling each owner where his vessel lies or sails, and in what condition—each woman where her lover is, and how he fares. "All well" and "a speedy voyage" are the glad tidings it frequently pronounces, and many are they who read them with heart-felt prayers of "Thank God!"

The "Ship News Editor" is the local reporter of the ocean, and is generally as singular as is his department. He must necessarily have a smattering of several languages—be a sort of polyglot bureau in himself—as he has to cull much of his news from foreign newspapers, particularly Spanish, French, and Portuguese, and sometimes German and Chinese. Besides he must be a good geographer, in order that he shall make no mistakes in his localities, as it is not very creditable to the reputation of a paper to be detected, as I once detected one, in informing a merchant that his vessel, the *Anna Maria* or *Matilda*, had been "lost in a gale off Cape Hatteras, New Granada." And he must be something of a mariner, too—a practical sailor, in order that his dates and routes may be correct. He must not confound ships and sloops and barks and schooners and brigs of the same name. Then the phraseology of the sea must be correctly published, and this is only thoroughly learned by practical seamen. He must know the currents of the sea; the winds of the air. Besides he must have a retentive memory, for practically he has to keep in his head the names of all the merchant navy of his own country and much of that of all the rest of the world, and be able to recall at a moment's notice the changes which occur from time to time. More than that, he must be a man of great patience, ever ready to ply loquacious informants with questions which will divulge the facts rather than the opinions they have of wrecks and fires and other disasters, and equally ready to answer innumerable questions of all kinds. He must be as ready with an opinion as ever Jack Bunsby was, and it must be as consoling to sweet-hearts and wives and uncles and aunts, as encouraging to owners and insurance agents alike, as those of that distinguished mariner were calculated to be.

The Ship News Editor's room of a great daily is as often frequented by those in search of news as by those with news; particularly is this the case when a ship is announced as over-due. If one of the vessels of the great lines between Liverpool and New York is delayed two days the Ship News Editors' rooms in New York city and the office of the Liverpool agency of "Lloyds" are filled with anxious inquirers in search of news, and, in default of that, of the editor's or agent's opinion. On such occasions poor lone women, young and old, come to tell their sad stories, and make anxious inquiries after absent ones supposed or known to be on the delayed vessel. And it sometimes happens that those in search of information, and those having it to give, meet in the Ship News Editor's room. The New York papers pay handsomely for all reports of wrecks, arrivals, etc., whether made in person or by letter, and frequently sailors and wreckers come from distant shores to give information of this kind.

I happened to be sitting last fall in the office of one of these editors when a lady, whose garments betokened her a widow, entered and asked to see the "Shipping Editor." He was pointed out, and the lady at once began to tell him of her troubles. She had a son on the ship ——, over-due from Rio Janeiro. Did the editor have any news of the vessel, and did he think her son was safe? The editor looked at his register—a great scrap-book in which the news of the paper was pasted—and soon after replied that the vessel alluded to was spoken in a certain latitude not many hours' run from the port. "And she is over-due two days," he added.

"Yes," said the woman. "Do you think she is safe?"

The lady was very much troubled, and said her son was her only child and her support.

While she was asking these questions and trying to get some comfort from the editor, who, of course, knew no more than herself, a rough-looking, sailor-like man came into the room, and said he came to report a wreck.

"This is the place," said the editor.

The lady rose up from her seat, but she did not leave the room.

"What vessel?" asked the editor.

"The ——," said the sailor.

The lady screamed, and all in the room started up except the sailor, who paid no attention to her but went on with his story:

"Went ashore at Barnegat last night. Complete wreck. Nearly all the crew and passengers saved by the wreckers."

"Were they not all saved?" asked the lady, appealing directly to the wrecker.

"Not all, marm, not quite all; but I can't tell you any names, 'cause I can't write 'em."

The wrecker sat down by the editor's side, and that worthy began to question him in low tones, in order not to disturb the other writers in the room, as to the particulars of the wreck. The lady hesitated a while, and shortly left the room. Soon after she was gone the wrecker drew a small bundle from his pocket, and slowly unfolding two or three letters displayed a gold locket.

"I think I've seen that lady's face afore this. If I aren't mistaken," he added, opening the locket and displaying a miniature, "that's her —leastways it's like her."

The face certainly was like that of the lady.

"I guess that wus her boy," he added. "He wus a young fellow about eighteen. He wus the first chap I picked up when I made my round this morning, and I took these things out uv his pocket. He'd been lying thar ever since high tide, and wus stiff as a marline-spike."

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"Why did you not tell the poor woman this?" I asked.

"'Twouldn't made her no richer," he answered, gruffly. "She'll know it soon enough if she buys the paper. And she might 'a wanted this 'ere trinket again, and for nothing too. Oh!" he added, with a laugh, "I've known 'em to be so mean as to take waluables like this from a poor wrecker, and never say as much as 'Thank ye.'"

The Ship News column has its history not less interesting than its romance. Although the present form of publishing Ship News was not invented and systematized until about 1837, still the collection of shipping intelligence may be said to have been the beginning of news collecting in this country—the origin, in fact, of the present system of American journalism. It has only been within the last forty years that we first begun to collect news for the purposes of sale, and Ship News was the first that was supposed to have a marketable value. Previous to 1828 there was no regular system of journalism. The papers which existed before that time used to publish whatever came to hand, and made no effort to collect news. They discoursed very learnedly and elaborately about parties and politics—editorials were then two and three columns long—but as far as news was concerned the papers contained only brief statements of whatever the editors happened to hear. No reporters sought to learn the details of statements or the reliability of the rumors, but they gave them just as they heard them. That was the manner in which the newspapers of New York city were conducted no longer ago than 1828—in the days of "Auld Lang Syne,"* which we are accustomed to mourn as the "good old times." Then the Ship News of New York harbor was collected by two or three small boats. At this time the news boats of the New York Press form a miniature fleet, composed of all classes of small vessels, from steam-yachts to row-boats. And comparatively not so small a fleet after all, as many of the vessels are larger in size, and in numbers are several times greater, than the fleet in which Columbus discovered America. These boats are maintained in every important port of the country, and the news which they collect is transmitted to the New York Press by telegraph at an expense of many thousands of dollars annually.

Very different from our own is the system of Ship News collecting in England and on the European continent. It is a difference resulting from the varied character of the systems of journalism of this country and those of Europe. The contrast is the more apparent between England and this country because both speak and print the same language, and are so intimately concerned in the same maritime enterprises. In America the papers are the only news collectors. In England the reverse is almost wholly the case, particularly in the matters of telegraphic and maritime news; and the papers simply publish of the former what Reuter, the telegraph news monopolist, doles out to them, and of the latter what they find recorded daily on the books of "Lloyds" or "Lloyds List" as it is called the world over. And all the world over there is but one "Lloyds"—that peculiar institution without a rival or a parallel. In this country the general public knows little or nothing of this great establishment, though its agents are every where, and "Lloyds List" is to be found on every seacoast merchant's table. And, indeed, at home its history and workings and operations are but imperfectly known. Primarily, it is an association of London merchants for the purposes of maritime assurance, and for the security and credit of mercantile navigation throughout the world. "Lloyds List" finds more than one parallel in another department of commerce in America, in the circulars or "Blue books" of the various commercial agencies in which the standing, pecuniary condition, and moral character of merchants throughout the country are given. "Lloyds List," however, treats of the character of ships rather than of men, and gives daily, for the benefit of merchant shippers who employ, and insurance agents who take risks on them, the age, tonnage, and "rate" of merchant vessels throughout the world. But as it is also a combination of London merchants for the collection of Ship News, just as the Associated Press of New York is a combination of journalists for the same purpose, an account of "Lloyds" may naturally enter into this article.

A great number of the great commercial houses and corporations of England, and, indeed, of all old countries, are carried on under names no longer borne by the members. "Lloyds" is still more singular in this respect, for there has never been a prominent—certainly never a leading—member of the association bearing that name. "Mr. Lloyd," to whom thousands of letters are addressed annually by ship-owners, captains, and crews, is a myth. Many years ago—from about 1705 to 1750—there was a Lloyd who kept a chop or coffee house in Lombard Street, London, to which many merchants engaged in maritime adventures resorted for meals, just as the London dealers in bullion and stocks used at the same period to resort to Jonathan's coffee-house in

* At the time alluded to the New York *Gazette*, a daily paper, was published by one Lang. He had over his door, as a sign-board, a figure-head of Benjamin Franklin. When Hale and Hallock inaugurated their system of collecting news the *Gazette* and other papers of its stamp failed, and the office was sold and altered for a restaurant. The new proprietor, a Scotchman, and a man of very considerable attainments and wit, bought, among other traps of the *Gazette* office, the figure-head of the old printer. His design in possessing himself of this decidedly inappropriate sign-board for a restaurant was not suspected until the name of the restaurant appeared appended to the figure, and Mr. Lang found that the customers of the witty Scotchman were pronouncing the name of the restaurant, "Auld Lang Syne," as if it were read; "Old Lang's Sign."

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the same locality. But "Lloyds" has passed into history while Jonathan's is a mere recollection. Naturally enough merchants meeting here talked of their business affairs. There is a poem extant, carefully preserved in Guildhall library, entitled *The Wealthy Shopkeeper; or, Charitable Christian*, in which a London merchant is described, in very prosaic terms, as "resorting to Lloyds to read his letters and attend sales." Richard Steele in his "journal," published in the *Tatler* (No. 246), and Addison, in the *Spectator*, have alluded to "Lloyds," the latter making it the scene of a description of commercial life.

But though his house was the focus of news, the Rialto of the maritime merchants, Mr. Lloyd seems to have had no direct agency in making it so beyond the preparation of the roast beef and the dispensing of the ale so enticing to all Britishers; he doubtless made a point of listening to, and then repeating to newcomers, the maritime news which he heard discussed by his customers, so that his place became noted therefor; but he probably never took risks on vessels at sea as the merchants who dined at his house were accustomed to do. He simply knew how to "keep a hotel" (on the English plan), and doubtless died without dreaming that the name of his obscure coffee-house was to be given to the busiest and most peculiar department of that busy and peculiar institution—the Royal Exchange of London—the greatest *Bourse* of the world.

In every respect the London Royal Exchange is a peculiar institution. In the first place, the building itself is decidedly un-English, and would look less out of place in Rome, Moscow, Paris, or Calcutta. It was built expressly for an Exchange, for the sale of stocks, shares, gold, products, merchandise, etc.; but stocks and shares are never dealt in there. The merchants congregate daily in the only part of the building which has no covering—the court-yard, in fact; and the main portion of the building is devoted to the offices of life and fire insurance companies, brokers, banking offices, etc.

Entering the open court in which the merchants and brokers meet, the seeker for "Lloyds"—the peculiarity of this peculiar building—is referred to a glazed mahogany door, which forms the entrance to the place he seeks. On opening this he finds himself at the foot of a high, broad staircase, much admired by architects, but accursed by old and gouty merchants. Passing the statue of Huskisson, of honorable memory, the tablet to the *Times*,* the red-robed beadle in his box, and the numerous offices of the numberless life and fire assurance companies, he reaches the great hall to which the merchants daily resort to pick up sea-faring news, and which is known by the name of the old coffee-house—"Lloyds."

The hall is of elaborate and handsome proportions, worthy of the magnificent building of which it is a part. The ceiling—one of the most beautifully frescoed in England—is supported by two rows of high columns of stucco, with variegated colors in imitation of marble. On the sides of the hall appears the coat of arms of the establishment, a golden anchor emblazoned on a shield of blue ground. Mahogany tables placed around the room serve as desks for the members and the clerks, but the persons in the hall are constantly moving to and fro, circulating in the crowds which gather around certain desks representing particular interests. The noise and confusion—like that of all similar chambers, whether legislative or commercial—is painfully oppressive to a stranger; but when the routine of business is understood the apparent complications disappear, and the animated scene is plain enough.

The first object which attracts the attention of the merchant, and which is to be explained to the stranger on entering the hall, is the bulletin-board. There are, in fact, many bulletin-boards, but each is a duplicate of the other, and a number are used for the greater convenience of the crowd. These bulletins contain the news of the day, showing the vessels cleared at the Custom-house; those which have sailed; those which have arrived at the home and at various foreign ports; the latitude and longitude and whereabouts of vessels "spoken" at sea, giving also the date when seen, and the condition of the vessel; the vessels in port at all sorts of places; such events occurring at sea as would affect the rate of insurance—as, for instance, the presence of the white phantoms of the Arctic Ocean in warmer waters, changes in the light-houses, signal-stations, etc.; and every thing of the kind interesting to shippers, insurance men, captains, and pilots.

On a high desk by itself, on one side of the room, is the Loss Book, or, as it is commonly called, the "Black Book." This volume is about the size and appearance of a common commercial ledger, and contains all the information not usually registered on the bulletin-boards in regard to the disasters at sea. In

* The marble memorial in honor of the London *Times*, referred to here, was imbedded in the wall of the Royal Exchange, in the gallery or vestibule leading to Lloyds, in 1843: but the inscription on it bears date in 1841, before the corner-stone of the present building was laid. It commemorates a noble action in journalism. The *Times*, in 1841, called the attention of the commercial public to a coalition of adventurers who were endeavoring to injure the interests of commerce in general, and ruin several banking-houses in particular, by means of false letters of credit. The parties named in the connection were men of some standing, and they brought a suit against the *Thunderer*. It resulted in the conviction of the *Times* of libel, but the damages were put at one shilling only. While the suit was pending Lloyds raised by subscription $13,500, with which to defray the expenses of the suit and pay any damages which might be assessed. The *Times* refused the money when it was proffered. Lloyds then laid aside $750 to pay for the inscription on the tablet which is now imbedded in the wall, and gave the remainder for the purpose of founding a Scholarship for a deserving pupil at the City of London School, and, I believe, gave the nomination to the *Times*.

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fact, the bulletin-board is the register of Good News; the "black book" is the dismal recorder of Bad News. The announcements in each are made in the most laconic style which the practiced clerks of "Lloyds" can command. They seldom occupy more than a couple of lines, and are of course written by hand. In the "black book" the number of pages thus covered varies with the season. In summer one or two pages are used daily; in winter, the season of heavy gales, as many as a dozen pages are filled out with such brief entries as these:

Schr. *Mary Jane*, Smith, put into Barbadoes, 5, leaking. Hope, £3000.

Steamer (Fr.) *Lyonnaise*, Gautier, burned at sea, March 20. Hope, £8000; Mutual, £4000.

The meaning of the first paragraph is this: The schooner *Mary Jane*, of which one Smith is captain, sprung a leak at sea and was compelled, on the 5th of the current month, to enter the port of Barbadoes for repairs; she was insured for $15,000 (£3000) in the Hope Company. The second paragraph is explained thus: The French steamer *Lyonnaise*, Captain Gautier, was destroyed by fire on the date given, and was insured in the Hope and Mutual insurance companies for $40,000 and $20,000 respectively. It is seldom that any thing is said in the "black book" of "Lloyds" of that part of the sad drama of the wreck or the fire which is of most interest to the general public—the loss of life. "Lloyds" takes no cognizance of the doomed humans; it is property, not life, which the underwriters of "Lloyds" insure.

The attention given to the bulletins and the "black book" varies, as does the number of the entries on the latter, according to the weather. When the self-indicating barometer and anemometer which are affixed to the walls tell of pleasant weather and mild breezes, the students of the "black book" are few and unexcited, while the bulletin-boards are in requisition; but when they indicate great storms and unfavorable winds the readers of the "black book" are numerous, noisy, and demonstrative, while the bulletin-boards are deserted.

The entries on the bulletin and the "black book," the indications of the meteorological instruments, and the reports of the various insurance inspectors on vessels, combine to make up the daily paper published by "Lloyds," and known as *Lloyds List*. I believe that only the weekly *List* circulates in this country, and indeed outside of England. Its purpose and contents have been explained before. It is a very old gazette. Few of the early Numbers—in fact, none of those previous to the 996th—are in existence. The 996th Number is dated June 7, 1745. As the paper was originally published but once a week, it is believed that the First Number appeared in the year 1726.

There are other peculiarities of Lloyds, such as the Chart Room, where are displayed maps of every sea, ocean, bay, and port in the world, each on a roller, and arranged with great care; and the Reading Room, where the files of newspapers, maritime gazettes, commercial circulars, etc., are arranged according to nations and continents, on two large tables, which may be said to represent the two hemispheres; but these belong to the department of insurance rather than that of news collecting. The next questions of interest to us in this connection are, therefore, How is this news collected? and how is the institution sustained?

The method of collecting Ship News employed at "Lloyds" is not materially different from that of the New York Associated Press, but it is more elaborate and perfect, and far more reliable. "Lloyds" has its agents in every part of the world—on every inhabitable rock in the sea, as well as in every open port of every nation. "Lloyds" is a sign-board to be found in every port that a ship can enter. The agents employed are either England's foreign officials (generally consuls) or English merchants of repute residing in foreign countries, and always men of such official or commercial standing and reputation as enables them to obtain the earliest shipping intelligence. These agents are in constant communication, by letter and telegraph, with the central office in London, and here their reports finally concentrate. At the same time that their information is on its way to London it is circulated in every port touched at by the vessel bearing the communication to "Lloyds," and thus "Lloyds" news is disseminated. From the office the accumulated information goes in bulk, and not piecemeal. Besides these agencies of information, the merchants of London who are subscribers to "Lloyds" furnish their news, received by letter or otherwise, to the institution; and the captains and crews of vessels often report to "Lloyds" before they do to their owners. "'Lloyds,'" said a London merchant to a foreigner, who was inspecting the "black book," "is a spider planted in the centre of a web which is the sea, and the shipwrecked vessels are the dead flies." The metaphor is unsatisfactory, for the mission of "Lloyds" is certainly not to destroy, and they are not all dead flies that come to its web.

It costs more that $50,000 annually to sustain the institution and pay for its news. This does not appear to be a very large sum when we recall the expenses of the New York Association; but it must be remembered that the London institution is confined to one branch of news collecting, while that of New York embraces all. The telegraphic expenses of "Lloyds" are a fraction as compared with that of the New York Associated Press.

The business of "Lloyds" is conducted by a committee of twelve members, one of whom—generally a leading merchant and a member of the British Parliament—is chosen as the chief. The working staff is headed by a secretary, who is an admiral of the British navy, and is otherwise composed of a large number of assistant secretaries, clerks, and waiters—the latter title being given to the messengers in remembrance of Lloyd's coffee-house. The revenue of the

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association consists of the subscriptions of the members ($125 to $250 each per annum), by the sale of its news to the English newspapers, and the subscriptions to the *List*, which has a large circulation in all parts of the universe.

In contrasting the English and American systems for the collection of this most important commodity of news — important alike to several commercial and many social interests — it must be acknowledged that, while that of America is by far the most enterprising, that of England is far more perfect and reliable. The American Association can learn a wise lesson of "Lloyds." Its own enterprise, and the inordinate American demand for news, has led the New York Press of late years into several excesses, such as the unwarrantable amplification of brief telegrams, and sometimes the publication of others wholly false—and, naturally enough, its credit has been impaired. To be valuable the news of a paper should be above suspicion. Rumors should be distinctly separated from facts; and, above all, the agents who furnish the news, like those of "Lloyds," should be men of standing and reputation. We do not mean to say that the majority of those so employed at this time are not men of character and reliability, but it is nevertheless true that they are not chosen with that care, or impressed with the idea of responsibility, that distinguishes "Lloyds," and which makes that institution the maritime authority of the whole world.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Third.

I.

THIS Monday afternoon the Rev. Charles Wall sits by the fireside in company with John and — worth fifty thousand cargoes of Johns — "The Analysis of the Will." He is reviewing the passages marked by him therein for re-perusal, putting in his thumb, in fact, and pulling out the plums—somewhat stony—of this Christmas Pie. He has extracted a particularly important one, and leaning back in his rocking-chair—that cradle for grown-up babies—is obeying my Lord Bacon and inwardly digesting the same. But oh, that some angel would whisper to him and his whole class that no human being but is a volume too, richly worth at least an occasional study! If any such angel hovered near it wisely took the guise of John, sitting on the other side of the fire-place —an easy transformation for the angel!

As he rocked to and fro, his half-closed eyes upon his companion, he grows aware of the fact that her head, bent over her sewing, resembles that of the "Greek Slave," which he had seen, with hushed lips, a few weeks before, in New York: oval contour, straight nose, curved lip, clear brow, hair gathered into a simple knot behind—how wonderfully like! A reminder of the marble, too, in the hue and repose of this work of Art also; none of the glow and gorgeousness of Louisiana Mills, with whom he had spent the morning—Venus in contrast to this Diana! How fresh and pure and sweet and quiet!

Here the Greek Slave raised its eyes to learn, with a blush suffusing all its marble, how it was being criticised, and to obtain the valuable information:

"Why, John, you will be really beautiful!"

The eyes fall upon the sewing of the busy hands, to rise again to his, calm and full:

"Much obliged to you. What do you mean?"

A pleasant smile too, but no ringing laughter; there's where Louisiana had the advantage of her!

"Beg your pardon! How old are you?"

"Older than I seem—nearly sixteen."

"In school still, I suppose? But no, for today is Monday."

"No. I closed the course at our Seminary here just two weeks before you returned."

"And what next?"

"I do not know."

And it is a shade this time which flits across the pure face. Thereupon Mr. Wall junior kindly examines her upon the nature of her studies. The Botany therein reminds him, he tells her, of the meeting held by his class at college to demand release from lectures on the same. "Botany is for females," the committee appointed thereat had urged upon the Faculty in their request for lectures, instead, upon Political Economy. "Yes, but Political Economy is for men!" had been the instant reply from the professor who said satirical things. His foot on college and seminary heather, he has an hour's interested conversation with her.

"You know they always said in their letters, 'John is well as usual;' or, 'John sends her love;' or, 'We couldn't get along without John;' and the like. You have grown so! Would you like me to teach you Latin?" For it dawns upon him that it will be a great kindness to mould and form her mind, so fresh it is, and plastic! And another hour is given to discussion of this project.

"Above all things I would like to know—"

"Mr. Merkes!" John interrupts him, rising quietly from her seat as a gentleman enters the room. "Mr. Merkes, this is Mr. Wall."

In the millennium people will say, when they meet, exactly what they think. "Mr. Merkes! Tall, thin, austere—my very idea of a professor of the higher mathematics!" is what Mr. Wall, in that case, would have said. "And you are that nephew your foolish uncle has told me so much about! An uncle's absurd partiality; just as I suspected!" would have been Mr. Merkes's salutation; only, in the millennium, our very thoughts about each other will be, and justly, congratulations. As it is, Mr. Merkes takes no particular interest in his young friend. He has so many troubles! And he shows none—merely takes a seat a little apart.

"I will let my uncle know that you are here," says Charles Wall, and is too far outside the room to catch Mr. Merkes's slow remark:

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"No, you need not. He is not at his study. I will wait for him."

"How have you been, Mr. Merkes?" asks John, when the silence is growing too long. Save when his wrongs are the topic, silence incrusts Mr. Merkes like ice; averse to conversation on the general principle of being averse to pretty much every thing.

"Not well, Miss. My health is, I may say, never good," is his reply.

"No special sickness since you were here last?" asks John, with interest in her eyes.

"No, Miss, no. I am generally unwell."

And unless every line of his face lied he certainly was, though no man ever had a more iron constitution. And chronic his complaint is. No baby had ever been so ill-used from his very birth; his rattles came to pieces perversely just to annoy him; his cradle only jolted him; the chairs tripped him; the floors smote him. The conspiracy thickened against him as he grew up; his ball fled from him in spite; his books hid themselves, whenever he started for school, to get him a whipping; molasses withheld its due sweetness, pudding its sufficient quantity, out of sheer malice. His brothers bothered him; his sisters worried him; his parents were far from being, at least to him, what parents should have been. Teachers and schoolmates but swelled the cabal against him. Emerging into the world he found it—as he expected!—but an arena full of personal foes. Yet, with all this, Mr. Merkes has veins of gold all through the quartz of his character, driven therein as by the fiery force of his religion, which is pure and sincere.

"The children are well, I hope?" John again breaks the rapidly congealing silence.

"Samuel has been quite ill, I believe; Mary was threatened with the croup; Alexander is well just now," Mr. Merkes replies.

"And dear little Lucy, Mr. Merkes?"

"Ah, yes; consumptive, I fear." A softening in Mr. Merkes as he says it; harder than most men even then.

"Take a seat nearer the fire," urges Charles, who has now returned and reported the result of his search for his uncle. And Mr. Merkes did seem cold—even in midsummer his appearance betokened frost: genuine piety at heart; but one can keep heat as well as flame covered up in that as under a bushel.

Mr. Merkes declined the seat. Whatever an offer was, Mr. Merkes generally did decline. His habitual feeling is No!

"I have often heard my uncle speak of you, Sir," remarks Charles at last.

"Favorably?" doubted Mr. Merkes to himself, his outer expression being, "Ah!"

"When did you arrive?" he asks at last. "A very unpleasant trip you must have had?" he adds, on being informed.

"No, Sir; a very pleasant one indeed."

"Generally am contradicted," thinks Mr. Merkes.

"You are well acquainted with Dr. Brown," his younger associate in the ministry ventures after a while. "You will be glad to know that he is well. Fills his chair admirably."

"Yes; his book—'Analysis of the Will,' I believe they call it—obtained him the place. I tried to read it once. It seemed to make a great parade of learning!" And in the same way Mr. Merkes acknowledges that Dr. Johnston may be of a lovely character but not of much force. "His Inaugural was the poorest thing I ever saw. He was no more fitted for his chair than I am," adds Mr. Merkes.

"On the contrary, he does admira—" begins Charles. "I beg pardon!" he blushes and corrects himself, "I mean he is quite successful."

Mr. Merkes is used to buffeting; he takes it patiently. But he is no whit swept away by the young man's enthusiasm for old Dr. Ivison, either.

"More peevish, however, as he grows older, I fear," is all his comment thereupon.

"They tell me the Institution is becoming very rich," Mr. Merkes remarks, after quite a silence; "at least something of the kind was trumpeted in the papers. False, I suppose; statements generally are. Rich men suppose they can buy heaven that way. They may find themselves mistaken."

In the same strain Mr. Merkes is sure the new chapel being built there will lead to extravagance. But just here the front gate is heard falling to. A quick step along the gravel, and Mr. Wall senior enters the room.

"Ah, Brother Merkes! Glad to see you!" He greets his visitor cordially and as with both hands; a burst of sunshine upon an iceberg, the glow in return is only reflected. "Glad to see you—glad to see you!" continues the newcomer, laying aside hat, cane, and over-coat. "This is my nephew. Tall, isn't he? Draw nearer the fire. How have you been?" For if Mr. Merkes is winter, his host is summer—yes, and autumn.

Mr. Merkes waits while his host punches the fire vigorously. The animation of that individual enlivens yet exhausts Mr. Merkes. His perpetual protest against it fatigues him. The very high standing of his brother in the ministry, his wonderful success, which Mr. Merkes can not fully account for, make it incumbent that he shall be doubly on the alert not to yield thereto. It is like walking against the blowing of the south wind. Alas! when with no one whom he can oppose, Mr. Merkes whirls round upon and opposes himself. In all the world no one whom he opposes and maltreats as severely as he does himself!

"Whether it's the workin' of a diseased mind on the man's body, or a diseased body on the man's mind, *I* don't know," Mrs. General Likens has often remarked to the General, smoking his cob pipe in his arm-chair. "But he's a good man for all that!" the same lady always adds, after an hour or so of speech upon the same point.

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"All well, I suppose, with you?" Mr. Wall senior adds, in continuation of his greeting, rubbing his hands cheerfully together before the fire.

"About as usual," is the reply; leaving the impression that the usual course is far from joyous. "No, nor any thing of special interest in his church."

Mr. Ramsey, who has recently visited the General Likens neighborhood, in which Mr. Merkes resides, has given us in Hoppleton a wonderful account of the singing there, Mr. Wall informs Mr. Merkes.

"And had nothing to say of my sermon. Of course!" is Mr. Merkes's thought. He says only: "Yes; it is loud, and, I believe, correct. Whether they are making melody in their hearts to the Lord, though—" Solemn silence.

"Mr. M'Clarke, who leads your singing, does not even profess religion?" he asks.

"Oh yes; for years has done so," Mr. Merkes is informed.

"I feared not, from his excessive interest in your singing. Reminds me of the theatre." And Brother Merkes regrets the undue levity of the children in Mr. Wall's Sabbath-school; greatly fears the whole Church is in a state of decline, sorrowfully refusing to accept Mr. Wall's theory thereupon of seed-time as well as harvest.

"And how is Mr. Long doing?" his host asks at last—hopefully, too.

"The very singular person they call Brown Bob Long? For the present I *know* nothing against him. I expect every day to hear that he has gone back to his desperate courses. I generally avoid him. On two occasions he squeezed my hand so hard on meeting me as to render a poultice necessary. I confess I have but little faith in him."

"Nor have I! Not a particle! But I do have in his Master to help him stand," Mr. Wall makes answer. At which Mr. Merkes is very justly and deeply offended.

"And Mrs. General Likens?" asks his host, after a pause.

"Her general health is good, Sir," Mr. Merkes replies. "At least so far as I know. Her intellect I regard—I think all do—as utterly unsettled in reference to what she calls her poetry. It makes her a positive nuisance!" Mr. Merkes adds, with gray heat, stung suddenly by remembrance of his cruel sufferings in connection therewith.

Will some one please write and say how it was? Mr. Wall senior flowing evenly along like some munificent river, broad, deep, bright, making all his course that much the greener and more beautiful. And this other flowing with narrow thread among the obscure places of the world, perpetually fretting among pebbles, striking hopelessly against rocks, tumbling wounded and protesting over continual falls all along. Temperament? Circumstance? What?

"Oh, we are perfectly agreed at heart, Brother Merkes," Mr. Wall remarks at last, rising from his seat—he never can remain seated long. "And now I've got a favor to ask of you; I'm glad I thought of it. Please ask my nephew here to preach for you!"

"Oh, uncle!" exclaims that nephew, while even John colors a little. Mr. Merkes slowly considers the proposition, having advantage of them all therein.

"Have you any special reason therefor, uncle?" asks the nephew, somewhat aware of the length of Mr. Merkes's reflections.

"Yes, I have. If Brother Merkes will be so kind!" is the reply. Mr. Merkes looks up. Some conspiracy against him!

"Next Sabbath I preach against that wretched Ishmael Spang, by appointment," he says, finally. "Your nephew can come the Sabbath after. Some of the people may have some curiosity to hear him."

"Thank you. Now come to my study, Brother Merkes," his host says, walking toward the door. "We'll leave these young people to themselves."

"My company not being agreeable to them!" thinks Mr. Merkes, eternally haunted, and by his own ghost at that!

II.

Miss Louisiana Mills is at supper when, a few evenings after this, it is announced to her that young Mr. Wall has called and awaits her in the parlor. Now Miss Loo had eaten almost nothing since dinner, and there were rice batter-cakes for supper. Presume not to judge in her case if you have never had upon your plate such cakes—soft, light, the delicate white as delicately browned, well buttered, a dish of honey not six inches from your plate; and similar batter-cakes continually from the kitchen, each supply hotter, softer, lighter, better browned and buttered than the last. Miss Loo sees no pressing necessity of leaving the table instantly. Mr. Wall can wait a little.

Mrs. Mills comes in to him at last, shakes hands, gives an incidental pull at each of the very handsome curtains, says Loo will be in presently, asks after his "people," and vanishes. Door opens again—Colonel Mills! No one more cordial than the globular Colonel. Not a richer, happier, more cordial household in all Hoppleton. And you would never dream it of the Colonel, who sinks into an arm-chair, filling it full as one does a mug with ale, his white waistcoat and ruffles answering very well for the foam; but the unanimous opinion of that community is that the Colonel and his household are, in reference to any and to every thing outside their family circle, the "closest people"—strong emphasis on *closest*—in the world! It is only that they have so decided a sense of the necessity of enjoying themselves as to be unwilling, very naturally, of abating in any way their means of doing this by expenditure upon others.

"And, lawsy! what did you *talk* to the people so for last Sunday?" Miss Loo is saying to her visitor half an hour later.

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"I don't understand you, Miss Loo," Mr. Wall replies; but in his soul he is saying, "You are undoubtedly the most beautiful woman now alive!" groaning over it none the less.

"Why, don't you know? Lawsy!" A peal of laughter. "That other Sunday you *preached;* but this last time you *talked* to us so; it sounded so funny. Lawsy!" Another ringing laugh.

The fact is, Edward Burleson had basely robbed his friend—under pretext of brushing his coat in the bank parlor, and just before the latter entered the pulpit—of his elaborate sermon. His first consciousness of this in the pulpit had been a blankness of after consciousness for a minute, as of paralysis. Revived from this by his indignation at the wrong done him, as by pungent salts, he had managed, by the time he rose to preach, to throw the sermon as completely out of his mind, too; and, taking the same text, had simply *told* the people its meaning, instead of preaching it to them, succeeding thereby a hundredfold better.

"And, by-the-by, you are a member of the church, Miss Loo?" he asked, after a while, and in his lightest manner.

"Oh dear no! *Me?* Oh lawsy, no!" But without the laugh; in as frightened a manner as if she had been invited to embark in a balloon.

"I am so sorry you didn't like my sermon," he adds, hastily, to undo his mistake, and in a still lighter manner. For she is so very beautiful!

"Oh, I never *said* so. Lawsy, no!"

What rich, ringing laughter! And so beautiful! Nor does half an hour more of conversation avail to obtain for her visitor even a pin's head, in all her exclamation and laughter, upon which he can hang even the frailest substance or meaning. She is only a very large little girl. But so beautiful!

"What a singular name, Louisiana—Louisiana! How did they happen to call you that?" he asks at last.

"Oh, I was born on Pa's sugar plantation there, you know. And oh, the sirup we used to eat there warm from the kettles!" So amusing.

"They could not have given you a better," her lover says, thinking of the sugar-cane and oranges, and the heavy moss swinging in the slow breeze there over the universal level; with dim remembrance, too, of the monotony there, and malaria.

And Miss Louisiana is smoothing a ribbon between her sleepy fingers, and—is so beautiful! She is just risen from a most satisfactory supper; is richly dressed, jeweled, and perfumed; is in perfect health, very rich, not a care in the world. If she does not actually purr with satisfaction as she sits upon the velvet cushions of the sofa, it is not because she is not in the mood to do so.

Plenty of offers has Miss Loo had. But she is a perfectly obedient daughter, and those pecuniarily desirable have been a little too undesirable in respect of drink, horses, cards, and the like, for Colonel Mills. His one condemnation being, "No, Loo; he will spend every cent of your money!" She has only, in such case, to say to the ardent swain, "Oh lawsy, no! The idea!" and the silver peals therewith have rung requiems to many a confident attempt on her heart, hand, and fortune. Although it is only her father who speaks through her lips on such occasions, just as it is only Professor Pentzmenkey, her music master, who plays through her fingers when she is at the piano!

And Miss Loo is such unspeakable and delightful reaction from the Seminary course! Only, if he does indeed succeed in winning her, Mr. Wall feels that it will be like coming suddenly into possession of a wax doll of the largest pattern—and what to do with it!

"Do let me hear you play," he says at last, in desperation for a topic. And Miss Loo seats herself at the superb piano, places before her the first page of music which comes to hand, and grants his request.

No pains nor money had been spared to instruct Miss Loo; but it was severe work. Pentzmenkey earnestly desired to make money; it is the only thing that holds him to it. In her case he fairly earns his money. Standing behind her as she sat at her lessons, his voice is persuasion, but his face is wrath. During her serene persistence in every possible blunder, a thousand times corrected, he grasps his mustache as a sort of rein by which he holds himself in. She couldn't understand it all, and she didn't! Three days of the week, one hour each day, he makes honest effort thereat, more than exhausting his English. He stops, hideously profane—but in German, and under his breath—while Miss Loo sits still, her fair fingers slumbering on the keys, perfectly cheerful, waiting for him to go on. She has nothing else to do, and she takes lessons for years. Pentzmenkey ceases even to pour out his soul to his wife on the subject, gets used to it—is not "Mees Meels" a standing income to him! In time she learns to play certain tunes—very beautifully, too; but it is only Pentzmenkey, at last, playing them by her—a sort of mechanism from long-continued rote, worked by him even when his hand is for the moment off the crank.

"Oh, I'm so glad he's gone!" Miss Loo remarks with a yawn to her mother, intruding into that lady's bedroom and wakening her out of a sound sleep, when the deluded visitor is at last departed. "I thought he never would go, I was *so* sleepy. Besides, I'm dying for a little more of that delicious jelly-cake. Where are the keys, Ma?"

"She is so very beautiful!" the visitor groans to himself as he walks home—"so exceedingly beautiful!" Now the Margaret whom Faust so violently loved was not beautiful at all—only a coarse peasant girl, toughened and hardened and bronzed by unceasing drudgery from morn-

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ing till night. As Mephistophiles remarked when he gave Faust the witch's broth, it would make him imagine the next woman, whoever she was, a Venus. And though this poor young fellow was intoxicated too, his Margaret was beyond all doubt an exceedingly beautiful woman. But people somehow always yielded that to Miss Loo as with a groan.

III.

It is as the sun is setting, a week after this, behind General Likens's orchard, that Charles Wall drives up to the front gate of the General's place, having John seated beside him in his buggy, the General himself, who has escorted them from Hoppleton, riding upon his invariable roan behind.

"We'll let the men have the parlor to themselves, child, while we stay here at the table and have a good talk." It is Mrs. General Likens who says it, the same evening after supper. "Deary me, I'm so glad to see you to be sure! Do try an' eat a little more, while I wash up the cups and saucers, you've eat no supper at all. Have a hot biscuit? Let me fill your cup again? No? You really won't? Well, draw nearer the fire—Moll, get some more kindlin'—an' I'll turn a little so as I can see you while I wash up. How well you do look to be sure!"

Please like Mrs. General Likens, dear reader. Every body did who knew her. For any respectable person to have lived in the county and not to have been at the General's would have been a wonder. Somehow, without dreaming of such a thing, you were certain, by a sort of fate, to stop, in passing, at the well in the front yard for a drink. Next you found yourself sitting in a hide-bottom chair, its wood scoured to whiteness, in the long front piazza of the house. Then, there you were at the table, as if you had lived there all your life, eating and listening to Mrs. General Likens. Ten to one you found yourself at last—at a late hour, too—in the best bedroom, well tucked in under the red stars of the best quilt, smelling so of lavender—Mrs. General Likens's broiled chicken and light biscuit sitting well on your stomach, but Mrs. General Likens's voice ringing still in your ears.

There was actually something of the Web of the Spider about that low-roofed homestead. But I would be ashamed of myself if I mentioned, in connection with such a metaphor, that Mrs. General Likens was always spinning long threads from a humming wheel in the back-shed room, standing beside it the tallest, thinnest lady, her outstretched arm reaching farther, her fingers holding the thread the longest ever known; or else she was seated on a low rocking-chair in the front piazza, knitting long blue stockings with the thread of yarn stretching away to the ball lying yards off on the thoroughly-scoured floor. Nor do I intend to add, in such connection, that Mrs. General Likens had any nose and chin at all—their length, and that of her tongue too, forbid any allusion to them whatever. Mrs. General Likens spun habitually other lines, also, longer than all these tied together—lines of poetry! It would be improper, having alluded to a spider's web, to state that the General was short and stout, and local when in the house—his wife around and around him all the time, he perfectly still in his arm-chair, either at table, by the fire, or on the front piazza—because this and his blue jean trowsers, very full in the seat, might suggest an idea of a bluebottle fly. Let all such vain fancies be discarded; for only once get well acquainted with the General and his wife and you know of none whom you respect more highly.

"And you've been so long a-coming, too, child," continued Mrs. General Likens, as she washed and wiped the cups and saucers with a towel thrown over her left shoulder, three yards long at least. "I expected you when we had strawberries; then when the raspberries came; then when we had melons. I was certain you would be here in peach-time. I've been real hurt, and when you knew your mother, too, was—stayed—"

"Oh, Mrs. Likens," interrupted John, "I've wanted to come. But you know how it is. Mr. Wall does not keep any carriage. Even if he did, I had no one to come with me."

"Mrs. *General* Likens, I'm usually called, my dear, though you needn't mind about that. Yes, but when Mr. Wall—the uncle, you know—came at our communion that time, what a blessed meeting it was! I never heard any body preach like him in all my life. You ought to have seen the General. He sat there on the front seat at church still as a stone, a-drinking in every word. Preaching three times a day for a week we had. We all only wished it was six times a day, and meeting protracted forever. Our James, you know, made a profession then. He couldn't bear Mr. Merkes. 'Too sour for me, Ma,' he would say, and make a face all wry like, as if he had bitten a green persimmon. In spite of myself I'd laugh. But Mr. Wall? From the first sermon he preached James listened for his life. I'd been praying for him—you know he was our only child—for years. I'd a kind o' hope in Mr. Wall's coming. His preaching had been so much blessed every where else, I said to myself, 'Who knows? who knows?' and prayed special for James. When I saw him listen so I felt some hope; but when I tried to talk to him he said, 'Not now, Ma, if you please,' so grave like I hushed right up. 'Don't you say one word to him, Polly,' the General said. I didn't, though it was very hard. One night about the middle of the meeting we heard him praying in a low voice like in his room. It was right over our bed. The General and I kneeled down together on the spot, I tell you! About day—little before—some one came into our room. 'Who's that?' I said, wide awake, for I sleep like a lynx—one eye and both ears open. 'Don't be afraid, it's only me, Ma,' he said; 'I couldn't wait till day!' Such a hugging and kissing and thank-

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ing God I don't suppose you ever heard! It wasn't three months after that he came to die. 'Ready to go any hour now, Ma,' he said from the start. 'God bless that Mr. Wall!' he said." And John listened with interest as the old lady told the long story of the dying hours of her only child.

"But the reason I could not come that time," said John at last, "was because Mr. Ramsey was so anxious to go. We had it all arranged that I was to ride in the buggy. But Mr. Ramsey plead to come, and Mr. Wall said he could not do without his presence and his prayers. And so I staid—willingly."

The fact is, it was Laura Wall, not John, who was to have accompanied upon this trip the young minister, only she had declined to do so, when it was proposed, with a vehemence amazing in one so habitually quiet and gentle. The truth is, Laura Wall had, some months before this, thrown up her hands with an "Oh, Mr. Merkes!" of actual horror when that gentleman had one day asked her, on a visit to her father's in Hoppleton, to marry him. And, when urged by Mr. Merkes to "think over the matter, at least," her only reply had been, "Think of it! No, Sir! not for an instant!" in tones sharper even than when she detected an invading calf in the act of devouring her choicest hydrangea. Of course Mr. Merkes was effectually roused toward *her*. He had hoped that she was unlike, superior to the perverse world about him. When, after long absence, he revisited the house his whole manner toward her was, "I am aware, Miss, you heartily desire an opportunity of undoing your dreadful mistake! I thank you, Miss, never!"

Part of Mr. Merkes's woe was that she had instantly made known his offer and her rejection thereof to every body. He saw that in the very manner of the clerk, in Hoppleton, of whom he bought a saddle-blanket, and was charged too much for it at that, a week after. Even Uncle Simeon, holding his horse when he visited next at General Likens's, old and infirm as he was, smiled when he took the bridle in a way which convinced Mr. Merkes that all the negroes, even, throughout the neighborhood had got hold of the story. He read his discomfiture in the titter of every girl at Sunday-school, even in the corners of the eyes and mouths of his soberest members.

Of course Laura Wall had never breathed a syllable about it even to her own father or mother. "It is *too* ridiculous—I can't!" had been her thought. Even if Mr. Merkes had known of her silence it would only have aggravated his suffering. "Did not even regard an offer from *me* of sufficient importance to mention it!" he would have said to himself. But the possibility of meeting Mr. Merkes at General Likens's house was enough to keep Laura Wall away.

Mrs. General Likens is not silent all this time.

"Ah, well, child, you are here now," said that lady, wiping her eyes with a long handkerchief from her bag, and putting it carefully back again. "I'm going to keep you here as long as I can. Only wait till after prayers to-night and I'll read you"—and she smiled benevolently on her young guest—"some lines I wrote on James's death. I've some, too—several pieces—on Mr. Wall's preaching. You shall hear them all."

Now John had long heard of Mrs. General Likens's poetry. To listen to some of it was the grievous toll that every stranger through her gates had to pay, unless that stranger, more cunning than a fox, more slippery than an eel, managed to evade the infliction. During Mr. Wall's visit it had taxed even his genial piety to the utmost. As to Mr. Merkes, the quantity he had listened to was appalling, and had gone far toward brimming the cup of his woes. The General heard every line his wife wrote before the ink was dry, still as a stone in his chair, or moving only to keep his pipe filled and lighted. *He* did not mind it; the lines were only a part of the sound of his wife's tongue, distracting him no more than the clucking of the maternal hens about the house. Honestly she believed that it was as great a pleasure to others to hear as it was to her to write; believed it so heartily as to remain blind and deaf to every possible intimation—and she had received a great many—to the contrary. Some theme would strike her in the morning, and all day, while spinning, knitting, in kitchen and dairy and poultry-yard, would she be weaving the fabric of her verse, getting it by heart as she proceeded. Then, while the General snored in deep diapason in the bed at night, the precious lines were written out on foolscap—all too short for the purpose—on the well-worn, ink-spotted little desk in the corner. In the little dark closet under the staircase were trunks of it; but as Mrs. General Likens was in a state of perpetual production, she rarely went back beyond the effusions of the last six months. Yet, had the old house got on fire, all that poetry would have been placed far beyond the devouring flames by her before she would have even thought of her stores of yarn; stronger language than that can not be used. Yes, nature had constructed Mrs. General Likens to utter herself. She never resorted to paper when there was any living ear at hand to listen. If, then, she preferred poetry, it was because she could thus lengthen out what she had to say to an extent and tenuity of which prose did not admit.

Is it inconsistent with profound reverence to say that there must be a sense of the ludicrous in the great Creator? Surely there is an intimation of the infinite geniality of His adorable nature in bringing about that Mrs. General Likens should write, yea, and should persist in reading, too, her verses to wincing auditors. If holy spirits indeed hover over this world of ours, interested spectators of all that takes place, that they should weep over its miseries is utterly inconsistent with the perfect happiness

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they possess; it is quite possible that they should smile at much they daily behold. If this dear soul added a little to the sorrows of her friends on earth, depend upon it she added largely to the happiness of her friends in heaven—to their genial amusement, celestial laughter!

"Look out for the poetry, John, and don't get rude!" was the last thing Laura had said to John in parting at the buggy—said it with a laugh. She had only known of that poetry by hearsay—had she herself ever been exposed to it she never could have jested on so serious a subject.

At this moment, supper things being cleared away, General Likens and his guest are called in. The large Bible, so thoroughly used as to require dextrous handling to keep the loose, age-darkened leaves in place, is laid on the table. A chair is placed beside it. The tallow candle is carefully snuffed with the tongs and put on one side the book. The General reads a chapter, a few verses of a familiar hymn are sung, John's voice aiding to sweeten the tones of her hostess. Then a prayer, and Charles and John rise from their knees anxious for bed. Mrs. General Likens has no such idea; the General has.

"I'll show Mr. Wall to his room," he says, taking up the candlestick. "Light another candle, Polly, and take Miss to bed too. Now *don't* talk to her any more to-night," he adds, in an imploring tone, to his wife. "I know she's tired; let her get a good night's sleep, and you can go at her fresh in the morning!"

And, with a good-night, the gentlemen disappear from the room.

"You mustn't be surprised at the General, child," says his wife, having lighted her candle from the fire. "He's amazing slow, but he's sensible. As if I would want to break your rest! Come, child," and John follows her gladly up the narrow steps of the steep staircase into a small, neat room. "James's room," says her hostess, in explanation. "He's in a better mansion now, and we'll all soon follow. I've got that poetry here in my bag; took it out of the desk just before prayers, and put it there so as not to forget. You just begin to take off your things, and I'll read it to you while you unhook."

And Mrs. General Likens placed the candle—a whole one—on the table, with its white cotton cover fringed with cotton lace, and drawing up a chair beside it, adjusted her spectacles, and proceeded to untie the yarn wound about a roll of foolscap. "You would like to hear it, child, wouldn't you?" she asked, in a way that took an affirmative as a matter of course. Now John did *not* wish to hear a line, and it was not in her nature to equivocate. There was one alternative before her.

"But you promised to tell me about my mother, you know, Mrs. Likens. For years I've wanted to see you and have you talk to me about her. We can't stay with you long, and I'm afraid I won't hear at last," said her young guest, slowly undressing.

"Well, the General told me not to talk to you—Mrs. *General* Likens, they call me, child; but the poetry can wait till I've done. You see it was this way," said the old lady, throwing her spectacles up from her nose on her head, adjusting her cap-border, and settling herself in her chair for a good talk. "It must have been some fifteen or sixteen years ago. We lived in Old Virginia then. We had a home among the mountains—a better place than this it was. Our house was right on the stage-road. We hated it dreadful; passengers would walk up the mountain to ease the stage. The road was terrible steep; and they would always stop in for a drink of water. I didn't mind that, for it gave me a chance to have a good deal of agreeable talk when they came to the front porch for the gourd, only they always left the front gate open, and the hogs would get in constant. There was the garden, too, alongside the road. The stage passed twice a week; and twice every week, Mondays and Wednesdays it was, in fruit time, the garden was sure to be full of passengers getting strawberries, raspberries, apples, quinces, nectarines, peaches, green-gages—whatever it was. We kept a dog—Tige we called him; but he bit a passenger one day climbing up a pear-tree, and the General had the boys give him away. They broke the palings, too. Ah, well, child, I'll come to it—needn't tell me. Dear me, what a white skin you have got—just like your mother. Well, one day—let me see—yes, it *was* in the summer, because I was sitting out on the front porch knitting, I heard the stage coming up the mountain, when a gentleman opened the front gate; didn't stop to shut it behind him, but came up the walk as fast! He was all pale and panting and out of breath. He lifted his hat as he came near—I saw at once he was a gentleman—and said, 'This is Mrs. General Likens, I believe? I come to beg, Madam, that you will take my wife—she is in the stage behind—and myself in for a day or two.' 'It isn't our custom to take in strangers,' I said. 'But, Madam, my wife is ill—really ill,' he said. 'Oh, if that's the case,' said I, 'certainly, certainly.' By this time the stage was at the gate. Just as soon as he opened the stage-door to help her out I saw it all at once, and hurried down. I tell you, child, she was the sweetest young creature I do believe I ever saw in my life. She looked up at me so helpless like, just as if I was her own mother; and I had her in the house, in the best room, her things all off, and her safe in bed in no time. I tell you, it was high time she was out of that stage, jolting about over the mountains. 'You foolish young thing,' I said; and then she told me how Mr. Easton, her husband, had married her somewhere—about Richmond, wasn't it? and then had to be absent several months out West hunting a home—a merchant, wasn't he? He had found a place, made all his plans to move out, was in a hurry to carry his wife home. 'I hated to

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tell him, you know, Madam,' she said; and then she began to cry. 'Oh, these men!' I said. 'Bless their souls, but they are mighty stupid about some things!' However, I cheered her up; said how glad I was it was our house she happened in at; and then I told her some of *my* troubles. Sit down on the bed, child," continued Mrs. General Likens to her young guest; "but you needn't have brought that night-gown with you; I've got a plenty, I hope. I'll show you some I worked when I was to be married to the General; they ain't even frayed yet—real linen. Well, I must get along, or we won't get to the poetry to-night. Same week your father had a little daughter. Yes, it was under my roof you were born, child—and I'm glad to see you under it again. Where was that father of yours raised, child?"

"In Virginia, Mrs. Li— Mrs. General Likens. My mother was too," said John, venturing to prop herself up a little against the headboard of the old-fashioned bedstead with one of the large, ruffled pillows.

"Oh yes; I know about your mother well enough. Any body could see that. She was as soft and plump and sweet and rosy as a June peach. I declare she was the smilingest, sweetest little wife I ever did see! I don't want to wound your feelings, but I declare I thought your father was a Yankee. He was a tall, handsome, mighty neatly dressed man. He was a pious man, too; for in the six weeks he was with us he led in prayer at family worship often. But he was such a straightforward, straightspoken sort of a man, so prompt, so decided like. The idea of carrying his young wife right straight off to his new home the instant it was ready, stopping for nothing!"

And while the old lady pauses a moment to snuff the candle with her long finger and thumb, previously dampened for the purpose at her lips, it may be added that Mr. Easton was a sort of New England man, only born at the South—clear-headed, energetic. Of a singularly practical character, he prided himself on looking neither upon the dark side nor the bright side of things only, but upon every thing exactly as it was, apart from its lights and shadows. As to his wife, it was her childlike ways, her sunny sweetness, and a certain low music in her voice, which had won her husband's heart. The youngest of her father's family, she was from birth the pet and darling. Hers was an old-fashioned, pious ancestry—and there is something even of piety bequeathed in blood and nurture, giving additional purity and glow to a person such as Rubens loved to paint, so fond and dimpled. It was because of the contrast to himself that her husband loved her.

"And so you are *his* daughter and *her* daughter!" said the old lady, taking a good look at John in the brightened shining of the candle. "Yes, child, you look like your mother, certain. Never mind, I ain't going to flatter you—flattery is bad for young girls. People flattered me too much when I was young. You look like your father, too—something about the nose, the mouth, the eye—don't know where. You only have the hard sense of your Pa, child, and the sweetness of your Ma, and you'll be nigh perfect, I reckon. But what became of your Pa and Ma when they went West? I wanted to ask Mr. Wall when he was here, but he was so busy preaching."

"My father was a merchant in the same town six years. I was their first and only child, and they spoiled me, I'm afraid. My mother seemed to love my father and myself even more, I believe, than mothers generally do. I'll show you her miniature some day," said John, now wide awake and sitting up in a chair. "At last she sickened slowly and died. Oh, she was so beautiful, Mrs. Likens—Mrs. General Likens; such glad eyes, and glowing cheeks, and coral lips, and winning ways to the last; every body almost idolized her. I've been told so often. When she was dying, you know the strange request she made; as she left no boy, that I might be called 'John,' after her husband she loved so well. It was only a sick fancy, perhaps, but my dear father respected it. Hardly three years after and he was gone too."

"Broke all to pieces, wasn't he?" asked the old lady.

"He was rich when my mother died," said John, softly, "but after that he seemed to care almost nothing for his affairs. His partner defrauded him in some way, and he was ruined."

"And how was it Mr. Wall raised you?" asked her hostess, more and more deeply interested in the young girl, whose striking loveliness, as she sat with disheveled hair in her night-dress, was heightened by their theme.

"My father was the wealthiest member, the most active member, in Mr. Wall's church when he lived. I do not know how it was, but for years before my mother's death I had become a kind of pet in Mr. Wall's family—we lived near together; in fact, every body seemed to pet me, then, and ever since," she added, with a smile. "I don't know why it is."

"Ah, well, we can guess," said Mrs. General Likens, with a motherly nod of her head.

"After Ma's death," continued John, with a blush, "I almost lived at Mr. Wall's. There was no one at home but the servants—that is, all day when Pa was at the store. When he went to the North to buy goods he always left me there, they begged for me so. During all his sickness it was there I remained. After my father's death they all seemed to love me more than ever. I believe I have an aunt somewhere who wrote for me, but Mr. Wall did not like her letter, or something of the kind. While he was waiting for some Providence to decide the matter it decided itself, and that is all. When Mr. Wall moved to Hoppleton I came too with the family."

"I suppose you know it, child, but Mr. Wall thinks the world of you. 'I've seen a great many children in my day, ma'am,' he said to me when he was here, and I was askin' after

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you, 'but I never saw such a thoroughly sweet and perfectly sensible girl in all my life.' Yes, I know I oughtn't to have told you *that*. Perhaps he's all mistaken; he's such a warm-hearted man he's almost certain to think too well of people—just as Mr. Merkes thinks too bad of them. You see, Mr. Wall thinks every body he meets is good, just like him, and Mr. Merkes thinks every body he meets is just like— No, I mustn't say that—he's our minister, and he's a most excellent man, somewhere at the bottom under every thing, I do believe. And so you keep house for them, child, do you?" asked the old lady.

"No, Madam. Why who could have told you that?" asked John, with a start of surprise.

"Same man," replied the old lady, with a smile. "Le's see. 'She's a treasure, ma'am,' he said. 'Mrs. Wall's an invalid; Laura devotes herself to flowers, visiting the sick, helping at weddings; and John keeps house, keeps the keys of the smoke-house, pantry, cellar;' I think he said corn-crib, but ain't certain. 'She's a darling little old lady,' he said; 'an' her name, John, fits her like a cap.' Sing'lar, wasn't it? Are you a professor, child?" asked the old lady, rather suddenly, in conclusion.

"A member of the church?" asked her companion, after a little hesitation.

"Of course, child, yes, a professor of religion."

"Yes, Madam," replied John.

"Glad to hear it," said the old lady, sincerely pleased. "I was sure of it. It isn't late, I reckon. We haven't talked much, for the General said we'd better not; can't you tell me some of your experience?"

"I have not had any, ma'am," said John, after a moment's hesitation, taking a seat again, by the instinct of a wearied nature, on the bed.

"No experience!" exclaimed her companion, in tones of unmingled wonder.

"None worth telling you," explained John.

"Yes, but I want to know when you were converted," said the old lady; "how the light first broke; how long you were mourning for sin before; something of your doubts and fears since then. You needn't say much, for we must come to the poetry. I know you are anxious to hear it."

"My religious experience is very little," said John, desirous of making some return for the deep interest of her new friend. "I was trained from my birth, you know, by pious parents. I can not remember when I did not kneel morning and night by my mother's side to say my little prayers. We always had family worship, too, and I went to Sunday-school from the time I could walk, and to church too. Ever since I have lived in Mr. Wall's family it has been the same."

"But didn't you never experience a change of heart, child? You know the Saviour said, 'Ye must be born again,'" said the old lady, with grave apprehension.

"Yes, ma'am," John makes reply, with hesitation, "I hope I have had such a change; but I don't know when it took place. I never think about that."

"Yes, child, but what proof do you have?" Mrs. General Likens asks, with anxiety.

"I try to love the Bible and the Sabbath," her companion replies, with lowered eyes and voice. "I think I do love to pray; and I know I love the Saviour, and I try to serve Him as well as I can every day," John adds, after quite a pause.

"But don't you have any exercises of mind—any wrastlin' with the devil? All his waves an' his billows don't they sometimes roll over you? You mustn't be offended, but you take things like Brown Bob Long out here. I'm not going to say Bob ain't a real disciple; but he takes things so even like—so quiet and simple. Any way, I've powerful exercises!—up in the garret, down in the cellar! But writing my feelin's out in my poetry is some relief too: only relief except prayer. Ah! child," added the old lady, drawing in a very long breath and slowly shaking her head, "you are only a babe in Christ yet; you haven't had any experiences. You mayn't believe it, but I've got a large blank book, which the General bought to keep his accounts in, full from one end to the other of verses I've wrote in some of my frames of mind. If I live I'll read it all to you!"

By this time the young traveler was lying entirely down upon the bed, almost asleep in spite of herself.

"That's right, child," said the old lady. "Only get under the cover; you'll take cold. We mustn't talk any more to-night. I'll sit here and read you a few pieces while you rest yourself."

So saying, the favored of the Muses unrolled her long bundle, carefully selected a sheet, snuffed the candle afresh, drew her glasses down on her eyes, took them off and wiped them carefully, replaced them, and, with a preparatory clearing of the throat, was just about to begin. At this instant there was a voice from below, of entreaty rather than command:

"Polly! old woman! *do* come down! you'll kill that poor child!"

"In a moment, General—you go to sleep!" was the shrill reply.

Whistle a lioness from its tender prey—a young fawn lying passive under its paw? Not exactly. And the poetess remorselessly read on. She was too deeply interested in her lines to glance, even, at her companion. Finished at last.

"Stop!" she said, eagerly, when the last line of the first piece was read. "Don't express any opinion, child, till you've heard this next piece. It's better than the other, I do believe." And she dashed into it, rejoicing in so attentive a listener. When she had finished the candle-wick towered aloft like a column among the ruins of Greece.

"Well, child, what do you think of that?" she asked, as she slowly snuffed the wick.

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"You've listened first-rate. But don't flatter me—I don't like it. When people do, I'm always afeared they ain't sincere."

A slow, soft breathing was the only reply.

"Asleep! sound asleep, as I live!" exclaimed Mrs. General Likens, standing over the bed, and with some disappointment in her face and tones.

Yes, and from the moment she began, without the least intention on the part of the sleeper, sound asleep, her fair cheek pillowed on one open palm. As the old lady looked upon her the shade of displeasure passed from her brow.

"'Tis astonishing," she said to herself, "what music there is in them lines! It must be in the even rhymes followin' each other so pat. And she was tired too. Never mind, dear; I'll try and read them all over again to you soon's I can."

And with a soft, motherly kiss upon the check of the sleeper, a careful tucking in of the starry quilt at the sides, shading her wasted candle with her hand, Mrs. General Likens descended the steps with stealthy tread. As she carefully crept under the cover to the side of her sleeping lord he woke up enough to growl: "Oh, Polly, if you only *could* keep from talking so much what a blessing 'twould be!" and was snoring again in a moment after.

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

IV.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOTELS.

ARTISTS tell us that not only are all the faces in the world different, but that the two sides of the same face are unlike. The English side of the English hotel system must be very pleasant, or Englishmen would not adhere to it so persistently. The side which is turned to foreigners, however, has quite another appearance. That Englishmen admire the system is evident from the dismal failure of a recent attempt to conduct a London hotel upon the American plan. A splendid building had been erected, and, after a time, one of the most popular and enterprising of American hotel-managers was engaged; but the English directors of the hotel company objected to any innovations, and the manager found himself censured for every thing which deviated from the fine old British model. But Americans think English inns any thing but comfortable, because they have been accustomed to a system so much better at home. The English or European plan of letting you a room at so much a week, and charging you fixed prices for whatever other entertainment you require, is by no means unknown in the United States; but it has never been able to compete with the American system of charging so much a day for board and lodgings, giving you every accommodation for this money, and debiting you with no extras except wines.

One can not be surprised that the mode of hotel life in America is so little understood in England when he finds beverages called "corpse-revivers" sold as American drinks near the Haymarket, an American restaurant totally misrepresented at the Paris Exposition, and such an authority as Mr. John Oxenford sticking to the statement, which he published in the *Times*, that he used to lay awake at night at a first-class hotel during his visit to New York, and watch the rats drinking out of his water-pitcher. Genuine American drinks have names strange enough; but the fact that certain decoctions are called "brandy-smashes," "mint-juleps," and "sherry-cobblers," scarcely justifies the invention of the Haymarket "corpse-reviver," or of Mr. Sala's "that thing," and "that other thing"—beverages never heard of in the States. At the Paris Exposition there were American dishes, and the negro waiters were beyond question; but the English bar and the French flowers and the lady money-taker were strange to an American. Pointing out these and other discrepancies to the Boston girl who was sitting, like Matthew, at the receipt of customs, I asked her where she had seen any thing of the kind in the United States. "Well, Sir," she very shrewdly replied, "you must remember that we are in France, and must do something to please the Frenchmen." I wonder whether all the other national restaurants in the outer circle of the Exposition building were modified in the same manner and for the same reason? If so, we who have eaten our way around have not really dined *à la* every country on the globe, after all. As for Mr. Oxenford, an American may dismiss the matter with a shrug of the shoulders, and an inquiry as to what disease burdens the brain with such singular images; but no doubt most Englishmen will henceforward believe that the palatial hotels of New York are overrun with vermin, and no number of American denials will avail any thing against that curious letter in the *Times*.

An American hotel is a city within a city. Like the old Roman baths, almost every thing necessary for enjoying life may be found within its walls. You arrive, register your name, and are then in possession of the freedom of the house, which is furnished as luxuriously as a palace. You have a comfortable room in which to sleep, elegant parlors and drawing-rooms, fitted up like those of the best private mansions, in which to receive your friends. There is always a piano, and sometimes a good library. The dining-room is open from six o'clock in the morning to three the next morning, and breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper are all included in the fixed price you pay *per diem*. The bills of fare are very long and very varied, and the landlords vie with each other in procuring all the delicacies of the season. Most of the great hotels have farms connected with them, so that the supplies of butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, and poultry are exceptionably good. At every meal you order as many dishes as you please—it costs no more than to order one. The Americans are rather extravagant in this

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respect. It is not uncommon to see a delicate lady surrounded with a score of plates, each containing some rich dainty. The Western people who come to New York on business, and feel bound to order every thing upon the bill of fare, and try to "eat their way right through," are by no means fabulous. It ought to be understood, however, that the *plats* are not very large; they are in the French style; but there is no limit to the number of them which you may obtain. When an American sits down to eat, he takes a bit of this and a bit of that, until he hits upon the dish which precisely suits his palate. I remember one of my countrymen who had just landed in England, and, forgetful of the change of locality and habits, ordered an American breakfast. After a long delay, relieved by the perusal of the newspapers, he was amazed to see a procession of waiters enter the room, the first bearing aloft a boiled ham, the second a broiled chicken, the third an omelet, the fourth a fried fish, the fifth a beef-steak; and so on, until a feast for a regiment was placed upon the table. The order had astonished the landlord, but the breakfast and the bill astonished the American. At home, he would have been served with small portions of each of these dishes, and of a dozen more, if he liked.

But—lodgings, eating, and drinking aside—much more remains. An American hotel contains a large billiard-saloon, a hair-dressing saloon, a telegraph-office, a bulletin for the latest news, an office for the hire of carriages and horses, a bar-room for those who drink, a cigar-stand and smoking-room for those who smoke, a news-stand with the latest periodicals, a reading-room with the city and provincial papers on file, bath-rooms upon every floor, ticket-offices for those who wish to go to the railways or the theatres, a stock-list for those who take an interest in speculations, a hat and cloak room, an office for surplus luggage—a thousand conveniences for the comfort and gratification of the guests. Few English hotels have any of these advantages and improvements; none have them all. You soon tire of dining in the "coffee-room"—so called upon the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle, because so few persons take coffee there—off of the inevitable joints which seem to be the same every day; and if you order special dinners your expenses are trebled. You must go outside the hotel for a bath. If you want to play billiards you must tramp over the town until you discover a table unengaged. To dispatch a telegram you must employ a commissionaire. A porter must be sent to order your horse or carriage. Another is necessary to procure your tickets for the theatres. If you desire to learn the news a boy must be employed to buy your papers, or you must patiently await your turn to pore over the advertisement sheet of the coffee-room *Times*. If you like ice in your drinks the fact is reprovingly mentioned in the bill. It is impossible to get supper later than eleven o'clock, and so you are driven out to Evans's. Unless you hire a private parlor you have no place in which to receive your friends, unless you take them into the coffee-room, where other people are eating, or into the smoking-room, where every body else is drinking. The *menu* consists of about twenty dishes furnished with remarkable but wearisome regularity all the year round. To procure a good cigar inside a London hotel is a miracle. Every thing is admirably contrived to perpetually remind you that the hotel is simply a building in which to sleep. There is nothing home-like about it. As for cheapness, all the luxuries and comforts of an American hotel could be obtained before the civil war for two dollars a day—about eight shillings English. Now, in consequence of the depreciated currency, the price is doubled. Where could you live so well in England for eight shillings a day?

Even were all other charges equal in English and American hotels, the fees which you are obliged to give to the waiters in England would overbalance the account. In the United States servants, as a general rule, neither expect nor receive gratuities, except at the watering-place hotels, in the height of the season, when the only way to get your plate filled at dinner is to put some money upon it for the waiter. The servants are regarded as part of the staff of the establishment, and are paid by the landlord. In England they are paid by the guests, and an item called "attendance" is inserted in the bills beside. The landlords must make a nice pot of money by this transparent swindle; for they pay very low wages, and allow the servants to eke out a livelihood from gratuities; so that you are doubly cheated—first by the "attendance" generally, and then by the attendants individually. Why the landlords do not charge taxes and poor-rates in the bills, or invent a special item called "cook's salary," it is impossible to say. They have as clear a right to do so as to charge for attendance. A comic paper has immortalized this double dodge in a capital picture. "I've paid for waiting in the bill!" cries an irritable old gentleman to a servant who has asked him to remember the waiter. "Yes, Sir," is the reply; "but that was for waiting for your chops, Sir." Aside from its gross injustice, this little matter becomes a very serious business when you learn by experience that your personal comfort at an English inn or restaurant depends, not upon the amount or the regularity of your legitimate payments, but upon the frequency with which you fee the attendants. On the Continent it is understood that these gratuities are the waiters' only wages, and the French and Germans have adopted a fixed tariff, with which all comply and which few exceed. So many francs or florins in the bill; so many sous or kreutzers for the waiter. It is a regular percentage and an intelligible system. But in England, where every body pays the servants, no one seems to know how much he ought to give. The waiter doesn't know, or pretends not to know. He "leaves

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it to you, Sir." And just as I have never seen a cabman honest enough to offer to return the extra fare ignorantly paid him, so I have never heard an English waiter complain of receiving too much. In practice, I find that the rule among Englishmen is to give nothing but coppers. They seldom go beyond pennies. They would rather part with fivepence in copper than with a silver fourpenny-piece. Perhaps Englishmen care comparatively little about these extortions of waiters, for to them the custom has the sanction of antiquity and the recommendation of usage; but to Americans it is both an annoyance and an expense. Ignorant alike of Continental tariffs and English customs, the American is constantly saying, "Keep the change;" and when an English waiter is once demoralized by receiving half-a-crown when he expected only twopence, he is fit for nothing in this world but a funeral ever afterward.

On the whole, the best advice that can be given to travelers is to endure all such annoyances philosophically. You do not travel in order to reform the institutions of foreign countries, but to observe them. But there are certain traps laid for Americans at London hotels which a little friendly counsel from a resident of the metropolis, if you are fortunate enough to know one, will teach you to avoid. For example: there is a hotel at the West End very select, very fashionable, very expensive, and not very large. Some Americans go there because the house has a fine reputation; others, because it is a favorite resort of the aristocracy. The Americans who stop at this hotel are honored, so soon as their nationality is discovered, by having as an attendant the servant who waited upon ex-President Van Buren when he was the American Minister at the Court of St. James's. This waiter amounts to fifty pounds extra in the bill. He is very old, very respectable, wears a white wig and a pair of white cotton gloves, and has a confirmed habit of spilling the soup. During our stay at the hotel he devoted all his energies to silent appeals for spare cash, and usually succeeded in extracting from us half-a-crown a day. We would gladly have doubled the *douceur* to get rid of him, for he was only dear to us in the pecuniary sense. But we were told that it was "the thing" for Americans to submit to this infliction, and we submitted; but I have never been able to determine why we did so, nor why we willingly allowed the old humbug to fumble about the table and make a bad pretense of performing duties which were really discharged by our own servants. There is another hotel to which many Americans are recommended, the landlord of which was once famous as a cook. He lives, as hundreds of other people do in England, upon the reputation of what he did ten years ago. The guests are expected to excuse all delinquencies on the ground that the landlord is a man of talent, and could easily set every thing right if he chose to attend to his business. You must overlook all the faults in the dinners on account of the proprietor's ancient culinary achievements, and praise all the bad wine because he once had the best cellar in London. Then, again, railway hotels are nuisances to be avoided. To say nothing of the noise of the trains which, echoed and re-echoed through the corridors, renders repose a problem, there is a vastness about them quite inimical to comfort. Nobody seems to know that you are there; the waiter appears to be the only connecting link between yourself and the rest of the establishment. I have such pleasant memories connected with one terminus hotel that I should not willingly say any thing against them; but it is my duty to warn travelers that it is not a decided advantage to a hotel to be next to a railway dépôt. Finally, there is at least one hotel in London at which the old proverb is negatived, and the dearest articles are not the best. This is a very old inn situated in the City proper, and dating from the days when Pocahontas was the belle of the hour. It is a thoroughly representative English house, with the exception that it has not a special dining-room for commercial travelers, or "drummers," as the Americans term them, who generally fare better and pay less than any other sort of travelers in all parts of merrie England. At this hotel the best port is several shillings a bottle cheaper than the worst, and the cellarman has a tendency to mistake Château la Rose for common claret. The proprietor who stocked the cellar has deceased, and the head-waiter alone knows the secrets of the wine-bins. Make his acquaintance, and you may drink like a prince and pay like a peasant.

That wonderful character an American hotel-clerk is almost unknown in England. At only one house in London can he be found, and there he is shorn of his fair proportions and shines with diminished glory. English landlords prefer a girl, who knows nothing, but will coquette with every body, to a clerk of the American school, who knows every thing and will waste his time with nobody. In America, if you wish to learn when to ride, where to drive, what to buy, where to shop, when the trains start, what theatre to attend, how much are the hack-fares, who is worth hearing at the Opera, what institutions to visit, where to procure the requisite tickets, who is the fashionable tailor, what is the last new thing in neck-ties, whose acquaintance to make or avoid, where to spend your evenings, where not to spend your evenings, what is the rate of exchange, in short, what to do in any emergency, and how to dispose of yourself generally—you consult the clerk of the hotel. He expects no fee; he would resent the offer of a bribe as an insult; he is salaried by the landlord, and it is his duty to answer any question you may ask. Like a newspaper editor, no kind of knowledge is unnecessary to him. He is a guide-book, directory, calendar, railway time-table, fashionable gazette, trade-list, and merchant's manual combined and incarnated. He gives you the benefit of all he has gleaned from ten thousand other guests, and distributes among them the

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information he has managed to extract from you. Education only develops his natural abilities; like a poet, he is born, not made. Americans have embodied their high estimation of the talents essential to a good landlord in the popular saying, "He is a fine man, but he can't keep a hotel;" but the landlord would be helpless without his clerk. Indeed, in the clerk you see the future proprietor in embryo, before age has dimmed his discernment or riches blunted his faculties and impaired his activity. He stands at his desk in the office conversing with a hundred persons a minute, sending them all away instructed and satisfied, and apparently managing the affairs not only of the whole hotel, but of the whole city. You are compelled to pay homage to a memory so tenacious that it loses nothing, and so fresh that the slightest remark leaves an indelible impression; to an eye which observes every thing without appearing to wander from you; to a tongue which talks as rapidly and yet as distinctly as the telegraph; to a manner which is polite but reserved; to a bearing which invites and inspires and justifies confidence; to an energy which seems constantly overtaxed and still never tires. In the English hotels there is no such "guide, philosopher, and friend" for the poor traveler. The head-porter and the head-waiter occupy his place without filling it, like a pair of twin dwarfs seated in a giant's chair. He is a product of the American system, and has become an indispensable part of it. Place one such clerk in a London hotel and he would revolutionize the inns of the metropolis. When his virtues were once known to the public, persons would journey for miles and become guests of the hotel in order to advise with him; and no American could by any chance be persuaded to patronize any other hotel than that at which this modern Admirable Crichton was engaged.

The first thing which strikes a foreigner at an English inn is, that there seem to be more waiters than guests; the second is the resemblance of the establishment to the popular idea of a harem; the third is the tremendous uncertainty in regard to the amount of his bill. When he enters, he beholds three or four maidens in the office ready to book his name; four or five maidens in the bar pumping out ale and pouring out spirits; a dozen waiters in evening dress, grouped mournfully around a joint of roast beef in the coffee-room; a score of porters feebly endeavoring to attach themselves to some portion of his luggage, or posed picturesquely in the extreme distance; and innumerable scullery-maids, house-maids, and chamber-maids popping up out of the cellars, or hanging, like domestic Azellas, over the balusters. If he be an American, he longs to discharge this army of incapables and replace the office-girls with a clever clerk, the bar-maids with a couple of smart bar-keepers, and so on for the rest of the multitude. An hour's experience furnishes him with some new ideas as to the division of labor. There is one servant to light his fire, another to answer his bell, another to bring his hot water, another to procure him meat and drink, another to attend to his bedroom, another to look after his linen, another to black his boots, another to brush his clothes, another to call his cab, and another—generally a stout, rosy female—whose only duty seems to be to walk into his room and say "Good-morning." All of these servants with whom he comes in personal contact must be tipped, or they are apt to turn sulky, and render his life miserable. To change a five-pound-note into sixpences, and distribute them promiscuously, is the first duty of the newly-arrived traveler. Every body looks to him for remuneration for even the most trifling services; nobody seems to be paid by the landlord, and yet there is the regular charge for "attendance" in the weekly bills. Before long you learn that the real master of the house is the head-waiter. He receives your money, receipts your bills, makes your change, enters your charges; and, having tipped all the people who attend upon you, it is now necessary to tip this dignitary, who is rather a landlord than a waiter, and who usually gets rich sooner than the genuine proprietor. St. Paul says, that if one have all the other virtues and yet have not charity he is nothing; and so if you pay all the other servants and do not pay the head-waiter, you have expended your money in vain. Unfortunately, however, this is a poor rule, and does not work both ways; for to fee the head-waiter does not relieve you from the necessity of continuing to fee the other servants. Your bedroom is stuffy, has the lodging-house odor, and is never lighted with gas. At an American hotel, you can calculate your expenses to a nicety; at an English hotel, much depends upon whether or not the young lady who makes out the bills happens to be flirting with another guest when she comes to your account, and a great deal more upon the chance whether you are in a hurry to get away. It may be safely stated that at an English hotel a foreigner pays about three times more than an Englishman, and receives about one-third the attention. The landlord burdens you with his losses from other people's unpaid bills; the employés consider you a pigeon to be plucked, and glare at your pockets with a give-me-sixpenny stare equally irritating and distressing. Englishmen have an impression—in part mistaken—that American families reside at hotels in order to get rid of the cares of housekeeping. No person who has lived at an English hotel will wonder that English families do not adopt this American idea; for, taking one with another—and I have no intention of advertising the few exceptions—the English inns are the dearest, the worst-managed, the most unhomelike in any civilized country. The genius which has made the English railway restaurants infamous in *Mugby Junction* has thrown around the burly landlords, buxom landladies, witty waiters, and pretty barmaids, a lovely but deceptive halo, which a few days of companionship with these worthies un-

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pleasantly dissipates. Landlords should be burly, and landladies buxom, when they drink so much and do so little; the wit of the waiters is chiefly shown in avoiding untipped labor; the chamber-maids would be prettier if they did their work better. But, as I have already said, the English people seem to like their hotel system as it is, and any attempt to practically reform it meets with strenuous opposition and bitter prejudice. However, the world moves, and even England can not stand quite still.

JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

"DEAR help us!" cried Jack's mother, dropping her smoothing-iron and looking at Jack with horror and disgust, "I have always tried to bear and believe with decent resignation that I am made of dust. But to be told that I am made of starch and sugar, lime and phosphorus, and that I, a respectable woman, go about with eight or nine pails of water in my composition, is a little too much. I suppose you will say next that I am first cousin to the lime-bucket and the match-box."

"Don't know about that," retorted Jack, "but you are a member of a small family that begins with the sun and ends with the rhizopods, interesting jellies, who eat without a mouth and digest without a stomach. And, considered individually, you may be said to be a sort of stove. The oils and starch of plants keep up the fire in your blood, but coal would answer quite as well if it could be dissolved in the liquids of the body. It is likely that a way of preparing it will be discovered some day, and then we shall see men and women eating their bushel or peck of coal for lunch when they can get nothing better."

Jack's mother shuddered.

"Talking of coals," persisted Jack, "do you know what heat is?"

"Of course I do," she said, somewhat scornfully. "It is fire."

"But if you rub two pieces of iron together by the help of water-power," answered Jack, "you can heat a large room as well as a stove could do it. And if you rub them together in a box surrounded by water, by the help of horse-power, you can make the water boil. Steel bars are welded together by powerful blows of a hammer, because further application of fire would spoil the quality of the steel; and under the blows of this hammer the bars get red-hot; or make a hole in a thick block of wood with a gimlet, and the gimlet will get so hot that it will almost burn your cheeks. Here is plenty of heat, you see, and no fire at all."

"I remember; I have read about it," said his mother, picking up her iron. "Heat is a fluid called caloric, and all this rubbing and pounding squeezes it out, I suppose."

"If that is the case," replied Jack, "after we had rubbed our pieces of iron together a great while the caloric would begin to run low, and the heat would grow less and less, till by-and-by there was none. But you can rub your iron as long as you like and it will always give out as much heat as it did in the beginning. Now how do you explain that?"

Jack's mother looked puzzled.

"Here is another thing," pursued Jack, with warmth. "Say we are rubbing the pieces of iron together by the help of water falling on the wheel. A mechanic could measure and find in round numbers just how much force there was at the wheel; and philosophers have measured heat also. One degree of heat always will raise one pound just so many feet. Eleven hundred and twenty, I believe. Now, then, the force turns the wheel and is gone. You can never find it any more; but you know how much it was in numbers. Now gather up all your new heat and measure that. One always equals the other. Just so much force or motion as you had, just so much heat you have got always."

"I don't see any thing in that," returned his mother.

"But look here," insisted Jack. "You know how stiff and hard iron is. All its particles are held tight by what we call attraction of cohesion. Now, heat your iron. What does it do? It expands. Its particles pull so hard to get away from each other that the iron grows larger. Don't you see, then, that what heat really gives iron, or any other substance, is motion?"

"You mean to say, then, that this fire in the range is motion?"

"Certainly I do. The liveliest kind."

"Don't believe it."

"But I will prove it to you. When you filled that tea-kettle with cold water the water was still, was it not?"

"Why, of course it was."

"And as it began to grow warmer it began to move, did it not? And the hotter it grew the more it bounced and bubbled and swelled, till it fairly shook the kettle lid; and at last, as you would say, it grew so hot, or, as I should say, it got into such furious motion, that the particles of water actually succeeded in tearing themselves apart and flying off in tiny atoms of steam. Now if the heat in that water is not motion, what is it?"

Jack's mother made no answer—perhaps because she was obliged just then to look after the peas and asparagus.

"There is another thing," remarked the relentless Jack. "What do you think your dinner really is?"

"Why lamb, peas, and asparagus, to be sure."

"That is what it is just now; but it is a chemical combination, made out of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and ammonia."

"I believe you want to turn me sick," remarked his mother, who was really pale.

"I do not see why it should. Your stomach, all our stomachs, are chemical laboratories in miniature, you know."

"Now, Jack, if there is a thing I despise it

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is chemistry. I always do think of smells and blue fingers."

"But it is a beautiful process," continued Jack. "A ray of light leaves the sun and travels over one hundred and ninety thousand miles a second. Whenever light strikes against a solid body, like force, it disappears. But examine the solid body and you will find heat, setting its particles in motion. Now at the time that the story of our dinner commences there were, of course, many seeds in the earth—say the seed of the peas, and of the grass that the lamb fed on. The ray of light enters the germ and becomes heat. The germ is the master-builder; the seed is the store-house; the heat is the workman—a little working chemist, in fact. In the seed store-house is something like insoluble starch and a sort of ferment, which the heat unites and makes into sugar; and uniting this with albumen and oils, also in the store-house, begins to build the plant, which soon sets up for itself as a chemist. It gets the oxygen, hydrogen, etc., from the air, and from the moisture that heat has drawn up from the ocean and the rivers into clouds, and sent down again on earth in fogs, dews, rains, and vapors. Out of these it and heat make albumen, sugar, oils, and starch, most of which is stored away for us, or else is eaten by our friend the lamb, and prepared by him for your use—in fact he is a sort of preserve of those substances which he can digest at first hand, or first stomach, better than you."

"Wonder how you know so much about it," remarked his mother.

"Lamb, peas, etc.," continued Jack, calmly, "are ground and sifted in the stomach's mill. The albumen is taken to build you up again: I mean the tissues of your body. The oils and starch are just so much coal. They are dissolved, and resolved, and heaven knows what all, till they reach the lungs, where they join with the oxygen that you breathe from the air, and burn like that fire," pointing to the range. "So you see my bill of fare was correct. Oxygen, hydrogen—"

"Now, Jack, will you stop?"

"And as there must be some latent heat also, I suppose I may add that we had a bit of the sun for dinner."

"Jack, I call it wicked to talk like that."

"Wicked! I call it grand! sublime! Just see how simple and beautiful it looks beside the clumsy old theories about squeezing out heat, and force being lost and destroyed every time that it is used. We know that God gave the sun his heat, though we can not tell how it is made. This heat leaves the sun as light. It enters the air as heat and gives it motion. The heated air grows larger and lighter and rises; the cold air drops down in its place, and so we have the trade-winds. Light enters the water as heat. The heat gives it motion, something as it does in your tea-kettle. The water atoms are pulled apart, grow light, and rise in vapor, which soon huddles together in clouds and falls again in rain, which feeds the streams that drive our mills. Heat stores in plants the nourishment of animals and men. This nourishment gives out heat, which becomes force till we use it, when it once more turns to heat, or, perhaps, into another form of motion that we call sound."

"Is the boy crazy?" inquired his mother, apparently of the tall candlesticks on the shelf.

"Not at all," returned Jack, quietly. "Sound is motion, as you could easily prove for yourself. Make a rod (fastened at one end, and with a bright bead at the free end) vibrate, so that its shadow shall fall on a white screen. Each vibration, as it sings its little note, will make ripples and indentations on the screen. The faster the vibrations the shriller the note it will sing, and the deeper will be the curves and ripples. Scatter sand over a metal plate, and draw a violin bow across the edge of the plate, and the sand will fall into the most beautiful figures; and the higher the note the more complicated the figures. Each note has its own particular markings; its picture, so to speak, which proves that sound is motion, and music is a regular, even motion."

"Well," said Jack's mother, drawing a long breath, "I am glad there are some everyday things left that haven't any histories or any explanations, and that nobody can make out any different from what they used to be."

"Sure of that, mother?" asked Jack, roguishly. "What things, for instance?"

"Well," replied his mother, deliberately looking about the room. "Well, there is the clock. That is old-fashioned enough, and there is nothing to say about that. It goes, and that is all you can say about it."

"I can say one thing more," retorted Jack. "It is a round-faced old hypocrite, to keep up such a ticking and creaking when all the time it is running on your force."

"My force!"

"Certainly. It ticks the whole eight days on the strength of your arm, that you put into it when you wound it up, and the only reason it is so long in using up its borrowed capital is the resistance of the air to the pendulum, and the friction of the machinery. You need not look so unbelieving, mother. You have been doing your own time-keeping for the last twenty years, for all you keep a clock."

"Well I never!" murmured his mother. "If I had known that I had that responsibility, added to all my other cares, I really believe I should have sunk under it."

"Why that is nothing to the other wonderful results that you are all the time accomplishing. When you speak you literally cut and carve the air into waves. And as these waves roll on outward, long after we have done hearing them, you may be said to alter the whole air. And when you lift up the clothes-line, or tilt Maggie's see-saw, 'you have altered the earth's centre of gravity and sent a shock through the whole planetary system.' Now, traveling for-

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ty miles an hour, it would require more than two hundred and seventy years to get to the sun; so I call that having an extended influence," concluded Jack, roguishly.

His mother bridled.

"This is very entertaining. Pray go on, Sir. Is there any thing new about—about—my ears, we will say?"

"I don't know if there is any thing new to you, but there is something very curious in the human ear," answered Jack. "Beside the drum of the ear, and the curious little bones behind it, there is a labyrinth filled with water, exceedingly minute bristles, and a little musical instrument with three thousand strings stretched tight, like those of any other lute or harp; all of which are thrown into vibration when a sound shakes the drum of the ear."

Jack's mother opened her eyes to their widest extent.

"Three thousand strings! and a chemical laboratory in my stomach; a stove in my lungs; a force-pump in my heart; all my atoms moving and expanding when I get warm, and that is twenty times a day! Why I feel more like a jelly than a woman—just to think of it! though I don't believe it. You went a little too far when you set me at disturbing the earth's centre of gravity! But I do believe you could tell a history about any thing. Couldn't you now? Here are my scissors. Can you say any thing about them?"

"There is a tragedy in every such pair of scissors," answered Jack, instantly. "To give those scissors that half-round shape hundreds of men are laying down their lives every year."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. To grind scissors like that, or razors, or steel forks, they must be ground on a dry grindstone, hung in a frame on which the grinder sits. As he holds the steel and the stone turns, his mouth and nose are filled with the dust of stone and steel, and his eyes with the sparks. His lungs are filled with the stone and steel dust, by which they are constantly irritated, till after death the lung looks as if it had been dipped in ink; and these men live, on the average—fork-grinders, twenty-nine years; razors, thirty-one years; scissors, thirty-two years, and so on. The more water used on the stone the longer the life."

"Dear me!" murmured Jack's mother, astonished and sympathizing.

"There is more tragedy in the box of lucifer matches," pursued Jack, pointing toward them. "They are dipped in phosphorus, and the dipper, who inhales it, is apt to acquire a disease of the jaw, in which finally the bone dies and comes away; while the silverer of our looking-glasses is equally unfortunate. Sooner or later his system is filled with the poison of the mercury. He loses all control over his muscles, his teeth drop out, he grows brown and shriveled—"

"Dear me!" interrupted his mother, more energetically than before. "I am sure I will never buy another glass! At least I would not, only what would be the use? Somebody else would, you know! I am glad we have no such horrid things near home."

"We have some horrid things near home," answered Jack, fixing his eyes on a package which she took out for a moment from the closet, and which sent out a familiar aromatic odor.

"What do you mean by that, and by looking at the coffee so? It has chiccory in it, we all know; but there is nothing bad about that."

"Nothing bad! Do you know what chiccory is made of? Here is a list of articles—and a very pretty list it is: Roasted wheat, ground acorns, finely sifted coal ashes, red earth, baked horses' and bullocks' livers, mahogany and walnut saw-dust, ground horse-leathers."

"Jack, if you are not telling me the truth—" said his mother, turning pale and tossing the package of "pure ground coffee" on one side with a look of horror.

"I have every reason to believe what I say is true," returned Jack, earnestly; "and the case of chiccory is no worse than that of tea. In green tea there is Prussian blue, old tea leaves, leaves of trees dried, and copperas. In black tea, gum, black-lead, used tea leaves, etc., etc. In sugar—"

"Now, Jack, you do not mean that you are going to say a word about the sugar?"

"I am going to say that brown sugar swarms with the sugar insect, and is helped with wheat flour; and loaf-sugar is sometimes prepared with sulphuric acid, old paper, and rags. That is all."

"All!"

"And I do not know that it is worse than red pepper, which is adulterated with brick-dust, salt, deal saw-dust, red-lead, and other agreeable compounds."

"Who found it out?" demanded his mother, suddenly.

"The microscope."

"More of your modern science! It strikes me people were more comfortable when they knew a little less."

"Why, mother, that is—"

"See here, Jack," she interrupted, peremptorily; "not another word. I shall never be the woman I was. I have found out that I am a stove, and want oxygen to burn. Now how much draught shall I get in the meeting-house, and in the neighbors' parlors, shut up tight and dark! And how can I attend to the sermon, and make neighborly calls, when I shall all the time be worrying about my draught? And my Maggie is a stove too! Where is her draught when she is at school? About as much she will get as a stove set to draw with fifty others in one little chimney. There is the albumen too, and the starch, and the oils! How are we to get the juices of plants and animals if we have meat cooked as hard as leather, and vegetables kept on a furious boil till they are hard? And that is what we get in the most of houses. Why just think of your Aunt Etheridge! I used to go there, and think what hot, dark rooms! What cross, thin, flabby women, sit-

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ting around that hot stove! But now when I go there I shall be weighing in my mind how many pounds of poison they are taking in to burn and send all over their bodies; thinking how their fires must smoulder and burn low and blue; stifling for a draught; aching to pull up the curtains; making myself regularly nervous with wondering how their chemistry is to be done."

"Nonsense, mother," said Jack.

"No, it is not nonsense," insisted the aggrieved lady. "I shall never look at that clock that I shall not think how I am obliged to do all my own time-keeping for the rest of my life. Building a fire too! It used to be as easy as winking; but to rub a match till its atoms are in such violent motion that—"

Here Jack burst into a fit of laughter that drowned the rest of his mother's sentence. She stood regarding him in sorrow and wrath.

"For tea, and sugar, and pepper, my comfort in them is gone," she said, solemnly; "and for the sewing society, I dread it; I shall not be able to hear a word for thinking of the horrid look of the air over their heads, when they all talk together. And I am not surprised that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing! Dinner is ready. What a mercy they have not found out how to adulterate roast lamb!"

THE DRY TORTUGAS.

I.—THE KEYS AND THE FORT.

ALONG the twenty-fourth parallel of north latitude, near to the tropical line, and extending westward into the Gulf of Mexico about one hundred miles from the southern extremity of Florida, are numerous mound-like ridges of white sand, that have, through influence of tide and wind, been dumped above the waters of the Gulf from that vast bed of débris known as the Florida Reef. On the extreme western portion of the reef is the group anciently called, and Spanishly, Tortugas; familiarly denominated Tugases by the wreckers, and latterly known to the world as "The Dry Tortugas."

These islands derive their appellative, "Key," through several corruptions from the Spanish *Cayo*, an "islet," and the specific title *Tortuga* —"tortoise"—from the huge sea turtles that yet frequent them. "Dry" they were called in contradistinction to the vast tract of *wet* reef which at low-water nearly reaches the surface.

If you were to approach the Dry Tortugas, bound in from the north, the "Keys" of the Florida Reef would be in sight on your right, or starboard quarter; the pale, whitish blue of the sea reveals the coral bottom of the reef which you are just clearing to avoid the current of the Gulf Stream, whose deep blue waters are on the opposite side. On the western horizon a solitary tower rises into elegant proportion, looking more like a monument than the usual form of a light-house, so much of architectural beauty it has; and this is Loggerhead Light. Soon the lesser tower of Garden Key Light and the battlements and bastion towers of Fort Jefferson appear. How much this all looks like some fairy scene, some floating castle! and then, if it is evening, and the sun has just gone down, what a glorious picture you have! a tropical sunset; radiant with grandeur over the whole arch of the heavens; effulgent with all the glory of color; a fitting back-ground for the noble art-forms of this great fortress in the sea.

Little white islands crowned with mangrove and cedars now appear surrounding, ring-like, the central harbor. Between these islets a belt of shoals or reef, whereon the surf breaks violently, presents at three different points openings to the narrow, winding channels which lead to the impregnable structure within.

While we are waiting the ceremonies of the officer who must visit the vessel before she is allowed to enter, we will add a word of history.

In 1819 the King of Spain sold Florida to the United States for five millions of dollars. After a time our Government considered that the Tortugas should be fortified, that such a strong-hold should not be left for other nations to occupy in time of war. So, about the year 1847, Fort Jefferson was commenced on Garden Key, an island of thirteen acres, standing centrally in the group, and surrounded by a deep channel or harbor. Here was an old-fashioned light-house; and here, sixty miles from human habitation, lived the keeper; his home a Swiss-like structure with a broad veranda, before which stood two old cocoa-nut palms, whose wonderfully large leaves gave grateful shade, and whose fruit furnished cool, delicious beverage and meat. This old cottage, which was lately removed, is made the scene of one of Cooper's novels—"Jack Tier."

Relics of the Buccaneers are occasionally found upon the reef; long guns of iron and brass, one of which is preserved at Fort Jefferson. The Keys of Florida and the neighboring West India Islands were long the resort of freebooters. French, English, and Dutch were among them; and it is said that they were held together by all the force of martial law. It is not many years since the remnant of this piratical band were hunted away by the vessels of our West India squadron. Spanish coin has been found on the Keys. Captain Benner, the light-keeper at Tortugas, recovered something over a thousand dollars of silver money at East Key.

Once in the central harbor of Tortugas it is easy to see why it will be a work of extraordinary strength, and consequently one of great importance to the country. Fort Jefferson, the citadel, will be surrounded by a continuous line of fortifications and heavy batteries, covering an area of eight or nine miles in diameter; guarding closely the three narrow and extremely labyrinthian channels of approach.

Fort Jefferson is an imposing structure. As we see it from the harbor two long faces or "curtains" are visible, each pierced and ar-

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ranged, including the huge bastions, for one hundred and thirty-two heavy guns—the whole work mounting near five hundred. The walls rise from the very sea, and are only protected from it by a low wall which incloses a moat sixty feet in width. A heavy cornice or castellated battlement gives a noble and picturesque feature; and at each bastion the round towers furnish fine stairways of granite, and are surmounted with pointed roofs, which, with the modern traverse magazines on the top of the parapet, some sixty feet from the base, give more the effect of the ancient castle than is seen in other works of this country. The sally-port is the only entrance; and here is a drawbridge and heavy gates, over which are cells where the conspirators are incarcerated.

Since the establishment of the military prison here it has been necessary to maintain a heavy guard. At present the garrison consists of four companies of the Fifth United States Artillery.

On entering the fort the stranger is surprised to see a pleasant parade-ground of fine Bermuda grass—the choicest of all lawn grasses—and large groups of evergreen mangroves and buttonwoods. Towering above all are the elegant plumes of the cocoa palm. A neat walk leads to the officers' quarters through an arching group of mangroves, flanked by long rows of ordnance material. And as we approach head-quarters a beautiful group of mangroves is seen, furnished with shady seats and lounging places, where the ever acceptable hammock swings invitingly.

The building for officers' quarters is, probably, one of the finest in the army. A three-story brick block, four hundred feet in length, having large, handsomely-finished rooms and verandas. The soldiers' barracks opposite are similar, and of the same dimensions, and are the finest in the country. The hospital, chapel, commandant's quarters, and the various store-houses, are planned on the same scale of liberality for comfort and elegance.

Across the parade is a cottage, vine-clad and cozy. Some one has facetiously called it "Boffin's Bower." Take possession of the hammock which hangs under the veranda, and while enjoying the luxury of a swing, see what it is to live out of door. Here in the cold month of November or December, or any time in the year, is the same display of rich foliage and flowers. The veranda, hand-rail, pillars, and all festooned and draped with jasmines, Thunbergias, morning glories, and cypress vines. Dick, the canary, jubilant with song, has also a home in the Bower.

It is very curious the way some of these plants act that we have known in the cold North: they shoot up from the seed joyously, and grow jollily; they revel in the sunshine and shower; they yield graciously their nectar to the Southern butterflies and humming-birds, and smile all over with charming efflorescence until fall; and then some of them appear to be nonplused. They look as if they wanted to say, "What shall we do next—go on?"

They do go on, reassured by the continued genial warmth. Thunbergia has covered itself with glory, and now over a year old, is a perfect galaxy of white stars. The four-o'clocks are quite like shrubs, and no evening sun fails to receive a gentle courtesy from these many-colored marvels.

The Dry Tortugas is not a perfect desert; most plants and tropical trees will flourish here. Here, at the end of the veranda, is a group of splendid bananas, and they have borne most delicious fruit; and their leaves are very grand and beautiful. These bananas are nearly ready to bear. When they get to be about fifteen feet high they are ready to fruit; and that takes only one year, for this is only an annual. As soon as one bunch of bananas has ripened the plant dies, and others shoot up from the root to bear the next year. The stalk is not hard like a tree, although it is ten inches in diameter at the base. It is just like the corn-stalk, full of sweet juice, as old Tom and Bess, our rabbits, and old Bon, our pet goat, well know. The blossom is quite showy and graceful as it hangs drooping from the top, its rich purple sheath contrasting finely with the rich green of the broad, arching leaves—leaves six feet in length and a foot and a half in width.

On the brick wall of the house, climbing nearly to the top, is the night-blooming cereus—long, triangular joints of green, which throw out numerous thread-like feelers that cling closely to the wall. What a glorious show they made last summer! With their great pond-lily-like flowers opening their pure white petals at evening, and sending forth rich perfume until morn. Here is a banyan or wild fig, much like the banyan of the East Indies, for it throws down great numbers of slender branches to the ground, where they take root and support the horizontal limbs. On the fence grows one of the curious "air plants"—orchids. This specimen we found growing upon the dead limb of a tree at old Fort Dallas, on the Miami River, in Southern Florida, near the Everglades. It is a singularly beautiful object, having long spikes or heads, like wheat, that are richly colored, scarlet and blue with yellow anthers. The plant resembles the pine-apple. Gum-trees, castor-oil plants, date palms, and the curious, palm-like tapioca plant are here.

Those large clumps of maritime lilies are perfectly at home in the salt sand-soil, and give confidence to the tender gladiolus, and crocus, and dyeletras; for, bless you, if those timid bulbs that have just come from the cold North should find out how near they lie to old Ocean! Don't speak of it; but thrust your walking-stick half its length into their bed and you come to salt-water—the sea! Some old-fashioned roots, *coffined* in soil from a nice Northern garden we wot of, and some old-fashioned flowering annuals, have been cheering us all winter with their bright faces. Marigolds, larkspurs, and hollyhocks are among them. The great vine which covers much of the cottage—

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an Ipomœa—is a native here, and is surnamed Bona Nox, or good-night, because it blooms about bedtime. This is a wonderful vine; every night during the past year hundreds of large salver-shaped white trumpets bloom out, and remain open until sunrise, reflecting the quaint music of the midnight sphinx in concert with the great ophicleides of the night-blooming cactus.

Outside the fort is an old, abandoned building which once bore the name of Hospital, but latterly it was more like a curiosity shop. One apartment the surgeon held as private—

"And in this room a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds."

And, no joke, "periwinkles and pickled snakes." An old and valued janitor was here attendant—of Scottish make—with a beaming, ruddy face, and teeth that threatened to push through bodily at every word. Kind, generous Busby! here he was happy; though his hammock which now held his rheumatic limbs was often and long on the briny deep. Busby was here the presiding spirit. Two Charleys make up a trio whose source of pleasure was centred here, and whose company we may wish on various occasions in excusions over the coral reefs.

"Fat Charley" was a prisoner; a good-natured, ingenious fellow, invaluable as a boatman, and a daring diver. He was one of the unfortunate ones who were put in confinement, as they say, "for just missing a roll-call." Charley thought it rather hard that he should be treated so for "merely obeying orders;" for he, as he said, was ordered by his Colonel at Bull Run to retreat. So he retreated to Vermont, and, finding that the regiment had not followed, waited for further orders.

"Young Charley" was an excellent diver too. And with Fat Charley and Busby and the boat—the *Rosetta!*—little else was needed for a lively time on the coral reefs. Quaint old balconies and verandas were on the old hospital, and away up in the peak or gable end was Busby's balcony look-out. Here, as he said, he took "dead loads of comfort." He kept an old, dilapidated spy-glass up there that had been made of two others still older, that you couldn't possibly see any thing with; and this was an abundance of satisfaction to him. Right on the peak over the balcony was a neat vane, and the letters indicating points of compass; this one of the prisoners made for him, and, as he had carefully set it by a ship's compass, here was satisfaction again to know precisely where the wind was.

The *Rosetta* was built in Boston, so we think she was better for that; and she was so important in the service of reef-hunting, and as we thought so beautiful, we can't refrain from introducing her here. She was "lap-streak" gig-built, and seventeen feet long. We had a fancy to have her painted completely on the outside with vermilion, and on the inside with white, and she was a gay object on the blue sea in the bright sunshine. After a while we painted pure white. She had a deck forward which came aft about five feet, and a deck aft about two feet in length, with a copper traveler across it at the stern. The gratings and tiller were of mahogany, and the stern-sheets were trimmed with the same. Her name was on the stern in copper block-letters. Side-boards on the gunwale aft were decorated with marine views. On the bulk-head was a medallion of curly-head Rosetta. Each side fore and aft was boxed in flush with the gunwale and decks, and just wide enough to inclose a five-inch air-tight cylinder. This was sufficient to make her so much of a life-boat that she would not sink when she was full of water and five persons in her. She was schooner-rigged, with "sprit-sail," the foresail being the largest. The fore-mast had a neat copper vane and a "fly" of red bunting. With a good anchor, painter, sculls, grains or harpoon, and the indispensable "monkey" or water-cooler, the *Rosetta* was in good sailing condition. She was A 1, not cranky, had good bearings, carried none but live ballast, and running before the wind free could distance any thing of her size, or, as Busby used to say, could "tak' the consait out o' ony yer croft."

Fat Charley was splendid ballast, for he weighed over two hundred pounds. Busby always sat forward, amidships, and looked after the fore-sheets. When Fat Charley was along he had to sit aft and assist Young Charley, who always had the helm. There was not much room to spare when the main boom passed over Fat Charley's back. One day as the *Rosetta* was running into the harbor before the wind she suddenly jibed, and Fat Charley went over backward into the channel, and the *Rosetta* went over on her beam-ends and filled; but that was no matter, as Fat Charley could swim like a duck, and the *Rosetta* would sail if she was full of water.

II.—SHARK-FISHING.

Among the amusements of the reef shark-fishing is prominent. Charley conceived the pleasant notion of making a grand aquarium of the moat around the fort. Great turtles were kept there, why not sharks. Several sharks were caught, but the soldiers were so eager to help that the creature was soon worried to death. The *Rosetta* being too light, our trio decided to apply to the Engineer Department for one of their large flat-boats, that are like pontoons. Charley wanted the fun of fishing without unnecessary interference. Busby was too nervous, so Fat Charley went along to row. Large "man-eater" sharks are very common in the channels during the warmer months, and are particularly attracted by the blood and offal thrown from the slaughter-house on the Key opposite the fort.

So some blood was procured from the butch-

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er, and some ox feet for bait, and with hook, chain, ropes, knife, a dipper to throw water on the rope in case of too much friction, and a hatchet to cut it if necessary, they started off toward the Northwest Channel. Busby and the Doctor went up into the balcony look-out to watch. Busby rubbed the useless glasses of his telescope with his sleeve, and announced that all was right so far. After looking for some time steadily into the instrument Busby looked over the top of it and said:

"I believe they are at it, Sir."

"I think so too," says the Doctor.

Suddenly Busby says, almost losing his breath, "D'ye mind, Charley's lettin' out," and down he trotted to the beach, as if he could render more assistance by being twenty feet nearer.

There was evidently more of a struggle, both on Charley's part in holding in, and with Fat Charley in keeping the boat in trim, than they had expected.

"He's running wi' 'em, by jingo," says Busby, hopping up and down, and foaming at the mouth. "That boy 'll be the death o' me fr'nent."

They are going off seaward, but they will surely cut the rope before they get too far; the boat is flat, and has good beam; so there is not much danger of upsetting. Still on, toward Loggerhead Light, the water foaming at the bows, Charley and the Fat One standing like statues.

"*Will* the boy na'er gi' in?" exclaimed Busby, in terror. "Cut! cut! Why dinna ye cut?"

"I think he has cut at last," says the Doctor.

"True, true," says the old man, as with a sigh of relief he brushed the "plaguy cobwebs" from his eyes.

The truth was they had hooked a perfect monster—I am afraid to say how large. The fellow had turned off and run out the length of the line before Charley could get any "slack" on him. So there was nothing for it but to let him run, or cut the line. A sudden jerk when the line was not quite taut snapped it, and the sport was over for that day.

But they were not to be cheated out of their sport, or of getting a pet for the big aquarium. Next day they hooked a fellow in the inner channel; and this time Charley had him up to short commons in quick time, with a bit of cold steel in his jaw, and a three-foot halter of chain. This brought him up partly out of water, with his nose nearly to the stern of the boat. With a couple of soldiers the Doctor took a boat and went to the rescue. Charley called out proudly: "We've got him; but we don't want any help, except the men to spell Fat Charley at the oars."

Charley consented to let his father get in upon the promise that he should be left in full charge. A good deal of rope had been let out, for the shark ran at first; but fortunately he was brought up again, and Charley had him just where he could prevent his exerting his full strength. It was a fearful picture: that big mouth, partly open, showing row upon row of ugly saw teeth, one eye canted up viciously. There seemed to be great danger of the huge fellow springing ahead far enough to catch Charley's hand, which was not more than two feet from the mouth. But I suppose there was less danger in holding him thus closely than otherwise, for he could not have so much play. It was more of a job than you would think to tow the monster in; for he jerked back and forth, and kept the boat from going ahead.

The soldiers gathered around on the moat wall, and on a temporary wooden bridge that the boat had to go under. An accident occurred here which came near putting an end to life as well as sport. The bridge, on which so many soldiers were standing, gave way just as the monster had passed under, and lots of soldiers were floundering in the water. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Preparations were then made to hoist the shark into his aquarium. Long planks were placed on the wall to form an inclined plane down into the water. It was easy to pull him through the water, but when he came out then he was a dead weight. Large ropes were looped over him in several places; and when all was ready, as many soldiers as could stand around him hauled upon the ropes until he was near the edge of the moat. The great steel hook was then adroitly cut from his lip; and Mr. Shark, tossing his left eye savagely at Charley, and shaking his great sickle-shaped tail in token of disgust, tumbled in, much to the gratification of the crowd, who shouted vociferously. Away he went like a dart to the other end of the moat, and then back again, now making the water boil with threshing, and now stirring the mud angrily with his snout.

As near as we could judge by rough measurement this shark was ten feet in length. His teeth were serrated, or cut like a saw—a characteristic of this genus, *Carcharias*—or "Man-Eaters," as they are sometimes called. His mouth when open measured twenty inches across. Some sharks are found in Northern waters that are longer than this, but are not so bulky, or so big-mouthed and savage-looking.

A curious fish, the *Remora*, was found clinging to the side of the shark, and was put into the aquarium with him. This fellow has a sucking-disc on the top of its head, which holds him to the side of the larger fish. The *Remora* is called "Pilot-Fish" erroneously. Pliny, the ancient naturalist, tells some extremely big stories about this fish, attributing great strength to it. It will, he says, while sucking upon the bottom of a vessel hold it against the power of several hundred men. But such stories are too absurd to repeat. There is an abundance of wonderful truth to tell of the creatures of the deep without resorting to fable. It is a puzzle why the *Remora*

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should require such protection, as he is a comely and active fish.

The shark was regarded as equal to several sentinels; for the prisoners, who were quartered in the casemates above the moat, would hardly dare to swim across. Sharkey was dubbed by the soldiers "Provost Marshal." Orders were issued that he should be protected and fed. He was kept without food for a while in view of having a grand show at his first meal. Sundry cats were to be fed out to him.

Fat Charley procured a large cat and some ox-feet for dessert. Crowds collected on the parapet and on the moat wall to witness the feeding. It was expected that a very novel and exciting, if not impressive, ceremony should transpire. The well-known disposition and propensities of the incumbent, his antecedents, every thing, pointed to a reasonable anticipation of coming hilarity. Speculations were indulged in with reference to his manner of eating. Would he turn on his side or back, or would he dart, spring at his prey. No one had any definite notion in the matter, but all were eager to be instructed. At a given signal Fat Charley came forward to the edge of the parapet, some fifty feet above the moat, and depositing his ox-feet dessert, produced the heavier part of the meal, the meat. Shark was majestically passing from one end to the other of the moat, when, at a favorable moment, Pussy was thrown from the top of the parapet directly before the Marshal's nose. It was no go: Marshal turned tail in great fright, and would not eat a mouthful.

Cries of "put him out," "humbug," "give us our money back," and other pleasant appeals greeted Fat Charley as he went off disgusted, and vowing that the fellow was "ungrateful to refuse a decent meal." The good-humor of the crowd was restored in a moment after, when Pussy, who had bravely swum nearly the whole length of the moat, being quite near to the Marshal several times as he passed back and forth, was seen making quick time for an old rope that some prisoners had let down from the cell-window above. Puss clutched desperately the rope, and with three cheers from the crowd, she was hauled up to find friends among deserters and bounty-jumpers.

This shark lived in the moat about two months, and was an object of interest to many visitors. Like a caged lion, he constantly swayed back and forth near the walls, his head turned so that one eye was toward you, nearly out of water; coursing his "beat," a vigilant, sleepless sentinel, who inspired with a wholesome terror many of the inmates of this great prison.

III.—THE CORAL REEFS.

A most singular and beautiful feature of the waters of the reef is seen at times when the whole ground is visible for miles around. Rich shades of green and purple mark distinctly where the shoal beds of coral are separated from the dark indigo of the deeper channels. Every thing is mapped out as plainly as in a colored drawing. The great heads of meandrina or brain corals, and the sea fans and feathers, brown and purple, are plainly seen. Frequently some large dark spot, darker than the rest, moves away, and as it approaches you see the form of the great Whip Ray sauntering along, dipping his nose in the mud, and sending terror to the sardines and little fry upon the surface.

A cursory or general view of the Tortugas Reefs presents many interesting scenes. We will take views from the parapet, from the breakwater, or as we float slowly over the reef and channels, and on other occasions stop to examine more closely the curious forms of animal and vegetable life that abound here.

Over certain dark spots, rods in extent, made dark by millions of sardines and other small fish, the brown pelican is ever seen. Patiently, from early morn until the last ray of daylight has passed, he fishes for his own and his family's subsistence. With his great dip-net bill one would think that he might easily and quickly gather a sufficiency; but he is blessed with a large appetite and little skill. Occasionally at mid-day these birds sit dozing on the broken coral of the reef where the water is shallow; and every stake or piece of wreck is sure to have an occupant. A species of gull seems to depend for its subsistence on stealing from the pelican. Nearly every one is accompanied by one of these gulls (never by two), and immediately when Pelican dives, if he catches any thing—*not without*—Gull settles upon Pelican's great round head or neck, and snatches a morsel from his pouch. Pelican has to toss his fish and turn it so as to adjust it properly for swallowing, and Gull takes advantage of his clumsy catering to help himself. Poor Pelican never seems to mind it; but flaps his great wings until he has risen a few feet, poises himself for an instant, and drops again head first with a heavy plash, to hit or miss as is his wont.

How exactly opposite is the activity of the little Tern that is fishing near by, darting here and there like a swallow, its long forked tail arrow-like in its passage, now suddenly checked, pausing and quickly plunging half its length straight into the sea; and quickly up again, nervously peeping downward, chirping like a sparrow, the busiest little body around. Then there are the Laughing Gulls; how they chatter and ha-ha among themselves; they are very sociable fellows, and are very pretty; the Monk's-head, and the Black-cap, and Red-bill; and then the great Gray Gull comes soaring over, to see if there is any thing worth picking up. Lazy fellow, and stupid, for he will not dive or hunt. Away over on the shoals, near Bush Key, are several great White Herons or Cranes, that stand or mope about and watch for some luckless shell-fish. In the small mangroves near are nests of the Pelican, made of

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coarse sticks, and, in the season, adorned with two chalky, white eggs.

When the trade-wind blows stiffly from the eastward numbers of long, slender, swallow-tail birds—Frigate-birds—hover over the fort, and although the wind may amount to a gale these birds remain over the same spot, swaying gently from side to side, but never, apparently, moving their wings. In moonlight nights, and in dark nights, as well as in the day, these birds are seen in the air. It has occurred to me that these birds are represented by a kite—gravity operating to prevent their going off before the wind. They tilt gently as on a pivot, presenting the least surface to the wind, which buoys them up, and ever keep the body so poised that the tendency is to go downward and forward. How else can we explain this marvelous phenomenon? This bird is called among the wreckers "Man-o'-War Hawk;" its systematic name is *Tachypetes aquilus*.

During the winter months the weather is much like the pleasant dry days of our Northern summer. Little or no rain falls, and the charming, bright, sunny weather is only interrupted by an occasional "norther," when the mercury drops slowly down from its usual point at 75° nearly to 60°.

There are days when, after weeks of steady trade-wind from the east, when boating has been indulged in joyously, the ensign veers round gradually to the southward, and then droops inactive by the staff. The quicksilver has risen to a point marked by Fahrenheit 85°. The sea is like a lake of glass. No sound is heard but the light plash of the ocean border as it flaps upon the outer reef, or an occasional dash of the clumsy pelican. The deep channels are dark with their characteristic blue, and the reefs give purple and lilac to the shoal water above them. Zigzag ripples are formed here and there behind the great sickle-fin of the shark, as his huge form sculls slowly along just under the surface. The setting sun is enthroned in gorgeous colors. Ermined clouds float in the back-ground, upon which are lighter fabrics, fringed with gold and gloriously tinted with purple and scarlet. The purest vermilion and lake, brilliant and gem-like, shine forth almost to scintillation; and rays of azure and gold spread quite to the zenith, and lend reflected coloring to the ascending cumuli. The Gulf water is lighted up to exceeding beauty. Around the throne of the great orb all is moving, changing, dissolving—culminating in a scene of most exquisite brilliancy and beauty as the view closes behind the great curtain of the sea. Serene and beautiful is all this, and very enjoyable in this delightful climate. Then, at night—

> "'Twas a lovely evening, fit to close
> A lovely day, and brilliant in repose"—

Mars beams brilliantly from the east, and Canopus of the south is up in full splendor. The Southern Cross is just visible above the dark line of waters, while the Great Dipper lies half hidden by the northern horizon. Nearly overhead, and streaming from the west, are the curious phosphorescent pencils of the zodiacal light.

But how quickly, after this day of beauties, comes a change. The north wind has put forth its brief but earnest warning. The low banks of clouds that so lately played passively their part in the quiet scene now grow dark, and crowd the northern horizon; rapidly they lift, and the dark shadows and ripples on the water usher the howling blast. The Gulf, lately so placid, is lifted into white-caps, and a white belt of foam rises upon the borders of the reef where the sea rolls in tumultuously. This is the usual course of a "norther." In three days, without a drop of rain, and frequently with a clear sky, it is expended, and the steady trade-wind assumes its sway.

During these calm days, when the water is still, objects can be seen at great depth; and at such times every thing turns out for a sunning. The sea then shows forth its best. It is pleasant to float leisurely with the tide and lounge over the gunwale of the boat as she passes over the coral hills and groves. Myriads of jelly-fishes float or paddle with their iridescent oars; richly-colored fishes dart away; and the Barracuda and flying-fish shoot out from near the bows. The great nurse-shark is frequently encountered in droves like hogs, and they are in such shallow water and so numerous that the boat nearly runs over them, stirring the mud from the bottom. They are eight or nine feet in length, but have very small mouths, and are consequently harmless, feeding on the shell-fish of the muddy shoals.

How different all this land, reef, and shoals is from our own hills and valleys. Unlike the rocky coast of the North with its sandy beaches, or the alluvial lands of other parts of the country. All this great reef, as it is called, and the islands or keys, have been piled up here in the deep Gulf by a great variety of sea creatures. Some of these sea creatures are flower-like animals that live in lime-tubes, which are joined together in colonies, and form great bunches, and rock-like, boulder-like masses. And these masses of tubes are the skeletons or shells of the flower-shaped animals, which they are attached to just as a clam is attached to its shell. The beautiful white branches and leaf-like forms, and feather and fan shaped objects, are the dried skeletons or shells of these little creatures that agree so well to build houses in blocks. They don't build as the bee builds its comb, for they are not insects; but they grow with their shells around them, as the little shell-fish develop into big shells, from the soft eggs or spawn. You can't get them off their tubes without cutting them, or boiling them, or rotting them, as you would the soft parts of a shell-fish.

The coral animals are very much more simple than the shell-fish, for they have not much more than a stomach and a few threads of nerves. They even increase by buds, like

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plants. These buds, soft and pulpy, attach themselves to any object they may touch, grow to their full size with the lime-tube around them; and then you have a single young coral, perfect in his one-room house, which he fully occupies. Soon other tubes begin to grow out, just as city people build houses against their neighbors'. So great blocks are formed, each house having one tenant. The coral people are very exclusive, and don't admit any other folk to live with them if they can help it; although they have their struggle to keep away stragglers as well as others. As they grow and multiply many forms are seen; many styles of architecture. Some are like trees, some like shrubs, and some are beautiful hemispheres that look like brain, with their curious winding openings. One is like a kidney, and another is strangely like the antlers of a stag. At one time, long, long ago, none of this coral reef was here. The great rock-like masses of coral—*Astreas*—a single house and tenant of which is not larger than my pencil, and not nearly as long, have grown upon the bottom of the sea, on some elevated, favorable spot, where the little, soft young corals first touched as they floated off from the parent stock; here, multiplying, spreading, until a great ledge-like, solid mass is formed.

These ledges of living coral then offer tempting bites to greedy fishes and worms, and snug retreat for many other marine creatures. The Parrot-fish, which has a bill exactly like a parrot, and is painted gaudily like them too, crushes some kinds with its bill to feed upon the meat. Great bristled worms—*Aphroditaceans*—that look like monster hairy caterpillars, lie coiled upon the branches of the delicate kinds, and suck their tapering ends. Boring shell-fish like the date-clam, and the various serpulæ, penetrate all parts of these ledges. *Holothurians*—curious, cucumber-like animals—feed upon and crush them.

Now, do you see, it will surely result that these parts of coral that have had the meat sucked out will be brittle and will break easily, and crumble down into dead fragments; then, with the vast amount of fine coral that is thrown from the stomachs of the great worms and fishes that feed thereon, we have a collection of white mud and sand. Some parts of the ledge, and after a time the whole, is in this way covered. When this happens the little coral tenants die. Eggs of the coral are floating about, however, and ready to make fast to any dead, broken piece of coral or shell that may lie over this once living block. These grow, and in turn die and become buried. And so on does this great reef get piled up until it reaches the surface—the air. There they must stop, for they can't live out of water.

During the cooler part of the year, when the tides are not so low, the coral branches grow so near the surface that when the summer low tides come several inches are exposed and die. And as they are then brittle, and break easily when the sea beats over them, we have here another element in reef building.

In the wisdom of Nature the mangrove-tree puts forth curious root-like fruit, which is not only capable of floating unharmed in the salt sea, but will take root wherever it can find mud enough to hold to. This fruit looks so much like a cigar that you would at first think they were Cuba cheroots that had floated across the Gulf Stream from Havana. Numerous rootlets sprout from the larger end while the fruit is in the water, and this end being a little the heaviest the rootlets touch bottom where the water is only a few inches deep. In this way hundreds of these in favorable situations take root, and grow to be large, elegant, evergreen trees. Curious knees or flying buttresses are thrown out at different points, above and below water, and these strengthen and brace the young trees until the floating débris of the ocean accumulates in such quantities as to form a more solid foothold above the surface. One of the Tortugas islands has been made up in this way, and others have been formed above water by the action of the sea and winds, which force the mud and sand into ridges. Once fairly above water the sand gives footing for seeds of grass, and those of various shrubs and trees that birds may bring to them. The Keys of the Florida Reef have thus been built up through the agency of many kinds of sea creatures. Professor Agassiz tells us that nearly the whole of the main land of Florida has been made up in a similar manner.

But how difficult to convey an idea of the wonderful beauty and singularity of the scene beneath the wave. Spread over acres, miles of reef; in shoal water and deep, on hill-side and plain, in forest-like groups and garden-like beds, in choice single clusters, in circles, in hedges, in *chevaux de frise*. Domes like the round-topped mosque of the Orient; sponge-forms that mock the Turkish minaret; Laplandish huts, and the Gothic minster; cups, vases, and the classic urns; antlers of deer, of moose, of elk; blossoms of rose, of jasmine, of daisy; clusters of pinks, lilacs, coxcombs, and amaranths; dandelions, golden-rods, anemones, and clovers; vines of michella and cypress; ferns, brakes, and mosses. All these forms come before you as you drift slowly with the tide, and look down as from a balloon upon this vast ocean garden. And they look *so much* like these forms, do the corals and sponges, sea-anemones and sea-weeds; and this ocean garden looks so much as if it had been laid out in the "landscape style." The large round heads of meandrina look like artificial structures placed, for artistic effect, at certain points; while the more picturesque astreas are like "rock-work," around which grow delicate moss vines and richly-colored algæ. You wonder at the strange similarity between the corals, sponges, and the familiar forms of the land gardens; but the forms, the coloring, the sculptured beauty of the Serpulæ, Tubularias, Ser-

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tularias, Actinarias, Alcyonarias, Gorgonias, and Acalephs, startle you with surprise.

In the white mud, among the green moss fronds, the weird-looking passion-flower is wonderfully well represented; carved and painted, in bass-relief, much of curious penciling is there; but lo! the flower instantly closes and disappears from sight; the shadow of the boat has driven to his hole one of the fairest forms of the "sea-anemone." And this creature, so flower-like in its form and color, lives nearly buried in the sand, and spreads only its fair face to the sunbeams.

We have drifted over the reef with the tide, and now, three miles to the westward of the fort, we are just on the outer margin. In a moment more we will lose sight of the great branch or tree corals, which grow on the steep banks as low down as our eye can follow. And then we are near the deep Gulf Stream. I am afraid to guess how far down these steep banks Charley and the Fat One have been for specimens; but overboard they dived whenever any uncommon specimen appeared, and the water seemed fearfully deep, and they seemed fearfully long in coming up again. Many rare shells and curious forms were found in this way that do not grow in shallower water.

The garrison flag is lowered, the bugle-notes of *Retreat* are in the air, and the sunset gun has just boomed forth its warning; so, as the evening breeze has sprung up, we will get under way and sail in.

"Unbrail y'r foresail there!"

"Ay, ay, Sir," says Busby.

"That's well; get y'r anchor aboard."

"All right, Sir."

"Unbrail the main-sail, and take the fore-sheets, then."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Ready?"

"Ready, Sir."

"Ease off the fore-sheet a trifle."

"Ease it is, Sir."

"Steady."

"Steady, Sir."

"Ready about!"

"Ready, Sir."

"Hard-a-lee, then!"

"All right, Sir."

And the *Rosetta* goes about and beats up against the pleasant trade-wind that comes so steadily from the east and cools so pleasantly the hot air of these tropical islands.

ALLOWANCED.

NINE o'clock, and a brilliant December morning, with the sunshine tipping the icicles with diamonds, and the canary in the window warbling as if he fancied himself in the very heart of the tropics. Breakfast had been over some fifteen or twenty minutes in the well-organized household of the Daters, the fire of anthracite coal glowed and crackled in the polished grate, and Mrs. Dater's stand of monthly roses tossed their crimson crests of bloom opposite, as if they were fully determined to convict the almanac of being in a fundamental mistake about the weather.

"Nine o'clock—and high time I was down town at my office," said Mr. Dater to himself, as he glanced at the little bronze clock upon its bracket between the windows.

It was the delay of but a few minutes to exchange his embroidered slippers for snugly-fitting boots, and to hang away the bright-colored Turkish dressing-gown, with its crimson lining and vividly-tinted silk tassels—and Mr. Dater was just prepared to emerge into the street, when there was a rustle of soft draperies along the hall, and a tall, bright-eyed woman, carrying a rosy baby in her arms, confronted him.

"Are you going down town so soon, Edward?"

"So *soon*, my dear? It is after nine o'clock," and Mr. Dater made a feint of pulling off the baby's waxen pink nose, and afterward displaying it wedged tightly between the first and second fingers of his left hand.

"Yes, but—I wanted to speak to you before you went away this morning."

"Speak away, then, my love! Hallo, you Sir!" (to the baby); "have you no respect for your venerable father's whiskers?"

Mrs. Dater hesitated and colored a little as she played with the baby's blue and white worsted sock. Mrs. Dater was a blonde, and the creeping shadows of crimson were rather becoming to her than otherwise.

"Edward," she said, hurriedly, as if the subject were one she would fain get over as soon as possible, "I would like a little money to-day, if you could spare it just as well as not."

"Money, Maria, money!" Mr. Dater trifles no longer with the crowing baby; but stood up very straight, with his eyebrows elevated, and his eyes exceedingly wide open and unwinking. "I believe you had your month's allowance as usual, Mrs. Dater!"

"Yes, but I have had more than the usual housekeeping expenses to meet within the last few days," explains his wife, nervously. "The cook has raised her wages from fourteen dollars to sixteen, and—"

"Get a new cook, then!"

"But Ellen is so neat and economical; I really do not think I should be consulting my best interests by making a change. Besides, the water-pipes have been out of order, and the bill has come in for the papering we had done last fall, and flour is a good deal higher than it was, and—"

"I see—I see, my dear," interrupted Mr. Dater, irritably; "you can spare yourself any farther details which may conveniently serve to hide the simple fact of extravagance and bad management. There are always plenty of excuses for that sort of thing when one wants them."

Mrs. Dater bit her lip and colored crimson.

"Edward, you have no right to make such

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an assertion as that. I am neither extravagant nor a bad manager."

"So you think, Maria, no doubt; but here is direct evidence to the contrary staring you point-blank in the face—point-blank! One hundred and fifty dollars a month, Mrs. Dater, *ought* to be sufficient for any family who don't dine off gold plate or eat melted pearls!"

"One hundred and fifty dollars a month is only five dollars a day, Edward."

"*Only* five dollars a day!" echoed her husband, with eyes rolled up toward the ceiling. "Only five dollars, Mrs. Dater! Let me tell you five dollars ought to be a great plenty if there is any sort of economy practiced in its expenditure. *I* do not spend five dollars a day, Mrs. Dater."

"How much *do* you spend, Edward?"

"How much do I spend? I—I don't see what that has to do with the matter, Mrs. Dater. One thing I am entirely convinced of, however: *I* could discharge all this family's expenditures for five dollars a day."

"Under all circumstances?"

"Under all circumstances, Mrs. Dater!"

Mrs. Dater smiled incredulously.

"I do not think you could, Edward."

"I *know* I could, Maria," said the husband, dogmatically. "I don't *think* any thing about it."

"Then I wish you would just try, for once," said Mrs. Dater, fairly out of patience. "I am tired of this old Egyptian business of making bricks without straw. *I* can not meet the expenses of this establishment of seven persons for five dollars a day, and there is no sort of use in wearing out my patience, my temper, and my nervous system in trying any farther. I have done my best, without much appreciation, as it appears, and now it only remains for me to follow the example of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer when his financial operations don't meet with approval—resign!"

Mr. Dater looked at his wife's sparkling eyes and crimsoned cheeks in some surprise; he had never before seen her spirit so thoroughly aroused.

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"I mean, Edward, that if you can 'discharge all the family expenditures for five dollars a day' you may have the satisfaction of trying the experiment forthwith. Here are my keys!"

Mr. Dater backed dubiously away from the proffered insignia of office.

"But my—my dear," he said, hurriedly, "you forget the demands of business."

"Let business be adjourned for once," insisted the wife. "I tell you I will not undertake any longer to keep house with insufficient funds."

Mr. Dater looked at his wife. There was a resolution in her blue eyes and closely compressed lips which he felt it would be entirely useless to combat.

"Very well, my dear," he said, composedly drawing off his gloves, "if you really insist upon it I shall be very happy to show you the truth of Sam Patch's observation 'that some things can be done as well as others.' You will please send all servants' bills and other nuisances to me to-day."

"And I suppose I may avail myself of this opportunity to bring up the arrears of my neglected correspondence," said his wife. "It is not often that I enjoy such a recess in my housekeeping duties."

"Just ex—act—ly as you please, my dear."

Mr. Dater calmly sat down in his easy-chair, lighted a cigar, and prepared to read the newspaper. Mrs. Dater, after ringing the bell and consigning the rosy baby to the care of a servant, composedly took her seat in front of the rosewood *secretaire*, and began her task of writing letters.

"If *this* is housekeeping, it isn't such bad fun, after all!" thought our hero, as he tipped his chair back after the fashion of mankind, and lazily watched the golden thread of a sunbeam stretched luminously across the tinted ceiling.

Presently a heavy footfall sounded along the carpeted hall, and Ellen, the cook, appeared.

"If ye plaze, ma'am, what 'll we be after havin' for dinner?"

"Mr. Dater will attend to you, Ellen," said the abdicated sovereign, calmly motioning with her hand toward her husband.

Mr. Dater was a little puzzled how to meet this emergency, but not for worlds would he have owned it!

"Roast fowls, Ellen, with currant jelly and celery—and—and mince-pie and suet pudding for dessert! (that *sounds* all right, any how!)"

"If yez 'll give me the money, Sir, I'll go to market right off."

"How much do you require, Ellen?"

Ellen reckoned up the sum on the ends of her stout red fingers.

"It 'll be two dollars for the fowls, Sir, and a half dollar for the vegetables."

"Two dollars and a half! Isn't that a good deal of money, Ellen?"

"And twinty-five cents for the jelly, Sir," added the relentless Ellen.

Mr. Dater reluctantly counted out the money. "Be as economical as you can, Ellen."

Ellen went out, tossing her head, and muttering under her breath certain undeniable truisms respecting "henhussies!"

"The newspaper bill, Sir," said Mary, the chamber-maid, entering on tip-toe, with a narrow slip of paper between her fingers.

"What is it?"

"Thirty cents, Sir."

Mr. Dater again unclasped his porte-monnaie and handed out the requisite sum. It was hardly more than a moment before Mary again came in.

"If you please, Sir, the wood you ordered has come home, and Patrick Daly wants a dollar for splitting it up."

"A dollar!" fretted our housekeeper; "that is too much!"

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"He worked half a day at it, Sir, and it's what he has always asked," said Mary, respectfully.

"Take it, then!" sharply responded Mr. Dater. "I must see if I can't get some one to work for me a little cheaper. I don't believe in paying the highest prices for the least possible amount of work!"

This was a bomb-shell thrown belligerently into Mrs. Dater's camp, but that lady wrote serenely on. It was not her cue to notice any such indirect method of warfare.

"The big kittle, Sir, home from the tinman's," put in Mary, once more. "It's fifty cents, Sir, if you please."

"Fifty cents! Fifty cents for mending a tin kettle!" cried our hero.

"Yes, Sir; it's soldered in two places, and—"

"There is the grocer's boy coming up the street," said Mrs. Dater, glancing out of the window. And, sure enough, Ellen entered presently, with sleeves rolled up and white bib-apron tied under her chin.

"The bill from the grocer's, Mr. Dater, all ready receipted."

Mr. Dater took the bill, and looked hurriedly over its list of contents.

"Raisins — spices — soap—prepared flour—eggs — clothes-pins — carpet-tacks — lemons—hum — m — m — four dollars and seventy-five cents! Four dollars and seventy-five cents for a grocer's bill of two days' standing! My dear! my dear! this should be looked into! There must be some screw loose in our housekeeping!"

"You complained that the pudding-sauce was not rich enough yesterday, Edward," said Mrs. Dater, deliberately folding the little note she had just written; "and last week you said that cake, without a sufficiency of raisins and spices, was merely galvanized bread."

"A man don't want all his chance speeches eternally brought up against him," muttered Mr. Dater, looking rather confused, while his wife dated another gilt-edged sheet of paper, and began a second letter.

"Well, what now?" demanded Mr. Dater, in a despairing accent, as Mary came in once more, stepping softly.

"It's the shoemaker's bill, Sir; and would ye be pleased to pay it now, for his rent comes due to-morrow, he says."

"How much is it?"

"Seven dollars, Sir." Mary handed him the bill.

"Sev-en dol-lars! For two pairs of children's shoes! My dear Maria, isn't that rather unnecessarily extravagant?"

"If you remember, Edward, you reproved me, only yesterday, for allowing Bennie to go out walking in such shabby shoes."

"Well, there's no use in saying any thing. I suppose the bill has got to be paid, as the shoes are bought."

"I suppose so, too," said his wife, dryly.

But no more remarks were made until Bennie and Tommy, two apple-cheeked boys of seven and nine, came bounding in from school, at noon, rosy and boisterous.

"Mamma! mamma! I want fifty cents for my new Geography, and Tommy wants a quarter for his slate! Tommy's going into the ciphering class, mamma."

"Go to your father, my dear," said Mrs. Dater; and the *paterfamilias* slowly disbursed the requisite funds, silently pursing up his mouth into a whistling *pose* as he did so.

"Papa! papa!" stormed little Tommy, clattering up stairs a minute or two afterward, with all the combined energy of copper-toes and iron-nailed heels. "Ellen wants a bottle of olive-oil to make dressing for the celery salad. Can I go to the grocery after it? Can I, papa? Give us a dollar!"

Mr. Dater looked at the dollar and thought of the cool, delicious celery salad—his greatest gastronomic temptation. The latter consideration proved too strong for economy.

"Run along, then, my son, and make haste."

"Can I have ten cents for some oranges, papa?" pleaded the child.

"Yes. Go along!"

After dinner, during which he did ample justice to the celery salad, Mr. Dater lay down on the lounge for his usual siesta. No sooner, however, did the drowsy influences of Morpheus begin to steal over his eyelids than Bennie's voice interrupted the dreamy lapses of forgetfulness.

"Papa!" cried the boy, "Mary said I was to give you this bill."

"Bills! more bills!" ejaculated poor Mr. Dater, sitting up with a suddenness that made Bennie start. "Is life one tremendous bill?—one endless siege of your pocket?"

"*I* sometimes think so," said Mrs. Dater, who was singing her baby to sleep by the fireside, in the soft, low cadences that mothers learn by instinct.

"Six dollars! Is it possible that we, a moderately-sized family, burn six dollars' worth of gas in a month?" he exclaimed, reproachfully.

"I tried, a while ago, to economize in the gas, Edward," said his wife, "but you scolded me for 'making the house as gloomy as a cavern!'"

Without another word Mr. Dater paid the obnoxious bill, and lay back upon the lounge with a sigh that might have come from the "Cave of the Winds!"

For just one hour he lay there, silent and motionless, but not asleep. At the end of that time he spoke out.

"Mrs. Dater!"

"Yes."

"Here are your keys."

"Thank you. Have you given housekeeping a sufficiently long trial?"

"Do you always have so many bills to pay in a single day?"

"Not always. The gas-bill is a special expense, and the boys don't have new shoes every

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day. But there are other incidental expenses, and, altogether, to-day is a pretty fair specimen of the various demands levied upon my purse."

"Do you know how much money I have spent to-day?"

"Yes. Twenty-four dollars and fifteen cents, is it not?"

"Yes."

There was a dead silence of a few moments.

"My dear," said Mr. Dater, at length, "I have been wrong."

"I thought men were never wrong," remarked Mrs. Dater, satirically.

Her husband coughed behind his hand, wisely contriving not to hear the speech.

"And," he went on, in measured accents, "I think I shall increase your housekeeping allowance. Instead of one hundred and fifty dollars I shall henceforward give you *two* hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"As a special favor, or as a mere matter of right and justice?" demanded the lady.

"As a mere matter of right and justice, my dear," said docile Mr. Dater.

"Very well," said Mrs. Dater, with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes, and a sympathetic quiver of her coral mouth. "I shall endeavor not to spend it foolishly."

"And now I think I had better go to my office, eh?" said Mr. Dater.

"Perhaps it would be as well," responded his wife, trying hard not to show too triumphant a consciousness of the signal victory she had just achieved.

From that December day Mr. Dater never questioned his wife's expenditure or doubted its wisdom.

"Women know best," he whispered, darkly, to his most confidential friends. "And—this is strictly between ourselves, now—*I* wouldn't go through with the daily bother and worry of housekeeping for ten times the money they spend. I wouldn't, indeed!"

And what man would?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE opening of the Academy Exhibition is one of the pleasantest events of the spring, and it is made even more so by the pretty spectacle of the evening opening. It is a good-natured, brightly-dressed crowd that assembles, and that looks much more at itself than at the pictures. But the space is so ample, although too small for that evening's multitude, and the rooms are so brilliant, and the effects of the groups upon the great staircase are so picturesque, that the opening evening is always agreeable, and the Exhibition is opened with the proper prestige. This year, unfortunately, the Easy Chair was belated, and lost the annual pleasure. But it repaired to the marble palace of art upon an early day to enjoy the old beauty and to discover new.

As it proceeded thither, conning the Catalogue, how was it possible not to think of all the hope and all the experience that were hung in the pictures upon the walls? In little rooms high up toward heaven busy fingers had been working and hoping hearts beating for a year to the result that was now visible! How much family comfort, how much bread for hungry mouths even, depended upon the kind favor with which those works were regarded; and how much that favor depended upon the kind words that all the Easy Chairs should say!

But as the present Chair fell into this current of reflection, he looked furtively about lest Thomas Tomahawk, Esquire, who does execution in "an influential morning paper," should be somewhere near him, and regarding him. The Easy Chair felt as David Copperfield felt when Mr. Littimer, the accomplished "man" of Mr. Steerforth, was cooking at the fire, and seemed to young Copperfield to be contemplating him contemptuously with his elbows. Even so the Easy Chair felt that if Tomahawk were in the same car, although his eyes might be averted, he was probably conscious of the Easy Chair's caitiff thoughts, and covering them with lordly contempt in his critical mind.

"For why"—the very supposed presence of Thomas Tomahawk seemed to suggest—"why think of Brown, Jones, and Robinson as individuals, or of Mrs. Brown, Miss Jones, and Master Robinson, starving or otherwise, when the point is Art? If we are to say that Jones's portraits are good because Jones is poor, or that Brown's landscapes are lovely because Brown is the father of many children, we merely make fools of ourselves, degrade Art, and pick the pockets of really good painters. For if we must tell lies in order not to hurt the sale of Robinson's daubs, we encourage the sale of miserable botches for which Robinson asks but a miserable price, and thereby Titian, and Raphael, and Vandyke are prevented from asking proper prices for their pictures. As I have remarked before," suggested the tremendous idea of Tomahawk's presence, "if the object of art criticism in this country is charity, very well; let us all pass round the hat in the newspapers for—well, I mention no names; let us beseech an alms-giving public to pity the sorrows of a lot of poor old artists; but in the name of decency, and honesty, and the good name of the country let alms be given only upon condition that the poor old artists go and paint no more."

These were the words which the mere thought of Thomas Tomahawk made so audible to this Easy Chair that he was surprised to see the other passengers in the car reading their newspapers and looking out into the street as if they heard nothing. So he too sought to compose his perturbed apprehensions by looking into a paper, and opening it came directly upon the first article of Tomahawk's devoted to this very Exhibition to which he was going. Now the edge of Tomahawk's weapon is so sharp and the gleam of the blade so bright and the thrust so trenchant, that it is always pleasant to the spectator—of the vic-

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tim nothing is now said—to watch his play. Upon this occasion he depicted with remorseless elaboration the moral obliquity of a certain artist in persisting in painting pictures. Why does he not see, cried Tomahawk, or will no friend in whom he has confidence, tell him, upon his honor, that he is the great obstruction to the development of American art, whose millennium will be prayed for in vain until he consents to lay down his maulstick and his easel, and hang up his pallet and his brush? As when the wiry terrier, every bristling hair on end, has shaken many times its rodent prey, yet loth to quit its hold, returns again and yet again, and shakes relentlessly a never-ending shake, so did Thomas Tomahawk guard, thrust, and parry, and three times slay the slain.

And as the Easy Chair read the dreadful words that blotted out not only fame but hope itself from the future of the hapless painter, how did his memory revert, Tomaso mio! to the calm lagunes of Venice, to the Adriatic Lido, to the summer evening Piazza di San Marco, to the days whose placid brightness age can not wither nor custom stale! For then and there no success was too shining for expectation, no future too fair for belief. Giovanni was one of us. Upon the walls of his studio even now hang the unfading sketches of those summer days. Here is the little Piazza; there is the Palazzo Rezzonico, up there is Santa Maria, and the Dogana. Are those the towers of San Lorenzo? Is this the *Ca' d'oro?* And yet, behold! Thomas Tomahawk advancing, guarding, and thrusting, and parrying yet again upon Giovanni also! Friendship permits no alternative. "Seeing his friend Lord Willoughby hotly pressed by the enemy," says the old chronicler, "Sir Philip pricked forward." In like manner the Easy Chair resolved that he would do what pricking might lie in his pen, for the honor of remembered Italy and sacred friendship. He would hasten to the Gallery; he would inspect carefully the works of art; he would thence repair to his work-shop and try conclusions with Thomas Tomahawk.

Alas, what is man! Tranquilized and strengthened by this resolution the Easy Chair stepped aside from the remains of a late hapless artist, done to oblivion by Tomahawk, and proceeded to peruse his further castigations; when, after having dispatched the total Academy *secundum artem*, without so much as offering the least benefit of clergy or opportunity to compose the mind, this exhaustlessly exterminating Attila came thrusting pell-mell with desolating vigor straight at the Easy Chair himself, who sat staring, confounded, and helpless, and fell then and there and forever an easy prey, being demolished upon the instant. No names were mentioned, indeed; but what need? For, wheeling suddenly from the remains of his last victim, Tomahawk tremendously thundered, whether in *ipsissima verba* or not is of small importance—"and for these wretches upon whom now and for evermore long outraged justice has at last wreaked her perfect will no solitary voice will ever dare to peep, unless it be the shrill senile treble of some moribund, blind, deaf, brain-softened Easy Chair, which, of our sole and free mercy, shall here be nameless."

Yet nobody in the car seemed to be conscious of the frightful carnage that was going on under their very eyes and in their very pockets. The May sun shone spectral, a mere mockery. The spring toilets upon Broadway were a ghastly vanity. The face of Madison Square, methought, was changed from green to red, and the dear little children skipped by in fiery skirts and drawers of flame-color. The world was a vast inquisition, or a colossal auto da fe. The pages of future almanacs were suddenly visible to the mental eyes of the Easy Chair; and all along the side of the page of May were these words in crimson letters: "Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Look out for gore at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue about these days."

In such a frame this hapless Chair, who must now be considered a mere harmless ghost, climbed the glittering steps, and entered upon the Exhibition. How still it was! How broad and welcoming was the great staircase! How the figures of Paul Veronese leaned over the balustrade above and looked down! How humbly and patiently did the late Chair begin with the beginning and contemplate No. 1 of the Catalogue! How piously its eyes scoured the walls, regarding with attention the pretty pencil souvenirs of travel by Mrs. Greatorex, and lingering long upon the striking etchings of the Thames by Whistler. If the exhortations of the departed have still any interest with the (as yet) un-Tomahawked, let the Easy Chair suggest to the lover of art that he bear in mind the name of James Whistler, and that he do not fail to see any etching of his, whether of the sides of the Thames, or of low pot-houses in London, or cabarets in Paris. The few specimens in this year's Exhibition hardly illustrate the extraordinary skill of the artist. But they serve, perhaps, to show the genius which finds a new field for romance even in London, and suggest the picturesqueness of Wapping, and the life of the river which has so touched the imagination of Dickens.

These etchings were among the least of the works of art in this year's Exhibition. They were hung in the Omnium Gatherum around the staircase. But it is in the little works that we must look for excellence more frequently than in the large and imposing canvases.

Before the Easy Chair was so swiftly demolished it was often of opinion that we can, most of us, do some little thing very neatly and prettily. We can turn a small copy of fair verses, for instance. But perhaps we had better not undertake the great American epic in as many cantos as there may be States. And as it went through the Exhibition the Easy Chair perpetually asked itself whether it would not be wiser if the great American epic were less frequently attempted, and more satisfaction found as well as given in the modest etchings. By modest etchings it does not necessarily mean technical copper scratching or dry point, but small works and not colossal canvases or subjects. Thus one of the most charming pictures was a little work by Boughton. It was called "The Double Shadow," and it told its old story as sweetly and perfectly as a simple ballad. Two peasants are moving across a field. The woman, a rustic Juno, with her eyes averted, majestically carrying a pail, not a goddess in disguise, but a sturdy, simple, ignorant woman, who needs no learning to understand self-respect; and the man

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with his fair hair square cut across the forehead and long at the sides, walking beside, or just a step behind her, doubtful, longing, hesitating, timid, his manhood tremulous by the steady womanhood of his companion. It was a truly charming picture—a completely satisfactory ballad, but not in the least an epic.

Then there was Eastman Johnson's "Earliest Scholar"—a delightful little work, not of so exquisite and delicate a sentiment as the other, but just as complete and satisfactory. There were many portraits in the Exhibition, and the improvement of all of them, as a class, upon the pictures of twenty years ago, is one of the most agreeable recollections of the Gallery. The day when the "soft" portraits of the good Ingham were contemplated with delight has passed forever; and the heads of this year, by Page, were of the very highest excellence. The modesty, force, depth, and reality of these works are equally striking. They are full of thought and conscience and long, hard study. The eye accustomed to be surprised by the bold, exterior, sensation likenesses that are often visible upon these walls was probably not charmed by them—possibly passed them unremarked. But those who knew the great portraits, and the great qualities of head and heart that went to their making, can not but feel in the portraits of Page the same kind of fidelity and intelligence and skill. There is, perhaps, a half-conscious feeling of some want of imagination in the treatment—but no more masterly work has been done among us. By the side of one of them hung the most striking landscape of the Exhibition, Gifford's "Mouth of the Shrewsbury River." This is a beautiful picture, broad and sweet and luminous, very rich in color, yet not transcending the splendid modesty of nature.

But why enumerate? With open eyes and heart and Catalogue the Easy Chair passed through the rooms, and paused before the works of ancient friends and saw in them even more than the beauty of the pictures—saw Raphael's "Julius" and Vandyke's "Charles;" saw Sorrento and Capri and the melancholy waste of the Campagna; saw awful Switzerland and the legendary Rhine. If, as it lingered and loitered, it recurred to the hopes and ambition and promise of other years, when the youths that paced the Adriatic shore and saw the moon rise and shine on Venice believed that they should carry higher and higher the standard of their art, it could not wonder that all that hope was not fulfilled—for indeed it could not be. To carry the torch a little further forward, and to hand it on to the new-comers—not always to bear it before all—that is the inevitable fate of all summer loiterers upon the Lido. Who is it upon whose brilliant work you gaze to-day enchanted, and feel that henceforth American art is secure? Well, twenty years hence you will come to the Exhibition, and you will hang with fond feeling over this brilliant work twenty times repeated—but some other newer, brighter, better touch will have revealed a higher height, and you will learn that it is unfair to ask of pear-trees better pears every year, or of rose-trees lovelier roses.

It seems to be conceded, slowly perhaps, but surely, that a man is not of necessity an idiot nor a woman a sour old maid, who supposes that as much remains yet to be accomplished in the development of men, so all is not yet finally settled for women. That the dogmas of conceited and prejudiced men are not unquestionably the divine intentions in human society is a speculation which may be now indulged without the suspicion of foolishness or fanaticism. That, in a word, the Reverend Doctor Todd is not the only wise man, and that possibly others have been admitted to the celestial counsels almost as familiarly as he, is a faith which, beyond Berkshire at least, has an astonishing number of adherents.

There is nothing more delightfully comical in the idea of a conclave of friars and monks, such as may be seen by the thousand in lovely Italy, sitting in judgment upon the conclusions of Darwin or of Tyndall, and gravely excommunicating them for infidelity, than in that of the young gentlemen who give all their minds to their scarf-knots, pleasantly laughing at the suggestion of any "wrong" in the condition of women, or in their relation to human society. It is not these young gentlemen alone who take this view—nor is it only the Reverend Doctor Todd; there are thoughtful and generous and chivalric men who smile at the fancy of any "sphere" for woman except that to which they traditionally consign her, and who suspect in every woman whose imagination strays beyond the nursery, and the dining-room, and the ragged school, and the ball-room something a little "unfeminine," as in Hawthorne's "Donatello" it is impossible not to feel that he is just less than human, and that if the wind would only raise the hair, we should see the ears of the faun.

As for the women, what shall an ancient Easy Chair say? In the softer circles of society, how many fair dames are not a little angry at the suggestion of an enlarged sphere of interest and activity, as if it were an insinuation of something brazen in their tastes and characters? Even those who are more sensible, and who gravely entertain the suggestion, or indeed sympathize with it, show a tranquil approval rather than an active desire or resolution. The more clever women neatly expose the exquisite follies of the solemn and sentimental objectors, and sweep their exterminating fingers through the light web of sophistry which some men with edifying gravity call instinct. But even these women "smiling put the question by," even although they give it its natural and reasonable answer. There are others who ask why they should wish to have more bother than they have already? and still others, who are of the "nestling" and "tendril" school, and wish to be only what the lord of their hearts desires. Does it occur to such tender creatures that love and matrimony are relations of reciprocal duties; and that if Jane is to think only what John wishes her to think, and do only what John wishes her to do, John is bound by the same rule? The philosophy of Mrs. Grundy's drawing-room in New York is practiced very perfectly in Siam, and in the household of the Grand Turk. Indeed the laureate of the Sultan—of the same sex with his Majesty, and one of the most sparkling of singers—wrote, two centuries ago, upon occasion of the introduction of the loveliest of Circassians into the happy family of the august Commander of the Faithful, the following limpid quatrain:

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"All honor to woman the sweet-heart, the wife,
The delight of the fireside by night and by day,
Who never does any thing wrong in her life
Except when permitted to have her own way."

Or was it not the Sultan's laureate two hundred years ago, and does Mr. Sparrowgrass quote this as the latest epigram of Mr. Halleck? Dear old Mrs. Barbauld also wrote some verses upon the same subject which were worthy to be printed in gold letters over the portals of Miss Pinkerton's Academy for young ladies. The worthy old gentlewoman is rhyming of the pretty flowers upon her table, and she improves the text for the benefit of young ladies—

"Nor blush my fair to own you copy these,
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please."

Oh, honey and butter! Butter and honey, oh!

It certainly is not surprising that there are women who are a little tired of the kind of diet provided by Mrs. Barbauld and the court governesses, Mr. Halleck and the court poets, and the Reverend Doctor Todd and the court chaplains, who are indeed willing to incur the bright banter of brothers with the scarf-knot and even of the fastidious and chivalric elders, and try to ascertain why they do not understand themselves as well as men understand them, and to prove whether their sphere is not, like that of men, to be determined by experiment, not by theory; and who ask that question which no Sultan upon record has ever been known to answer, and which confounds forever even the great Haroun al Raschid, how can you determine any proper sphere without perfect freedom of choice and action?

"Ah, when you come to metaphysical pyrotechnics," says the courteous dissenter and sly satirist, "I must leave you and join the ladies."

Farewell, then, good Sultan; and when you have kissed hands to the ladies and are wending your way to the club, do not forget that nothing is so simple, pleasant, and rational as a club of men to lounge, smoke, chew, drink, and talk doubtfully, and nothing so shocking and unfeminine as a club of women to chat and read and enjoy themselves. Until the vile Brazilians and Argentines came bombarding to his capital the despot of Paraguay thought Paraguay the best arranged of countries in the most happily ordered of worlds. He owned the land and the people and put all the money in his pockets, and smiled with contempt, but with the most delightful good-nature, at any body who seemed to suppose that it was rather hard he should have all the fun to himself.

"All the fun to myself!" said the cheerfully courteous despot of Paraguay; "not at all, it is only your misconception of the eternal fitness of things. Each to his own is the great law of nature. In other words, every body to his own sphere. You see this lovely, soft, silken cushion. Could any thing be more exquisitely embroidered? Could any thing be more sheeny and glistening? It is a miracle of beauty. I write sonnets to that cushion, I keep it in a satin bag tied with cords of golden thread, and I should certainly be obliged to have any body put to the most painful and shameful death who should presume to sit upon it. Now observe the extreme felicity of the great laws of nature. That cushion is intended by nature to be sat upon, and nature intends me to sit upon it. My instinct assures me of it. My mind approves the reasonability of it. The sphere of the one is to sit, of the other to be sat upon. If any body thinks that I have the fun all to myself let him consult his instincts and explore the laws of nature. He will find that the fun of the cushion is in being sat upon—*my* fun is sitting. There is no end of fun; there is plenty for all; but a gracious nature divides it into infinite variety."

The courteous despot of Paraguay called this his philosophy of spheres, and the perception of the eternal fitness of things by instinct; and he regards the onslaught of Brazil and the Argentine Republic as an unnatural action. It tends to destroy his fun. For, in fact, Paraguay is his cushion, and if the wisest intimations of instinct are to be disregarded, and the cushion be deprived of the fun of being sat upon, and he of the fun of sitting, what will become of the true doctrine of spheres and the philosophy of instinctive perception? "Suppose, my friends," said the late Deacon Crump, in an earnest religious exhortation at the monthly concert—and he said it very slowly, as was his wont, and very solemnly—"suppose, and suppose, you should wake up to-morrow morning and find yourselves dead, what would ye say then?"

If it be in order the Easy Chair would like to move the appointment of Mrs. Barbauld, the Sultan, and the Reverend Doctor Todd as a select committee upon the Paraguay question.

In speaking last month of religious liberty and toleration the Easy Chair alluded to the late history of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew by White, and to his statement in the preface that Calvin was perhaps the only one of the famous Protestant Doctors in Europe who tried to save Servetus from the fire. The Chair expressed a natural regret that Mr. White had not mentioned the authorities upon which he thus corrects the usual version of a not very remote historical incident. Fortunately an accomplished and competent friend, seeing the remark, has sent us the following interesting correction of the correction:

"As the Chair puts it"—says our correspondent—"the statement is correct in letter: but Mr. White's words are that Calvin was perhaps the only one of these divines '*who tried to save the arch-heretic's life*,' which is not true. The facts in the case are fully set forth, with the authorities, in 'Dyer's Life of Calvin.' They are briefly these: By the old imperial laws of Geneva, which still remained unrepealed, death by fire was the punishment of heresy. Calvin took a leading part in the prosecution of Servetus for an offense for which death by fire was the prescribed penalty. But he wished the manner of execution to be modified. In a letter to Farel, written apparently while the trial was in progress, he sets forth his precise position. He writes: 'I hope [*spero*] the sentence will at least be capital, but desire the atrocity of the punishment to be abated.' In another letter to Farel he refers to some efforts to this end, promising when they met to explain why they had not proved successful. What these efforts were the world will not probably ever know; but they could not have been very strenuous or persistent, since in his *Refutatio Serveti*, apparently by way of defending himself from some charge of having favored Servetus, he says: 'All good men will be my witnesses that from the time when he was convicted I uttered not a single word concerning his punishment.' There was indeed little time for effort after the conviction, for sentence was pronounced one day, and Servetus was led to the stake on the morning of the next. There is not the slightest evidence that Calvin ever 'tried to save the arch-heretic's life,' or ever after expressed the slightest disapprobation of the manner of the execution. He merely con-

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tented himself with endeavoring, before sentence was pronounced, to have the 'atrocity' or rather the 'severity' of the mode of putting to death mitigated; to have him, that is to say, hung or beheaded, rather than burned at the stake. Whatever palliation for the conduct of Calvin may be found in the spirit of the age in which he lived, it is due to the truth of history that the facts in the case should not be untruthfully stated."

It was a fortunate event for the country, and one which we hope will be an imperative precedent, when men like Mr. Motley, and Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Adams, and Mr. Bigelow were selected to represent us in Europe. As in the case of Mr. Everett and Mr. Bancroft, these gentlemen were not diplomatic agents merely, but they commanded respect by their eminence as scholars, and by an ability already recognized. During his former residence in London, as Minister to England, Mr. Bancroft pursued his historical studies, and made most valuable collections of material. Mr. Motley also, while Minister to Austria, did not relax his hold upon the great history which he has recently finished; and Mr. Bigelow, amidst the many and perplexing duties of his post as Minister to France at a very critical time, did not fail to cultivate the elegant studies and the scholarly friendships to which he is by taste devoted.

It is among the felicities of his official residence in Paris—not for himself, but for his countrymen and for literature—that he became the possessor of the original autograph copy of Dr. Franklin's autobiography, and he has now edited it with such fidelity and sympathy that, as a scholarly critic remarks, "It furnishes the only edition that has the stamp of authority, and it is destined to become the standard one." The story of the adventures of the manuscript has been made familiar. In 1789 Dr. Franklin gave to M. le Veillard, Mayor of Passy, near Paris, a copy of all the sketch that he had then written. In 1790 the Doctor died, and left all his manuscripts, including the autobiography, to his grandson, William Temple Franklin, who was to supervise the publication. For the greater convenience of the printer the grandson gave the original to the widow of M. le Veillard, and received the copy which the Doctor had given in 1789. The original remained in the family until 1867, when it was transferred to Mr. Bigelow by M. de Senarmont, a relation of the Widow le Veillard. Collating this manuscript with the London edition of the autobiography, printed in 1817, and the only one, according to Mr. Bigelow, that purported to be printed from the manuscript, he finds that more than twelve hundred changes have been made in the text, and that the last eight pages of the work have been entirely omitted.

Mr. Bigelow remarks that the London edition of 1793 was the only English version in print until this of 1817; but a Boston critic reminds him that a different one appeared in Dublin in 1793, and was reprinted in London in 1799. There are five editions of the work in French; one was published in 1791, which is attributed to Dr. Jacques Gibelin, although nobody knows how he obtained the original. The next was in 1798, translated from the Dublin edition by Castera. The third was in 1818, and was a translation of William Temple Franklin's London edition of the previous year, probably by M. Charles Malo. The fourth was that of M. Renouard, published in 1820, and this contains the eight new pages of which Mr. Bigelow speaks. The fifth version is that of M. Laboulaye in 1866, which followed Mr. Sparks's edition. In his introduction Mr. Bigelow suggests as a possible reason for the long delay of William Temple Franklin in publishing the memoirs, that he had received a gratification from the British Government. It is, at least, a very plausible explanation of a fact of which we are not likely to know more.

As for the charming book itself, the history of one of the most benevolent and shrewd of men, without a touch of imagination, there is really nothing to be added to what has been so often said. In his delightful and elaborate Life of Franklin, Mr. Parton has drawn the most faithful and detailed portrait of the old sage, and yet there is always a feeling that something remains to be told. There is a great deal of current gossip, so to speak, about Dr. Franklin which does not make him altogether St. Anthony, but quite the contrary. And, indeed, the Easy Chair remembers seeing in London several years ago a manuscript letter from the Doctor, written while in Paris to a much younger man than himself, who proposed to take up his residence in that lively world, and which contained very much good advice, and very much which would probably have startled Miss Clack, a worthy lady in Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone."

The quotations which Mr. Bigelow makes from Laboulaye's introduction to his edition of the autobiography are of the best and most truly appreciative estimates of the famous man. "Franklin never quits the earth; it is not genius in him; it is good sense expressed in its highest power. Do not seek in him a poet, nor even an orator, but a master of practical life—a man to whom the world belongs.....His laugh is not that of Voltaire; there is no bitterness in it: it is the benevolent smile of an old man whom life has taught to be indulgent." Indeed it is this humanity, this good-natured sympathy with weakness and fallibility of all kinds, this marvelous evenness of temper, which is the kindliest aspect of the Doctor's character. He was an extraordinary fruit of a Puritan stock, but he shows how human the Puritan is under all. Jefferson Davis contemptuously sneers at him as the incarnation of the peddling tuppenny Yankee. But Mr. Davis thinks all Yankees hyenas, and is hardly an unprejudiced authority upon the subject. Laboulaye's statement is better: "He knows of but one mode to arrive at happiness, or, at least, to contentment; it is by labor, economy, and probity." Franklin's aims were obvious and tangible. His impulses were generous, his sympathies catholic and humane. Nobody would have troubled him more than John Calvin, of whom we were just speaking; and had Franklin been the headman in Geneva poor Servetus would have slipped through unarrested. The perennial charm of his autobiography is like that of Robinson Crusoe; and Mr. Bigelow has cheered all readers by summoning them once more to the delightful story.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of May. The principal points embraced in it are the close of the impeachment trial, and acquittal of the President; the bills passed in the House for the re-admission of six of the Southern States; and the proceedings of the Republican Convention, by which Grant and Colfax were nominated for President and Vice-President — thus formally opening the Presidential campaign.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

As briefly noted in our last Record, the testimony in the case of the impeachment was formally closed on Monday, April 20. The Court adjourned until Wednesday, when the final summing up commenced. Each of the counsel for the President presented oral arguments, and all of the Managers for the prosecution, with the exception of Mr. Logan, who filed one in writing. The most elaborate of these were that of Mr. Evarts for the defense, and that of Mr. Bingham, who closed, for the prosecution: each of these occupied nearly three days in the delivery. But so fully had all the points of the case upon both sides been developed in the respective opening speeches of Mr. Butler and Mr. Curtis that the various speeches in summing up add little to the strength of the case on either side, and we judge it unnecessary to present here even an abstract of them. The arguments finally closed upon Wednesday, May 6, having taken a fortnight. The following day was occupied in settling the modes of procedure, and the Court adjourned until Monday, the 11th, when it re-assembled, with closed doors, for deliberation. These private deliberations occupied two days. During the course of these several Senators delivered elaborate opinions upon the case before them. Most notable among these were those of Senator Grimes, Henderson, Fessenden, and Trumbull, Republicans, who gave at length the reasons which would cause them to vote "Not Guilty" upon the impeachment, and of Senator Williams who voted "Guilty."

Mr. Grimes argued that it was no part of the design of the Tenure-of-Office Bill to maintain Mr. Stanton in office against the will of the President, and that in removing him and appointing General Thomas as Secretary of War *ad interim* there was involved no violation of the law. "As for myself," he said, "I have done no act, given no vote, uttered no word inconsistent with my present position. I never believed that Mr. Stanton came within the provisions of the Tenure-of-Office Act, and I never gave any vote indicating such a belief." After touching briefly upon the other articles, and granting that the President's speeches were "indecorous, improper, and vulgar," Senator Grimes closed his opinion by declaring, "In my opinion the President has not been guilty of an impeachable offense by reason of any thing alleged in either of the articles preferred against him at the bar of the Senate by the House of Representatives."

Senator Henderson confined his opinion wholly to the first eight articles, and after affirming his belief that the President had the right to remove the members of the Cabinet, said, "Before I could convict the President on these eight articles I must become perjured in my own conscience.....Those who differ with me in the construction of the law will have no such difficulty."

Senator Fessenden expressed his own opinion, that, "as Mr. Stanton was appointed by Mr. Lincoln, the case did not come within the scope of the Tenure-of-Office law;" but granting that it did, and that the President so believed, he adds, "it by no means follows that he was guilty of a misdemeanor in attempting to remove him." As to the articles based upon the speeches of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Fessenden said, "The President could not be convicted for the assertion of his opinion; he had only exercised the right of freedom of speech, and that was guaranteed by the Constitution." He had the right, in common with every other citizen, "to comment freely upon the conduct of the co-ordinate branches of the Government;" and that "when called upon by a large body of his fellow-citizens to address them, and when he was goaded by contumely and insult, he permitted himself to transcend the limits of proper and dignified speech, such as was becoming to the dignity of his station, is a matter of deep regret, and highly censurable; but, in my opinion, it can receive no other punishment than public sentiment alone can inflict." As to the "suggestion," said Mr. Fessenden, that "popular opinion demands the conviction of the President on these charges, I reply that he is not now upon trial before the people, but before the Senate. The responsibility is not upon them, but upon us. They have not taken an oath to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and the laws. I have taken that oath, and I can not render judgment upon their conviction, nor can they transfer to themselves my punishment if I violate my oath. I should consider myself undeserving of the confidence that the just and intelligent people have imposed upon me in this great responsibility, and unworthy of a place among honorable men if, for any fear of public reprobation and for the sake of securing popular favor, I should disregard the convictions of my judgment and of my conscience. The consequences which may follow, either from conviction or acquittal, are not for me, with my convictions, to consider."

Senator Trumbull said: "The question to be decided is not whether Andrew Johnson is a proper person to fill the Presidential office, nor whether it is fit that he should remain in it; nor, indeed, whether he has violated the Constitution and laws in other respects than those alleged against him. As well might any other fifty-four persons take upon themselves by violence to rid the country of Andrew Johnson because they believed him to be a bad man, as to call upon fifty-four Senators, in violation of their sworn duty, to convict and depose him for any other causes than those alleged in the articles of impeachment." The gist of Mr. Trumbull's opinion is to be found in the following extracts: "I never entertained the opinion that the President had not power to remove the Secretary of War appointed by Mr. Lincoln during his first

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term.....and as the President had, in my opinion, the right to remove Mr. Stanton, his order for that purpose, as also that to General Thomas to take possession, both peacefully issued, have, in my judgment, none of the elements of a conspiracy about them.....The ninth article, known as the Emory article, is wholly unsupported by evidence.....The tenth article, relating to the speeches of the President, is substantially proven; but the speeches, though discreditable to the high office he holds, do not, in my opinion, afford just grounds for impeachment." In reference to the eleventh article, upon which, in the result, arose the primary test vote, Mr. Trumbull said that a great part—that which related to the speeches of the President—had been disposed of by what had been said on the tenth article. Mr. Trumbull finds no proof, as charged in this article, of unlawful conspiracy to devise means to prevent Mr. Stanton from resuming the office of Secretary of War after it had been voluntary surrendered by General Grant. There are, he adds, "no proofs to sustain the other charges of this article." But, said Mr. Trumbull, "In coming to the conclusion that the President is not guilty of any of the high crimes and misdemeanors with which he has been charged, I have endeavored to be governed by the case made without reference to other acts of his, not contained in the record. .....His speeches, and the general course of his administration, have been as distasteful to me as to any one.....If the question was, 'Is Andrew Johnson a fit person for President?' I should answer, No." Yet, continues Mr. Trumbull—after having again argued that President Johnson had committed no actual violation of positive law, not even "in the removal of that faithful and efficient officer, Edwin M. Stanton, which I deeply regret," nor in the *ad interim* appointment of General Thomas—"to convict and depose the Chief Magistrate of a great nation, when his guilt was not made palpable by the record, and for insufficient cause, would be fraught with far greater danger to the future of the country than can arise from leaving Mr. Johnson in office for the remaining months of his term, with powers curtailed and limited as they have been by recent legislation."

The opinion of Senator Williams may stand as a fair exponent of the views of those who voted for conviction. He said: "I shall vote for the conviction of the President upon the first three articles of impeachment, upon the ground that the removal of Secretary Stanton and the appointment of Adjutant-General Thomas were in violation of the Constitution of the United States. To decide otherwise would be to say that the President has the absolute and unlimited power, at all times and under all circumstances, to remove from and appoint to office.....I shall vote for conviction upon the tenth article. Whenever the Chief Magistrate of this country makes a public blasphemer of himself, and, going about the country, in speeches excites resistance to law and defends mob violence and murder, I think he ought to be removed from office.....All courts may take judicial notice of history; and by what I have a right to know in this case, I have been sorrowfully and reluctantly brought to the conclusion that Andrew Johnson is a bad man; that the policy of his administration has been to rule or ruin; that he has endeavored, by usurpation and the abuse of his veto, to subordinate the legislature to his personal views and purposes; and that his official career and example have been to injure, degrade, and demoralize the country; and I believe that his removal from office will invigorate the laws, vindicate the Constitution, and tend greatly to restore unity and peace to the nation."

The declarations made in secret session, taken in connection with the otherwise known views of Senators, indicated beyond doubt what would be the vote of nearly every member of the court. In all there were 54 Senators. Two-thirds of these, 36, were necessary for conviction. Before the time fixed upon for the decision it was clear that there were 35 Senators who would vote "Guilty" upon some or all of the articles of impeachment, and 18 who would vote "Not Guilty" upon all. The one Senator whose vote was uncertain, and upon which depended the issue, was Mr. Ross, Senator from Kansas. If he voted for conviction the requisite number of 36 would be secured. If he voted for acquittal, the impeachment would fail from the lack of the required majority of two-thirds. Both sides were confident of his vote; but until it was cast neither had good grounds for assuming upon which side it would be given.

Saturday, May 16, was fixed upon as the day when the vote should be taken. It had been understood that the articles should be taken up in their order, and that each Senator, when his name was called by the Chief Justice, should answer simply "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." It was now ordered, by a vote of 34 to 19, that "the Chief Justice, in directing the Secretary to read the several articles of impeachment, shall direct him to read the eleventh article first, and that the question shall be taken on that article, and thereafter on the others successively as they stand." Upon this order Mr. Wade, President of the Senate, who, in the event of the removal of Mr. Johnson would become acting President of the United States, voted for the first time during this trial. This vote comprised all the Senators, with the exception of Mr. Grimes, who was absent by reason of sickness. This article reads as follows:

ARTICLE 11.—That said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, unmindful of the high duties of his office and of his oath of office, and in disregard of the Constitution and laws of the United States, did heretofore, to wit: on the 18th day of August, 1866, at the City of Washington, and the District of Columbia, by public speech, declare and affirm in substance, that the Thirty-ninth Congress of the United States was not a Congress of the United States authorized by the Constitution to exercise legislative power under the same; but, on the contrary, was a Congress of only part of the States, thereby denying and intending to deny that the legislation of said Congress was valid or obligatory upon him, the said Andrew Johnson, except in so far as he saw fit to approve the same, and also thereby denying and intending to deny the power of the said Thirty-ninth Congress to propose amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and, in pursuance of said declaration, the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, afterward, to wit: on the 21st day of February, 1868, at the City of Washington, in the District of Columbia, did unlawfully and in disregard of the requirements of the Constitution, that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, attempt to prevent the execution of an act entitled "An act regulating the tenure of certain civil offices," passed March 2, 1867, by unlawfully devising and contriving, and attempting to devise and contrive means by which he should prevent Edwin M. Stanton from forthwith resuming

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the functions of the office of Secretary of the Department of War, notwithstanding the refusal of the Senate to concur in the suspension heretofore made by said Andrew Johnson, of said Edwin M. Stanton from said office of Secretary of the Department of War, and also by further unlawfully devising and contriving, and attempting to devise and contrive means then and there to prevent the execution of an act entitled "An act making appropriations for the support of the army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, and for other purposes," approved March 2, 1867, and also to prevent the execution of an act entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," passed March 2, 1867; whereby the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, did then, to wit: on the 21st day of February, 1868, at the City of Washington, commit and was guilty of a high misdemeanor of office.

The vote was taken thus: The name of each Senator being called in alphabetical order, the Chief Justice asked, "Mr. Senator ——, how say you: Is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor, as charged in this article?" To this question each Senator responded merely "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," as follows:

GUILTY.—Anthony, Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morrill (of Maine), Morrill (of Vermont), Morton, Nye, Patterson (of New Hampshire), Pomeroy, Ramsey, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, Wade, Willey, Williams, Wilson, Yates.—35.

NOT GUILTY.—Bayard, Buckalew, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Hendricks, Johnson, M'Creery, Norton, Patterson (of Tennessee), Ross, Saulsbury, Trumbull, Van Winkle, Vickers.—19.

Comparing this vote by States, the following is the result:

GUILTY. California, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont (12).—NOT GUILTY. Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee (4).—DIVIDED. Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Wisconsin (11).

The Chief Justice formally announced the result of the vote on this article thus: "On this article there are thirty-five Senators who have voted 'Guilty,' and nineteen Senators who have voted 'Not Guilty.' The President is therefore acquitted on this article."

A motion was now made that the Senate, sitting as a Court of Impeachment, should adjourn until the 20th of May. The Chief Justice decided that this motion was not in order. This decision was overruled by a vote of 30 to 24. Several propositions, fixing various dates of adjournment, were voted down, among them being one to adjourn "without day," negatived by a vote of 6 to 43; and finally, by a vote of 32 to 21, the Court was adjourned until Tuesday, May 26.

When the Court convened on the 26th the order directing that the vote should be taken upon the Articles of Impeachment in their order was rescinded. Motions were then made for a further postponement. The test question was upon adjourning for four weeks, until the 23d of June. Upon this there were 27 ayes and 27 nays; there being a tie, the Chief Justice decided the question in the negative. It was then agreed that the vote should be taken upon the second article, which charges the President with violating the Tenure-of-Office Act, and thereby committing "a high misdemeanor in office" in appointing General Thomas as Secretary of War *ad interim*, "there being no vacancy in said office." The vote upon this article was the same as that previously had upon the eleventh article: 35 "Guilty," and 19 "Not Guilty." The vote was then taken upon the third article, which charges that the President committed a "high misdemeanor in office" in that "without authority of law, while the Senate was then and there in session, he did appoint one Lorenzo Thomas to be Secretary for the Department of War *ad interim*, without the advice and consent of the Senate, and with intent to violate the Constitution of the United States." The vote upon this article was the same as upon the others: 35 "Guilty," and 19 "Not Guilty." The Chief Justice in each case announced the result thus: "Thirty-five Senators have pronounced the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty; nineteen have pronounced him not guilty. Two-thirds of the Senators not having pronounced him guilty, he stands acquitted upon this article." A motion was then made that "the Senate, sitting as a High Court of Impeachment, do now adjourn *sine die*." This was passed by a vote of 34 to 16, all those voting for adjournment having voted for conviction; all voting against it, for acquittal. The Chief Justice, in accordance with a rule which had been adopted, directed judgment for acquittal to be entered upon the second, third, and eleventh Articles of Impeachment. The Court having voted to adjourn *sine die*, the impeachment trial came to an end.

Mr. Stanton thereupon addressed the following communication to the President:

"SIR,—The resolution of the Senate of the United States of the 21st of February last, declaring that the President 'has no power to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office *ad interim*,' having this day failed to be supported by two-thirds of the Senators present and voting on the articles of impeachment preferred against you by the House of Representatives, I have relinquished the charge of the War Department, and have left the same, and the books, archives, papers, and property heretofore in my custody as Secretary of War, in care of Brevet Major-General Townsend, the senior Assistant Adjutant-General, subject to your direction."

CONGRESS.

During the trial of impeachment no final action was taken by Congress upon any important question. The House was officially present in the chamber of the Senate while that body was sitting as a Court of Impeachment; and although it usually convened after the adjournment of the Court, it was tacitly understood that it was for the purpose of debate rather than of action. But upon those days when the Court was adjourned, or in private session, some important measures were acted upon in the House. Foremost among these were bills relating to several of the "unconstructed States." Of these Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, and South Carolina, have by their Conventions, ratified by the people, formed Constitutions in accordance with the "Act for the more efficient government of the rebel States," passed March 2, 1867. In all these States, excepting Alabama, these Constitutions were ratified by a majority of the registered voters, as was required by the Act in order to give validity to the ratification; in

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this State, though the votes for the Constitution greatly exceeded those against it, the whole number cast was less than half of the registered voters. Notwithstanding this defect, a bill was passed in the House, on the 8th of May, by a vote of 110 to 32, admitting Alabama to representation in Congress. On the 14th of May a similar bill was passed, by a vote of 108 to 35, in relation to the other States above-mentioned. It recites that the people of these States have by large majorities framed and adopted Constitutions republican in form; and that therefore, when the Legislatures of these States shall respectively have "duly ratified the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed by the Thirty-Ninth Congress, known as the Fourteenth Amendment," such States "shall be entitled and admitted to representation in Congress as States of the Union, upon the following fundamental conditions:" These State Constitutions shall never be so changed as to discriminate in favor of or against any class of citizens now entitled to vote, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common-law; and no person shall be held to service or labor as a punishment for crime except by public officers charged with the custody of convicts; and any provision of any State Constitution, as in that of Georgia, giving authority to the Legislature or Courts to repudiate debts contracted prior to June 1, 1865, shall be null and void as far as relates to persons who were loyal during the whole time of the rebellion. It is made the duty of the President, within ten days after having received official notice of the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, to issue a proclamation announcing the fact, whereupon the enabling section of this Act shall at once go into effect. These bills now await the action of the Senate.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The National Convention of the Republican party, which now formally assumed the designation of "The National Union Republican Party," met at Chicago on Wednesday, May 20. The Convention was called to order by Governor Ward of New Jersey, the Chairman of the National Committee. He said that the "delegates had assembled to nominate standard-bearers for the ensuing campaign, to declare their unswerving attachment to the Union and liberty, and to pledge themselves to take no steps backward in the work of reconstructing the rebel States and re-establishing the Union. An emancipated race had been lifted from the debasement of slavery, and now, united with the Union men of the South, were to reorganize in the name of liberty the governments and institutions of the rebellious States. The nation understands that neither armed treason nor political treachery can arrest the triumph of our cause and the success of our candidates. If, as indicated by the unanimity of feeling which prevails, you shall designate as our leader the greatest captain of the age, whose brilliant achievements in the field have been equaled by his wisdom in the cabinet, the nation will greet it as the precursor of victory to our cause and of peace to the republic."

General Carl Schurz was appointed temporary Chairman. Although the call for the Convention included delegates from only the States now actually represented in Congress, yet delegates from all the other States being present, it was voted that they should be admitted. Colorado was also considered as a State, upon the ground that she had formed a Constitution, elected Senators and Representatives to Congress; that a bill for her admission had passed both Houses, and she was only kept out by the veto of President Johnson; that a new bill for admission had been reported to Congress, which would undoubtedly pass over the veto of the President. The Territories and the District of Columbia were also allowed to be represented, but no delegates appeared from New Mexico and Utah. There were thus represented 38 States and 4 Territories; and as each is by the rules of the Convention entitled to two votes for each of its delegation in Congress, the whole number of votes was 650.

Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, ex-Governor of Connecticut was chosen permanent Chairman. He made an address, referring among other things to the Convention of 1860, "with its profound anxieties, its fresh, pure, and glowing attachment to liberty, and its enthusiastic acceptance of the wager of battle tendered by slavery and secession. God then ruled in our council. He made our declaration of principles manly and severe. He gave us Abraham Lincoln for President. God send us like wisdom and success to-day. He tested us in a manner and to an extent which the liveliest imagination could not have anticipated. We stood that test with a spirit worthy of a free people. Countless treasures and three hundred thousand lives offered were the evidence that we were solemnly in earnest. But that was not enough. We laid our prejudices of race and caste on the altar. We learned the first lesson when we found that we must make all men free and call them to the battle-field; we learned the second lesson when we found that we must still move, and give impartially to all men a share in the Government we were endeavoring to restore." The Chairman closed his address with the expression of assured confidence in the success of the party.

A delegation from the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention," then in session, now appeared and were received. They presented a resolution declaring that General Grant was the choice of the soldiers and sailors of the nation for the office of President of the United States. This resolution, and others which had passed the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, were accepted and entered upon the records of the Republican Convention as a part of its proceedings.

Hon. Joseph E. Brown, who was Governor of Georgia during the existence of the Confederacy, and who now headed the delegation from that State, made a speech defining his past and present position. He was, he said, an original secessionist. Born in South Carolina, and growing up under the influence of Mr. Calhoun, he eagerly imbibed the doctrine of States Rights. He foresaw that the issue which divided the North and the South must ultimately be settled by the sword. When secession came, he went into it cordially; as a States Rights man he stood by it as long as there was any chance to sustain it. "But," continued Mr. Brown, "we of the South fell; you of the North were the conquerors; and I think I had sense enough at the end of the struggle to know when I was whipped." When he had been set free and the courts were

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open to him, he felt that the time had come when he must choose between this land and this Government, and some other land with some other Government. "I still," he said, "love my own native land the best; and with your construction of the Constitution, established by the sword, I still prefer this Government of the United States to any other organized Government." If that Government yielded him its protection, he must return to it allegiance. He had therefore advocated every measure for reconstruction. When the President proposed his plan he advised its acceptance; when Congress proposed the Constitutional amendment he advised its adoption. The provision making representation dependent upon suffrage was left to the States; "if we voted for it with the black race, we could count them in our representation; if we refused to vote with them, we could not: this was right." There was no question with respect to the Federal debt. The provision excluding him and others from holding office was no living question. "I and others," said Mr. Brown, "will soon pass from the stage, and if we do there are other and better men to take our place.....I have been denounced as an enemy of the race, and a traitor to the cause which has wrought so much. I do not think so. I think my course more honorable than that of the man who was a rebel and sought the same amnesty and the same protection from the Government which I receive, and then stays in its bosom prepared to sting it when opportunity offers. When I fought you, I fought you bravely and openly; when I surrendered, I surrendered in good faith; and when I took the oath, I took it with the purpose religiously to observe it." After arguing that the new state of things would not make the negroes the masters of the whites, and expressing the belief that though there would be a hard fight Georgia would go for General Grant, Mr. Brown concluded: "We desire that the Stevens bill which passed the House of Representatives the other day be slightly amended in the Senate and then passed. The amendment which we ask is one to allow the Governor to convene the Legislature. Do that, and they will pass the Constitutional amendment. Then let them receive us into Congress, and give us the control of the State Government and its patronage, which we fought for and won, and must have, if we succeed in this contest."

The rules to govern the proceedings of the Convention were then adopted; the most important being: In all subjects coming up for vote the States to be called in their alphabetical order. The "platform" to be adopted before the nominations were made. No member to speak more than once on the same question, nor longer than five minutes without unanimous consent; except that a delegate presenting the name of a candidate should be allowed ten minutes for that purpose.

On the 21st the "platform" or "Declaration of Principles" was reported by the Committee. It consists of twelve declarations, substantially as follows:

1. Congratulates the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, and affirms the duty of the Government to sustain the institutions already established in the majority of the States lately in rebellion.

2. The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men of the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety and gratitude, and must be maintained; while the question of suffrage in the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

3. Denounces all forms of repudiation, and declares that the whole public debt must be paid according to the letter and spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

4. Taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national honor will admit.

5. The national debt should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and Congress should reduce the rate of interest whenever it can honestly be done.

6. We should so improve our credit that capitalists will loan us money at a lower rate than we pay now and must pay so long as repudiation in any shape is threatened or suspected.

7. The Government of the United States should be administered with strict economy.

8. Deplores the death of Abraham Lincoln, and the accession to the Presidency of Andrew Johnson, "who has been justly impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators."

9. Asserts the right of expatriation, and declares that naturalized citizens must be protected in all their rights of citizenship as though they were native born; and declares that no citizen must be liable to arrest or imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested or imprisoned, this Government should interfere in his behalf.

10. Affirms that the bounties and pensions provided for soldiers and sailors are permanent obligations; and that the widows and orphans of those who have died are "wards of the people, a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's care."

11. Foreign emigration "should be fostered and encouraged by a just and liberal policy."

12. "The Convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed peoples which are struggling for their rights."

This platform was unanimously adopted without debate. Carl Schurz then proposed two additional resolutions, which were unanimously adopted as a part of the foregoing platform, in substance as follows:

13. Approves of the magnanimity by which those who having served in the late rebellion, are now aiding in "reconstructing the Southern State Governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are now received back into the communion of loyal people, and favors the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels in the same measure as their spirit of loyalty will direct, and as may be consistent with the safety of loyal people."

14. Recognizes the "principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence as the foundation of democratic governments, and hails every effort toward making these principles a living reality on American soil."

The Convention then proceeded to the nomination for the Presidency. General Logan presented the name of General Grant. A motion was made that the vote should be taken by acclamation; but the Chairman decided that the rules required it to be done by a call of the States. As each State and Territory was called the chairman of its delegation announced its vote, not unfrequently accompanying the announcement by some brief remark. At the close of the call the Chairman thus announced the result: "The roll is completed. Gentlemen of the Convention, you have six hundred and fifty votes, and you have given six hundred and fifty votes for General Ulysses S. Grant."

For the Vice-Presidency the following names were put in nomination: Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts; Schulyer Colfax, of Indiana, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, President of the Senate; Reuben E. Fenton, Governor of New

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York; James Speed, of Kentucky, late Attorney-General; Andrew G. Curtin, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania; William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, Vice-President during Mr. Lincoln's first term; James Harlan, Senator from Iowa; John A. J. Creswell, of Maryland. Six ballots were taken in quick succession; 326 votes, constituting a majority of the whole, being necessary for a choice, with the following result:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
Colfax	115	149	164	186	224	522
Wade	149	170	178	204	196	42
Fenton	132	140	139	144	137	75
Wilson	119	113	101	87	61	11
Hamlin	30	30	25	25	19	
Curtin	52	45	40			
Speed	22					
Harlan	16					
Creswell	14					
Kelley	6					

The delegations from New York and Ohio adhered throughout to Messrs. Fenton and Wade; but before the result of the last was announced the delegates from all the other States declared for Mr. Colfax, who was announced by the Chairman of the Convention as the nominee for Vice-President. The Convention then adjourned.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* society seems to have fallen into a condition of anarchy more absolute than at any former period. It is vain to attempt to place upon record the accounts of insurrections and pronunciamentos which reach us from day to day. The purport of all is that throughout the whole country, except in the region immediately around the capital, there is hardly the semblance of government or order.——In *Hayti* the revolutions succeed each other so rapidly that it is impossible to tell from week to week which is the actual government.——The war on the *River Plata* still continues. Some of the Allied vessels have succeeded in passing the fortifications, and ascending the river as far as Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay. They found the place nearly deserted; but the apparent success seems to have resulted in nothing of importance. The army of the Allies remains below the forts, and further reinforcements are demanded from Brazil.

In the *Sandwich Islands* a terrible eruption of the great volcano, Mauna Loa, in the island of Hawaii, is in progress. It commenced about the 27th of March, and continued, with increased activity, up to our latest dates, which reach to the middle of April. The eruption has been accompanied by almost continuous shocks of earthquakes in all the islands, but more especially in Hawaii. In one district more than two thousand shocks were counted from March 29 to April 10; some days there were from three to four hundred. At times the ground trembled almost incessantly for the space of six or eight hours. The heaviest shock yet noted occurred on the 2d of April. This destroyed nearly every dwelling in the whole district of Kau, on the western side of the island. Notwithstanding this portion of the island is very thinly inhabited, there has been great loss of life. The whole aspect of the region has been changed. Hills are leveled, and chasms formed, and even river-courses opened where none existed before. In one case a stream of lava from 500 to 1500 feet in breadth poured down a steep mountain-side at the speed of ten miles an hour. In another a conical island 400 feet high rose suddenly from the depths of the ocean. In another what seemed at a distance to be a stream of molten lava, half a mile or more in breadth, and two miles long, appeared. Upon approaching, it was found to be a mass of red clayey soil, piled up thirty feet high, and perfectly cool. At some places on the coast the sea rose and swept clear over the tops of trees sixty feet in height. The eruption is described as having been entirely without forewarning, except that on the previous night the ground was covered with a coating of fine sand and powdered pumice-stone of a light yellow color.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The affairs of Ireland, in one shape or another, form the main topic of interest. The Fenian movement seems to have penetrated every part of the British empire. In Canada Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, a prominent statesman, was shot dead at Montreal, while entering his residence, on the 7th of April. There seems little doubt that the assassin was a Fenian. Three weeks before, March 12, Prince Alfred, the second son of the Queen, was shot and severely wounded, at Sydney, in Australia, by a man named Farrell, who, upon being seized, said that he was "sent to do it," the inference being that he was sent by the Fenians. Farrell has been executed for this attempt to murder one of the Royal Family. Barrett, one of the persons charged with having caused the Clerkenwell explosion, has been executed. He was apparently identified with the Fenian organization. At the present moment the Canadian Dominion is alarmed by reports of an approaching invasion of Fenians.—In Parliament the Irish question is prominent; the main point being a motion made by the "Liberals," under the lead of Mr. Gladstone, and opposed by the Ministry, which is in effect to abolish the endowments of the Established Church in Ireland. Upon this question the Ministry have suffered a series of defeats so decisive that at any other time they would either have resigned, or "thrown themselves upon the country" by dissolving Parliament and ordering a new election. At present, however, as appears by the direct request of the Queen, they retain their places.

The expedition to Abyssinia, which it was supposed would assume the proportions of a war, has come to a sudden close. The occasion was this: Mr. Plowden, the British Consul, and several other persons claiming British protection, had written in a derogatory manner of King Theodore. They were thrown into prison. A deputation sent by the British Government to demand their release was, after some disputes, also imprisoned. This was in 1863–64. After repeated demands for their release the British Government, at the close of 1867, fitted out an expedition, composed of 12,000 troops from India, under command of Sir Robert Napier. A few years before it was supposed that Theodore could bring 150,000 men into the field. But at the present time he could muster only a few thousands. He fell back to the strong fortress of Magdala, 400 miles from the sea, followed by the British, who reached Magdala on the 10th of April, captured the fortress without losing a man, although the Abyssinians are said to have lost some hundreds. Theodore was found dead, whether killed by a chance shot or by his own hand is uncertain.

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Editor's Drawer.

PROBABLY few readers of the Drawer have had the "pleasure" of perusing an account of "a laughable death-bed." That experience is given to us for the first time by a Florida correspondent, who vouches for its entire truthfulness:

There came here from the North, early in the winter, a Mr. and Mrs. C——, Mr. C—— being far gone with consumption. The poor fellow kept gradually failing, and was very low. Mrs. C—— sent for a young married lady, her friend, who was also passing the winter here, who thus describes the scene. Entering the sick room, and approaching the bed, she asked:

"How do you feel to-day, Mr. C——?—better, I hope."

"Not any better, Mrs. Jones, but as well as can be expected, considering I sha'n't live till night."

Somewhat surprised at this reply, she turned to Mrs. C—— and repeated the question.

"Oh! he's telling you nothing but the truth, Mrs. Jones, for I've just felt his feet, and they're as cold as ice already."

"That's *so*, my dear!" interrupted the sick man; "but suppose you just wrap them up a little; there's no use in their getting cold *sooner than is necessary!*"

The feet were nicely wrapped up and tucked in, when the wife exclaimed:

"Well, John, if that *is* so, and you *are* telling the truth, I think I might as well begin packing up!" So down she sat on the floor, opened her large trunk and commenced to arrange and pack with all her might. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Oh dear! I declare I shall never get through packing up, for I can't get near all our things into the trunk!"

"Oh yes, you can, my dear," replied her husband, "just as well now as when we came."

"No, I can't, John; there are so many other things to go in."

"That's *so!*" said he, cogitating; "there is my over-coat, my pants, and vest, and my boots, that 'It' won't need when 'It' goes home; but then, my dear, I want you to take out of the trunk that nice new dress-coat and pants, my embroidered slippers, a new shirt, and white stockings, and put them on 'It' as soon as I am dead, for I want 'It' to look nice when 'It' gets home."

The new pants, coat, and slippers were soon spread out on a chair, ready to go on "It" when needed; the little woman fussed away at her big trunk in silence; the sick man's hard-drawn breathing was all that interrupted the stillness of the room for some moments. Suddenly the wife desisted from her labor for an instant:

"I do declare, John, it's *too* bad! Just think of all the money we have spent and time lost in coming here, and we might just as well have staid at home for all the good it has done. Just think, Mrs. Jones, it has cost us over four hundred dollars to come here, besides nearly one hundred dollars more to pay *my* way back and the Express Company for carrying 'It' home."

"By-the-way, my dear," interrupted the sick man, "suppose you put on your 'bonnet and shawl,' and go down to the express office and see what they will charge to carry 'It' home."

Putting on her things Mrs. C—— bustled down to the office, and was back in a short time all out of breath: "Well, Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think? I vow it's *too* bad! Nearly four hundred dollars gone for our trip here, and it's going to cost nearly one hundred dollars more to send 'It' home by express—and all for *nothing!* By-the-way, Mrs. Jones, I've been thinking that I'd like to send some oranges and sweet-potatoes home; do you think it would be proper?"

Mrs. Jones, being somewhat inexperienced in such matters, replied that "she didn't know."

"Why, certainly, my dear," spoke the sick man on the bed; "*you can pack 'em with* 'It,' *and save the expense!*" which exclamation was about his last words in this world. In a few moments all was over; the poor fellow's "journey of life" was ended. The wife instantly began to mourn and wring her hands, and make a great fuss; suddenly she broke out:

"Well, after all, Mrs. Jones, I *do* think *this has been one of the most delightful death-beds I ever saw!* and I hope you have remembered every word, for I am a-going to have it all written down and published in the papers." And, bursting into a laugh, she exclaimed: "Ha! ha!! ha!!! isn't it funny?—the idea of *my* being a *widow!*"

Mrs. Jones withdrew to the entry, and, in spite of herself and the dead man in the next room, indulged in a good laugh.

Mrs. C——, after sending "It" off by express to the North, took the steamer for home, and the last news we had from her was a letter written to "My dear Mrs. Jones,—I have arrived home safe and sound, but 'It' has not come yet; would you please call at the express office and find out what has become of 'It?'"

Every man who has had any thing to do with ward caucuses in New York will appreciate the following, which is admirably narrated by Senator C——, a member of our present State Senate:

A caucus of the independent Democratic electors of the sixth ward had been called for the purpose of nominating aldermen and school officers. The candidates and their friends manifested the usual alacrity by arriving at the hall at least half an hour before the hour of meeting. Ireland—always shrewd in such matters—moved that Michael M'Cutcheon take the chair, which gave Ireland the organization. Germany was conciliated by the appointment of Louis Seidel secretary. Nominations being in order, up popped a wiry little Hebrew, who said: "Mr. Chairmans, der is *nine huntert* Jews in tish ward, and tey expect to be remembered in making up de dicket. Te Hebrews hain't been treated right in te ward, and I just wants to tell you dat tem nine huntert votes has got to be consitert."

Next a burly Teuton: "Misder Jairman, vot if ter pe nine huntert Choos into ter wars? Vot of it? I chust wants to tell dat chentleman dat dere's *fifteen huntert* Chermans into de wart, and dat tey are choing to have something to say about dese nominations! If dey isn't choing to get deir share dey chust *bust up de dicket—you bets!*"

Germany having sunk to repose, a brawny son of "the ould sod" took the floor, and in a tone of mingled respect and menace, said: "Mr. Chairman, I know there's a good many Jews and

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Germans in the ward, and they all go the regular ticket, like good Dimmicrats, and have had their share of the offices. There may be nine hundred Jews, and there may be fifteen hundred Germans, but I can tell them gents that there's *thirty-five hundred Irishmen* in the ward, and I'd jist like 'em to tell *me* how they're goin' to elect a Jew, or a Dutchman, or any other man, without *them?* It's all very pretty to *talk*, but 'kin ye *do* it? We've got more of the voters than all of ye *put together*, and we expect to have *half* the ticket, at laste!"

Symptoms of confusion began to arise, and the caucus bid fair to break up in any thing but a celestial temper, when attention was arrested by a pale-looking, thin-faced, thin-chested, thin-voiced little tailor, who squeaked out: "Mr. Chairman, I was *born* in this ward, and have lived in it over forty years. I know a good many who've lived here all their lives, and *I'd like to know if there's to be any chance for an American on the ticket?*"

This insolent inquiry aroused the indignation of the *citizens* present, who instantly shouted; "*Put him out! put him out! throw the blackguard down stairs! He's a Know Nothing!*" And the poor little wretch was hustled out of the meeting he had so grossly insulted!

No American name appeared on the ticket.

THERE must be reams of unwritten anecdotes, good ones too, of army adventure, Federate and Confederate, that *ought* to be written and printed in the Drawer for the diversion of future cachinnators. This one, from a blood-thirsty man of cavalry, is not bad:

A squad of drafted "raws," none of whom had ever "straddled the pig-skin," had just arrived and been assigned to the companies commanded by Captain N——. The soil for a fortnight past had been too heavy for "mounted drills," until at last, one Sunday morning, the warm rays of the long-hidden sun suddenly burst forth in the full glory of a bright spring day. "The better the day the better the deed" with Captain N——; so by noon he was afield, breaking and wheeling his squadron like mad. Presently Major —— spied him, and rode to the Adjutant:

"Why in —— [the word was irrelevant] can't Captain N—— let his men rest on Sunday?"

ADJUTANT. "You forget, Major, we have no Chaplain."

MAJOR. "What has that to do with it?"

ADJUTANT. "Don't you see, Major, Captain N—— is preaching to his men?"

MAJOR. "No, I don't. What is he preaching?"

ADJUTANT (moving out of sabre reach). "The Sermon on the *Mount!*"

THE late Bishop of Lichfield, who was alike remarkable for wit and learning (he translated into elegant Latin, in one night, the address of the Bishops at the late Pan-Anglican Council), was not long before his death traveling in a railway carriage in England when a blustering man exclaimed: "I should like to meet that Bishop of Lichfield; I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him." "Very well," said a voice out of another corner, "now is your time, for I am the Bishop." The man was rather startled, but presently said: "Well, my Lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Nothing easier," answered the Bishop; "you have only to turn to the right, and go straight forward."

THERE has been lately issued from the press of Messrs. Blackwood, Edinburgh, a volume of satirical poems and pasquinades, written by Blackwood's "Old Contributor," who is no less a person than Lord Neaves, Judge of the Court of Session. A song on the great Darwinian theory is perfect in its way:

"A deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching became a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

"A very tall pig with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,
And he then by the name of an elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

"An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny."

But perhaps the cleverest thing in the volume is the demolition of Mr. Stuart Mill's theories of mind and matter, to the tune of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." Mr. Mill defines matter as "a permanent possibility of sensation." Then, getting into a vicious circle, he writes of that "permanent possibility of feeling which forms my notion of *myself!*" Thus Lord Neaves deals with him:

"Against a stone you strike your toe,
You feel 'tis sore, it makes a clatter;
But what you feel is all you know
Of toe, or stone, or mind, or matter.
Mill and Hume of mind and matter
Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter:
What although
We feel the blow,
That doesn't show there's mind or matter."

The poet proceeds to altogether annihilate the philosopher:

"Had I skill like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter:
The weight of Mill I count as *nil*,
If Mill has neither mind nor matter.
Mill, when *minus* mind and matter,
Though he make a kind of clatter,
Must himself
Just mount the shelf,
And there be laid with mind and matter."

There seems, indeed, no way of evading the lyrist's humorous conclusion:

"I'll prove there's no such man as Mill,
If Mill disproves both mind and matter."

IN one of Charles Lamb's letters, which has recently been brought to light from its long resting-place, is the following witty commentary on some criticisms made upon Shakspeare by Wordsworth: "Shakspeare was a great poet; a very able genius indeed; much of his merit, however, lay in his style, and a peculiar manner he had," which Wordsworth thought other people could imitate—"in fact, that *he himself could write* like Shakspeare if he had a mind to it." "So you see," Lamb added, "*he wants nothing but the mind.*"

A FRESH anecdote apropos of Dr. Chalmers:

On my first visit to Edinburgh, having heard a great deal of the oratorical powers of some of the members of the General Assembly, I was

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anxious to hear and judge for myself. I accordingly paid an early visit to it. Seated next me I saw an elderly, hard-featured, sober-looking man, leaning with both hands on a stick and eying the stick with great earnestness, scarcely even moving his eyes to right or left. My attention was soon directed to the speaker above me, who had opened the discourse of the day. The fervidness of his eloquence, his great command of language, and the strangeness of his manner, excited my attention in an unusual degree. I wished to know who he was, and applied to my neighbor, the sober-looking, hard-featured man. "Pray, Sir, can you tell me who is speaking now?" The man turned on me a defiant and contemptuous look for my ignorance, and answered, looking reverently at the cane on which his hands were imposed: "Sir, that's the great Docther Chawmers, and I'm haudin' his stick!"

We take it that no man laughed more heartily than Mr. Greeley did when he was told what Henry Clapp had said about him. Said Clapp: "Horace Greeley is emphatically a self-made man, *and he worships his Creator!*"

A Poughkeepsie correspondent, in alluding to the anecdote of Professor Avery, published in a recent Number of the Drawer, sends us another of that gentleman:

The junior class of Hamilton College, in 1859, to avoid a morning recitation, placed, on the night preceding, a cow in the recitation-room. Next morning, as usual, after prayers, the class filed out of the chapel, their faces wearing a smile that said, "We have him now," and marched to the door of the recitation-room, and there stopped. The genial Professor soon made his appearance at the top of the stairs. Immediately a dozen voices commenced bellowing out, "A cow! a cow in the recitation-room!" "Yes, yes," replied the Professor, "I see; that accounts for the number of calves around the door!"

Curiously enough, it never occurred to the class to repeat the joke.

After the deposition of King Brummell dandyism is said to have made its last and bravest stand in the Tenth Hussars, which in 1832 was quartered in Dublin. The young warriors made themselves famous by their exclusiveness, their puppyism, and their affected sublime horror of the Irish barbarians. The following, just brought to light in a London journal, illustrates their disregard for the people, high and low, with whom they were placed:

Lord E. F——, a captain in the regiment, sauntered one day into the Royal Arcade, Dublin. After looking about him he walked into a glover's shop and asked to see some gloves. Several parcels were shown to him, and he selected a pair. While trying them on he inquired of the old lady behind the counter what was to pay. "Two and nine-pence, Sir." "Two and nine-pence!" he exclaimed, lifting up the eyebrows; "how much is two and nine-pence?" "Three shillings all but three-pence," replied the lady, smiling. "Aw," he said, "three shillings! I see." He took out his purse and placed three shillings on the counter. The shop-woman opened the till-drawer, took from it three penny-pieces, folded them in a bit of paper, and handed them to the officer: "Your change, Sir." "My change! oh! aw! yeas! very good!" He went on fitting his gloves. "Pray, have you a porter?" "There's a porter in the Arcade. Shall I call him, Sir?" "Oh, thank you; too much trouble, I'm sure! aw!" "No trouble at all, Sir." The old lady went to the door and beckoned to some one in the distance. A man in a faded blue-and-yellow livery entered the shop. "Here's the porter, Sir," said the old lady. "Oh! ah! thanks, I'm sure," rejoined the officer. "My man," turning to the arcadian official, "do you know the Portobello Barracks?" "Portobello, Sir? Sure an' it's meself that does. Haven't I a cousin in No. 5 troop of the Tenth Hussars?" The officer, handing a card to him, pointed to the *pence* on the counter, and said: "Take that *luggage* to my servant at this address, and here's *half-a-crown* for your trouble!"

A New Jersey parson writes that at a late meeting of the Baptist Convention, at ——, one of the members, whose black, curling locks and full, jet whiskers indicated a very youthful manhood, in his remarks upon the subject under consideration, said: "Mr. President, I know that place; I preached there *forty* years ago!" and, to justify himself from a preceding speaker, added: "I am a Baptist dyed in the wool." One of the brethren, leaning across the pew, whispered: "He means a wool-dyed Baptist!"

The same correspondent sends a Mrs. Partington: One of our pastors, coming out of church after morning service, met a lad of whom he inquired if the family were well, and was answered, "Yes, except mother, who has got the New Elijah [neuralgia], or something of that sort, in her head."

The following scene occurred not long since at Wyandotte, Kansas, at a term of the District Court, Judge Brewer on the bench:

While the case of Overton *et al. vs.* the Union Pacific Railway was in progress, a large tan-colored "setter," owned by a sporting citizen, entered the court-room, walked up the steps, on to the platform occupied by the Judge, passed around behind him, and "set" himself on the left of his Honor, where he continued to watch the proceedings, having received a friendly pat on the head from the Judge. The counsel for the defense (Judge Usher, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior) commenced reading a paper to the Court which had been objected to by the counsel for the plaintiffs, the Judge and the dog still "setting" side by side. When Judge Usher was about half through his paper, a waggish attorney slowly and dignifiedly arose and asked: "Judge Usher, to *which* member of the Court are you reading that paper?" Of course there was a general laugh, in which the biped occupant of the bench joined so heartily that the other "setting" member, thinking that they were making "game" of him, arose and sat down his 'aunches on the rear part of the platform.

The reply of a farmer (according to his own account) to a tax-collector whose receipt he had lost, who asked for payment a second time, was somewhat forcible:

"Would you b'lieve it, when I told him I *had*

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paid it once, and would not pay it again, the scoundrel began to abuse me?"

"What did you do?" asked his friend.

"Why, I *remonstrated* with him."

"And to what effect?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the reply, "*but—the poker was bent!*"

THERE is always more or less of uncertainty attending the result of wagers made upon horses with the style of tail called "bob," as against horses of grayish tint. The same degree of incertitude may be said to prevail in races between donkeys; but when it comes to coursing between man and mule the thing becomes a little comical, especially in a case like that described by a correspondent:

An old friend of mine was staying in a house near Kingston, in the island of Jamaica. One morning, about twelve o'clock (the hottest part of the day), he was lying on a sofa, smoking a cigar and reading a book. As no one ever moves at that time, except those who are obliged, he was much surprised at hearing a violent dispute going on in the road which ran by the house. On getting up and looking out of the window, he saw a negro talking to a donkey. The conversation, which was all on one side, ran as follows: "You not go on, Sar? dat a fact, eh, Sar? Well, Sar, I bet you *a bit* I make you go—eh, Sar, what you say, dat a bit? Well: done, Sar." The animal appeared to accept the wager, as he laid back his ears to the fullest extent, threw out his forelegs, and evinced no intention of moving. The negro then, spitting copiously on his hands, came behind the donkey, and, grasping his tail, proceeded to twist it round with all his force. The animal at once gave in, and started off at a brisk trot. The negro was preparing to follow, when my friend hailed him, and said: "So you have won your bet; how will you get paid?" "Oh, massa," he answered, with a grin, "my missey gib me dis [producing *a bit* from his pocket, which is a colonial coin, worth about four-pence] to buy him a feed of corn when we get to Kingston; I gib him notink now, and jest spend de bit on lilly drap of sometink good for tomack."

DURING the late troubles a gentleman and his wife were on a railway train between Nashville and Chattanooga. The cars were filled with Union soldiers. At one station a shrewd-looking old darkey stood near the track, to whom one of the boys in blue shouted: "Hallo, Uncle! do the Yankees bother you much around here?" "Yes, massa, dey does, da's a fac'," answered the venerable darkey; "but dey ain't a *circumferense* to de *purillas!*"

DURING the late troubles, while a portion of our navy was fruitlessly firing powder at Charleston, an old tar named K——, who happened to be home at ——, on furlough, visited one of the churches during the progress of a revival. He paid close attention to the minister, a Methodist, who was speaking of the strength and excellency of the Christian character. After closing a stirring exhortation which "almost persuaded" the old salt to "become a Christian," he concluded by quoting the passage: "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." This roused Farragut's friend (sitting near the pulpit), who exclaimed, gruffly, "*Send 'em down to Charleston, Sir; send 'em down there!*" which seemed a reasonable and timely suggestion, though perhaps not in exact accord with the "idee" which was pervading the mind of the parson.

IT happened on a Fourth of July that a correspondent, with a party of friends, was awaiting the approach of a procession of dignitaries that was to grace the celebration in a certain State capital. One of the party had been to a post of observation, and returned, saying: "They'll soon be here; the Governor and *suite* have started." Another gentleman, who, while of an inquisitive turn of mind, at the same time imagined that he knew all that was worth knowing, repeated, "Sweet? *Who's he?*" adding immediately, "Oh! the Governor's private secretary, I suppose!"

AN old army officer, writing from his post in Washington Territory, mentions this little incident:

In the region of the Pacific, and particularly in the State of Nevada, strangers, and sometimes old settlers, are taken in and cheated in the most surprising manner by purchasing claims, or feet, in ledges of rock commonly known as Quartz Ledges. The sellers do not always keep truth on their side; hence there is frequent grumbling on the part of purchasers. A man who had been bitten in this way became very wroth, and recommended to the State authorities of Nevada that they should adopt the Irish flag as the coat of arms for the State. "Why should we do so?" inquired one of the officials. "Because," replied the indignant purchaser of worthless rock, "a sham-rock and a lyre [liar] are the true symbols for *your* coat of arms."

THE weather is very warm as we are "taking the examination" and cross-examination of the Drawer's various compartments; but the "sheepish" feeling which the hot weather induces may justify the timely production of the following:

Some years ago, in Columbia County, in our State, an old farmer, and a "clever soul" he was considered by all his neighbors, had a dog whose bark was not as bad as his bite, and who was more than suspected of killing several sheep in the neighborhood. When informed of the suspicion the old gentleman always said: "Oh, no; Boss is a good dog—a little rough, but *he* wouldn't kill any body's sheep. I've had him now going on seven years, and *I* never saw him do any thing of the kind!"

But, unhappily for the further good reputation of the dog, he was one morning caught in the near vicinity of a yearling lamb which had just been killed, and the flesh of which was not yet cold. The animal was secured, brought before his master, and the story told.

"I don't believe it *yet!*" exclaimed the confiding old man; "didst *see* him do it?"

"Well, n-o-o, I don't know that we exactly *saw* him; but, under the circumstances, we saw more than enough to convince us that he killed the sheep."

"Well," said the doubting owner, "we can soon settle the question of his guilt or innocence.

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If he's been eating a sheep, and the sheep's *remains* were warm when you found the dog near 'em, just take this rope and hang the dog up by the hind-legs to that post, and you'll soon see how it is."

He was soon triced up, and presently began to establish his own guilt by disgorging lambs'-wool and tender flesh. The owner watched the operation closely, and when these palpable evidences appeared he turned to his neighbors with:

"You're right, neighbors—you are right! *Change ends!—change ends!*" And the culprit was hung by the neck until he was dead.

This reminds us of an anecdote told recently by a friend, of *a man* who had been for some time suspected of stealing sheep from his neighbors, and one morning was caught in the very act of shouldering a famous fat specimen.

"Aha! we've caught you *at* it at last, have we? *You* are the man, after all, that kills our sheep."

"I killed *this* one," he answered, "any how; and I'll kill *any* man's sheep *that tries to bite me!*"

The excuse of bodily fear did not quite satisfy the neighbors who had laid their toils to catch. He was obliged to "suffer some" in the Penitentiary.

Henry Inman, the distinguished portrait painter, not only thoroughly appreciated a "good thing," but was the utterer of very many himself; while his playful satire, though it made no "jagged wound to rankle after," cut clean as a Damascus blade. On one occasion he said to a good deal of a bore, who used to intrude upon him in his studio in his busy hours:

"Well, how do you find yourself again *to-day?*"

"Well, only so-so: I'm not *myself* to-day at all."

"No matter for that," said the artist; "whoever *else* you are, you are a *gainer* by the change."

Some one said, on another occasion, speaking of a mutual acquaintance, of whom they had been compelled to revise their opinion: "Yes, I'm afraid —— has rather a *loose* character."

"Worse than *that*, I am afraid," replied the witty painter; "if it was only *loose*, he might *shake it off* as easily as my lay-figure."

Inman was once describing a good old country farmer's visit to his painting-room. He had met him on some fishing excursion in one of the midland counties of our State, and they had become "mutually attached" to each other's mutual characters. Inman always made friends.

The farmer came in with his big whip; and as the artist happened to have no sitter at so early an hour, he was alone.

"How *are* you, old fellow?" said he, extending cordially his "hard and horny hand." "Found you just as easy! My daäter Betsey is below in the waggin."

"Show her up, by all means, at once. I should like to see her."

"She can't—she's holdin' the hosses." (This was before the railroad era.)

The painter called a lad to take her place, and father and daughter came up and "looked areound."

"'Pears to me 't smells o' turpingtime a good deal here in your shop, don't it?"

"Father," said the daughter, "just *look* at that comb! My! my! That's one o' the kind *I* want to get."

"Yes, yes—I see; all as nat'ral as life." And stooping over sidewise he looked *up* at two or three portraits, and said, encouragingly: "Yes, it takes somethin' to make a painter; yes, you got to *learn* it: it's a reg'lar *trade!* I thought, mebbe, from what you said, that you painted b'ildin's, housen, barns, and sich!"

"*There* was fame for you!" said the good-natured "master."

"To conclude:" We believe the following to have originated with the same artist:

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and some of his clients went to see it. Every body said:

"Oh, how much it is *like* him! It is the very *picture* of him!"

One old farmer, who happened to be present, thought differently.

"'*Tain't* a bit like him!"

"'*Tisn't*, eh?" said half-a-dozen at once; "just show us now *wherein* it is not a *capital* likeness!"

"Wa'al, 'tain't; no use talkin'; I tell you '*tain't!*"

"Well, *why?* Can't you tell us *why* it ain't a good likeness?"

"Yes; easy enough. Don't you see he has got his hand in *his own* pocket? 'Twould be as good ag'in if he had it in *somebody else's!*"

Nobody had warmer and more generous friends than Inman among the members of the bar, and no class enjoy better "a joke for the joke's sake" than they, although it may seem to tell against themselves.

Some years since a suggestion was thrown out in one of the Utica (Onedia County) journals of this State for a grand reunion of the "Sons of Oneida." It met with a ready response from all the old citizens of the county. The following letter was the first received in reply to the invitation:

"Awburn prissin June 6

"Mr eddytur

"i see in yure wydeley curculate-edd and innflewenshall papper and alsow thee obeurvar that thee cittysense of utica want awl thee suns of onyda tow cum back, now i am a sun of onyda and i wood lyke tow cum back, i waz bawrn in onyda and i hav grate respeckt for thee peepel. it wood bee diffycult for mee tow cum back butt if thee cittysense want awl thee suns of onyda tow cum back thay cann right tow thee guvernur that i am a sun of onyda and thay want mee tow cum back and i want tow cum back tow, if thee guvernur letts mee owt thee cittysense cann send mee thee munny tow pa mi faire on thee ralerode alsow thay cann send me munny tow bi sum nu cloee alsow i wood lyke tow borde att bags hoetell or sum reespecktabell bordeing howse now mower at pressent frum

A Bird"

Evidently from a jail bird.

"Short, sharp, and incisive" are the little sentences that little people sometimes get off, much to the mortification of their elders. Example: A youngster happened to be playing in the room where his mother and a lady visitor were conversing. Another lady friend called in the mean time, and after she left the two—after the man-

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ner of the sex—commenced to discuss her peculiarities very freely. Willy was apparently busy with his toys; but, after a little, looked up shrewdly and said to the visitor: "Mrs. Butler, that's the way mamma will talk about *you* when *you* go away!" The youthful philosopher was about right.

In some parts of New England there are still to be found good Baptist people who have not yet entirely overcome their prejudices against an educated ministry. A community of this description, in a *lumbering* region of Maine, was lately ministered to in spiritual things by a divine who was able to announce his text only in this wise: "My text may be found in Luke, double x-i-v. Captain Tuttle's boys, who understand *log-marks*, can tell you what that means."

A Towanda (Pennsylvania) correspondent, advises us that a young Irishman, who had recently arrived in that mart of commerce, took his seat at the breakfast-table of his new boarding-house, and was offered a dish of hash, the like of which (happy youth!) he had never before seen. Casting an indescribable look of contempt and indignation at the offensive nutriment, he exclaimed, "*No!* let them eat it that chewed it!" The idea! A most popular American victual to be thus spurned by a foreigner!

"Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes."

In other words, little boys who acquire the habit of pitching pennies may grow up to bet on horses that do not win, or go very "short on Erie." That gambling becomes one of the most inveterate of habits is freshly illustrated in an anecdote of an intemperate English attorney, who having by misrepresentation borrowed a guinea from a brother member of the profession, met the latter coming out of court, surrounded by witnesses, highly elated with a verdict he had just gained, went up to him and said: "I was in court, Sir, when your cause was tried, and sincerely do I congratulate you on your success. I will not ask you to lend me a sovereign; but can you accommodate me with one?" To his astonishment the victorious attorney took out of his pocket a purse crammed full of sovereigns and gave him one, on condition that he should never bet again, a promise that was of course readily made. But no sooner had the drunken attorney got the sovereign in his hand and looked at it, than he suddenly forgot his promise and said, "*I'll toss you for another!*" The "call" was natural, but the other party failed to "see" it.

This reminds us of a little story told the Drawer by a witty ex-Corporation Counsel. A gentleman of Irish extract, a Catholic by education, but an inveterate gamester, was taken ill with a disease that precluded all hope of being conquered. His physician frankly told him that he could survive but a few hours, and had perhaps better send for the priest, which was done. Father Ryan came, heard his confession, discharged the customary priestly offices with the solemnity befitting the occasion, and administered the last offices and consolations of the Church. This done, the penitent turned with inquiring look, and said:

"Father Ryan, when I die will I go to heaven?"

"I trust so."

"And be an angel and have wings?"

"I hope so."

"And you'll go to heaven when you die?"

"That is my belief."

"And be an angel too, and have wings?"

"It may be."

"Well, Father Ryan, when you get there *I'll just fly you for five!*"

A story is current in Paris, illustrative of the readiness and tact of Alexander Dumas. Two playwrights, M. M. De Coucy and Théaulon, had been requested to write a play called "Kean," which they did, but being unsatisfactory it was not accepted. The same proposition was made to Dumas, who produced a piece that was successful, and in compensation the manager of the "Variètie" agreed that if the first twenty-five performances gave to the treasury 60,000 francs Dumas should be paid 1000. "I accepted the proposition," said Dumas, "and at the twenty-fifth performance I entered his office, and asked, 'Have you received 60,000 francs from the piece?' He answered: 'By Jove, you are an unlucky fellow, my dear author! I have just added the total receipts. We have 59,997 francs, so we lack three francs of the amount which would entitle you to your compensation.' I said nothing. I quitted him, went to the ticket-office, and bought a parquet stall, which cost five francs. Then I returned to his office with my ticket in my hand, and said: 'You are an unlucky fellow, my dear manager; you have more than 60,000 francs in your treasury, for I have just purchased a five-franc ticket.' He was a fellow of intelligence, so he opened his till and gave me 1000 francs."

The advancement of the intellectual and material interests of the Southwest and the preservation of hunting-grounds are not regarded as compatible in certain quarters of Arkansas. During the recent canvass in that State for the ratification of the Constitution, Mr. Hinds, member-elect from the Second District, was speaking at Branchville, and making the usual argument that as "a consequence of reconstruction, and the restoration of law and order, emigration would flow into the State, and with it capital and labor; railroads would be built, canals dug, churches and school-houses would spring up every where, hamlets would rise into cities, forests would be converted into waving corn-fields and whitening harvests, and barren lands into blooming gardens." Here a long, lank Arkansian, who had been listening with dilated eyes and outstretched neck, turned round and said, in words more nervous than elegant, "By ——, I'm ag'in all sich; *it 'll drive all the game out of the country.*"

Some thirty years ago Rev. J. S——, a well-known clergyman of Hartford, Connecticut, was called to fill an appointment in the lower part of the State, when a severe rain-storm compelled him to put up for the night at a small country inn near Colchester. The landlady, presuming

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Mr. S—— to be a minister, began to question him in regard to the religious societies in Hartford, the place of Mr. S——'s residence. He responded: "We have Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Universalists." "*Universalists?* and pray what do they believe?" inquired the good woman. The clergyman replied: "They believe that good and evil are not equal; that one will finally triumph over the other; and that, as God is supreme, the good will gain the mastery; that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever. That, in the end, every rational creature will have reason to bless God for his existence."

"*Well! well!*" responded the old lady, "that's just what I told my good old father more than twenty years ago—that old Saint Paul was *so* careless in some of his expressions some people would yet believe all mankind would be saved; but I hope for *better things*. Who authorized Paul to say, as I have read in his writings, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive?' And then, what's his opinion worth? He was nothing but an old bachelor. Had he been a married man he would have believed in both a heaven and a *hell;* but as he was only *half a man*, he was of course only *half right!*"

The idea that if Saint Paul had been a married man he would have believed in a *hell* is to be taken as quite complimentary to the ladies!

Mrs. C——, the brilliancy of whose early beauty has been somewhat dimmed by years and illness, was about to start for New York. She sat, arrayed in all the adornments which wealth and taste could command, awaiting the omnibus that should take her to the cars. A neighbor, Mrs. T——, somewhat noted for repartee, stepped in for a parting call. Mrs. C—— is deaf. Long practice has made her skillful in comprehending the thoughts of her friends while yet unexpressed in words. Gratified at Mrs. T——'s evident admiration of her "get up," as she sees her lips move Mrs. C—— leans forward to catch the coming compliment. "Why, Mary, you look like a picture!" Delighted at this confirmation of her own opinion, Mrs. C—— rolls the sweet morsel under her tongue; but the moving lips warn her that more is coming, and she again leans forward to take in all its sweetness. The addendum was: "*But there is a difference in pictures!*"

A city correspondent recently attended a festival given to the children at the Howard Mission. The exercises were quite interesting, being interspersed with hymns sung by the little folk. There were magic views, etc., and appropriate remarks were made by the visitors. At the conclusion the juveniles were to be treated to cake, lemonade, and water-melons. An elderly gentleman, addressing the children, wished to make clear to them what *faith* was, and to make his explanation more lucid, asked, "Boys, what nice things are we to have after the speaking and singing are over?" "Water-melons!" shouted the whole school. "Now, boys [impressively], how do you *know* you are to have water-melons?" Instead of answering, "Our teacher told us so," which was expected, and which would have enabled the gentleman to define to them the nature of faith, the boys roared out, in the highest key, to the annoyance of the speaker and the convulsion of the audience: "*Seen 'em in the cellar!*" Amidst this cachinnation the speaker subsided, but being too old a hand to die easily, remarked, for a parting shot, that he thought "knowledge came from sight rather than faith."

Up to the time when those superb palaces, the *Southern Michigan* and *Northern Indiana*, were afloat on Lake Erie, no man was better known or more highly esteemed by the tens of thousands of travelers who went up and down upon its waters than Captain A. D. Perkins. In every port, from Chicago to Buffalo, his broad, sunny face was well known and always welcome. He loved a joke, and used to tell this on himself:

His nautical career as commander was commenced in a schooner. During one of his trips he had been so long baffled by adverse winds that the provision-chest had got quite too low for comfort. A few chickens were still left in a coop on deck. These he told the cook to prepare for dinner; but soon after, meeting a fishing-smack, purchased some fish, merely saying to the cook: "Sam, we have got fish now, so you may postpone the chickens." At dinner a strange-looking mess was placed before the Captain, who said: "Sam, what is this?" To which Sam replied: "Oh, dem's de *postponed chickens*, mass' cap'n!"

Solomon must "accept the amendment," and enlarge his ancient edition. One of the rising "sons of Old Tioga" and of ours has—done a proverb, saucy and suggestive.

Seated to-night at the evening meal, this latest-elected member of our frugal board found occasion to take exceptions to the scanty allowance of sugar pervading that delectable Yankee dish called apple-sauce. Wishing either to disguise the childish weakness for saccharine abominations, or to more mildly offer his criticism upon the economical cookery, he lispingly asked: "Mother, isn't there too much *apple* in this apple-sauce?"

How often in our everyday's experience of this bitter-sweet life have we, each and all of us, discovered an excess of apple in our favorite apple-sauce, and how few of us possess this child's adroit and amiable way of manifesting our dissatisfaction with those who are too ready to give us "a little of their sass" with an overplus of apple!

A Western man, during a visit to this city, thought he would improve a Sunday by hearing two or three of the most celebrated metropolitan preachers. He was disappointed, on going to Dr. Chapin's, to find a stranger occupying the pulpit, who gave out for his text: "And Simon Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The sermon had no particular merit. In the afternoon he visited a Presbyterian church, where, to his surprise, he heard the same text announced. In the evening he betook himself to a Unitarian house of worship, and to his disgust heard the preacher's text: "And Simon Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The Western citizen relucted at further enlightenment as to the phases of that excellent woman's particular disease, and departed. Next morning, crossing on the ferry-boat, a dense fog necessitated constant ringing

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of the bell. Judge of our friend's surprise when he was accosted by one of the reverend gentlemen whom he had heard the previous day with: "Can you tell me, Sir, why the bell is rung so constantly?" "I think I can," was the reply. "I presume Simon Peter's wife's mother is dead, for I heard in several churches yesterday that she lay sick of a fever!"

In the way of riddle could aught be better than the one on the word cod, written by Macaulay:

Cut off my head, and singular I act;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and—wondrous fact—
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my head cut off? The sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A flowing river.
And in their mingling depths I wander free;
Parent of well-known sounds, though mute forever.

Here is another good riddle built on his model:

Cut off my head, and lo! I give consent;
Cut off my tail, and ha! I mock you still;
Cut off both head and tail: with life unspent
E'en *in articulo* my place I fill.

What is my head cut off? An aspiration!
My tail? An interrogatory cry!
But stranger than all this is my creation,
For in the act of being made I die.

There is an odd collocation of figures in the year '68, which has followed that of '67:

Last year, with its date of ominous figures,
Saw most men's affairs all at sixes and sevens;
While this seems to threaten the law and its rigors;
But from dread six-and-eight—oh, protect us, kind Heavens!

The Drawer has heretofore contained some "whoppers" related by and of Uncle Dusenbery, of G——, New York. A correspondent sends a fresh one:

Uncle D. had manured several acres heavily, and sowed them with some old wheat he had found in a chest. "That wheat," said he, "must have been fifty years old. It was sowed early and grew, Sir, six feet high, except about half an acre, that couldn't have been more than five. It ripened three weeks earlier than any wheat in the county, and I cut it off for another crop. Just then I fell sick, the men struck for higher wages, and nothing could be done. In three weeks I got well, and happened to take a look at that lot. Well, Sir, I found just as nice a growth of young wheat as ever I wanted to see, and *it had all sprung up from the roots!*" Old Judge C——, who had quietly listened to the narrative, turned around to Uncle D. and said: "Well, I declare, Mr. Dusenbery, if any body but *you* had told me that, *I shouldn't have believed 'em, really!*"

Boston contributes the following specimen of the genius of the rising generation of that city. "In a class of little girls in one of the schools of the 'hub,' the question was asked, 'What is a fort?' 'A place to put men in,' was the ready answer. 'What is a fortress, then?' asked the teacher. This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of eight summers answered, 'A place to put *women.*'"

We have record of a colloquy between a gentleman and his son, both lawyers, the father having retired in easy circumstances to a country place some ten miles away from the scene of his professional labors. One Sunday morning the young gentleman, homeward bound, met his father and mother on their way to the church where they regularly attended. The father said: "My son, I am delighted, and so is your dear mother, that you are going to hear our good man preach. You will be highly pleased with him." While this conversation was going on a tall friend of the son came up, and familiarly addressing him by his Christian name, said, before his father, "I have got the bar open, so that we can have brandy and water whenever we want it." The friend, observing the solemn countenance of the father, beat a hasty retreat. When he was gone, the father put up both his hands and said: "My son, I could not have believed this of you; look at your poor mother, and observe how she feels your wickedness." After a minute of dead silence the father said: "Who is that sad companion of yours?" "Well, father, if I must tell you, he is my best client, and the richest man in our town." The old gentleman thereupon slapped his son on the shoulder and said: "Stick to him, my boy; *stick to him, and never leave him.*"

Wicked world!

Under most circumstances a good understanding between preacher and people is best promoted by entire frankness. There are occasions, however, when "silence is golden." To illustrate: Not long since, on a Sunday evening, a certain minister was holding forth to a respectable congregation, and being rather long in his sermon, some of his hearers began to get impatient, when, to the great surprise of all present, an elderly matron, sitting in the body of the church, called out in a clear, shrill voice, "*Cut it short, Mr. ——; it only wants five minutes to eight.*" Difficulty was experienced by those present in keeping their risible muscles in subjection, while the effect on the oratorical powers of the preacher was magical—in fact it proved a "settler," for he immediately gave out the doxology and the meeting was brought to a speedy termination.

From over sea, even from Germany, comes the following judicial anecdote, illustrating very ludicrously the matter-of-fact and methodical nature of the Teutonic mind, as well as its severe adherence to logic: A complaint was made to a magistrate that a blow had been given in the course of an altercation, but the witness who was relied on to prove the assault could only say that he heard the blow given, as he was at the time in a certain inn near which the occurrence had taken place. The defendant, who denied giving the blow, urged that it was impossible, even if it had been given, that the witness could have heard it from where he was. The magistrate resolved to try the point by actual experiment, and proceeded to the inn, while an officer of the court accompanied the complainant to the precise spot where the quarrel had occurred, and there and then gave him a good sound whack. The magistrate, on resuming his seat in court, said he had heard the blow perfectly well from inside the inn, and the defendant must pay a double fine—one for the original blow, the other for the experimental and official thump.

As a precedent, we would timidly suggest to Judge Robertson or Judge Brady that they memorize this decision; for New York has come to be the third city in the world for the number of its German inhabitants.

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HARPER'S
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TO AND UPON THE AMOOR RIVER.



PETROPAVLOVSK, KAMCHATKA.

IN the winter of 1865 I met a gentleman who was familiar with most countries of the Old World. I contemplated a journey to Northern Asia, and so ventured the inquiry:

"How can I visit Siberia?"

"Oh," said he, with a smile, "there are two ways of reaching Siberia: you can go there, or you can be sent. If you adopt the former course, there are several routes open to you; if the latter, you will find only one."

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I determined to enter the eastern gate of Asiatic Russia. On a July noon in 1866 the captain of the vessel on which I sailed from San Francisco made his usual daily observation. As he finished his reckoning he remarked, "We ought to see land this afternoon, and enter port early to-morrow morning."

A sharp-scented terrier, the pet of every one on board, assented to the captain's opinion by pointing his brown nose over our bows and making several inhalations of the atmosphere. Sea-birds that frequent the coast were hovering about us, and a few land-birds, that appeared sadly confused, sought shelter in our rigging. Days before, when three hundred miles from the nearest land, we saw seals that had evidently strayed from the Aleutian Islands. They did not seem at all discontented at finding themselves so far from home.

About four in the afternoon a sharp, cone-like mountain pushed above the horizon; and soon another and another made their appearance. By sunset we could see a long coast-line, serrated and clearly defined, like the Sierra Nevadas when viewed from Stockton, or the Rocky Mountains from Denver. As the sun went behind the mountains he bathed their snow-clad summits in a shower of purple and crimson and golden rays that faded slowly into the gray twilight of a northern summer. A gentle breeze carried us shoreward during the night. At dawn we lighted our fires and set the engine at work, and about nine o'clock entered Avatcha Bay, and were in the dominions of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

Avatcha Bay was a welcome haven after our voyage of thirty days across the Pacific. It is nearly circular, and has a diameter of about ten miles, with an entrance from the ocean more than a mile wide. Viewed at sunset of a summer's day, when a gentle breeze is blowing from seaward, and the shadows of the mountains are pointing away to the east, it presents a picture on which one may gaze long and earnestly without a sensation of weariness. Every where, save at its entrance, the mountains rise frowningly around it. Their colors are varied, and often sharply contrasted. The highest peaks are white with snow; others are brown with barren rock, or black with stunted forest; a few slopes are green with luxuriant grass, and a narrow strip of gray beach catches here and there the tiny waves breaking from the roughened water. Apparently close at hand, though really twenty miles away, rises a volcano that sent forth a little column of smoke, so thin as to be frequently imperceptible. Sometimes it rouses into violent action, and is no mean rival to Vesuvius and Etna. Captain King, the successor of the celebrated Cook, records that in 1779 ashes fell upon the decks of his ships at anchor in the bay, and small stones were projected several miles from the mountain. An American merchant residing in Kamchatka told me that an eruption in 1861 was preceded by frequent earthquakes. "The first one," said he, "threw down chimneys and overturned chairs and tables. For nearly a week the shocks averaged about twenty a day, but they did no serious damage."

The whole peninsula of Kamchatka is warmed by volcanic fires so that the ground never freezes deeply. The snow sometimes melts where it is in contact with the earth, while the surface preserves its winter integrity. The cultivation of winter wheat was pronounced impossible, because the heat of the ground caused the grain to sprout before its time.

Half a dozen little harbors surround the bay, and are sometimes aptly called "Avatcha's children." Into one of these our steamer turned its prow, and anchored in front of Petropavlovsk (Port of Saints Peter and Paul). A Russian corvette greeted us with American music, and several of our countrymen came on board as soon as we were fairly at rest. I accompanied one of them on his return to shore, and was safely landed on Russian soil eight thousand miles from the Imperial capital. I stood in Kamchatka, of which I read in my boyhood and hoped one day to visit.

The snows that were said to cover it almost perpetually were gone save on the highest mountains, and in their place I found a luxuriant verdure. The frosts of severe winter had given place to the sultry air of summer. In the valley where stood the town the rays of a July sun had full play, without a breath of wind to cool them. As I walked from the little pier where the boat left me the perspiration streamed from every pore, and I frequently asked myself, "Am I really in Siberia?"

Petropavlovsk, the capital of Kamchatka, has a population of about four hundred human beings and fifteen hundred dogs. Most of the four-footed inhabitants were at their summer residences in the country, only a hundred or more of them remaining in town. The biped population—a minority in numbers but a majority in influence—is composed of Russians and half-breeds (principally the former), with half a dozen Americans and a single German. The pure-blooded Kamchadales do not live there, and their nearest village is about twenty-five miles away. Russian manners and customs are as perfect at this end of the empire as at St. Petersburg or Moscow, and the language has suffered no change beyond the adoption of a few native words. At every house I visited I experienced the hospitality for which the subjects of the Czar have made themselves famous. In many cases I was unable to converse with my hosts; but this inability did not interfere with their courtesy.

It is the custom of the country to offer something liquid to strangers or acquaintances who happen to call. The fluent substance is always stronger than water—it may be tea, and it may be more powerful than tea. The samovar, or tea-urn, is found in almost every Russian house,

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from Bering's Sea to the Baltic, and is kept in reasonably active use from rosy morn to midnight. It is simply a portable furnace for heating water—an upright chimney passing through a small water-tank, and having free draft below. A charcoal fire in the chimney boils the water in a very short time, and fits it for tea-making.

When our hosts did not offer tea they were certain to present mysterious bottles containing gin or other intoxicating beverage. Before I was half an hour on shore a Russian taught me the words *petnatzet copla* (fifteen drops), the modest name that corresponds to the American "drink." I must admit that I never saw Russian host or American guest limit himself to fifteen drops when practicing the etiquette of Kamchatka. One officer of our ship returned late in the evening in a very flexible condition, and sought to wash his face in a tar-bucket and dry it with a rope's end. He solemnly declared that he took but fifteen drops on any occasion, but explained that the people were very hospitable, and treated him kindly—and often.

To make a counterfeit of Petropavlovsk take a log village in the backwoods of a Western State, and place it near a little harbor where the ground slopes gently to the water. Arrange most of the houses along a single unpaved street, and drop the rest in higgledy-piggledy fashion on the sloping hill-side. All buildings must be but one story high, and those of the poorer sort thatched with grass. The better class may have iron or board roofs painted for preservation. The houses of the officials and the foreign merchants may be commodious and built of hewn timber, but the doors of all must be low and heavily constructed to exclude the winter cold. Every dwelling must contain a brick stove that presents a side to each of two or three rooms. In winter this stove will maintain a temperature of about sixty-eight degrees in all the rooms it is intended to warm. Furniture may be generally like our own. There should be chairs, tables, bedsteads, and sofas, or lounges, with the addition of a bench or seat extending on one or more sides of the principal apartments. A peculiar feature of a Russian house is the *eikon*, or holy picture, in a corner of nearly every room.

"Always remove your hat when you enter a house, shop, or other place where people dwell," said a gentleman who was acquainted with Russian customs. Here is the reason he gave for this bit of advice:

"You find a sacred object, generally the picture of a saint, placed in a corner where it can look down upon every thing in the apartment. It would show disrespect to the people and their religion to remain with the head covered in the presence of this symbol of the Eastern faith. A true believer will cross himself when entering the house; but this observance is not expected from a foreigner.

"The picture often protects the property of its owner. An orthodox Russian, however dishonest, is afraid to steal in its presence. Frequently, when a robbery has been committed, a kerchief or veil will be found over the face of the painted saint in the plundered room."

The evening after our arrival there was a wedding—a double affair, in which two sisters were the brides. A Siberian wedding requires a master of ceremonies, who is generally a friend of the family or a distant relative. A good joke of the matter is, that the master of ceremonies must pay the cost of the entertainment; and consequently, the parties intending to marry are careful to select a person who has, or ought to have, plenty of money. An acquaintance told me that soon after arriving in Kamchatka he was invited to preside at a wedding. Elated at the supposed honor, he accepted the invitation and conducted the whole affair. All went merry, especially at the dinner, where many relatives and friends were assembled and fared sumptuously. Imagine his surprise on the following day when he received the bill of costs, and learned that he must pay it.

The church at Petropavlovsk is a conspicuous edifice of logs surmounted with a cupola. It has a chime of unchiming bells in a little shed-like building entirely separate from the main structure. There are no seats in the interior; and there are none, in fact, in any orthodox church throughout the empire. According to the Greek faith all are equal before God, and no person can be seated in his house. An attempt was once made to introduce seats in a church at St. Petersburg, but the priests rigorously forbade it.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the church, the wedding-party going in procession from the house of the bride's father at an appointed hour in the afternoon. I was invited to attend, and had a standing-place near the door of the main body of the church. Two priests officiated, and intoned the ritual, while a choir of male voices sang or chanted at appropriate intervals. The priests of the Eastern Church wear their hair and beards untrimmed, and sometimes flowing to the waist, in marked contrast to the shaven face and crown required by Catholicism. They must be married to hold their positions, but, when widowers, are not permitted to marry again. Like the priests of the Catholic Church, they enjoy many social privileges, and receive numerous presents not counted in their annual salaries. The chief priest in a Russian town is called a "pope;" but I believe the name is often applied to all priests. On my first evening in Kamchatka I was introduced to a quiet, mild-featured woman, who greeted me in Russian.

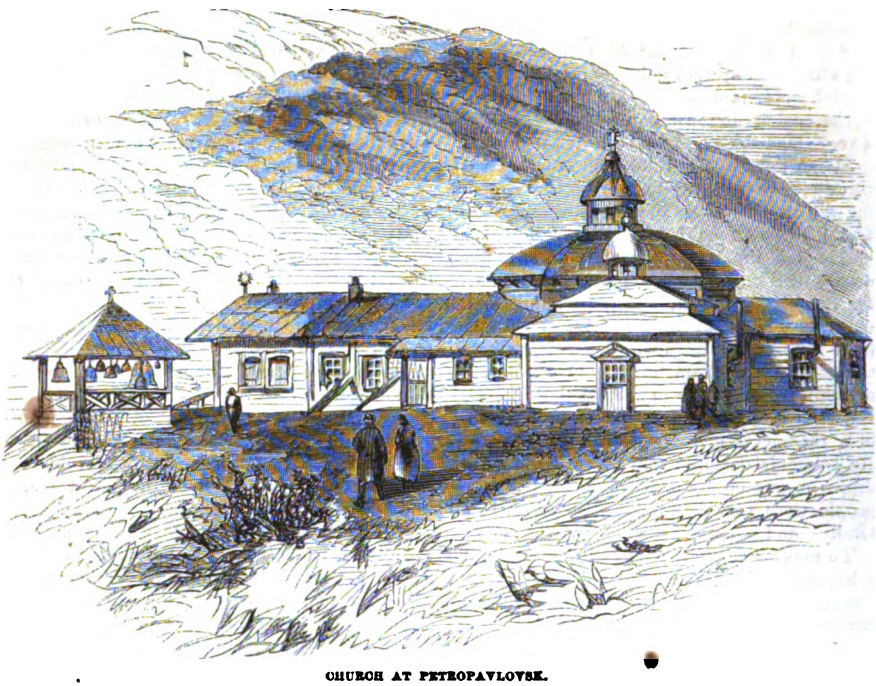
"Who is she?" I asked, not catching her name.

"Oh, that's the pope's wife," was the reply.

As the only pope then familiar to my thoughts is considered very much a bachelor, I was rather taken aback at this bit of information.

Nearly all the foreigners residing in Petropavlovsk assisted at the wedding. The master

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CHURCH AT PETROPAVLOVSK.

of ceremonies was a Russian merchant who conducts a considerable trade in Eastern Siberia, and pays a yearly visit to the ports of Kamchatka. As the bride's father was one of his customers, he did not choose to decline the management of the wedding, though the honor cost him about six hundred dollars in very hard cash.

The fur trade is the principal, and almost the only wealth of Kamchatka. It has greatly diminished in extent and importance during the last ten years, owing to reduced production and prices, and the opening of the Amoor Valley. The best qualities of Siberian sable are brought from Kamchatka, where the skins are taken from their first owners, and sold to traveling or local merchants. About six thousand sable skins are exported annually, a few going to America, and the rest being sent overland to St. Petersburg. The merchants have a barter trade with the natives, and sell them goods adapted to their wants. In one store I found calicoes and hardware from New England, besides various little odds and ends representing different branches of American industry. A barrel of rum from the vicinity of Boston occupied a conspicuous place, and I was told that the natives resembled our own aboriginals in their love for the cup which inebriates. One enterprising merchant sends a vessel into the Arctic Ocean every summer to trade for ivory and other valuables. He showed me in his store about half a cord of walrus-tusks, piled as one might pile a load of wheel-spokes or axe-handles.



KAMCHATKA SABLES.

Circumstances and a Russian corvette carried me out of this Avatcha Bay and through the chain of the Kurile Islands into the Ohotsk Sea. We designed attempting the first channel south of Kamchatka, but a dense fog caused us to abandon this passage, which was narrow and intricate, and make for the wider opening between the third and fourth islands. As we steamed toward it the fog inclosed us, and we beat about hopelessly. The look-out threw us into commotion by reporting land close on our starboard bow, and compelling a sudden turn. We were towing a Prussian brig that threatened to be an encumbrance in case of trouble. Our captain stationed men with axes to cut the tow-

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ASCENDING GHIJIGA BAY.

line whenever necessary, but happily the occasion did not arrive. At our moment of greatest anxiety the fog rose and showed the islands on both sides of us. An hour later we had passed the channel and were comparatively safe. As the brig's course from this point was at right-angles to our own we cast her loose when fairly inside the Ohotsk Sea. Our band played a farewell air, and we waved kerchiefs in token of mutual friendship until lost in the distance.

Seven days later we anchored in Ghijiga Bay, and I went ashore in the territory of the Governor of Northeastern Siberia. In the long, narrow bay the tide rose twenty feet, and the depth of water compelled us to anchor twelve miles below the little village where we were to land. Late in the evening I descended the side of the corvette, and after narrowly missing a cold bath between the dancing boat and the foot of the ladder found a comfortable seat. My three companions—two of them Russian—fell asleep, and left me to study the northern night. The sun crept from west to east a few degrees below the horizon, never sinking far enough to be totally obscured. At midnight his position was exactly in the north, and marked by a glimmering twilight strong enough to reveal the outlines of the hills bordering the bay, and warming the horizon with the colors of daybreak. The stars in the constellation of Ursa Major were faintly visible, and altogether disappeared long before sunrise. Had I arrived two months earlier I should have found the light of day continuing during the twenty-four hours.

The shores of Ghijiga Bay are formed of red bluffs or headlands, like those above Columbus, Kentucky, or along some portions of the Upper Mississippi. From their summits the ground stretches inland in level plains, covered with moss, grass, or bushes, growing with considerable luxuriance. From the coast one can see a range of hills dim and indistinct in the hazy atmosphere. The hills and mountains are generally destitute of trees, and there is very little



LIGHT-HOUSE AT GHIJIGA.

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BOAT TOWED BY DOGS.

timber any where outside the river valleys. On a promontory near the mouth of Ghijiga River the Russians have a small hut which they call a light-house. It is a hexagonal edifice about ten feet high, and has a flat roof covered with dirt, whereon a fire can be kindled. I found the inside floored with two sticks of wood and a mud puddle.

We landed at a little village near the foot of the light-house bluff, and were met by several officers of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition, who made their head-quarters at Ghijiga. The Governor had come down from his capital and official residence twelve miles away, and the whole party was lodged in a house belonging to the Russian marine. We breakfasted on pork and hard bread, and swallowed several cups of hot tea by way of compensation for our night ride.

During a stay of four days at this point I could not make my observations as extended as I wished. Means of movement were limited. The flat plains or *tundras* were covered with water in many concealed and unconcealed holes. Every little bunch of moss was like a well-filled sponge. I returned from a pedestrian excursion with my top-boots as thoroughly soaked as if they had been used for water-buckets. There was not a wheeled vehicle of any kind, and there were but three horses within fifty miles. There was no steamboat on the river, and balloons had not been introduced.

I essayed a little pleasure-trip on the river in a boat towed by dogs. The animals were Kamchadales, and resembled the Esquimaux dogs described by Dr. Kane. They are in general use in Northeastern Siberia during the season of snow, except in a few districts where the reindeer takes their place. Among several tribes of natives dogs and reindeer are indiscriminately employed, the choice depending upon the nature of the journey, the season when it is undertaken, and the locality to be traversed. For long journeys, in regions where supplies are scarce, reindeer are better than dogs. They search for their food under the snow, and can generally find moss enough for their support. Provision for dogs must be carried by the traveler, except where it can be found at villages on the route. For a long journey the weight of dog food will seriously diminish the carrying capacities of the team.

I saw many of these dogs in Kamchatka and at Ghijiga, and established friendly relations with some of them. They are not ill-natured, and I never saw them display praiseworthy courage. A little terrier from our ship used to put to flight the native dogs of ten times his weight; and it was often laughable to see him bristling around a trembling brute large enough to eat him without fear of dyspepsia. The Kamchadale dogs do not bark, but they can howl most unmelodiously. On my way across the Pacific it was prophesied that I should sleep little on my first night in Kamchatka. "The dogs will howl you out of your seven senses," was the consolation frequently extended me by our engineer.

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As fortune willed it most of the dogs were in the country, and I was treated to but a faint touch of canine music. Their best vocal practice is just before their feeding-time, which occurs at sunset. During the night they make occasional refrains in a sort of answering chorus. A friend of mine at San Francisco had one of these dogs, that used to disturb every body within a square or two of his residence. We had the brute at the Occidental Hotel one night, and tied him in the basement of the southern wing. The lodgers in that part of the hotel were kept awake the entire night by his howling, and some of them manifested a strong prejudice against his remaining longer in their vicinity.

Five dogs make a good team for a light sledge carrying a single person with his baggage. With good roads such a team can make fifty miles daily for a week or more, and can go a hundred miles without resting if an emergency demands it. Some years ago a single team traveled a hundred and twenty-three miles in a little less than twenty-four hours. Dogs can be driven on half rations, and may be urged many miles even when quite wearied. Reindeer will always stop when tired, and refuse to go on until fed and refreshed. I was told that a weary deer would lie down if an attempt were made to urge him, and might be beaten to death before he would consent to move on.

My boat journey was novel though brief. We had a seat of bear-skins in the bottom of the craft, and were attached to the dogs with a long line of deer-skin. A Cossack in the stern steered the boat, one in the bow attended to the tow-line, and a third on shore drove the dogs. The driver was a stranger to the team, which was very balky until clubbed into good behavior. We were towed against the stream at a pace which kept the driver walking rapidly, and avoided snags and shallow places very skillfully.

Frequently the path shifted from one bank to the other. In such case we took the dogs in the boat and ferried them across. They had an unpleasant trick of shaking themselves during the transit; and I shall always remember a shaggy fellow that covered me with mud and water just at the time I was lighting a fresh cigar. A sprinkling-pot could have hardly been more successful.

The natives in the district of Ghijiga comprise the Koriaks and Chukchees, the former keeping both reindeer and dogs, and the latter only reindeer. I saw several Koriaks, and had the means of locomotion been available I might have visited one of their encampments where they were herding their numerous deer. Some of their herds are very large. Occasional natives own five, ten, or fifteen thousand deer each, and are regarded much as we regard Astor, Vanderbilt, *et id omne genus*. I was told of one fortunate Koriak, a sort of aboriginal Crœsus, who owned forty thousand deer. A lady at my elbow asks if he was married, and I confess that I did not think to inquire.

Reindeer form the circulating medium of the country, and all values are expressed in this redback currency. An average-sized deer can be bought for four roubles (about three American dollars). The price advances to fifty roubles as one approaches the Amoor River.

Major Abasa, commanding the Telegraph Company's Asiatic division, gave me some curious details concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of that region. The Major had then passed nearly a year among them, sleeping frequently in their habitations, and traveling in their company over the wide and treeless tundras. Sometimes the thermometer indicated sixty degrees below zero, and frequently the explorers were caught in severe storms. Though suffering greatly from cold, none of them experienced more than temporary inconvenience.

"It used to try my powers of endurance," said Major Abasa, "to enter a Koriak *yourt* or habitation. These buildings are of logs or poles, banked around with earth, and made flat or tunnel-shaped on the top. They are half sunk in the ground, so that it is no great effort to reach the roof from the outside. A hole in the centre serves alike for door and chimney, a



KORIAK YOURT.

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pole notched like a fence-post forming a ladder.

"One descends directly over the fire, shutting his eyes and trusting to luck. The heat is intense, and the smoke almost blinds and stifles a stranger. I never entered one of these dwellings without a shudder, and often preferred remaining outside and sleeping in the snow. There is no ventilation to the *yourt*, and the smoke hangs in a cloud near the roof and permeates the whole interior. The eyes of the natives have a red and inflamed appearance in consequence."

The Koriaks are keepers of reindeer and engage in hunting and fishing. The Chukchees keep many reindeer, hunt for furs, and engage in trade with the natives along the coasts of Northern Asia and America. For a long time they were hostile to Russia and maintained their independence, but of late years they have become reconciled to their rulers, and pay a small tribute in return for the Emperor's protection. Some of them spend their whole lives in making annual journeys for purposes of traffic. They bring furs to the Russian trading posts to exchange for tobacco, knives, beads, and other articles in demand among aboriginals.

Major Abasa told me of a peculiar mode of effecting marine insurance. I do not believe it will ever be popular among American sailors.

"The Chukchees in their trading excursions frequently cross Bering's Straits by way of the Diomed Islands. Their voyages are made in boats formed of seal-skins sewn together and stretched over light frames of wood. The boats dance like corks upon the waves, and when heavily laden in any thing beyond an ordinary breeze they are far from safe. The owner of each boat is generally the captain, and has a crew of six or eight men.

"When a storm arises, and the boat must be lightened, its owner looks after its welfare. He throws his crew into the water and reserves his goods to the last."

"But," I asked, "do the men never object to this peculiar jettison?"

"I believe not," said the Major. "They are under the impression that duty requires the sacrifice. They are pagans, all of them, and drown themselves with a complacency unknown to Christian nations."

From Ghijiga we sailed to Ohotsk, a small port on the northern shore of the sea from which it takes its name. While making soundings about latitude 60° north, we brought up coral closely resembling that from the tropics. For several days we were wrapped in fogs, and on approaching the coast were not quite certain of our locality. We sailed into a wide and open bay, but could see no indication of the town we sought. We fired a gun—then another and another—but obtained no response beyond the echoes. On the following morning we held our course westward out of this bay and into another that contained what we wished to find.

Ohotsk, at the mouth of the Ohota River, has lost much of its former glory. At present it has less than two hundred inhabitants, though it once boasted more than ten times that number. No vessel drawing more than twelve feet of water can pass its bar, and so our huge corvette anchored outside and sent us ashore in her boats. Vitus Bering, the brave old navigator who discovered the straits bearing his name, sailed hence on his first expedition. Canvas and cordage were scarce, and so Bering caused a set of sails and ropes to be made of deer-skins. Thongs and wooden pins held the timbers together, and the seams, where we consider oakum indispensable, were calked with moss. The spot where it is supposed his ship was constructed was pointed out to me as we rowed up the river to the landing-place. The town stands on a small plain overlooked by a range of low hills. In general appearance it was much like Petropavlovsk.

A small crowd of aboriginals, half-breeds, and unadulterated Russians met us as we stepped on shore, and greeted us with hospitable words. The long, narrow, and oblique eye of the pure Mongolian was noticeable among the natives, and formed a marked contrast to the full blue eye of the Russian settlers. Near the church I met a woman asking alms, and was at first unable to say whether she was blind or was gazing at me through very narrow eyelids. After a little hesitation I adopted the latter theory.

Dogs were more numerous at Ohotsk than at any other place I had visited. They were of all sizes, ages, and sexes, and, considering our limited acquaintance, they behaved very well. I heard, in Kamchatka, that the dogs caught their own fish in summer, but did not have ocular proof of the fact until I reached the Ohota River. As the tide came in the dogs waded out upon the flats and took their stations. After a little miscellaneous watching I fixed my eye on one shaggy beast that appeared to know what he was about. He stood motionless as a statue for some minutes. Suddenly his head disappeared in a twinkling, and there was a slight splash in the water. A moment later the dog walked toward the shore bearing a ten-pound salmon in his jaws, and leisurely began his dinner.

That dogs will catch and eat fish is not surprising, when it is known that they rarely have other food during the entire year. Fish are fed to them in all forms—boiled, raw, dried, frozen, and putrid—and they eat them with equal avidity, no matter what the mode of serving. It did surprise me to learn that cows and horses would eat fish with apparent relish. Very little hay is gathered, and I was told that frequently in winter horses, dogs, and cows were alike fed on dried salmon. I admitted that a graminivorous animal might make a temporary change of his nature to avoid starvation, but my astonishment was greatest when a gentle-

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DOGS FISHING.

man whom I believe thoroughly credible pointed to a cow walking on the beach at Ohotsk, and remarked her character.

"That cow," said he, "abandons the grass now covering the hills and meadows, and comes here to eat freshly-caught salmon in preference. She is fat and sleek, and the diet evidently suits her constitution."

I was only a single day at Ohotsk. We sailed away to the southward just as the long twilight was deepening into the darkness of night and the stars were beginning to twinkle above us. Down to the straits of La Perouse, rounding the island of Sakhalin, passing the northern extremity of Japan, and catching a glimpse of its headlands, we turned into the Gulf of Tartary, and at length anchored in De Castries Bay. Here I left the corvette which had been my home for five weeks, and had carried me more than three thousand miles. Embarking in a steamer of light draft I ascended the Straits of Tartary, where the water is shallow and the channel tortuous, and entered the mouth of the Amoor. At the hour of sunset, on this vessel as on the corvette, the crew, with uncovered heads, stood upon the deck and chanted the evening prayer. As the prayer was uttered the national flag, lowered from the mast, seemed, like those beneath it, to bow in adoration of the Being who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and guides and controls the universe.

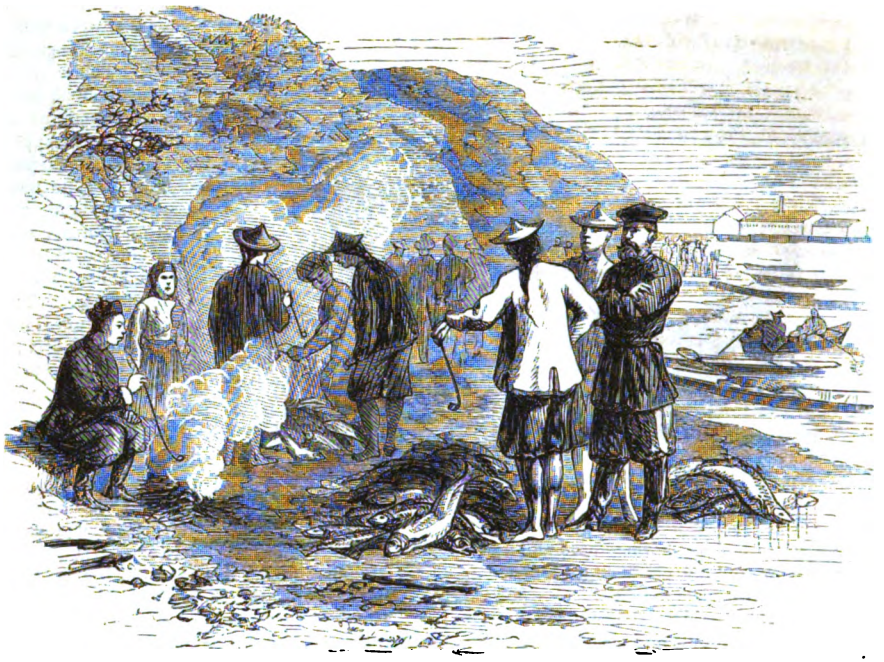
The entrance to the Amoor is between two capes or headlands, seven miles apart, and visible at a considerable distance. Away on the eastern horizon the coast of Sakhalin Island was pictured in wonderful shapes by a gorgeously-colored mirage. As this optical illusion creates meadows, lakes, and forests over the desert sands, and fills the solitude with moving throngs, so on the borders of cold Siberia it painted a tropical scene. I seemed to distinguish cocoa and palm trees, broad savannas, and Brazilian woods on the rocky shores that were really beyond the range of vision. Then there were castles, with lofty walls and frowning battlements, cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples, rising among the fields and forests, and overarched with curious combinations of rainbow hues. The mirage occurs frequently in this region, but I was told that the one I witnessed possessed unusual beauty.

As we steamed up the river the pilots frequently turned their backs to the bow of the boat, and steered by means of beacons set upon the shore. About sunset of the day after leaving De Castries we anchored in front of Nicolayevsk, the chief town of the Russians on the Amoor, and after taking dinner in the little cabin of the steamer I went on shore and sought the office of Mr. Chase, a resident merchant and commercial agent of the United States. With the hospitality of a Siberian Mr. Chase received me to his arms and house, and even vacated his bed for me during my stay. I was a stranger, and he took me in, and for six days I might have easily imagined that the house and its appointments were mine, while the real proprietor was only a casual lodger, and paying his board by managing the establishment.

On the morning after my arrival I called upon Admiral Fulyelm, Governor of the Maritime Provinces of Eastern Siberia and commander of the Russian fleet in the Ohotsk Sea. He welcomed me courteously to the Amoor Valley, and expressed his regret that his family was in the country, and his house undergoing repairs that prevented his inviting me to reside with him during my stay. The Admiral speaks English fluently, and is equally familiar with German, French, and Swedish. He resided several years at Sitka, as Governor of the (then) Russian Possessions in America, and on completing his term of service returned to Russia by way of San Francisco and New York.

Nicolayevsk was founded in 1853, nominally as a post of the Russian Fur Company, but really in the interest of the Imperial Government. It is emphatically a Government town, three-fourths of the inhabitants being directly or indirectly in the service of the Emperor. It has a "port," or naval establishment, containing dock-yards, machine-shops, foundries, and all the odds and ends of sheds, warehouses, and factories necessary to the functions of a naval station. The machine department is managed

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BEACH SCENE—NICOLAYEVSK.

by three foreigners (one of them an American, and another an American citizen), who have brought it to a condition of efficiency. "We can make or repair marine engines of ordinary character," said one of these men, "and perform any work required by the vessels in the Siberian fleet." Most of the machinery was constructed in America, and sent to the Amoor to be set up. They showed me a steam fire-engine from Manchester, New Hampshire, bearing the word "Amoor" in Russian characters. They kept it in a sort of stable specially provided for the purpose, and as carefully warmed in winter as if it lodged a tender and highly-prized race-horse.

All the houses in town are of wood. A few are framed and boarded after the American manner, but the great majority are of logs, either rough or hewn. There is one street or avenue parallel to the river, and affording a fine view of the opposite bank of the Amoor. The houses of the officials, the stores and residences of foreign merchants, the club-house, the church, and other prominent structures are along this avenue. Going back from the river, the streets begin grandly, and promise a great deal they do not perform. For one or two squares they are good, the third square is passable, the fourth is full of stumps, and when you reach the fifth and sixth, there is little street to be found. I never saw a better illustration of the road that commenced with a double row of shade trees, and steadily diminished in character until it became a squirrel-track and ran up a tree.

Nearly every morning during my stay I used to wander to the beach in front of the town and look at the crowd assembled there. Cries of "*rebah! rebah!*" (fish! fish!) always greeted my approach, but a pantomimic shake of the head, accompanied with an out-paddling of the hands, and the utterance of the Russian negative (*nierte*), declared my unpiscatorial intentions. The fish were piled on the ground or lay in the boats drawn upon the shore. The crowd was composed of Russian soldiers, Cossacks, sailors, and peasants, with a fair proportion of Gilyaks, the natives of the Lower Amoor. On the first morning I found them gathered in picturesque groups, some engaged in animated conversation, and others smoking their pipes in calm indifference and uttering few words.

The Gilyaks are to the Lower Amoor what the Indian is to the Upper Missouri, and was to the Hudson and the Potomac. They are of Mongolian blood, features, and complexion, and have many traits that mark the Chinese. Their garments generally follow the Chinese cut, and they wear their hair *à la* pigtail. The true Gilyak hat is a very obtuse pointed cone of birch bark or other stiff material, and stands over the wearer's head like the top of a parasol. Beards were scanty as with all of their race, and the masculine face was often so mildly cast that I had difficulty in distinguishing the sexes by the features alone.

The Russians associated with these natives on the most friendly terms, and seemed to mix freely with them. A few Gilyaks had adopted cast-off clothing from their Muscovite neighbors, and were dressed in striking combination

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of Eastern and Western garments. The language was a hybrid, born from the union of two tongues, and had a decided preponderance of Slavonic. Wherever Europeans come in contact with the people of the East they are sure to fix their language and customs. The aggressive civilization is stronger than the passive.

When at last the semi-monthly mail steamer was ready to ascend the river I bade adieu to Nicolayevsk. It was about midnight when I received a note telling me the boat would start at daybreak. My baggage was already shipped, so that the announcement was purely personal. Mr. Chase and several others—but let me explain how it happened.

It is a custom in Siberia to "see off" a departing traveler, whether he goes by water or by land. If by water, he is safely conducted on board the craft that is to carry him. Then follows a leave-taking, which includes Champagne-taking, lunch-taking, and sometimes, I regret to say, the taking of a trifle too much. If the journey is by land the wayfarer is escorted a short distance on his route, sometimes to the edge of the town, and sometimes to the first station. Adieus are uttered over Champagne, tea, lunch—and Champagne.

So Mr. Chase and several friends of my companion—a young officer from the Siberian capital—went to say good-by on the deck of the steamer. It was somewhere in the wee sma' hours a good bit ayont the twal when they returned on shore, and left me to my first fragment of a night on the Amoor.

We did not start at daybreak, and even at nine o'clock our boilers were as cold as the cheeks of Powers's Greek Slave. A little past ten we had steam enough to move our wheels, and were able to leave the log walls of Nicolayevsk, its dock-yard, and its ships at anchor, fading in the distance. The dome of the church, conspicuous from its size and elevation, remained longest in view, and seemed to symbolize the enduring strength of the Christian religion above the meaner things of earth. Our crew, with the few passengers of the steerage, turned toward the house of worship, and stood in attitude of adoration while they made the sign of the cross and breathed a whispered prayer for a prosperous voyage.

I remained long on deck to study the scenery



ON THE AMOOR.

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GILYAK MAN.

around me. At Nicolayevsk the Amoor flows in a single stream, about a mile and a half in width, and bounded by hills on either side. As one ascends he finds the river spread over a wide valley and embracing many islands, some of them containing thousands of acres of forest and meadow, with here and there stretches of sand or barren plain. Of course these islands divide the river into many channels, and in a few localties it is twenty or more miles from one bank to the other. Steamboats often pass each other in different channels, sometimes when their captains are very anxious to meet. Near Nicolayevsk the islands are cultivated by the Russian settlers, and prove well adapted to farming purposes. We saw several haying parties at work, and frequently met barge-loads of hay floating down the stream to market. One party was at dinner, and paused to look at us, with the exception of a single individual, who did not condescend to turn his head or even glance upward from his plate of soup.

And here is a bit of the scenery. Away in the distance, on either side, there were ranges of mountains, tinged with azure and showing various combinations of light and shadow as they caught the rays of the setting sun. Nearer, there were undulating masses of hills forest-crowned to their summits. The brown and yellow tints of the foliferous trees in autumn were touched with dots and splashes of deep green where stood the pine and the spruce. Toward the river these hills sloped to the water's edge, or were guarded by strips of meadow or low-ground wood, as yet only faintly touched by frost. Where the islands abounded they revealed bits of the river that seemed bewildered and lost in a maze of channels. Over us was the clear sky of an autumn day; no breath of wind was stirring, and the placid stream, with scarce a ripple upon its surface, shone like a mirror, and pictured over again the beauties of its surroundings.

We passed occasionally the villages of the dwellers on the Lower Amoor. There were clusters of houses belonging to the aboriginals, and other clusters where lived the Russian settlers. At a distance the houses of the Gilyaks were not distinguishable from those of their Muscovite neighbors, but a near approach removed all doubt. It was the fishing season, and as these people subsist almost entirely upon fish the work of catching and curing was in active progress. The offal lay about the villages, and its stench was quite overpowering. In the afternoon of the first day we stopped for wood where a native village and a settlement were side by side. I entered the former and encountered an odor rivaling all the smells of Naples, Cologne, and the disreputable wards of New York. The natives did not seem to mind it, and I fear I shocked them by holding my kerchief to my nose during my visit. My companion, through long practice in several years on the Amoor, was hardened in the sense of smell; but I noticed that he was not inclined to a long stay.

The Gilyaks are not over-courteous to visitors, and did not receive us with open arms. They kept at work just as if no distinguished foreigner was among them, and even neglected asking



GILYAK WOMAN.

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NATIVE VILLAGE, AMOOR RIVER.

us to take something. The men were like those I saw at Nicolayevsk, and dressed in the same way. I caught sight of a comely woman with brownish-red cheeks, and wearing her hair in two queues that hung over her shoulders and down to her waist. I looked at her engaged in the pleasing occupation of skinning salmon; but I am bound to say she did not look at me. Orientals claim to be without curiosity, and in most cases they carry out the pretense very successfully.

The Gilyaks will not permit fire carried out of their houses—not even in a pipe or cigar—through fear it will bring them ill luck. I learned this fact on being requested to extinguish my cigar before entering one of their dwellings.

They once had a practice of killing occasional guests when asleep in their houses. They believed that by so doing they caused his spirit to remain with and protect them, and the more amiable the stranger the greater the chance of his being slaughtered.

Their religion is pagan, with a few characteristics borrowed from the Bhudhist faith. They have a superstitious regard for the bear, tiger, eagle, and cat. They never fight the tiger, and when a native happens to be killed by that animal they bury his remains without ceremony, and believe that his death has avenged some crime. They catch the bear alive if possible, build him a cage in a conspicuous place, and fatten him upon fish. On some gala occasion Bruin plays a conspicuous part, by being led or dragged in procession and then killed and eaten. His flesh is supposed to make the eaters courageous.

The native houses are of small logs or poles, having the interstices calked, and the outside generally, though not always, plastered with mud. Inside they are the reverse of neat, being pretty densely occupied by human beings and dogs, and stored with a variety of articles of household use. Store-houses are set upon poles like an American corn-barn, to keep away dogs and vermin and preserve the fish from moisture. On a platform or porch in front of the house canoes, nets, and other implements of fishing are generally piled. Dogs are tied under the building or run about at will. On my first visit to a village I was somewhat annoyed at the conduct of the canines. They barked and howled at me in no indication of good-will, and several of them manifested a desire to bite me. The Gilyaks made a show of soothing the brutes; but I really believe they would have shed no tears if a little dog dentistry had been practiced upon my legs.

My observations at this village were made while the steamer was taking wood. The operation gave me plenty of time, as nobody seemed to be in the least hurry, and took things—the wood included—with the utmost deliberation. We usually consumed an hour and a half, or two hours, where a Mississippi boat would have been fifteen or twenty minutes. The masculine deck-passengers were pressed into service to assist the crew. Each man had a piece of rope which he placed around two or three sticks of wood and slung over his shoulder. Passing

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to and from the boat he walked as if going to his own execution, and anxious to live as long as possible. The only occasion when I saw one of the crew displaying any activity was when he fell from the plank into the river.

Steamboating on the Amoor is in its infancy. In 1866 there were twenty-two steamboats in actual service, and two or three new ones nearly ready. Eighteen boats belonged to Government, and the rest to private parties, either Russian or foreign merchants. Only one of the number now running was built in Siberia; the rest were made in America, England, or Germany, and sent to the Amoor to be put together. The one which carried me from Nicolayevsk was the *Ingodah*, an iron boat, about a hundred and ten feet long, very narrow and very dirty. She carried a permanent force of a captain, two pilots, an engineer, and a miscellaneous lot of deck hands, firemen, cabin-boys, and fleas. The fleas were not on the steamer's pay-roll, but that they worked their passage and deserved allowances my blotched and bitten body furnished ample proof. I used, in the solitude of my cabin, to remove all my clothing, bathe from head to foot in bad brandy, and shake and search my garments and bed-clothing. Then hastily dressing and wrapping as closely as possible I would lie down to sleep. With this precaution I managed to pass an hour or so in tolerable comfort. I suggested an economic plan of removing the engines of the boat, and rigging a machine that would enable the fleas to propel us, and save the expense of wood and steam. My proposition was never adopted.

We had a cabin-boy with a red nose and an eye for copper and silver, who used to attend upon us very fairly when he had nothing else to do. He was proficient in saying "*sechass*," a word corresponding to the English "Coming, Sir!" and the French "*Toute suite.*" It really means "immediately," but in practical use may be now, next week, or when convenient. Every true-born Russian servant utters it on receiving an order, and throws it out at frequent intervals to allay impatience. No matter what we told our cabin-boy to do he answered "*sechass*," and then took his own time. He was intimate with the cook, and I suspect he fared better than we did.

Steaming up the river, we anchored at night unless there was a good moon, and generally remained near a village until daybreak. All along the Amoor the Russians have planted settlements from ten to thirty miles apart, where steamboats take wood in summer and the post route is supplied with horses in winter. Some of the villages are finely located in agricultural districts, and the inhabitants are doing well. They raise wheat, rye, oats, and garden vegetables in abundance and of good quality, and have timber enough on the hill-sides to supply an enormous export trade to the outer world. On the Lower Amoor the production of grain has not yet equaled the demand for military and naval use, but promises to do so in a few years. At Nicolayevsk I saw flour which had come by sea from Cronstadt around the Cape of Good Hope; and I was told that a merchant from San Francisco was negotiating to supply the maritime provinces with California flour.

On the Middle and Upper Amoor there is a surplus of grain, and several steamboat loads were sent from there in the autumn of 1866, to supply the province of Trans-Baikal, which three years before sold an equal quantity to the Amoor Valley.

At present the settlements include a population of about forty thousand, of which one-eighth is at Nicolayevsk, the oldest and most important town. The villages along the river are of varied size. I saw one containing but a single house, and another with two houses and a stable. From this number they run through an ascending scale up to two or three hundred dwellings. In the Cossack settlements along the Middle Amoor the houses are arranged in military precision, as if they had been turned out of a machine, and dropped at regular intervals along a wide street. When the Amoor was settled the Government moved whole colonies of Cossacks—men, women, children, cows, pigs, dogs, and household goods. It furnished materials and paid the expenses of new houses, and defrayed the cost of transportation. A village might be ordered to settle fifty, a hundred, or five hundred miles away, and it obeyed orders. The colonists, in their new homes, found themselves surrounded by their former neighbors, under the same headman, and doing pretty nearly the same work as of old.

We touched at a great many villages, to land and receive freight and passengers, and to supply the boat with wood. Our progress bore no comparison to that of our Western boats when racing against time, but was leisurely in the extreme. I rarely wearied of studying the scenery, which was "ever varying, ever new." The first cabin of the boat was forward of the engines—an arrangement that saved us from the clouds of cinders that fell thick and fast upon the steerage passengers, unless the wind was abeam or astern. In the cabin we had the captain of the boat, my officer-friend, and two merchants, the four being quite at home, and eating, drinking, and gambling at the same table without distinction of rank or money.

En passant, I remark that gambling is a standard entertainment in Russia. There is a great deal of card-playing, and every game has "something to make it interesting." Nobody thinks of playing unless money is risked, and it frequently astonished my Siberian friends to learn that people play cards in America for amusement alone.

One pleasant afternoon my friend the officer was upon the bridge of the boat, and entertaining me with stories of his Polish life. Suddenly fixing his eyes on the southern shore, he shouted, "*Tigre! tigre!*" and rushed below for his gun. I brought my field-glass, and looked

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where he pointed. There was a large animal moving through the tall grass, but I can not affirm to its genus or species. It was so far away that no shot-gun ever invented could have done any damage, and we wisely refrained from a waste of ammunition. The tiger is a resident of the Lower Amoor, and ranges as high as 53° north latitude. In winter he roams through the same forests with the reindeer, and occasionally dines upon venison of his own catching. The Russian hunters encounter him frequently, and I saw several skins exhibited as trophies. Naturalists class the beast with the Bengal tiger, and say that the Amoor Valley is the only region in the world where the tiger, the reindeer, and the sable are native and to the manor born. Among the birds there are some peculiar to the Arctic zone, some from Southern China, two from Africa, and one from Java and Australia. In the forests at the southern bend of the Amoor the cork-tree and the mahogany may be found growing almost side by side with the birch, the pine, and the spruce. Elms attain a diameter of four or five feet, and other trees are large in proportion. The wide and dense forests, with masses of vines and thick undergrowth, reminded me of the woods of the Lower Mississippi, and the tall grasses in the open country rivaled the luxuriance of our Kansas prairies. And yet this was in cold Siberia!

A friend of mine was hunting one day in a forest on the Amoor, and suddenly found himself face to face with a tiger. Unslinging his rifle he managed to plant a bullet in the head of the beast just as he was crouching to spring. The tiger sprang, but fell at the feet of the hunter, who finished him with a pistol-shot. I forget the measurement of the skin, but it was the largest of its kind, and was sent to the Emperor as a complimentary gift.

On the Lower Amoor I observed the Gilyaks pulling their oars alternately, with a "hand-over-hand" motion. Two hundred miles up the river I saw the natives rowing as we do, and asked the reason for the difference.

"You are now," said my companion, "in the country of the Goldees, a people of the same race as the Gilyaks, but unlike them, as your Comanches are unlike your Pawnees. They are a better and more civilized people, and live in more comfortable houses. Higher up we shall find the Manjours, who are still more developed, and not far behind the Chinese of Canton and Pekin."

At midnight, after this conversation, we stopped at a Russian-Goldee village. I proposed visiting the latter, and we engaged a peasant to guide and introduce us. As we neared the first house we passed several scaffolds where fish were drying, and were greeted by half a hundred noisy and savage-looking dogs. Our guide armed himself with a club, and by way of precaution I picked up a stick like a cartrung. The peasant entered first, and lighted a strip of birch bark over a charcoal-fire in the middle of the room. Paterfamilias dressed in reception costume by putting on a single garment, and Mrs. Goldee followed his example before the strangers were admitted. The room was about twenty feet square, and so low that I bumped my head against the rafters as I went in. I shook hands with the proprietor, and then looked around.

A low divan or wide bench, extending on two sides of the room, serves as a seat by day and a bed by night. Wooden pipes from a sort of oven extend beneath the divan, and pass underground to a chimney apart from the house. About thirty persons of all ages and both sexes lay on the divan, a few awake and huddled under clothing, but the greater number sound asleep in the costume of Venus di Medici. The Goldees keep their rooms very warm, and are thus enabled to sleep without covering. We tarried briefly, and at our departure the host did *not* urge us to stay longer.

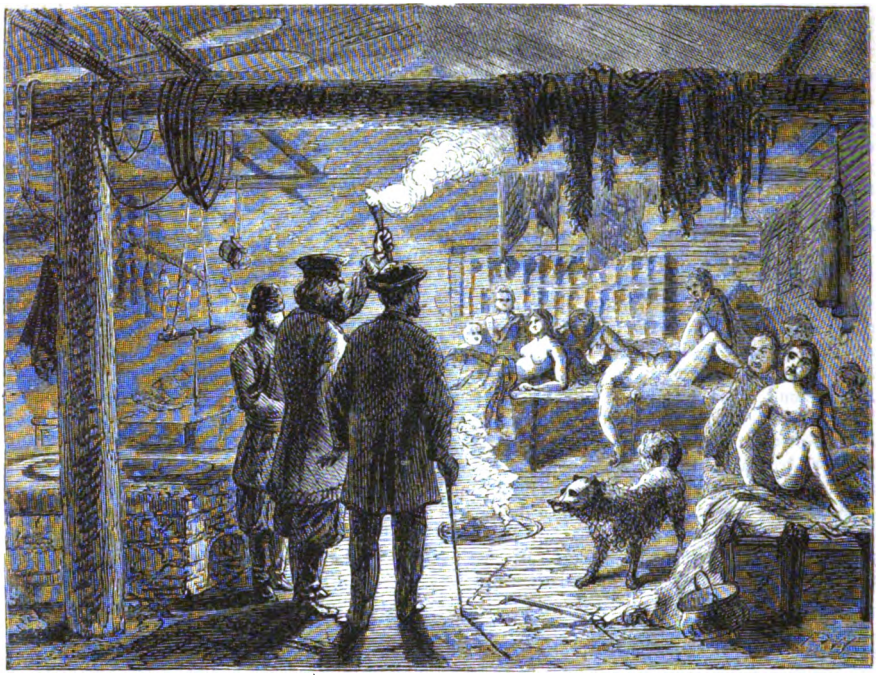
Next day we passed a large fleet of boats, in which the Goldees were fishing for salmon and sturgeon. Two men in a canoe tried a race with our steamer, and fairly beat us, though we were making nearly ten miles an hour against the current. The day was a little damp, and the natives wore their salmon-skin coats. At the next place where we stopped I encountered a Goldee belle, dressed in a fish-skin suit, and wearing a ring in her nose. She was pretty, and evidently knew it. I told her she was charming, delightful, *magnifique;* and she listened as if she believed all I said. We carried on quite a flirtation, and talked as gayly as two persons could where neither understood a syllable of the other's language. She told me (or I presume she did) that she liked the Americans very much, and especially those from New York. As the steam-whistle called me on board we bade each other adieu, and if she did not ask me to write it was her own fault.



NATIVE BOAT—AMOOR RIVER.

Salmon-skin clothing is in general use among these natives. The skins are pounded to remove the scales and to make them flexible. Gar-

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GOLDEN HOUSE AT NIGHT.

ments of this material are water-proof as India rubber, and when new and covered with ornaments of bead-work and embroidery are quite handsome.

For about twelve hundred miles of its course the Amoor forms the boundary between Russia and China. The Chinese shore is very sparsely inhabited, and there are hundreds of miles where no habitations are visible save a few huts of settled or wandering aboriginals. About fourteen hundred miles from the mouth of the river there is a region where some forty thousand Chinese and Manjours reside, but their settlements are all embraced in a distance of sixty or seventy miles. There is a Chinese city on the bank of the Amoor, which the Russians declare was originally a penal colony. Its population is estimated all the way from twelve to thirty thousand.

Igoon, as this city is called, was formerly the capital of the Chinese "Province of the Amoor," and, had my journey been ten years earlier, I should have seen a fleet of war-junks at anchor near it. The provincial capital has been removed to an inland city, and the naval force has altogether disappeared.

I persuaded the captain of our steamer to touch at Igoon, and give me an opportunity to "do" the city. When we approached the black, mud-plastered, low-roofed buildings that lined the bank I saw numerous men and boys seated at the water's edge and engaged in fishing. They stared at us intently, and did not observe the swell caused by the steamer until a dozen or more of them had felt its effect. I climbed to the bank amidst a group of sedate old Manjours, who smoked their little brass pipes with an air of abstraction, and seemed wondering why we came there. One who knew our captain proclaimed himself a Tartar, and invited us to his house. My friend whispered me that our guide had four wives, and I expressed a desire to inspect his harem.

The old fellow did not relish the proposition; but after treating us to Manilla cigars and *samshoo* (a fiery brandy made from rice, and burning like aquafortis) he consented to display his treasures. We walked across a muddy yard, picking our way over stepping-stones, and reached the abode of Igoonian bliss. Oh, the delights of matrimony! My dear Mr. Tartar, I do not envy you, and I do not envy any man so much married as you. Possibly you did well enough in taking Mrs. T. number one; but when you took numbers two, three, and four you caught as many Tartars.

A supper *en famille* was in progress, *i. e.*, the whole family was at supper. There was a room full of women, servants, babies, dogs, smoke, and dirt. The smoke and dirt were every where; but the women, servants, babies, and dogs were broken into little parties. Some were preparing to eat, some were beginning, some eating, some finishing, and some finished. Babies were screaming, and women talking on all notes of the vocal organs. A very short stay was enough, and I left without waiting to be presented to the ladies of the house. I don't

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wonder that the Igoon gentleman hesitated to show us his household.

I made some purchases in the shops of Igoon, standing in the open street and buying at a counter, as one might trade at an *al fresco* stand near Fulton Market. The shrewd merchants fixed their prices very high, and it required a great deal of bargaining to avoid paying too much. A pipe that was offered me at five roubles I bought for one, and afterward learned I had paid twice its value.

Twenty miles from Igoon the Russians have a town called Blagoveshchensk (easy to pronounce if you know how). It is the capital of the Russian "Province of the Amoor," and now has a population of about three thousand. It was founded in 1858, on one of the prettiest sites along that part of the river. The Chinese town of Sakhalin-Oula is directly opposite, and its inhabitants carry on considerable trade with the Russians.

At Blagoveshchensk I left the *Ingodah*, and, after spending four days very pleasantly with Governor Pedeshenk and Dr. Snider (in whose house I found *Harper's Magazine*, containing "Pictures of the Russians"), I embarked on the steamer *General Korsackoff* to complete my voyage up the Amoor.

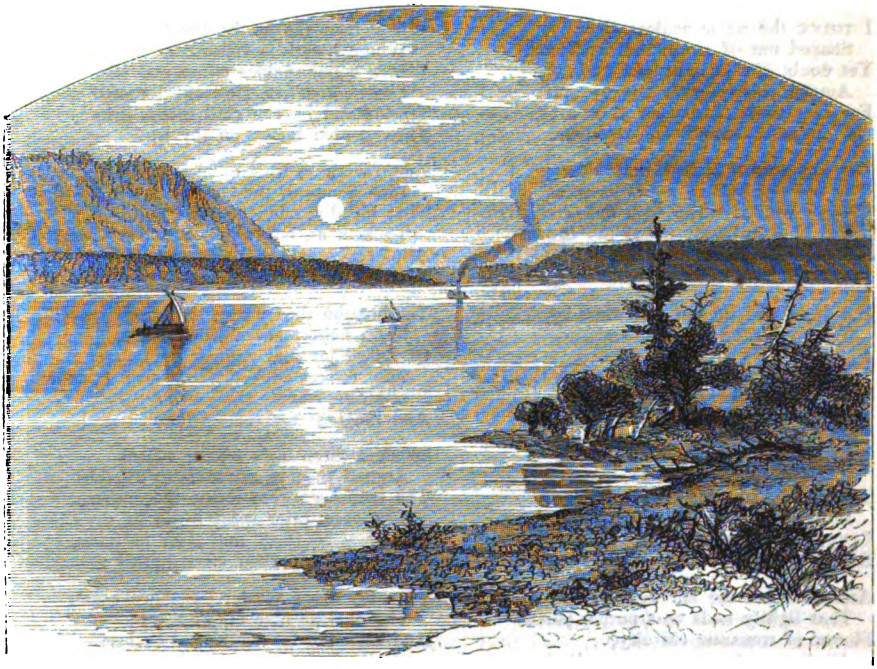
It was the last boat of the season, and some doubt was expressed as to our ability to reach Stratensk, the head of navigation, before being stopped by ice. For a few days we made slow progress; but when the frosts came upon us I noticed an improvement in our speed. I asked my companion the reason of this improvement, and he thus explained:

"If the boat is frozen in the crew must remain with it all winter. The pilots and engineers have their wives and sweet-hearts at Stratensk, and are very anxious to get there."

We met a great many rafts carrying emigrants, cattle, and government stores down the river. Some of the emigrants came from the southern part of Russia, five thousand miles from the head of the Amoor. They had been two years on the journey, but when once afloat on the river they would be carried in a few days to their new homes. The valley of the Amoor is a land of promise to many Russian peasants, just as our Great West is pictured in gorgeous colors in many an Eastern home.

Among the hills, meadows, and forests of the Upper Amoor we touched one pleasant afternoon, when the population was out in its holiday costumé, at the village of Albazin. I climbed the bluff and looked away to the Chinese shore, as one may look from the heights of Vicksburg into the cypress forests of Louisiana. A Russian officer showed me through the ruins of ancient Albazin, and gave me two small cannon-shot, thrown from Chinese guns during the siege. What siege? Listen, and I will tell you.

More than two hundred years ago some Russian adventurers went on a freebooting excursion to a river known to have its origin east of Lake Baikal. They found this river (the Amoor), and for about twenty years made



HEAD OF THE AMOOR.

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frequent expeditions along its whole length, collecting furs of the inhabitants and oppressing them to such an extent as to make their visits quite unwelcome. They founded several settlements, only one of which promised to be permanent. This was at Albazin, and as it stood upon Chinese territory the government at Pekin demanded its removal. The demand was unheeded, and the Chinese proceeded to make war upon Russia. Albazin underwent two sieges, and on both occasions its garrison displayed determined valor. Both armies of the Chinese were compelled to retire after an enormous expenditure of men and material. But what they could not accomplish by war they gained by diplomacy. By the treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, at which the Jesuits assisted the Chinese, the Russians abandoned the Amoor Valley and agreed to remove the colony at Albazin.

From this time till 1853 the Chinese had undisturbed possession of the Amoor. In that year General Mouravieff, Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, wished to send provisions to the Russian fleet in the Pacific. He prepared two steamers and a large fleet of flat-boats and rafts on the Shilka, one of the rivers that form the Amoor. On the 27th of May he started, and in six weeks had taken full possession of all the northern bank of the river, and was so firmly fixed that the Chinese could not dislodge him. A treaty in 1858, and two others in 1860, confirmed the Russian occupation, and added a fine territory to the empire of the Czar. Russian colonization has been rapidly pushed, and is still in progress.

One frosty morning, just as day was breaking, I was called on deck. There was a nipping and an eager air, and as I looked upon the hills just whitened with a touch of snow, and shivered in my close garments, I saw little reason for the Chinese to call their country the Central Flowery Kingdom. The morning stars were fading, and as I looked before us I could see the valley dividing and forming a double gorge through the undulating and broken hills. Half an hour later, when dawn had grown to daylight, we passed a point of land jutting between two rivers.

To the right was the Shilka; to the left the Argoon. At the extremity of the jutting point the Amoor began its course to the sea.

We turned into the Shilka, and as the Amoor was lost to sight I retired to my cabin and my unfinished sleep. Till long after sunrise I dreamed of the gorgeous panorama that day after day had been unrolled before me. Mountain, hill, plain, island, forest, and meadow passed in rapid succession, with their colors that only Nature can paint, and language fails to describe. I believe there is no river in the world that displays the grand, the beautiful, and the picturesque to a greater degree than the Amoor.

A LOVER'S GARDEN.

I THINK the white azaleas, dear,
Shaped out of air to match thyself,
Yet doubt if thou wilt find one here
Among this fragrant flowery pelf;
For they must hide when thou art near—
As fair as moonlight and as clear.

But any rose that here may blow
Is not one-half so sweet as thou,
Though petaled white with flakes of snow—
Yet bind no spray about thy brow;
Let the voluptuous roses go,
For roses have a thorn, we know.

But bend and do not pass thee by,
Where faintest odors hover low,
Here the dark violets ensky
Meanings that should not 'scape thee so,
Since in their heaven-deepened dye
Pure dreams of perfect passion lie.

And here, like spirits of the blest,
The golden censer in the hand,
To worship and to praise addressed,
Rank after rank the lilies stand,
Long for a place upon thy breast,
Ask is thy smile or sunshine best!

And flout not the fair fleur-de-lis
That lightly nods that purple plume—
Flower of romantic chivalry,
All France bends to thee in its bloom!
A royal banner's blazonry—
Thy sceptre would it rather be!

Where float the moths, the bluebirds sip,
Where breath is rapture to the core,
Where honey-suckles climb and slip—
Linger, and say, Had Eden more?
Tip-toe and let the glad things drip
Their golden honey on thy lip!

But o'er those beds of blasting blight,
Blue hoods of poison and the tomb—
That blood-red blossom, a delight
To look at, but whose touch is doom—
Ah, let thy foot make fleeting flight
Through foxglove and through aconite!

Yet breathe thee where the winds outroll
From heliotropes an atmosphere
Of fullest joy and vaguest dole,
That makes each moment deep and dear,
While dim regrets shall fill thy soul,
And longings for some unknown goal.

So shall these buds forever bloom
Around thee in my memory's freak,
The strawberry-tree refuse thee room,
The sweet-brier spray brush by thy cheek,
And thou be fresh 'mid their perfume,
And white 'mid their ensanguined gloom.

Then flit down yonder hawthorn coast,
The ancient lilac alleys thread,
And turn the labyrinth, and be lost—
That one day, when all hope is dead,
And when the place is dreary most,
Haunt it, I may, with thy sweet ghost!

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VIEW IN THE PLAZA DEL CABILDO, CUZCO, PERU.

AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

V.—FORTRESSES AND GARDENS.

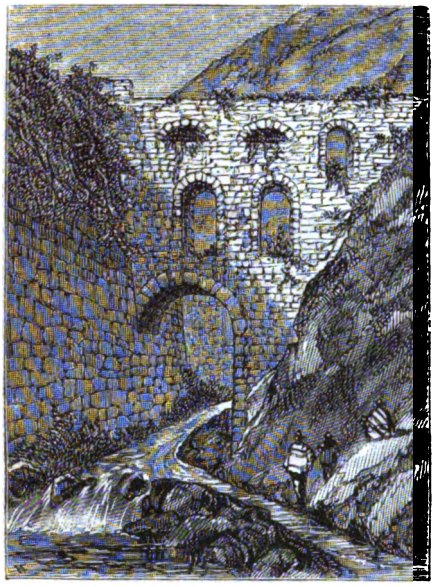
THE capital of the Inca empire was not defended by walls such as protected some of the ancient Inca cities. Its valley, surrounded by high mountains, was, in itself, naturally almost impregnable, and the approaches to it were covered by fortifications. But the city, nevertheless, had its citadel or fortress, dominating it as the Acropolis did Athens, Ehrenbreitstein the villages at its foot, the Castle, Edinburgh, and "the Rock," Gibraltar. It was built upon the bold headland projecting into the valley of Cuzco between the rivulets Huatenay and Rodadero, looking from below like a high abrupt hill, but being really only the spur of a shelf or *plateau*, somewhat irregular in surface, which in turn is commanded by higher hills, or apparent hills or mountains, themselves the escarpments of remoter natural terraces or *puna* lands. This headland is called *los Altos del Sacsahuaman*, the latter being a compound word signifying, "Fill thee, falcon!" or, "Gorge thyself, hawk!"

Thus metaphorically did the Incas glorify the strength of their fortress. "Dash thyself against its rocky and impregnable sides, if thou wilt; the hawks will gather up thy fragments!" Vainglorious and proud were those ancients, as the nations who to-day call their war-vessels the *Invincible*, the *Devastation*, and the *Scourge*.

On the side of the city the eminence of the Sacsahuaman presents a steep front, difficult and almost impossible of ascent. Up this front, and from the terraces of the Colcompata, led anciently as now a zigzag road, ascending in places by stone steps to a series of terraces on the most projecting and commanding portion of the headland. On the uppermost of these, most conspicuous of all objects around Cuzco, on the site of an ancient building of which only a part of the foundations remains, stand three crosses: the *Calvario* of the city. These crosses are 764 feet above the level of the Huacapata, or modern plaza.

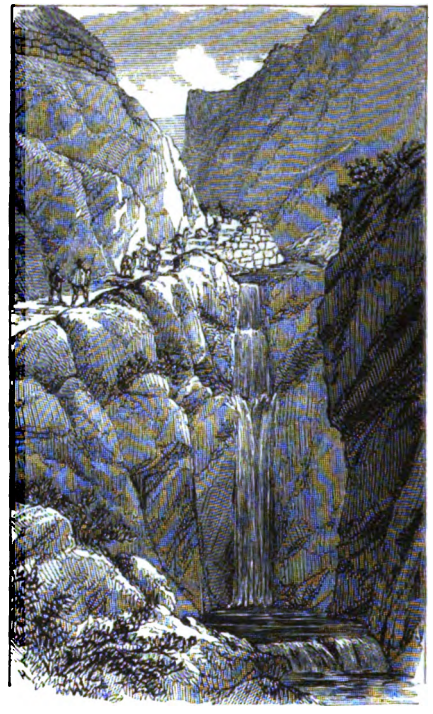
The usual ascent to the Sacsahuaman, and which is practicable by horses, is through the gorge or ravine of the Rodadero, to the right of the eminence, where a road is partly cut out of the hill and partly built up against it—a cliff on one side and a precipice on the other. At the bottom of the ravine the little Rodadero chafes and murmurs, here leaping, a miniature cataract, from one shelf to another; and next gathering in dark, shaded, bubble-covered pools, as if recovering courage for another plunge. In ascending the Sacsahuaman we will start from the foot of the street of *el Triunfo*, where it rests on the rivulet Rodadero, or Tullamayo, and then turn to the left. Leaving the Cyclopean terrace of the Inca Roca behind us, we pass in front of the *Yachahuasi*, or schools erected by that patron of learning. It seems to have been a vast building, or series of buildings, several hundred feet in length, with walls of relatively small but perfectly-fitting stones, which enter largely into the modern structures. After passing a few blocks we come to the gorge of the Rodadero, where it is traversed by a mod-

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AQUEDUCT OVER THE TULLAMAYO OR RODADERO.

ern aqueduct built on arches, between an abutment of rock on one side and of ancient Inca work on the other—a picturesque and pleasing object. A short, sharp scramble and we reach one of the lower terraces of the Colcompata,



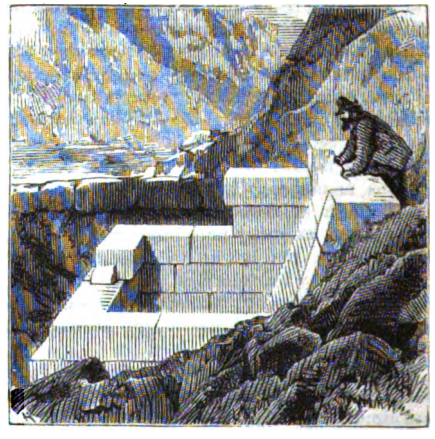
UPPER FALL OF THE RODADERO.

and the road proper to the Sacsahuaman. We pass in succession the upper and lower falls of the Rodadero, which mingle the tinkle and murmur of their waters with those of the azequias that flow in invisible channels above our heads. We will require to stop frequently in open spaces, left for the purpose, either to recover breath or permit our animals to do so, as well as to allow the troops of llamas, led by their silent owners down the rugged pathway, to pass us.

At one point we discover what appears to be

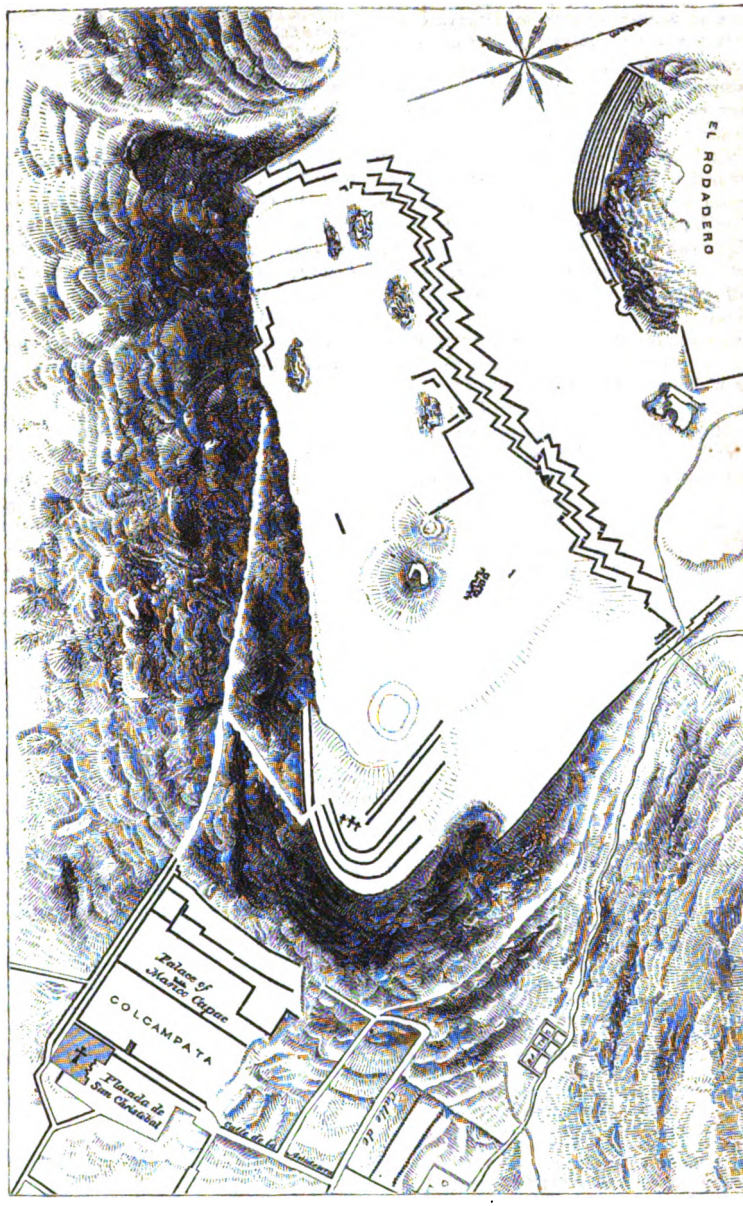


LOWER FALL OF THE RODADERO.



PART OF INCA AQUEDUCT.

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PLAN OF THE INCA FORTRESS OF THE SACSAHUAMAN, DOMINATING THE CITY OF CUZCO.

a well, or square shaft, walled in with cut stones, fourteen feet deep. The wall on the inner side, or that lying next the slope, is also sloping, as if to facilitate the passage of water. The bottom of the shaft is filled with rubbish, and without excavation it is impossible to say whither it leads. It is probably part of one of the subterranean aqueducts through which the Incas conducted water into their capital from distant, and often unknown sources.

As we ascend, we observe, high up above us on our left, long lines of walls, which are the faces of the eastern terraces of the Fortress. These become heavier as we advance until, when we finally reach the level of the *plateau*, up the rugged front of which we have been struggling, they cease to be simply retaining-walls, and rise in massive, independent walls composed of great blocks of limestone. A gateway, flanked by heavy stones, opens on our left, and we stop while a drove of llamas defile through it. Stone steps formerly existed by which to ascend to the higher grounds within, but they have been broken away, although their traces remain. It was

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in attempting to force this gateway, in the last desperate encounter between the Spaniards and the Incas, that Juan Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror, was killed.

Passing through this gateway—the ancient *Tiupuncu*, or "Gate of Sand"—and through the main outer walls of the Fortress, we find ourselves in a little open plain or *pampa*. On our right we notice a considerable eminence of rock of singular aspect, called *el Rodadero*, and on the other hand we have our first view of the great Cyclopean walls of the Fortress of the Sacsahuaman—the most massive among monuments of similar character, either in the Old or New Worlds.

Before attempting to describe this vast structure I should explain that the mass of the headland on which the Fortress stands is a metamorphic rock, disintegrating, hard in parts and soft in others, thrust up by igneous action from below, and bearing on its surface huge fragments of limestone from adjacent cliffs of that material—a tumultuous piece of natural workmanship which it would require an accomplished geologist to classify and explain. This headland is highest where it overlooks the city, and behind it is the area or *pampa* to which I have alluded, perhaps a hundred feet lower than its loftiest point—an area unquestionably much leveled by art, and now smooth as a prairie. Beyond this, and about three hundred feet distant, is the swell of amphibolic rock called the Rodadero, to which I have also alluded, and of which I shall have occasion to speak further on.

But before going on let us see what the chroniclers have to say concerning the work within which we are now standing. It elicited from them an admiration scarcely less extravagant than was bestowed on the Temple of the Sun:

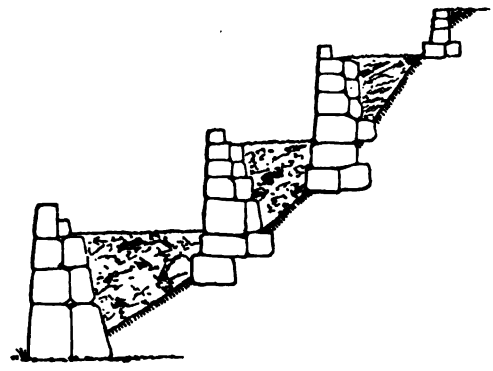
"This was the greatest and most superb of the edifices," says Garcillaso de la Vega, "that the Incas raised to demonstrate their majesty and power. Its greatness is incredible to those who have not seen it; and those who have seen it and studied it with attention, will be led not alone to imagine but to believe that it was reared by enchantment, by demons and not by men, because of the number and size of the stones placed in the three walls, which are rather cliffs than walls, and which it is impossible to believe were cut out of quarries, since the Indians had neither iron nor steel wherewith to extract or shape them. And how they were brought together is a thing equally wonderful, since the Indians had neither carts nor oxen nor ropes wherewith to drag them by main force. Nor were there level roads over which to transport them, but, on the contrary, steep mountains and abrupt declivities, to be overcome by the simple force of men. Many of the stones were brought," continues the chronicler, "from ten to fifteen leagues, and especially the stone, or rather the rock, called *Saycusca*, or the 'Tired Stone,' because it never reached the structure, and which it is known was brought a distance of fifteen leagues, from beyond the river of Yucay, which is little less in size than the Guadalquivir at Cordova. The stones obtained nearest were from Muyna, five leagues from Cuzco. It passes the power of imagination to conceive how so many and so great stones could be so accurately fitted together as scarcely to admit the insertion of the point of a knife between them. Many are indeed so well fitted that the joint can hardly be discovered. And all this is the more wonderful as they had no squares or levels to place on the stones and ascertain if they would fit together. How often must they have taken up and put down the stones to ascertain if the joints were perfect! Nor did they have cranes, nor pulleys, nor other machinery whatever.....But what is most marvelous of the edifice is the incredible size of the stones, and the astonishing labor of bringing them together and placing them."

Here Garcillaso proceeds to quote Acosta, "because he had not received such clear and exact measurements of the stones of the Fortress of Cuzco as he had asked for." Acosta says that he measured stones in Tiahuanaco "thirty feet long, eighteen broad, and six thick;" but that in the Fortress of Cuzco are others much larger, "and much to be admired, because, although irregular in size and shape, they were nevertheless perfectly joined, each stone fitting into the other as if made for the place."

The outline of the eminence of the Sacsahuaman, on the side toward the rocks of the Rodadero, is rather concave than otherwise, and it is along this face that the heaviest works of the Fortress were built. They remain substantially perfect, and will remain so—unless disturbed by a violence which is not to be anticipated, and of which the present inhabitants of Cuzco hardly seem capable—as long as the Pyramids shall last, or Stonehenge and the Colosseum shall endure, for it is only with these works that the Fortress of the Sacsahuaman can be properly compared.

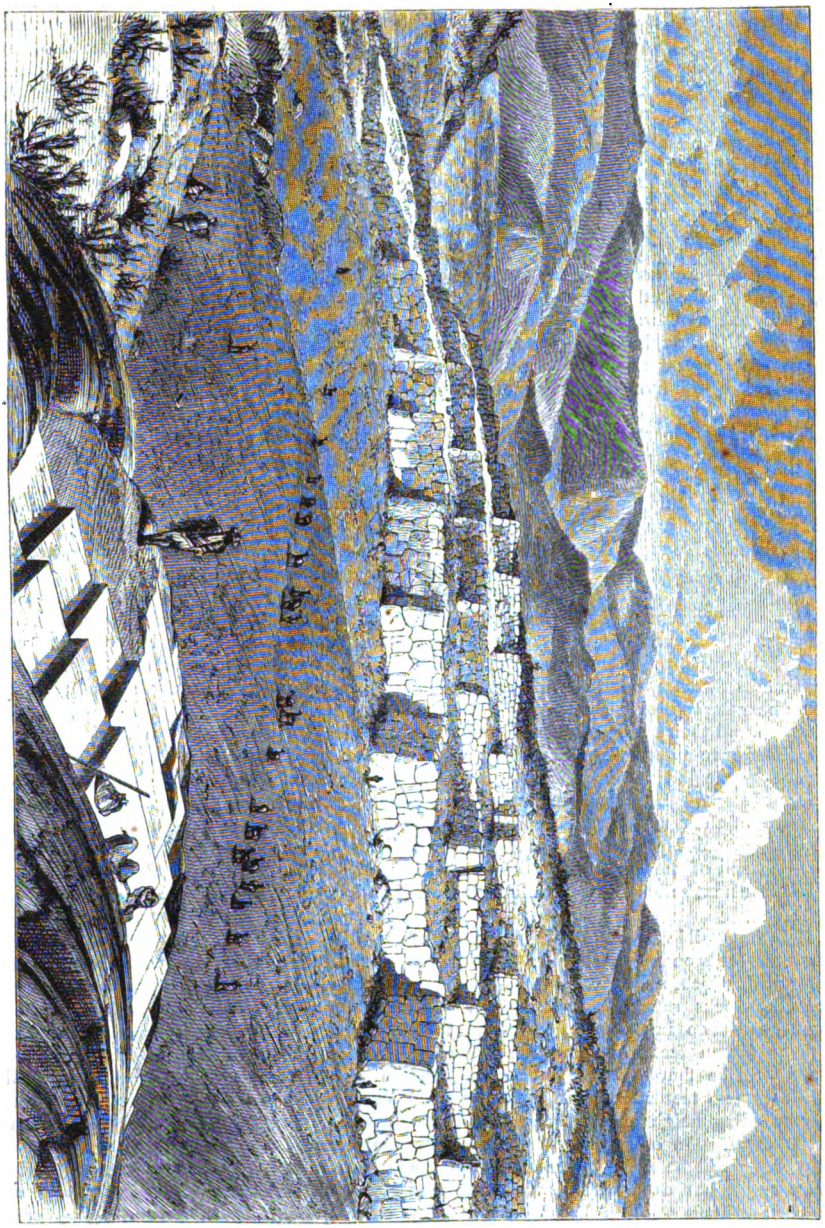
The defenses consist, on this side, of three lines of massive walls, each supporting a terrace and parapet. The walls are nearly parallel, and have approximately accurate entering and reentering angles for their total existing length of 1800 feet. The first or outer wall has an average present height of 27 feet; the second wall is 35 feet within it, and is 18 feet high; the third is 18 feet within the second, and is, in its highest part, 14 feet in elevation. The total elevation of the works is therefore 59 feet.

I am now speaking strictly of the walls on the northern front of the Fortress. Long lines of wall extend along the heights dominating the gorge of the rivulet Rodadero; and there are



SECTION OF THE WALLS OF THE FORTRESS.

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PART OF THE FORTRESS OF THE SACSAHUAMAN, FROM THE "SEAT OF THE INCA."

sections of walls, besides those of the terraces of the Calvario, on the brow of the hill on the side of the city. As these were constructed of regularly squared stones, they have been almost wholly destroyed, the stones having been rolled down the eminence to enter into the walls of the numerous churches and convents of the modern town.

The remarkable feature of the walls of the Fortress, on its only assailable side, is the conformation with modern defensive structures in the employment of salients, so that the entire face of the walls could be covered by a parallel fire from the weapons of the defenders. This feature is not the result in any degree of the conformation of the ground, but of a clearly settled plan. The stones composing the walls are massive blocks of blue limestone, irregular in size and shape, and the work is altogether without doubt the grandest specimen of the style called "Cyclopean" extant in America. The outer wall, as I have said, is heaviest.

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Each salient terminates in an immense block of stone, sometimes as high as the level of the terrace which it supports, but generally sustaining one or more great stones only less in size than itself. One of these stones is 27 feet high, 14 broad, and 12 in thickness. Stones of 15 feet length, 12 in width, and 10 in thickness, are common in the outer walls. They are all slightly beveled on the face, and near the joints chamfered down sharply to the contiguous faces. The joints—what with the lapse of time, and under the effects of violence, earthquakes, and the weather—are not now, if they ever were, as perfect as represented by the chroniclers. They are, nevertheless, wonderfully close, and cut with a precision rarely seen in modern fortifications. The inner walls are composed of smaller and more regular stones, and are less impressive.

Each wall supports a terrace or platform, filled in, as we discovered in the excavations made by treasure-seekers, with large, rough stones and the chippings of those composing the walls. The summit of each wall rose originally from six to eight feet above the level of the terrace, forming a parapet with an interior bench or step whereon the defenders might mount to discharge their missiles against assailants. To prevent accumulations of water behind the walls, the builders cut small drains or conduits through the stones at every second angle near the base of the structure—a common feature in all their terrace and retaining walls. The inner or re-entering angles were not wholly formed by the junction or placing together of blocks of stone. Here, too, the device common in many of their more regular structures was adopted, of chiseling the angle in the stone, so that one end of the block should enter on the face of the next salient, thus "binding" the corner.

It is impossible to conceive the variety of shapes of the stones, especially of those of the outer wall, which, as Garcillaso says, "is composed of rocks rather than of stones." In some cases two immense stones, from fourteen to fifteen feet high, and ten to twelve broad, will be found placed only a foot and a half or two feet apart, with a thin slab of corresponding height cut to fit accurately between them. In other cases the upper part of a stone will be concave, and the lower a sharp angle, but each surface matching that which it adjoins.

The extremities of the heavy walls under notice have been much destroyed; but there is evidence that there were entrances or passages at each end, as well as three gateways in the main front. The chroniclers speak only of three, called respectively *Tiupuncu*, "the Sand Gate;" *Acahuana-puncu*, "the Gate of Acahuana," who was one of the engineers employed in the construction of the work, and the third *Viracocha-puncu*, "the Gate of Viracocha." The main entrance was rather to the left of the centre of the line of walls, where one salient was omitted, so as to leave a rectangular space, sixty-three feet long by twenty-five broad. In the centre of the left-hand end of this space, between two blocks of stone, the outer one forming the angle being fifteen feet long, nine feet thick, and twelve high, was left an opening four feet wide. Steps led through this opening to the level of the inner terrace, the passage being lined with heavy stones. The chroniclers affirm that these openings, in times of danger, were closed by great blocks of stone, which are yet to be found near some of them, and for the reception of which we notice one step omitted on the inner side of the wall.

The entrance through the second wall at this point is more intricate, and opens against a transverse wall, where the steps turn at right angles, and thus reach the second terrace. The third wall has two entrances, one plain, like that through the first, and the second corresponding with that through the intermediate wall. The lesser entrances to the right and left of the principal ones just described, are simple openings, occurring not opposite each other, but in the alternating salients.

The easternmost gateway of all, through the parallel walls running at right angles to the general line of fortifications, is very nearly perfect, and shows the stairway very clearly. It has ten steps, each ten inches high and twelve inches broad.

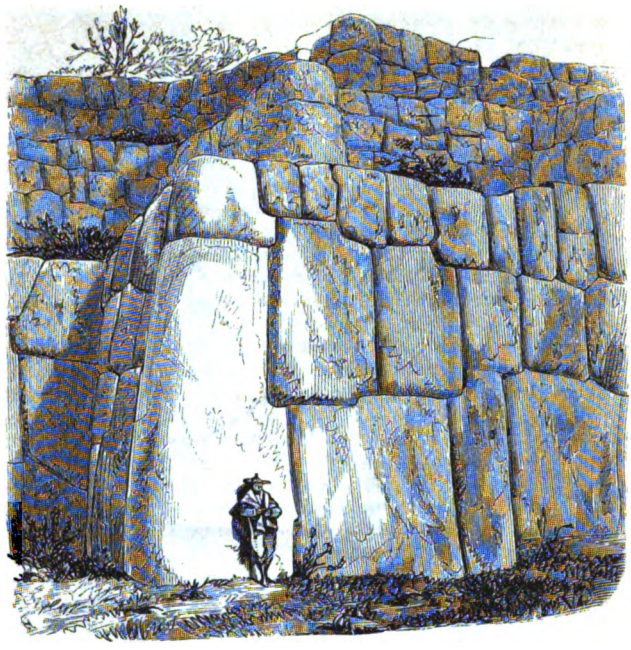
The ground within the walls rises to a further elevation of about sixty feet, and is rocky. Several masses of metamorphic rock and limestone project above the soil or are scattered over it. In one of these a cavern forty feet deep has been excavated, and others are cut into steps and seats. Here are fragments of the foundations of considerable structures, of regularly cut stones, but of which the plans can not now be made out. These are probably the remnants of what the chroniclers describe as three small fortresses, or citadels, within the greater work. Two of these are said to have been square and one round. The latter was the largest and in the centre, and was called *Muyuc-Marca*, or "Round Building," and was designed to receive the Inca and his family in case of danger, together with the wealth of his palaces and the treasures of the Sun. It is said to have been rich in decoration, and lined with gold and silver. This is also said to have communicated by subterranean passages with the two square towers, destined for the reception of the garrison of the fortress, and with the royal palaces and the Temple of the Sun. I can credit the former part of the statement, for there are remains of such passages, but that any of these descended, as they must have done, almost vertically for 764 feet, and then horizontally into the city, is a presumption altogether improbable.

Prescott has given the name of "The Fortress" to the three towers or citadels, and mistakes in supposing that there were but two lines

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of walls protecting approach to them from the side opposite the city. This is the more surprising, as Garcillaso and others distinctly state that there were three walls, and that these constituted "The Fortress," which they regarded as the eighth wonder of the world.

As I have said, it was in a desperate attempt to recover this Fortress from the revolted Indians, that Juan Pizarro was mortally wounded, and it was from the battlements of the Muyuc-Marca that the Inca commander hurled himself to the ground when the issue of battle was decided against him. His was the last blow struck in behalf of the Inca power.



SALIENT ANGLE OF FORTRESS.

The stones composing the Fortress of the Sacsahuaman are limestone, and masses of the same still lie within the walls of the Fortress, and are scattered over the plateau behind it. That some of these in the wall were taken from their natural positions near the place where they now stand is most probable; but that others were brought from the limestone cliffs that edge the plateau, three-fourths of a mile to a mile distant is certain. Two distinct, well-graded roads still remain leading to these ledges, where the evidences of quarrying are as clear as they are at Quincy, in Massachusetts. The rock is the cliff limestone, evidently considerably changed and fissured by igneous action, splitting off in great, irregular blocks, in turn much seamed and furrowed by the elements. The earth and débris were excavated away beneath these, and when they fell by their own gravity they were partly hewn on the spot, dragged to the Fortress, and there fitted. Blocks half-hewn still lie in the quarries, and some in nearly perfect condition by the side of the roads to which I have referred. How they were thus dragged we can only infer from the undoubted fact that the Incas had no draft animals. They must, therefore, have been moved by combined human force on rollers of wood or stone, and forced up inclined planes to the positions they were to occupy. If the force of a thousand men was insufficient to move them, it was quite within the power of the Incas to bring ten times that number to the task. The Incas had both ropes and cables, and I have seen nothing in the size of the stones here or elsewhere not amenable to the power of numbers. It is not to be supposed for an instant that limestone masses should be brought from beyond the Yucay, fifteen leagues distant, when precisely the same stone was to be had near at hand in inexhaustible quantities.

The great *Piedra Cansada*, "Tired Stone," or *Sayacusca*, of which Garcillaso and others speak as having occupied 20,000 men in moving it, and which, rolling over, killed 300 workmen, is an enormous mass of a thousand tons or more, and certainly was never moved ever so slightly by human power. Its top, like the tops of hundreds of other rocks on the plateau of the Rodadero, is cut into what appear to be seats and reservoirs of every shape; its sides are cut in niches and stairways—the whole a maze of incomprehensible sculpture and of apparently idle although elaborate workmanship. The largest stone in the Fortress has a computed weight of 361 tons.

Three hundred feet in front of the Fortress is a dome-shaped mass of trachytic rock called *el Rodadero*, which, on the side toward the Fortress, was faced up in terraces with large and beautifully cut stones, which have been removed and rolled down into the city. This rock is also called *la Piedra Lisa*, inasmuch as its convex surface is grooved, as if the rock had been squeezed up in a plastic state between irregular and unyielding walls, and then hardened into shape with a smooth and glassy surface. A mass of dough forced up under the outspread hands would give something of the same appearance in miniature. It is said that the Inca youth amused themselves in coursing through these polished grooves on festival days—a custom which the youth of Cuzco have not allowed to fall into disuse. And here I may allude to

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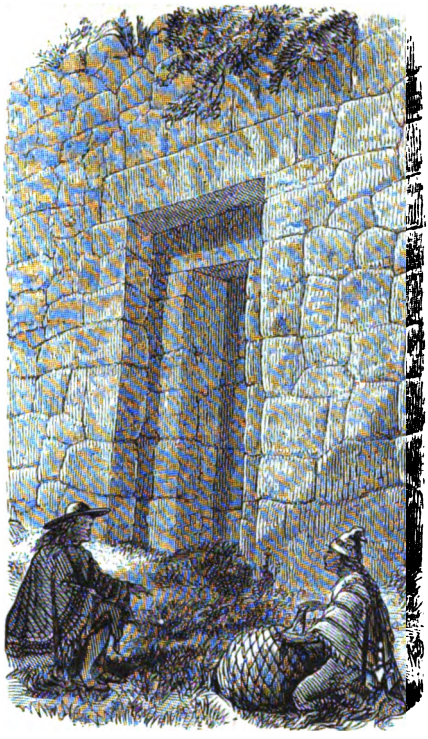


VIEW OF CUZCO AND THE NEVADA OF ASUNGATO FROM THE BROW OF THE SACSAHUAMAN.

a very comical mistake into which Rivero and Von Tschudi, together with their translators, have fallen regarding this rock. Misled by the designation "Rodadero" they have described this eminence, which is more than half a mile in circumference and at least eighty feet high, as follows: "A short distance from the Fortress is a large piece of amphibolic rock, known by the name of the Smooth Rolling Stone, which served, and still serves, for diversion to the inhabitants, by rolling like a garden roller, having a sort of hollow formed in the middle through friction!"

On the very summit of the rock of the Rodadero there are a series of broad seats, rising one above the other in front and laterally, like a stairway, cut with unsurpassable precision in the hard rock. This is called "The Seat of the Inca," and tradition relates that it was here the Incas came at intervals, through three reigns, to watch the progress of constructing the Fortress. There are other smaller seats lower

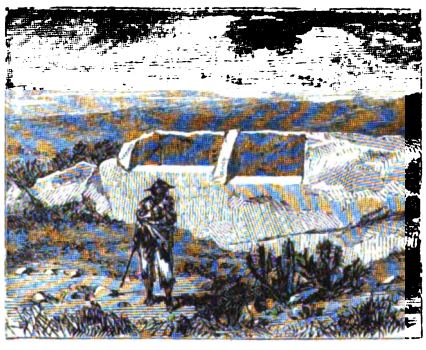
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NICHE IN TERRACE WALLS OF THE COLCOMPATA.

down, which, the same authority relates, were occupied by the attendants on the Inca.

As I have said, the rocks all over the plateau back of the Fortress, chiefly limestone, are cut and carved in a thousand forms. Here is a niche, or a series of them; anon a broad seat like a sofa, or a series of small seats; next a flight of steps; then a cluster of square, round, and octagonal basins; long lines of grooves; occasional holes drilled down to reservoirs in some fissure in the rock, widened artificially into a chamber—and all these cut with the accuracy and finish of the most skillful worker in marble. In one or two instances these rocks had walls of cut stones built up around or in part against them, and have traces of small edifices on their summits, conveying the impression that they were shrines, from within the hollowed chambers of which the wily priest uttered oracles in response to offerings of chicha or maize. One part of a low limestone cliff, not far from the Rodadero, is called the *Chingana* or "Labyrinth," and it well deserves the name. It is much fissured naturally. These fissures have been enlarged by art, and new passages opened, with low corridors, small apartments, niches, seats, etc., forming a maze in which it requires great care not to be entangled and lost. The interior and remoter ramifications can not now be followed, since General San Roman, when Prefect of Cuzco, had some of the passages walled up, in consequence of the recurrence of accidents—the last accident happening to three boys who were lost and starved to death in the recesses of the Chingana.



ROCK SEATS, NEAR FORTRESS.

There is a story current of two students who, many years ago, undertook the exploration of the Chingana, and followed its passage until they found themselves beneath the Temple of the Sun, and could distinctly hear the chanting of mass in the church of Santo Domingo, which occupies its site. "All of which," in the phrase with which committees end their reports, "is respectfully submitted."

I have thus described the great Fortress of the Sacsahuaman from the modern stand-point—as it is. It is a mistake of our old chronicler, Garcillaso, that the Fortress could not be commanded, not even by artillery. It is commanded in great part by the Rodadero at short musket-shot; and from the heights of Cantutpata, on the left of the rivulet Rodadero, it is completely commanded by the lightest artillery, and a portion of it by arrows. Still, it was no doubt an impregnable fortress, under the system of warfare practiced in ancient times, when slings and arrows were the longest-reaching of offensive arms.

The old authors differ as to the date of the construction of the Fortress of Cuzco. Garcillaso assigns it principally to Yupanqui, the tenth Inca, who came to power about the year 1400, and reigned thirty-nine years. He says that Pachacutic, ninth Inca, and father of Yupanqui, conceived the design, and left the plan with a great quantity of the stones prepared for building it; but that it was not finished until during the reign of Huayna Capac, the father of Atahualpa and Huascar, and but a short time before the arrival of the Spaniards.

Three hundred years have not sufficed to eradicate the notion that enormous treasures are concealed within the Fortress; nor have three hundred years of excavation, more or less constant, entirely discouraged the searchers for *tapadas*. In making our surveys of the work and of the Rodadero many were the eyes that watched us from behind rocks and stones, in full belief that the *forasteros* were there with some ancient *itinerario* obtained from Spain,

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determining by strange instruments the places where the Incas had hidden their wealth. More than once have we found, returning to our work in the mornings, the ground deeply excavated over-night where we had planted our little peg to determine the limit of our day's survey, and as a guide for resumption of our work. Often have I been approached by individuals of highest local position, with knowing and confidential hints and suggestions as to where the treasures were—merely as friends, to save us trouble, and with perfect willingness to make a fair division of the spoils; their traditional knowledge to offset our practical skill in treasure-hunting.

I doubt if, among all the people, high and low, whom I met in the Sierra, half a dozen could be found, when questioned apart, who would not testify to a belief that the investigation of ancient monuments was rather a clumsy pretext under which to carry on search for the chain of Huayna Capac or some other *tapada* of equal value, like the *pexe grande* of Chimu or the 10,000 llama loads of gold that were lost to the Spaniards by the premature execution of Atahualpa. And, if closely pressed, I think there are not a few who would take a distinct oath that my rather precipitate retreat to the coast, when the rains began to fall, was the immediate consequence of having been successful in my search. And I think it not impossible that the stones that were rolled down on us in the defiles of Andahuaylas were intended to create a confusion, wherein the mules laden with supposed Inca treasure could be *stampeded*, and the strangers and heretics spoiled. What a disappointment it would have been to the evil-minded assailants if they had succeeded in obtaining the coveted packages, only to find them filled with skulls and all uncleanness!

In a MS. in the British Museum, a copy of which is in my possession, I find recorded a curious story touching the supposed treasures of the Sacsahuaman, told by Felipe de Pomanes, who says:

"It is a well-known and acknowledged thing that in this Fortress of Cuzco there is a secret vault, in which is a vast treasure, since there were placed in it all the statues of the Incas, wrought in gold. And there is living to-day a lady who has been in this vault, named Doña Maria de Esquivel, wife of the last Inca, and whom I have heard describe how she came to go there, and what she saw there. It was thus: This lady had married Don Carlos Inca, who had not the means to keep up the state of the great personage that he really was, and the Doña Maria neglected him" [the chronicler says something worse], "because she had been deceived into marrying a poor Indian under the pretense that he was a great lord and Inca. And she so often repeated this reproach that Don Carlos one night said to her: 'Do you wish to know if I am the miserable pauper and wretch you accuse me of being? Do you wish to know if I am poor or rich? If so, come with me, and you shall see that I possess more wealth than any lord or king in the universe.' And Doña Maria, overcome by curiosity, consented to have her eyes bandaged—so unlike a woman—and to follow her indignant lord, who led her a number of turns, and then took her hand and conducted her down into a room, when he removed the bandage from her eyes, and she saw herself surrounded by unbounded treasures. In niches in the walls were many statues of all the Incas, as large as youths of twelve years old, all of finest gold, besides numberless vases of gold and silver, and blocks of the same, and altogether a wealth that convinced the lady that here was the grandest treasure of the world."

How she behaved to her lord afterward the chronicler does not tell us; and whether she wheedled Don Carlos Inca out of a statue of his fathers, or a block of gold, we are unfortunately left in ignorance. But the chronicler does say that it is not to be presumed that an author of such judgment and character as Felipe de Pomanes would tell a story, even if it were possible that a lady of the character and known virtue of Doña Maria de Esquivel, could be guilty of such a thing.

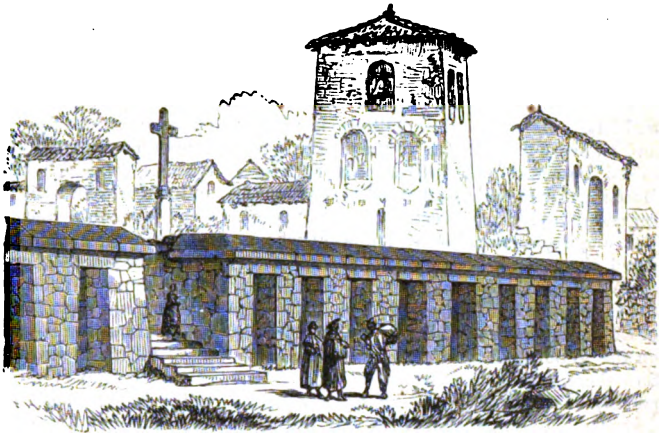
All I can say is, that if the secret chamber that she entered has not yet been found and despoiled it has not been for default of digging, for I doubt if a foot of the soil of the Sacsahuaman has escaped being turned a dozen times over. Men were constantly busy there during the whole time of our stay. Perhaps our visit gave a new impulse to money-digging, or tapada-hunting, which, if called on to say, I should declare to be the principal occupation of the people of Peru. The time, labor, and money that have been spent in digging and dismantling ancient edifices, would have built a railway from one end of the country to the other—given wharves to the ports, and, what is far more needed, sewers to the cities!

With this rapid notice of Cuzco and its Fortress I dismiss the Inca capital, with its numerous monuments and interesting traditions, and stride away to the famous Valley of Yucay, rich in soil, delightful in climate, luxuriant in vegetation, and varied in productions, where the Incas had their country seat, their baths, and their gardens. This valley, probably the most beautiful in Peru, is formed by the River Vilcanota, which we saw trickling from the dark tarn of La Raya, now swollen into a large stream, bearing the names, according to locality, of Vilcamayo, Urubamba, and Yucay. It is truly the Ucayali, and the parent stream of the Amazon. It is separated from the *bolson* of Cuzco by a high, irregular table-land, or *puna*, a hard day's journey across, although the distance in a right line can hardly exceed twenty miles. The Incas had two roads over this high bleak ridge; one leading direct from Cuzco to Yucay, with the intermediate establishment of Chinchero, where they had a palace; and the other more circuitous, by way of the plain of Chita, where the young Inca, Viracocha, chafed in exile, watching the flocks of his irate father, until the Brother of the Sun called him to victory and power. The roads, of which fragments remain, were formed of rough stones set in the ground, and were raised in the centre, with a row of larger stones set on edge on each side, through which at intervals there was an opening to pass off the water. The road was supported by terrace walls of cut stone

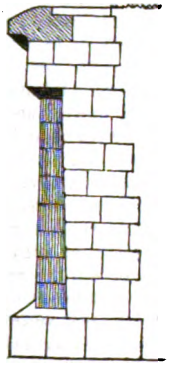
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in some places, where zigzaging up declivities, evincing in plan and execution capable design and much skill.

In Chinchero are very elaborate remains. The present plaza of the town is an ancient square, flanked on one side by a terrace, supported by the most beautiful and elaborately niched retaining-wall that I saw in Peru, several hundred feet long. The structures, probably Inca palaces, built on this terrace have mainly disappeared, but a portion of the walls, corresponding with those of the Temple of the Sun in Cuzco, still form part of the vast and quaint church of the village. The ancient edifices stood back a little from the edge of the terrace, which is remarkable but by no means peculiar, in being crowned with a cornice or coping of large stones. The terrace is twelve feet high; most of the niches seven feet high by three feet ten inches wide at bottom, three feet ten inches at top, and two feet seven inches deep. Some years ago a portion of this fine terrace wall was torn down, and excavations made behind it by seekers for *tapadas;* and I must stop to applaud the deed of the then Prefect of the Department, Señor Guarmendia, who obliged the iconoclasts to replace the work they had destroyed. The restoration is shabby, for the wretches were unable to put together the stones they had torn apart—so much easier is it to destroy than to build up.



COPED AND NICHED TERRACE WALLS, CHINCHERO.



SECTION OF TERRACE OF CHINCHERO.

In the neighborhood of Chinchero are great sculptured rocks resembling those of the Sacsahuaman, if possible more elaborately cut and quite as enigmatical. The most interesting one is of limestone, cut in gradients, and with a bold projection like the pedestal of a statue, on which, sculptured in relief from the same rock, is the figure of a puma or tiger reclining on its side, with one of its young in its embrace as if suckling. The outline and action are well given, but the finer details are lost, inasmuch as it is the practice of the youth of the village to pelt with stones *el gato de los gentiles*, "the cat of the gentiles." The work probably suffered greatly from the hands of the early priests.

Two leagues beyond Chinchero we come to the abrupt edge of the table-land on which it stands, and look almost sheer down on the Valley of Yucay, 4000 feet below. Here the traveler pauses instinctively, for the view before him is unsurpassed for beauty or grandeur by any on which his eyes have rested. In front rises that gigantic spur of the Andes which separates the valleys of the Vilcamayo and Paucurtambo, with rugged escarpments of bare rock, lofty snowy peaks and silvery glaciers, sharp, bright, and distinct, except when the clouds surge up its eastern side, to dissolve and disappear in flurries of snow on its summit. The great peaks of Chicon, Huacawasi, and Calca, tower up with a majesty scarcely second to that of the mighty Sorata, and with the abruptness of the Jungfrau, the Eigher, and the Matterhorn. The glaciers that lie between them have a sweep, as compared with those of the Alps, like that of a Western prairie as compared with a valley meadow of New England.

From the glittering crests of these vast mountains the eye ranges down, through every graduation of color and depth of shadow, past cleft and cliff, ravine and precipice, until it rests on the graceful *andenes* or terraces of the far-famed Gardens of Yucay. These sweep in curves around the feet of mountains, or project into the narrow valley through which steals the Rio Vilcamayo, in every combination of geometrical outline. Though now midwinter, and the crops are gathered in, yet the valley is gay with clumps of trees, gardens, and green hedgerows, which define the outlines of fields laid out by the Incas themselves, and with that regularity which distinguishes all the works of their hands. Although only about 2500 feet lower than the bolson of Cuzco, the Valley of Yucay, sheltered on every side, enjoys a climate much milder, corresponding very closely with that of Nismes and the south of France. Equally salubrious and fertile, easily accessible from the capital, and with a vegetation exceptional in the Sierra, this sweet, calm valley, framed in by the loftiest mountains of the continent, be-

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came early the favorite resort of the Incas. Here they constructed those marvelous hanging gardens which, while they astonish by their extent and charm with their beauty, bear constant witness to the skill and the taste of their builders. Here, too, they built their palaces, and on every pass leading to their retreat they raised immense and impregnable fortresses. Borne hither in their golden palanquins, with a ceremony and pomp becoming the heads of a vast empire, surrounded by followers who revered them as embodying the power of the State and the majesty and sanctity of Religion, the Incas must often have paused on the heights of Chinchero to gaze with awe and admiration on the grand panorama that here opened before them, and which the pencil may faintly portray but which the pen can not adequately describe. Before them the mighty mountain barriers they never could pass; at their feet the smiling valley of which their poets were never weary of singing, filled with the enduring works of their hands, and bright beneath the clear rays of the parent Sun. Under the inspiration of scenes like these, and in constant contact with Nature in her grandest forms, it would have been wonderful indeed if the Incas had not risen to conceptions higher and ideas more expanded than the dwellers in the gloom of the dense forests and among the jungles of the Amazon, where the sun only penetrates to quicken deadly vapors, and where life is a vain warfare against an unconquerable vegetation, fierce animals, venomous reptiles, and insects scarcely less poisonous.

The descent from the *altos* of Chinchero into the valley is long, laborious, and dangerous. Fragments of the zigzag road of the Incas still remain, supported by heavy walls of masonry, broad enough for six persons to pass abreast, and of easy gradients. Although its careful preservation would seem to have been dictated by the commonest prudence, for there are few points where the escarpment of the plateau can be overcome, yet this artfully-constructed road has been allowed to fall into utter ruin by the wretched successors of the provident Incas.

What at once arrests the attention of the visitor to the Valley of Yucay is the vast system of terraces that lines it on both sides, wherever the conformation of the ground admits of their construction, and of which the so-called *andenes* or Gardens of the Inca, form part. These terraces, rising from the broader ones at the edge of the level grounds, climb the circumscribing mountains to the height of from 1000 to 1500 feet, narrowing as they rise, until the topmost ones are scarcely two feet broad. The terrace walls are of rough stones, well laid, slightly inclining inward, and of varying height of from three to fifteen feet. Very often an azequia or artificial aqueduct, starting high up some narrow ravine, at the very verge of the snow, is carried along the mountain sides, above or through the *andenes*, from which water is taken for irrigation—running from one terrace to the next, and carefully distributed over all. Access from one terrace to another is variously effected; sometimes by zigzag paths; sometimes by regular stairs; but oftenest through the device to which I have had occasion to refer, of projecting stones. This description will apply to the ordinary mountain terraces, of which the whole country is full, and which were built to retain the earth on the steep mountain and hill sides, which would otherwise be washed away.

But the more elaborate *andenes* are those built as are those of Yucay, the most extensive, most regular, and most beautiful of all Peru. They are raised at the mouth of a gorge, which has a rapid fall from among the splintered summits of the Nevada of Calca, and which enters the valley at its widest part, and nearly at right angles to it. Through this leaps out from the rocky entrance to the mountains a bright, clear stream, fed from the drip of the impending glaciers and snowy peaks, which, in the course of ages, has brought down a great mass of débris, rock, and earth, that, until smoothed down and made symmetrical by the Incas, must have been a rude and disfiguring heap in the valley. The first step seems to have been to confine the stream in a single channel, between walls of stone; next to construct a series of semicircular terraces, supported by rude but durable walls, over which the stream leaps in a series of cataracts. As the declivity lessens these terraces become broader, and the stream is diverted into several channels, each feeding a new series of terraces, falling off in front and flank of the central one in almost every possible combination in outline of the square and the circle—in gradients, like the pyramids, and so artfully that the water from the stream is evenly distributed over them all and then carried off to irrigate the wide wings that sweep in grand lines of beauty around the bases of the mountains up and down the valley. The central and most elevated series of terraces, which pushes out boldly in the plain, is made up chiefly of square areas, with flanking aprons, filled with richest soil, from which the stones have all been carefully removed, and which nurtures that noblest of native cereals, the *maize blanca*, or white maize of Yucay. Upon one of these areas, with broad terraces on every side or circling away in graceful perspective, with the white glaciers of Calca impending behind, and the mural face of the Plateau of Chinchero rising in front—high up among the *andenes*, where the eye commands long reaches of teeming valley and of the river with its burnished pools and swirling rapids, surrounded by lofty *pisote* trees clothed in unfading green and glowing like sunset with their orange-colored flowers, amidst baths and fountains and the murmur of falling waters—stood the Summer Palace of the Incas. Only a few sad remnants attest its site and signify its finished architecture. The delicately-cut stones of which it was built went early to construct the churches of the neighboring vil-

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lages of Huaylabamba, Calca, Urquillos, Urubamba, and the convents that the warrior priests of the Conquest were not slow to raise in the genial and fertile valley of Yucay.

I commenced my explorations in the valley from the town of Uurubamba—"Plain of the Spider"—the capital of the district, which is entered over a lofty stone bridge of ninety feet span, and between two rows of gigantic willows. The town itself is like all other towns of the Sierra, but its position can hardly be surpassed in beauty—a beauty enhanced, to our eyes, by the reappearance of a verdure to which we had long been strangers. Apart from great willows and gigantic *pisotes*, we found other familiar varieties of trees. Hundreds of wild cherry-trees lined the roads, some in blossom and some in fruit, while peaches and apples, oranges and lemons, hung temptingly in the gardens.

Our host, Señor Umeres, was the Sub-Prefect of the district, a very enterprising, and, for the country, a very intelligent man, who provided us with mules for our visit to Ollantaytambo, and a letter of recommendation to the Gobernador of that frontier town, lying eight leagues distant, down the valley of the river.

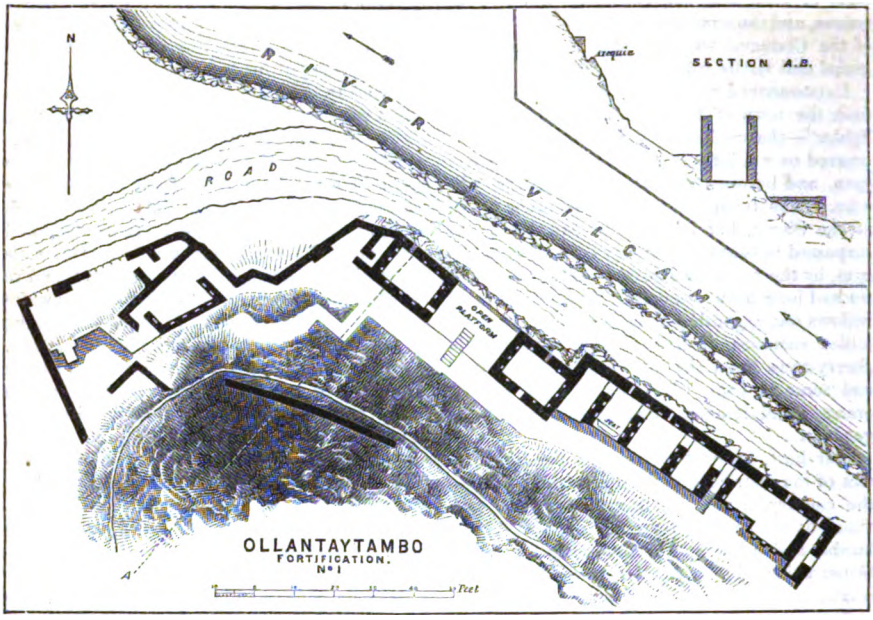
The ride to this point is extremely varied and interesting, amidst scenery alternately grand and picturesque. At a distance of three leagues, the road running between stone-walls and rows of cherry and peach trees, and lined with rude stone-houses, we came to where a broad gorge opened between lofty mountains on our right. This gorge extends high up into a region of mist and snow, to a great glacier, or a series of glaciers, which appear to unite in it from different directions. A very considerable stream emerges from these, which, however, distributes itself into several channels over a vast mass of rocks and stones and gravel, with scrubby bushes interspersed, that has been swept or crowded down through the gorge, filling up the valley for miles, and pressing close on the river, where, owing to the wash of the stream, it presents a perpendicular face of indurated material at least two hundred feet high, cut into fantastic, castellated forms, like an aggregation of old Gothic cathedrals. To descend this escarpment was no easy matter, the path being both narrow and precipitous and full of rolling stones; and when once down the road was a ticklish one, between cliff and river. Further on, beyond this mass of débris, the valley widens out into a sort of marshy pampa, on the further edge of which we discerned an ancient Inca edifice, connected with a series of extensive terraces and other complicated works, too much ruined to be intelligible. Immediately back of the structure, however, rises a high cliff, the face of which is full of ancient tombs; that is to say, of excavations natural and artificial in the rock, within which the dead were placed, and then walled up with stones, stuccoed over, and painted. Many of these seemed absolutely inaccessible, or to be reached only by ropes let down from above. We contrived, however, to clamber up to several of them, from which I obtained several interesting skulls. The fronts of some of the least protected tombs had fallen away, and the bones of their former inmates were scattered at the foot of the cliff, or lay in full view on the narrow shelves of rock.

Beyond this Golgotha the valley narrows again between bare cliffs from two to three thousand feet high, leaving just room enough for the roadway and river—the latter deep and swift and of a bright green color. Our view was limited to a strip of blue sky above, and to the snowy mountain of Chicon, which rose white and sepulchral directly in front, as if blocking up the valley and prohibiting further passage. Again the valley widened, and we rode through a forest of Spanish broom, which here becomes really arborescent, covered thickly with brilliantly-yellow and oppressively-fragrant flowers, among which darted a great variety of hummingbirds, some of them as large as swallows. The mountains now fall further back from the river, it becomes less rapid, and on the opposite or left bank the ground spreads out in broad meadows and cultivated grounds.

Descending through these, at right angles to the river, from a dark and rugged gorge, we noticed a considerable stream, the Rio Guarconda, draining the high *bolson* or Valley of Antis. There is a rough and dangerous pathway through this gorge to the plain above, which the Incas protected by works of considerable extent at its mouth. But their principal works were built further down the stream, at a point where a low ridge extends nearly across the valley. This ridge had been terraced up with high, vertical walls, rising from the very bed of the stream, on every side, to the height of nearly one hundred feet. Held by any considerable body of men, it commanded completely the passage of the valley. The river pours with arrow-like rapidity between these terraces and the rocky escarpment opposite, along the face of which runs the narrow and dizzy pathway over which all travelers to Ollantaytambo are obliged to pass.

From this point forward for a league the valley is narrowed to a mere cleft between mountains rising in rugged masses, but with almost vertical fronts, to enormous elevations. The brain reels in straining to discern their splintered summits. Dark and chill, this is one of the grand *portadas* or mountain gateways of the Andes leading to the plains of the Amazon, of which the early chroniclers write with undissembled awe. The river looks black and sinister in the subdued light, and its murmur subsides into a hollow roar. The shrubs of broom become scant and small, and their flowers are few and mean. In front rises forever the white, ghastly Chicon. We hasten through this gloomy gorge as fast as our mules can travel, and rejoice when the valley again commences to spread out, and we can see patches of sunlight in the open space that invites us onward. Still the river

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presses us close to the mountain, at the base of which is a series of narrow, ruined *andenes*, while on the opposite bank of the river, again confined between heavy artificial walls, we notice a long building of two stories, with turrets and loop-holes, hanging against the mountain, and dominating a narrow pathway that runs between it and the rapid, compressed river. It more resembles the castles of the Rhine and the Lower Rhone than any thing we have yet seen, and would be regarded as a most striking and picturesque object in any part of the world.

A little further the mountains on our right send out a high spur of bare rock directly in front and across our path, deflecting the river across the valley, which now widens out in broad and beautiful intervals, as level as a table, in which we discover men and oxen plowing. At the extremity of this rocky barrier, and between it and the wall against which the river frets and swirls, is a narrow roadway, overshadowed by the Cyclopean walls of another fortress or outwork, above which, perched on the cliffs, at every elevation, we see round towers of stone of varying sizes, with port-holes opening on our line of approach, and from which stones might be precipitated on our very heads. The roadway is partially blocked with the débris of one of these towers and many tons of the rock on which it once stood, all of which had fallen down during the heavy rains of the preceding summer. These rock-slips are frequent among the Andes, sometimes rendering the so-called roads impassable, and occasionally damming up the rivers, when the water, setting back, will form deep, narrow lakes until it breaks through all obstructions in a devastating flood below.

Passing around this salient outwork, our path ascends a series of terraces, underneath niched and crenated walls, until the upper terrace is reached, on which the road runs. An ancient azequia is high above on the rock's side, in which we hear the gurgle of invisible waters. Here, still clinging to the foot of the mountains, we look down past the *andenes* on level fields, which in the proper season must support a wealth of grain. But directly in front, extending as before transversely across the valleys and at right angles to our path, their edges defined by tall willows and flowering shrubs, with water leaping brightly in mimic cataracts from one to the other, we discover the famous terraces of Ollantaytambo. Standing on the edge of the topmost, in strong relief, is a group of buildings which our guide points out as the house of the Governor of Ollantaytambo, to whom we are recommended. It was getting late; we were hungry certainly, and tired withal; and we spurred our mules forward toward our resting-place. Soon we came to a massive crenated wall, pierced by two gateways with grooves in their piers, as if to receive a sliding portcullis, and flanked on the beetling ledges of the mountain by round loop-holed towers, like those already mentioned. Beyond, the road led between two ancient stone buildings, still inhabited, which fill the space between the edge of the terrace and the cliffs, apparently designed as guard-houses, and between which the visitor to Ollantaytambo had to pass in the olden, as he has to do in the modern time. Past these the road continues between a high niched wall on one hand, and the cliff with its gurgling azequia on the other. Thus shut in 'twixt wall and mountain, and our view circumscribed, we jog on for half a mile. Then the wall ends. A

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lane leads off to our left at right angles for a few hundred yards between stone-walls and hedges of flowering shrubs, when we come to a sort of shrine, in which is a crumbling cross covered with faded ribbons and withered flowers. Here we turn again, and again at right angles, and at the end of another long lane, with an azequia running through its centre, we discover the house or group of houses belonging to the Gobernador. They are low and mean enough in reality, but in the purple shadow of the mountains, over whose tops the setting sun casts a crimson glow, they look a blissful haven of rest. Our mules pricked up their ears, and with visions of infinite *alfalfa* before them broke into a lively trot, carrying us through the gateway and into the paved court of the Gobernador's house with a spirited clang and clatter that made us feel that we were caballeros if not conquerors.

The Gobernador was a man of wealth as well as of consequence, hospitable, and reasonably intelligent. His house is built around a court, in which the horses are tethered, the cattle fed, the pigs allowed to roam without restraint, in company with the dogs, the geese, the ducks, the chickens, and the little *cues* or indigenous guinea-pigs that go squeaking in and out every crevice in the walls. For the delectation of all of these the azequia runs through the centre of the court into a paved pool, whence it is conducted over the terraces to help irrigate the level lands below. From this pool the cattle drink; in it the pigs wallow, and the geese and ducks disport themselves. From it the water you drink and wash in is ladled up; in it the dishes you ate from are cleansed; and if, when the modest night drops its curtain, you peep through the cracks of your door you may discern the servants of the establishment bathing in it. Not too often, however. But the water flows in rapidly at one extremity, and is discharged with equal rapidity at the other, and you take it for granted it carries all impurities with it.

Señor Benavente gave us an apartment about twelve feet square next to the close den in which the servants slept. It had the advantage of a small unglazed window under the eaves, and a door which would shut, requiring only to be braced with a stick from the inside. Dinner he served us in his own sala, which had a mud floor, an unsteady table, and a long bench whereon to sit. There was a hide bed in the corner, with saddles and bridles draped over it, improvised, the Gobernador said, because the Señora his wife, whose suppressed moans we could hear through a thin partition of cotton cloth, was ill of fever. I administered, after due solicitation: blue pills, two at night; grains of quinine fifteen in the morning; chicken broth, light, in the interval. To be repeated daily. Cure complete in three days.

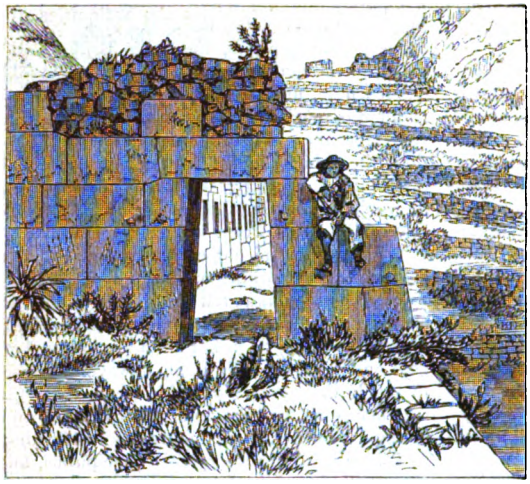
We had some difficulty in disposing our mattresses in our narrow quarters, when the Gobernador came and shared our coffee and cognac. I inquired minutely about the antiquities, the Fortress, the Tarpeian Rock, the great "Tired Stones," the quarries, the Inca Bridge, and about all the marvelous things we had been told existed here, and about all of which el Gobernador was much confused, and, as we thought, very ignorant. Finally, wearied by my questions, he said he had a book which explained every thing concerning "los Reyes Incas," which he would fetch. He did so. It was a translation of Prescott's Peru.

We were up and out early; and although a little chill the morning was clear and glorious. Not a ray of sunlight fell in the valley, but the clouds that clung to the summits of the high mountains rising on either hand were a mass of gold and crimson. No light, however, seemed to touch the giant bulk of Chicon, that still rose before us, as calm and pale as death, and as remote as ever. The mountains on all sides, as I have said, are steep, even precipitous, but yet we discerned at elevations of thousands of feet on their rocky flanks, where it seemed that only the condor could reach, large and regular edifices. One in particular appeared to impend over the Gobernador's rude but hospitable dwelling. It had never been visited, the Gobernador said, by human being in modern times, whereupon Mr. C—— made a vow that he would climb up to it, and measure it withal; which he did, to the amazement not of the Gobernador alone, but of all the chocolate-colored denizens of Ollantaytambo.

Between coffee and breakfast-time we were conducted past long reaches of terrace walls, and through the village of Ollantaytambo—which in plan and structure is little changed from what it was under Inca rule—across a turbulent, icy, glacier-fed stream, milky in color from the ground rock held in suspension, which descends from the transverse ravine of Patacancha to the Fortress—a work less imposing than that of the Sacsahuaman, but more complicated and with equal evidence of skill. I went there often during our stay of two weeks in Ollantaytambo, surveyed it carefully, and made drawings and photographs of its more important features. It is built on the spur of a great snowy mountain that projects between the two valleys of Patacancha and the river of which I have so often spoken, each side of which, except where it presents a sheer escarpment of rock, is built up with terraces, ascended on one side by steps, and on the other by an inclined plane over half a mile long. This plane, up which the gigantic stones for the Fortress had been moved, and on which many of them still rest, is protected at intervals by square buildings of stone, looped, something like our blockhouses, and is supported by a wall of stones, inclining inward, and in places upward of sixty feet high.

The exterior walls of the Fortress zigzag up the mountain side, and turning at right angles, extend to where a precipice, more than a thousand feet high, makes their prolongation impos-

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DOORWAY TO CORRIDOR, OLLANTAYTAMBO.

sible and unnecessary. They are about twenty-five feet high, built of rough stones stuccoed outside and inside, crenated, and have an inner shelf for the convenience of defenders. They might easily be mistaken for the work of Robert Guiscard, and are not unlike the Middle-Age fortifications of that chief that hang on the brow of the hills above Salerno in Italy.

Within the walls, and on the projecting rocky point which they isolate from the mountain, is a confused mass of buildings and walls, great porphyritic blocks, closely fitted in place or lying isolated, rock-cut seats, doorways of beautifully hewn stones with jambs inclining inward, long ranges of niches in Cyclopean walls, stairways and terraces, with a shabby and tottering wooden cross at the extremity of all, bending over the village which lies like a map beneath.

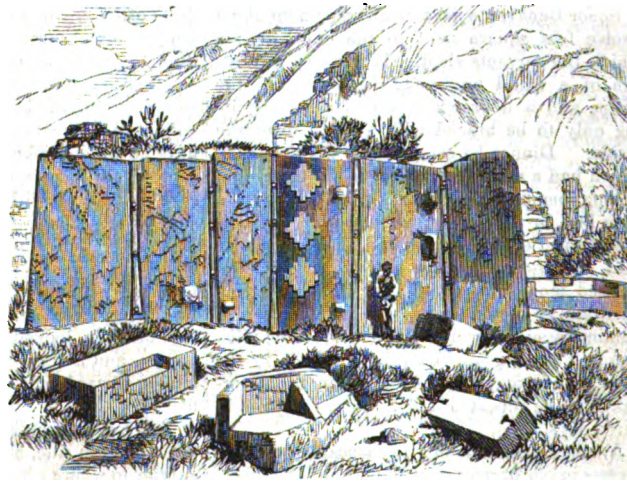
It would require far more space than I can afford to properly describe the Fortress, nor would a description be intelligible without the aid of plans and sections. The stones composing it, or lying scattered over its area, are of a hard red porphyry, brought from quarries more than two leagues distant, upward of three thousand feet above the valley, and on the opposite side from the Fortress. They are nearly all hewn into shape and ready to be fitted, and among them I noticed several having places cut in them for the reception of the T clamp, which I have mentioned in describing the remains of Tiahuanaco. One of these porphyry blocks, built in the wall of what appeared to be the beginning of a square building, is eighteen feet long by five broad and four deep, not only perfectly squared but finely polished on every face, as are also the stones adjoining it, to which it fits with scarcely perceptible joints.

The most interesting series of stones, however, are six great upright slabs of porphyry supporting a terrace, against which they slightly incline. The engraving will illustrate their character better than any description. It will be observed that they stand a little apart, and that the spaces between them are accurately filled in with other thin stones, in sections. The sides of these, as well as of the larger slabs which they adjoin, are polished. The following table gives the dimensions of the slabs in feet and tenths, commencing with the one at the left:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Height.....	11.5	10.7	12.8	12.1	12.4	13.3
Width at base..	6.2	4.7	5.7	5.7	7.0	7.1
Width at top...	5.4	4.4	4.2	6.0	6.8	6.4
Thickness.....	4.0	3.5	2.3	2.6	2.5	5.9

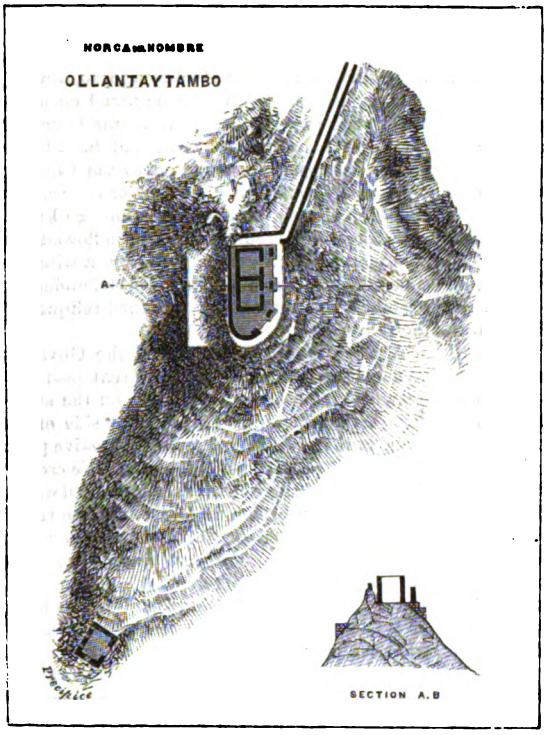
It will be seen that the faces of these slabs are not hewn entirely smooth, but have several projections, indicating that the work of accurately facing them was never completed. Number 4 shows traces of the same kind of ornamentation observed on some of the blocks at Tiahuanaco, only here the ornament is in relief.

But gigantic as are these blocks, they are small in comparison with the "Tired Stones" lying on the inclined plane leading to the Fortress or at its foot, as if abandoned there by the ancient workmen. One of these is twenty-one



PORPHYRY SLABS, FORTRESS OF OLLANTAYTAMBO.

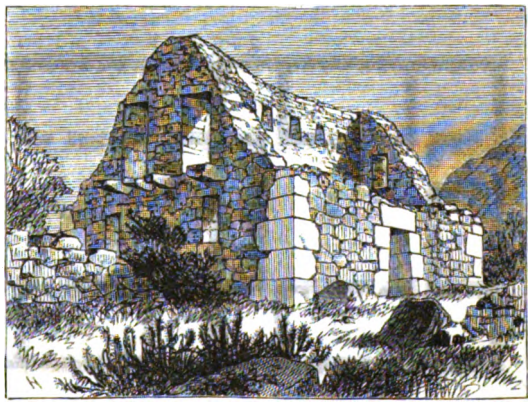
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feet six inches long, by fifteen feet broad. It is partly imbedded in the ground, but shows a thickness of five feet above the soil.

The view from the Fortress in every direction is wonderful in variety, in contrast, in beauty and grandeur. The whole valley of Ollantaytambo is laid out like a garden, in a system of terraces, one below the other, falling off step by step to the river, each terrace level as a billiard table, or with just enough of declivity to permit of easy irrigation. The river flows at the very feet of the bare majestic mountains on its further side, and falling into it at right angles is the chafing, turbulent, mountain, snow-fed torrent, to which I have alluded, descending from the steep valley or gorge of Patacancha or Marca-cocha, in which rise, one above another, a long vista of green terraces like the seats in a Roman amphitheatre. The *portada*, through which we entered this wonderful vale, looks dark and forbidding, and the turreted fortress that defends it appears stern and threatening under the shadow of the mountains that close in around it. Looking down the valley, there stands always the death-white, silent Chicon, apparently barring all passage, and repelling all approach. Facing us, most remarkable and impressive of all, is the Mountain of Pinculluna, or "Hill of Flutes," an abrupt, splintered mass of rock, thousands of feet high, cutting the sky sharply with its jagged crest. Hanging against its sides, in positions apparently, and in some places really, inaccessible, are numerous buildings. One group—a series of five long edifices, one above the other, on corresponding narrow terraces—is the "School of the Virgins." On a bold, projecting rock, with a vertical descent of upward of 900 feet, stands a small building, with a doorway opening on the very edge of the precipice; it is the "*Horca del Hombre*," the Tarpeian rock of Ollantaytambo, over which male criminals were thrown, in the severe Draconian days of the Incas. Above it, at a little distance, on a narrow shelf, are the prisons in which the criminals awaited their doom. To the left of these again, separated by a great chasm in the mountain, but at the same giddy height, and overlooking another precipice not less appalling, is the "*Horca de Muger*," or place of execution for women—vestals false to their vows, or *ñustas* faithless to their Inca lords. These airy spots I subsequently visited, obtaining drawings and plans of them all—too voluminous by far for the pages of a magazine.

I have said that the village of Ollantaytambo is little changed from Inca times. The old central square of the town, the *Mañay-racay*, or "Court of Petitions," is nearly perfect, and one of the Inca buildings, near it and at the feet of the precipices of the Fortress, is completely so, lacking only the roof. It is a story and a half high, built of rough stones laid in clay, and originally stuccoed, with a solid central wall reaching to the apex of the gables, di-



INCA BUILDING, OLLANTAYTAMBO.

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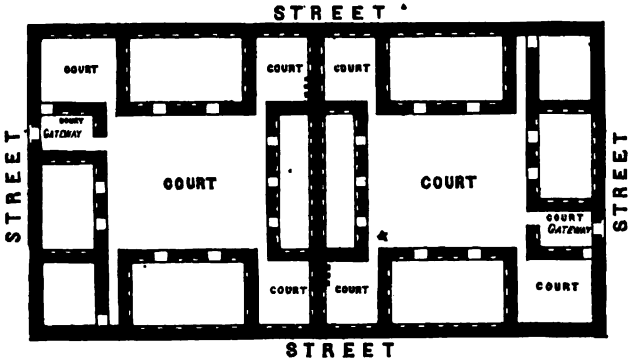
viding it into two apartments of equal size. The corners of the building, the jambs, and lintels of the lower doors are of cut stones. There seems to have been no access to the upper story from the interior, but there are two entrances to it through one of the gables, where four flat, projecting stones seem to have supported a kind of balcony or platform, reached probably by ladders.

Nothing can exceed the regularity and taste with which the ancient town was laid out, the streets running parallel to the stream that watered it, which was, and is, confined between walls of stone. Regular terraces of richest soil, with flights of steps at intervals, rise from the stream to the level terreplein on which the town stands, and which extends back to the cliffs of the Pinculluna. The longitudinal streets are about fourteen feet broad; the transverse ones nine feet. Each block is surrounded by a high wall, itself forming part of the walls of a double series of buildings, as shown in the plan; and each series has a central court and three dependent ones. What may be called the central or principal building, facing the entrances, is half in one group and half in the other, divided longitudinally by a wall continued up to the apex of the gables. Like the building just described, the upper half story was entered through a door in the gable, the sill of which was a broad, flat projecting stone, reached by a series of flat stones set, stair-wise, in the wall dividing the two groups of buildings forming the "block."

These ancient houses, substantially perfect, are still inhabited, and in their arrangement and other respects give us an accurate notion of the mode in which the ancients lived. We detect a rigid system and order such as might be supposed to exist in a Fourier establishment, or a penitentiary, and suggesting a probable division and subdivision of the people into ranks and orders. Of course the long, dull lines of walls, with no other openings than a single, heavily-jambed doorway in each block, give the cramped streets a gloomy, monotonous appearance, and the eye turns from them with a sense of relief to the bright sky above, and to the lofty, splintered, and snowy mountains that terminate the view in every direction through their narrow vistas.

If the town of Ollantaytambo is substantially what it was four hundred years ago, so, too, are the inhabitants—of whom none that I encountered spoke any language except the Quichua. They are a quiet, saturnine, and industrious people, not specially addicted to the Catholic religion, I should think, in view of the ruinous condition of their little church; although I must give them the credit of having followed my photographic boxes through the plaza with uncovered heads, kissing them devoutly, under the mistaken notion that they contained reliques of the saints.

A few days after our arrival the Governor arranged to conduct us to the great porphyry quarries of the ancients, high up on the shoulders of the mountains on the other side of the river, at the foot of a lofty and impressive peak, almost always enveloped in clouds. We crossed the river on a bridge of *mimbres* or braided withes—a suspension-bridge, in fact, but of the rudest description—a perpetuation of those in universal use at the time of the Conquest. There are thousands of such bridges to this day in Peru. This particular bridge is distinguished as being in two spans, of about 40 feet each, reaching from the opposite shores of the river to a pier of heavy stones, of unmistakable Inca workmanship, in the centre of the stream. A great rock lies just above the pier, which tradition affirms was placed there for its protection against the force of the current; but we thought more likely that this natural protection suggested the feasibility of erecting the pier, which would have to be massive indeed to resist the rush of the Vilcamayo at certain seasons. As I have said, the bridge consists of several great cables of braided withes or branches, chiefly of a tough kind of shrub called *icke*, placed side by side and firmly anchored by a variety of clumsy devices to buttresses on the banks of the river. Sticks are placed transversely across these, and fastened to the cables with thongs of raw hide or with vines, forming a roadway about four feet wide. Above this rude roadway, and less for support of the bridge than as a protection against falling off the yielding, swaying, and apparently unstable structure, are two smaller cables, elevated a few feet, one on each side, with vines or cords reaching down to the bridge at intervals, forming a kind of netting, but so far apart as to afford slight security against danger. Not long before our visit a drunken Indian and his wife and mule stumbled from the bridge and were lost. Mr. D——, however, rode his



AN ANCIENT BLOCK IN OLLANTAYTAMBO.

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horse across with the utmost nonchalance. These bridges are seldom level, and, besides sagging greatly, often get "lopsided," when, in wet weather, the sticks corresponding to plankings become so slippery that it is no easy matter to retain one's footing. There is another and greater danger in passing the long bridges of this kind, like the famous ones over the river Apurimac and Pampas; namely, their swaying to and fro like hammocks when the wind sweeps through the deep gorges, across which they are suspended at heights so great that they appear as light and airy as cobwebs. It often happens that they become impassable, and that travelers are detained for days from this cause.

Past the bridge of Ollantaytambo, our road ran along a narrow shelf between the foot of the desolate mountain and the river; here partly cut in the rock, and yonder supported by a retaining-wall built up from the edge of the water. Indeed the river throughout, except where a sheer precipice closes in on it from one side or the other, is confined between ancient artificial walls of such excellent workmanship that its impetuous waters have failed to dislodge them in the lapse of centuries. Nothing could be more beautiful than the system of terraces supporting the rich, level fields and meadows of Ollantaytambo on the opposite bank. They bend in and out with the sinuosities of the river, in graceful curves, their stony faces relieved by the vines and shrubs that cling up against them or droop in festoons over their edges. No visitor can see them without being amazed at the skill, patience, and power to which they bear, and will bear for ages, a silent but impressive testimony.

At the distance of half a league a high, rocky spur of the mountain projected itself boldly before us, presenting a vertical front to the river. Around its feet the waters swirled and fretted in impotent rage. The path over it is narrow; so narrow that two animals can not pass each other, besides being steep and stony. On the summit itself stand two towers, flanked by an impassable rock toward the river, little smaller than those that crown the headlands of the Mediterranean, with openings like port-holes to complete the resemblance. The way lies between them, in a deep notch in the rock, through which a loaded mule can barely pass. At the base of the towers, on the other side, we noticed the remains of buildings, the quarters probably of the garrison that held this almost impregnable position in the days of yore.

Further on, the mountain slope is less abrupt, and its face is terraced up for many hundreds of feet, to a comparatively broad shelf on the mountain side, where are the remains of an ancient village. We ascend through these *andenes*, by a steep, rough path, to a headland also dominating the river in front. The path is narrow enough to flutter most nerves, and a false step would send man and mule whirling into the rocky bed of the river brawling, now almost inaudibly, below. Clambering over the headland, we descended rapidly to a broad and beautiful road, with gentle grade, winding along the flank of the ridge, and reaching far back toward the head of a mighty ravine intervening between the buttress on which we stand, and another, equally bold, a mile or two distant. This is the old Inca road leading to the porphyry quarries whence the giant stones of the Fortress of Ollantaytambo were obtained. We follow this to the very extremity and brow of the headland, over which they were toppled, sliding down two thousand feet into the valley. The plane worn in their descent is distinct, and lying around us are blocks more or less shaped artificially, which the apparition of the Spaniards prevented the ancient workmen from launching down to their destination. How these blocks were got across the swift and turbulent river, in the bed of which some still remain, I do not attempt to explain.

Starting back along the ancient quarry-road we constantly encountered blocks of porphyry, entirely or partly hewn, some in the middle of the road, and others lying by its sides. Traces of rude cottages, and evidences of attempts at cultivation in little areas between the rocks, are visible at intervals.

Two miles of this, and we see rising before us and extending across the head of the ravine two vast walls of stone, more than a fourth of a mile long, and from thirty to fifty feet high—the retaining-walls of terraces designed to receive the great rocks that man, or time, or the earthquakes, may wrench or splinter off from the impending porphyry cliffs, and prevent their tearing down the steep declivity of the ravine into the valley, where, apparently at our very feet, we discern the tile roofs and clustering huts of the richest hacienda of Ollantaytambo. Piled on the terraces supported by these massive walls, which incline inward toward the mountain to secure greater strength, are confused masses of porphyry blocks, thousands on thousands, as if a glacier had been converted into stone. Some of these, in their descent, have torn away portions of the retaining-walls designed to stay their headlong course. A few have passed both barriers, and are heaped below the lowest in threatening readiness to take a final plunge into the smiling vale three thousand feet below.

Perched on some of the largest of these rocks are dozens of little buildings, somewhat resembling the *chulpas* of the Collao, but scarcely bigger than the toy-houses that children build. They are of rough stones laid in clay, and roofed, or rather arched, with other flat stones overlapping each other like the tiles of modern dwellings, and projecting over the walls so as to form a rude cornice. Some of these curious structures are square, but most of them are round, from four to five feet high, with about the same diameter, and all have little doorways, opening, for the most part, toward the ragged, threatening cliffs. A few show traces of having been stuccoed and painted inside. Our

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first impression was that they were the tombs of the ancient quarrymen; but we found no human bones in any of them, and finally came to the conclusion that they were shrines, like those around Vesuvius. But instead of containing a figure of St. Januarius or other saint, had held some *huaca* or sacred object, placed there to arrest the danger of the mighty rock avalanches that had piled up their porphyritic masses in a ragged wilderness above and around them.

Most of the ancient stone-cutting had been done on the lower terrace, as evinced by heaps of chippings on every side. Here the ancient road ends.

Our host insisted that the real quarry was some hundreds of feet higher up. To reach the spot we had to climb a lateral ridge that no one but a traveler among the Andes would dream of being accessible, and up which we scrambled with infinite labor and no little risk. The summit of the ridge presented quite a broad area, in great part covered with porphyritic rocks heaped up in the same dire confusion that I have already described, at the foot of a bare peak of the same material, from which they had splintered off, and which presented toward us an absolutely precipitous face. The point where we stood was 3240 feet above the valley, and this rocky warder must tower up to treble that height. I have said that its summit is usually lost in clouds; but this day it stood out sharp and clear against the sky, revealing all its rugged features. A few condors were circling in front of it and around its lofty head, the only things of life to be seen. Yet here the patient, persevering Incas had cleared the cold soil of stones, and built up little *andenes*, to gain scant areas for the hardy mountain grasses on which the llamas feed.

We found no wrought stones here, but many which appeared to have been split into regular blocks, chiefly parallelopipeds, of varying dimensions. The greater number were from eight inches to a foot square at the ends, and from six to ten feet long; but there were others much longer, and which, tradition insists, were intended to be girders for the bridge which we had passed in the morning. I measured one of these, and found it to be twenty feet six inches long, by two feet one inch broad, and one foot nine inches thick. I can hardly believe that these were produced by natural cleavage; yet, as before said, there are no traces of tools on them.

Our descent to the valley was rapid enough, but not composing to the nerves. At the hacienda we found the cura of the village, who had just returned from Cuzco, and was anxiously awaiting "los Franceses." All foreigners in the Sierra are supposed by the mixed population to be French by nationality, and peddlers of jewelry by occupation. He advised us not to go down the valley to Santa Ana, adding, significantly, that the peones there had ascertained the real value of the glittering wares that the last Franceses had disposed of there. And then he wanted to see what trinkets we had with us, and intimated the possibility of making a purchase. It was with difficulty that I convinced him that we were not peddlers, when he inquired, what, in the name of the Santissamo Trinidad, had brought us to Ollantaytambo? "*Antiguidades!*" he repeated after me, with unfeigned astonishment, became suddenly silent, and left the room. Directly he returned to the door and beckoned me to come out to a remote corner of the court among the horses. Like the cura of Tiahuanaco, he, too, was weary of life in an Indian village; he knew the soil was stuffed with treasure, and understood perfectly the object of our visit. It was well enough to disguise it from the people generally and the Gobernador in particular; but now we might just as well take him into our confidence and divide the spoils we had come so far to obtain. Like the cura of Tiahuanaco—and, for that matter, like all the curas in the Sierra—he was maudlin, and wept. I respected his tears, and thinking from my silence that my heart was touched and the seals of my confidence melted, he became finally composed; and then I shocked him by insisting that "antiguidades," and only "antiguidades," had brought us to Ollantaytambo. This was too much; the face of the Lord's minister became livid under the starlight, and he strode away with the ominous suggestion, "All the roads are bad that lead from Ollantaytambo!"

I described our interview to the Gobernador, who did not seem to regard it as a laughing matter, and was not at all reassuring when he said that the cura was a great scoundrel, and quite capable of attempting harm. It was good for that cura that we did not meet him in any of the narrow passes on our road back to Urubamba, for we very likely would have shot him before inquiring the reason of his being there.

After what I have said and intimated in these papers about the priesthood in Peru, it is perhaps supererogatory to add a paragraph concerning them from the "Apuntes y Observaciones" of Don Juan Bustamente, a native and resident of the Sierra. "It is sixty years," says Don Juan, "since the Department of Puno has seen a Bishop, and as a consequence of this strange abandonment, the curas live according to their fancies, gratifying their passions without restraint or fear of any kind, carrying their scandals to the extent of living publicly with their concubines and bastards." The reason assigned by Don Juan for the demoralisation of the clergy of Puno certainly can not apply in the Department of Cuzco, where there have been bishops enough, but where about the same lax condition of things prevails that he so loudly deplores.

No portion of my stay in Peru was more pleasant or profitable than that passed in Ollantaytambo. It was in the season called winter, and the winds that swept through the valley were fierce, yet most of the trees retained

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their foliage, and the bushes along the azequias were green and blooming with flowers, among which toyed at morn and eventide such numbers of humming-birds as I have rarely seen, even in the tangled thickets of Nicaragua, where prolific Nature exhausts her energies in swelling the sum of animal and vegetable life. Doves and pigeons of many kinds cooed among the branches, and little *cues* skurried along the terrace walls, or in a tame condition nestled around our feet, inspiring constant fear that an unlucky step might crush out their innocent and busy lives. On every hand were traces and monuments of ancient art, industry, and intelligence. Enigmatical buildings, towers, and terraces impended on the mountain sides; fortresses in positions skillfully selected, and themselves artfully designed closed every approach, and frowned from every crag, while in the centre, overhanging the ancient town, rose the stately citadel. In the valley Art had leveled every inequality, and raised hundreds of miles of terraces, filled with earth scraped from hill slopes and mountain side, and watered by azequias whose channels were carried along the faces of inaccessible cliffs, or tunneled through rocky projections which it was impossible to turn. And high over all, a square building, in which was the *Inti-huatana* or Gnomon of the Sun, by means of which the solstices and equinoxes, the seasons of planting and harvests, and the periods of the great festivals were determined and their arrival proclaimed.

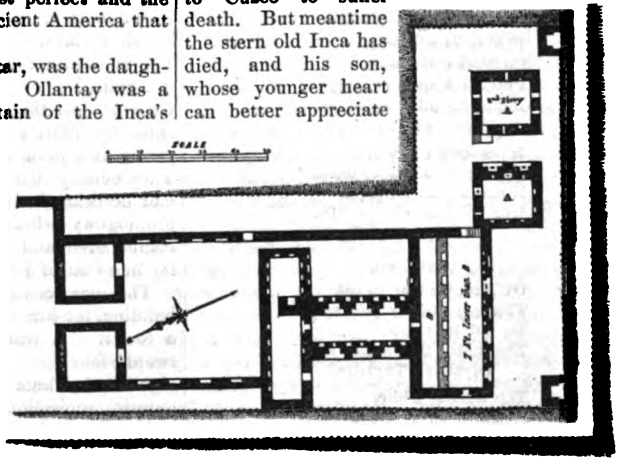
Ollantaytambo was the frontier town and Fortress of the Incas in the Valley of the Ucayale, as it is to-day of their conquerors. There were outlying works some leagues lower down the river at Havaspampa, but the bulwark of the empire against the savage Antis in this direction was here. It is around Ollantaytambo also that cling the traditions of Ollantay, the love-lorn chieftain, whose thwarted affections drove him into rebellion against the Vicegerent of the Sun, and whose suffering and adventures form the basis of the nearest perfect and the best of all the dramas of Ancient America that have descended to our days.

Cusi-Coyllur, the Joyful Star, was the daughter of the Inca Pachacutic. Ollantay was a brave and handsome chieftain of the Inca's army, who had carried the Inca power further down toward the Amazonian plains than any of the Inca generals. But he was not of royal blood. Returning in triumph to Cuzco, he was received with unprecedented honors in the Huacapata; but in the very hour when his fame was highest and his ambition most elated, he caught sight of "the Joyful Star," and became the prey of a passion guilty alike in the eyes of religion and the law. None but Incas could ally themselves with those of Inca lineage, and whoever outside of the royal line should aspire to such distinction was adjudged guilty of sacrilege, and visited with the severest of punishment.

I scarcely need tell the rest of it—the old, old story. Thwarted in his suit ignominiously, where any one less distinguished would have been slain, the young chieftain, mad with disappointment and burning with revenge, returns to his army, and in passionate words recounts his wrongs, and asks his soldiers to assist in avenging them. In flying from the capital, however, he pauses on the heights above it, and exclaims:

"Ah, Cuzco! ah, beautiful city!
Thou art filled with my enemies
Thy perverse bosom will I tear;
Thy heart give to the condors!
Ah, haughty enemy! ah, proud Inca!
I will seek the ranks of mine Antis;
I will review my victorious soldiers;
I will give them arrows!
And when on the heights of Sacsahuaman
My men shall gather like a cloud;
There shall they light a flame,
Thence shall descend as a torrent!
Thou shalt fall at my feet, proud Inca!
You will ask me, take my daughter,
On my knees I implore my life!"

The army responds to his fiery appeals and hails him Inca. He places on his own head the imperial scarlet *llautu*, and marches on Cuzco. Midway, however, he hears of the approach of the old, astute, and invincible Inca General Rumiñani, whose name of "Stony-Eye" fairly indicates his cold, implacable character. Ollantay, impetuous, but cautious, does not undervalue his powerful and wary antagonist, but seizes on the important position destined to bear his name in future times, fortifies himself, and establishes a firm base for his operations against his sovereign. For ten years he maintains himself here, until, by a wonderful act of treachery, he is made prisoner, and brought to Cuzco to suffer death. But meantime the stern old Inca has died, and his son, whose younger heart can better appreciate



PLAN OF PALACE OF OLLANTAY.

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the tender passion, touched by the rebel warrior's story, not only pardons him but consents to his marriage with "the Joyful Star," who had all this time been confined in the Aclla-huasi, or Convent of the Vestals. And they lived to a good old age, and were as happy and prolific as the hero and heroine of any modern novel.

And such, according to the old Quichua drama, was the origin of Ollantaytambo. The site of Ollantay's palace is not only pointed out, standing on a series of charming terraces overlooking the smiling valley, but its remains are still distinct, and some parts of it almost entire. It was elaborate in plan, as the reader will see; and it shows also that Inca architecture did not, as has been alleged, balk at the task of raising buildings of more than a single story.



VIEW OF PART OF PALACE OF OLLANTAY.

Apropos of the drama of Ollantay, I may add that the Quichua language is one of remarkable beauty and scope, plaintive and soft to the ear. As the language of the Incas it was spread wherever they carried their arms from Quito to Chile, and is still the ruling tongue of the Sierra. As an example, I subjoin a Harvest Song from the drama referred to, with Mr. Markham's translation. It is addressed to the mischievous little black and yellow *tuya*, a bird that robs the corn-fields.

QUICHUA.

Ama pisco micuychu
Ñustallipa chacranta
Manan hina tucuichu
Hillacunan saranta.
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

Panaccaymi rurumi
Ancha cconi munispa
Nucmunaccmi uccumi
Llullunacmi raphinpa
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

Phurantatac mascariy
Cuchusaccmi silluta
Puppasccayquin ccantapa-
Happiscayquin ccantapas.
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

Hinasccatan ricunqui
Huc rurunta chapchacctin
Hinac taccmi ricunqui
Huc llallapas chincacctin.
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

ENGLISH.

O! bird, forbear to eat
The crops of my princess:
Do not thus rob
The maize that is her food!
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

The fruit is white,
And the leaves are tender,
As yet they are delicate:
I fear your perching on them.
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

Your wings shall be cut,
Your nails shall be torn,
And you shall be taken
And closely encaged.
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

This shall be done to you,
When you eat a grain:
This shall be done to you
When a grain is lost.
Tuyallay! Tuyallay!

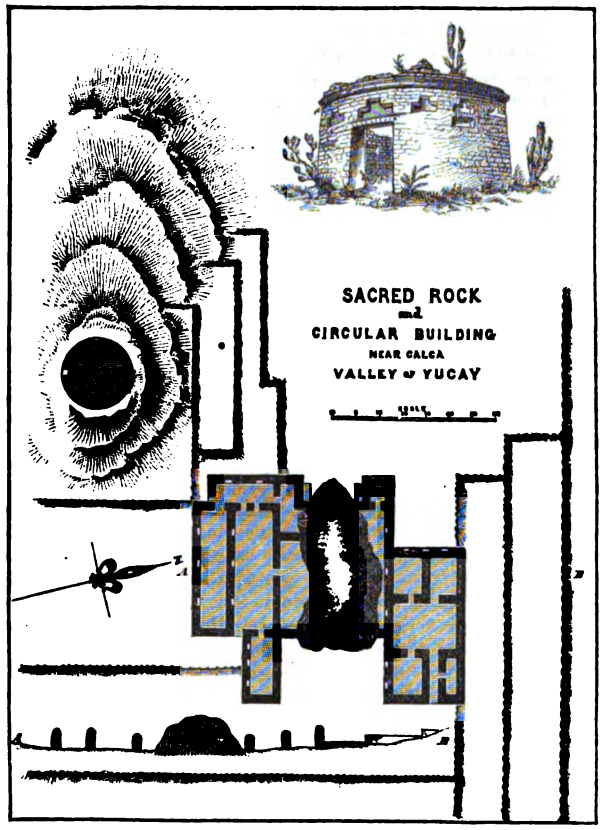
It was with a pang that I bade farewell forever to Ollantaytambo, equally garden and fortress, with its climate of endless spring, framed in by the mightiest mountains of our continent, as bare and stern as the valley itself is bright and verdant.

Our return to Urubamba was rapid, and we spent several days there in examining the remains of the palaces and baths of the Incas in and around the picturesque little village of Yucay. Thence up the rich and beautiful valley to the town of Pisac, over which impends the wonderful fortress of the same name.

Almost every step in the valley is marked by monuments of the ancient inhabitants; but I should exhaust the patience of my readers were I to undertake even to enumerate them. I can not omit, however, to notice some remarkable remains near the village of Calca, which illustrate the craft of the Inca priesthood, while giving us a peculiar form of Inca architecture. They occupy that favorite site to which I have had occasion before to allude, the neck of a promontory whence extensive views may be commanded, and over which the roads of a valley like that of Yucay would naturally pass.

The most conspicuous structure is a round building, too low to be called, strictly speaking, a tower. It stands upon a rocky knoll, is twenty-four feet in diameter, and its walls are eighteen feet high to the cornice, which has an exterior projection of ten inches, and an interior one of eight inches. The walls are two feet four inches in thickness at their base. It is built of rough stones, or stones only

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partly broken into shape, laid in the same tenacious material which I have called clay, and which seems to me to be nothing else. It was originally stuccoed inside and out. The doorway, three feet eight inches wide, opens fifteen degrees west of south; and there are false doors or niches corresponding with it in dimensions at every quadrature of the circle formed by the plan, through each of which opens a small window. Over each of these, as well as over the door, are inverted T's, like the Egyptian *Tau* (⊥), of which there are also three in each section between the principal niches. These are entirely peculiar to this structure. In the interior, within reach of the hand, and symmetrically distributed, are eight oblong niches, as shown in the plan. The lintels of the doors and niches still remain. They are composed of sticks of wood about the size of a man's arm, closely wound with coarse ropes of *pita*, or the fibre of the *agave*, evidently for the purpose of securing an adhesive surface for the smooth coating of stucco that was applied as a finish. This was a common device in buildings of rough stones, concrete, and adobes. We resort substantially to the same thing in our lathing. The height of this structure was probably not much greater than now, and it may be assumed that it was roofed in similar manner with the *Sondor-huasi* in Azangero.

Its purposes can only be inferred from the character of the adjacent and apparently dependent remains which are both sufficiently singular and suggestive. They are situated sixty feet distant from the tower or circular building, and consist of a number of rectangular structures covering an area of about one hundred feet square, raised around a great limestone boulder, sixty feet long, thirty broad, and twenty-five feet high above the ground. The walls of the buildings come up to the rock and are built against it. Indeed, near the extremities they were carried over it, so as to leave only the ends of the rock exposed. These present their natural surfaces, excepting the northern end, in which is cut a groove or channel of from three to four inches wide, and about three inches deep. This winds around and down the rock in serpentine form for a length of twenty feet, and disappears through one of the transverse walls built against the rock, reappearing in one of the side-buildings or rooms where the rock projects something like the eaves of a house, and there terminates in a kind of spout, carved rudely in the form of a serpent's head. Any liquid poured into the channel at any part would run to this point, and be discharged into whatever vessel might be placed here. That the groove was designed to represent a serpent is obvious from the manner in which it tapers to the tail and widens elsewhere, and from its sinuosities, as well as from its sculptured head.

That isolated rocks were held in great veneration by the ancient Peruvians, were often strangely carved, and frequently had structures of some sort raised around them, and had offerings made to them or the spirit supposed to dwell in them, admits of no dispute. I saw hundreds of such rocks in the country, and to this day there is hardly one at all remarkable for shape or position, on any of the highways of the Sierra to which the Indians do not take off their hats and bow with reverence, uttering in a low voice some words of adjuration. Often this ceremony is accompanied by removing the quid of coca from the mouth and casting it against the rock. Occasionally the Indian searches for a little pebble which he throws against the rock, generally at one point, so that

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in the course of ages considerable cavities have been worn in the stone by this process.

The boulder under notice, from its position and size, is a conspicuous object, and, surrounded as it was by so considerable a pile of edifices, was clearly an object of much sanctity. And as we know sacrifices by libations were common in all parts of Peru, we can readily believe that the serpentine groove around this rock was intended to receive the offerings of *chicha* that might be made by the travelers obliged to pass this spot in their journeys through the valley. It was cut at a judicious height above the ground, about breast high, so as to facilitate the contributions of the faithful, who probably were never told what became of their offerings after they had flowed away into the recesses of the adjacent buildings to inspire the oracle that spoke to them from the sacred rock. Among the remains of ancient Greece and Rome the antiquarian has often smiled to find the convenient chamber of the priest behind the statues of the dead gods, and the cunningly-devised tubes connecting with their marble lips, through which came words oracular and potent to the trembling questioner who had duly made his offering at their shrines.

I have said that the Incas, with all their power, were unable to extend their empire far to the eastward, or very far down the Amazonian valleys, into the regions of the savage Chunchas or Antis. They stopped short when they reached the thick forests, and at those points raised great fortresses to protect themselves against insult and to resist invasion. One of the most severely contested of the valleys was that of Paucartambo, lying parallel to that of Yucay, only eight leagues distant, but separated from it by an impassable snowy range of the Andes. Through this range there is but a single pass, formed by the interlocking valleys or rather gorges of two considerable streams, one flowing into the Rio Paucartambo, and the other into the Vilcamayo or Yucay, at a point where stands the town of Pisac. At both ends of this pass were gigantic forts; that dominating Pisac being most formidable, and, taken as a whole, quite as remarkable as that of the Sacsahuaman, and only to be paralleled in the Old World by the great hill forts of India.

Let us imagine a bold headland of mountain, projecting out from the great snowy masses of the Andes, an irregular oval in shape, three miles long, and at its most elevated point 4000 feet high. It is separated by gorge and valley from the parent mountains, except at one point, where it subsides into a relatively low and narrow ridge, scarcely a hundred paces broad. It is rough and forbidding in outline, here running up into splintered peaks, yonder presenting to the valley enormous beetling cliffs, and here and there holding open, level spaces and gentle slopes in its rocky embrace. Except at three points it is absolutely inaccessible. Two of these are on the side toward the Valley of Yucay, which it was mainly designed to defend, and the third is at the narrow neck or ridge connecting it with the parent mountain. Wherever, while in its natural condition it might have been possible for a bold mountaineer to clamber up, there the Incas built up lofty walls of stone against the rock, so as to leave neither foothold nor support for adventurer or assailant. The ascent on the side of the town is by a stairway partly cut in the rock and partly composed of large stones, which winds and zigzags along the face of the rocky escarpment, in places hanging over dizzy precipices, next turning sharp around projecting bastions of rock, on every one of which are towers for soldiers, with their magazines of stones ready to be hurled down on an advancing assailant. At long intervals up the laborious ascent, and where some friendly shelf gives room, are resting-places — paved or rocky areas, fifteen to twenty feet square, surrounded by stone seats, but always dominated by some sinister tower, with a doorway opening to its foundation, just



VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF YUCAY FROM CORRIDOR OF THE HACIENDA UMEREZ.

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within which, or projecting out ominously, you may see the great stone that requires only to be moved a little to crash down upon your head.

At about half-way up the mountain the lower series of cliffs are surmounted, and there are some considerable slopes, which are artificially terraced up with great skill and beauty. These terraces extend to the very edge of the precipices. They are ascended by flights of steps, through the centre of which run narrow conduits, or azequias, down which the water was conducted, not only for irrigating the terraces but to supply the reservoirs connected with the lower series of fortifications. But here also we find every projection or escarpment of rock not only faced up artificially with stones so as to be inaccessible, but crowned with towers, generally round, with openings for looking out, and others through which weapons might be discharged and stones hurled down. On occasional natural shelves, reached in some instances only by stairways, are clusters of buildings, long and narrow, with tall gables, placed close together, with characteristic economy of space. In a word, every rood of surface that can be propped up by terraces and cultivated is carefully dedicated to agriculture; every avenue of ascent, except such as the engineers determined to leave open, is closed, and every commanding and strategic spot is elaborately fortified. There is not a point to the very summit of the first peak of the mountain which is not somewhere commanded or somehow protected by a maze of works that almost defy the skill of the engineer to plan, and which baffle description.

Between the first and second peaks there is, of course, a depression or saddle—a crest, rather narrow, but so terraced up and leveled as to afford space for a group of structures of beautifully cut stones, and which were undoubtedly religious—for the great mountain fortress of Pisac was almost a province, supporting not only a garrison, but a considerable population. I estimate that the terraces sustaining its *andenes*, supplied with water by aqueducts carried along the face of the cliffs, through passages excavated in the rock, and artfully from slope to slope of the mountain, would, if extended, reach more than one hundred miles. It had its minor fortifications—forts within forts, its isolated buildings, villages, and, it would appear, its temple, its *Inti-huatana*, and its priests, warriors, and laborers, and was impregnable and self-sustaining.

The most interesting feature of this group of remains is the *Inti-huatani*, and as it is best preserved of any of the similar contrivances of Peru—thanks to its almost inaccessible position—I will endeavor to explain it. Etymologically *Inti-huatana* resolves itself into *Inti*, sun, *huatana*, the place where, or thing with which, any thing is tied up. It also signifies a halter. The whole, therefore, is equivalent to "place where the sun is tied up."

These *Inti-huatana* seem to have always been formed out of a rock, the summit of which was carefully leveled or chiseled away, leaving only in its centre a projection very nearly of the shape and size of a truncated sugar-loaf. That is to say, about ten inches in diameter at base, eight at top, and sixteen inches high. These rocks were not only almost always in conspicuous positions, but also within the courts of temples or buildings plainly religious in origin, or else standing near such structures, within separate inclosures of stone, open to the sky, and clearly such as were never covered by roofs. In this instance the principal bulk and most elevated part of the rock is inclosed by a wall of finely-cut and accurately-fitted stones, resembling in outline the letter D. The rock fills what may be called the curved side of the letter, and here the wall is built close up against it, the inner faces of the stones being cut to fit the irregularities of the rock, while the outer face of the wall is regular and smooth. On this side the wall is about twenty feet high. On the straight side of the letter the wall is prolonged in one direction, and then, becoming lower, bends around on itself so as to form a second and dependent inclosure—an irregular triangle in outline, covering a lower portion of the rock already mentioned. Within this are several interesting features, connected perhaps with the astronomy of the Incas, but which it is not necessary to my purpose to describe.

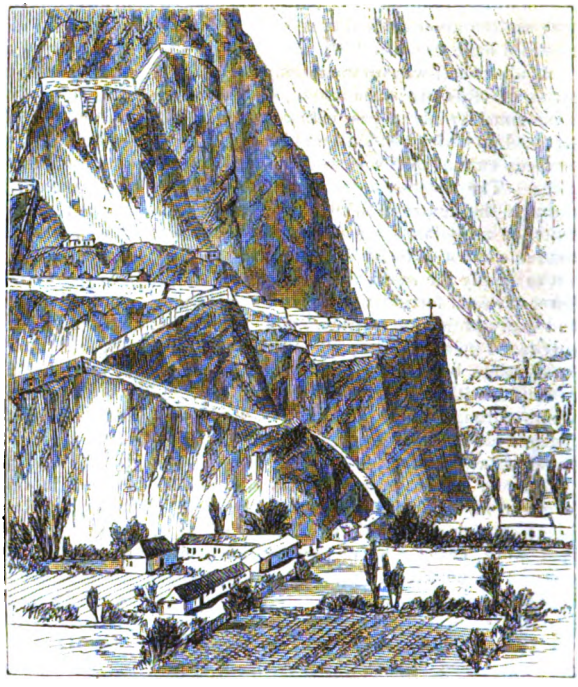
The entrance to the principal and most elevated inclosure is through a doorway of the usual form, which is reached from the outside by a flight of stone steps. Passing this the explorer finds himself in an irregular, oblong area, with the rock, hewn with some regularity on his right and rising to the level of the outer walls. Steps in the rock lead to its summit, which is cut perfectly smooth and level, affording an area 18 feet long by 16 broad. In the centre of this area, and rising from the living rock, of which it is part, is the *Inti-huatana* of Pisac. It is in the form of a cone, like a truncated sugar-loaf, sharply cut and perfectly symmetrical, 11 inches in diameter at its base, 9 at its summit, and 16 inches high. I was told by the Gobernador of Pisac, who accompanied me on my visit, that this column, or gnomen, was formerly surrounded by a flat ring of *chumpe* or Peruvian bronze, several inches wide, which he had often seen when a boy.

Of the public, and probably sacred, character of the edifices surrounding the *Inti-huatana*, there can be no doubt. It is evidenced by their position and peculiarities of structure. Now in all references to the astronomical ideas and achievements of the Incas of Peru we read of certain devices and contrivances by means of which they determined the solstices and equinoxes. We are told by the early chroniclers, Garcillaso de la Vega, Cieza de Leon, Acosta, Betanzos, Sarmiento, Gemelli, and others, that on the eminences around Cuzco and Quito were built what Garcillaso calls towers and Betanzos pyramids, so placed that by noting their shadows, or by taking observations between them, the periods of the solstices and the length of the

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solar year could be accurately determined. Garcillaso states that at Cuzco there were sixteen of these towers, the largest equal in size to the watch-towers of Spain, eight to the east and eight to the west of the city: Acosta says there were twelve; and Betanzos, four. Their site, so far as it is fixed by any of these authorities, was on the hill of Carmenca, dominating Cuzco on the northwest, where Garcillaso states they were standing in 1560. I was unable, however, to find any traces of them on that eminence in 1864.

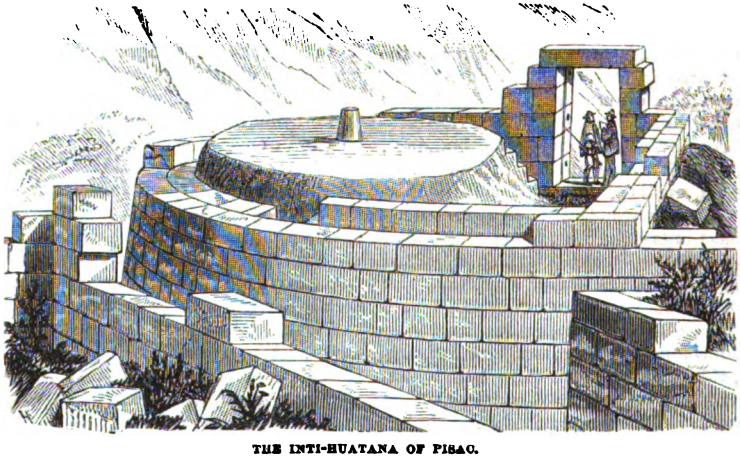
Besides these solstitial towers, reference is made by the chroniclers to certain single columns or pillars "for determining the equinoxes." These, Garcillaso tell us, were of sculptured stones, richly worked, and placed in the open courts of the Temples of the Sun. It was the duty of the priests, on the approach of the equinox, to watch the shadows of these columns, which were in the centre of circles embracing the whole area of the courts of the temples. Through the centre of each circle (and its column) was drawn a line due east and west. On the day when the centre of the shadow followed this line from sunrise to sunset, and when, at noon, the rays of the sun fell full on the column, and it was "bathed in light," casting no shadow, the priests declared the equinox had arrived, and proceeded to decorate the gnomon with flowers and offerings, placing on it "the Chair of the Sun."



PRINCIPAL FORTRESS OF OLLANTAYTAMBO.

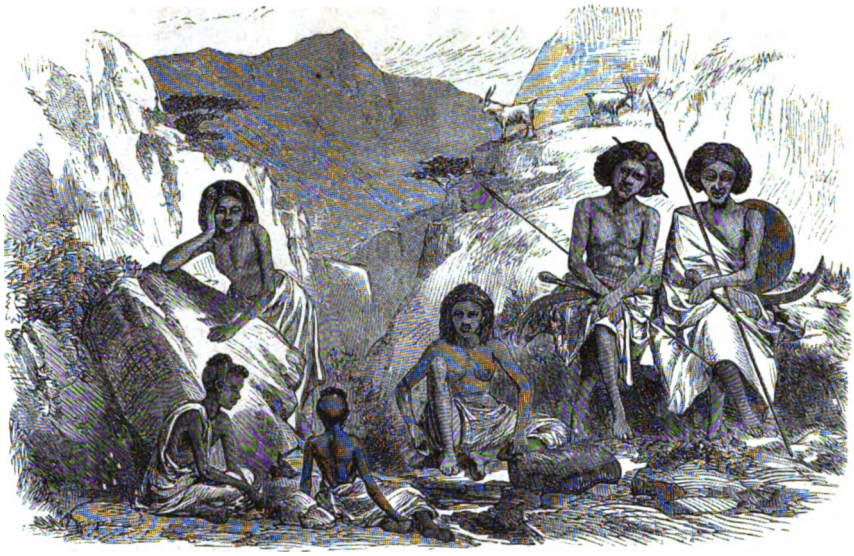
We have here the undoubtedly correct explanation of the purposes of the *Inti-huatana* of Pisac, which is no doubt a true type of the "columns" of which the chroniclers speak, and through the aid of which they were able to ascertain the periods of the solstices and the arrival of the sun in the zenith.

The Mexicans and Central Americans seem to have made greater advances in astronomy and the computation of time than the Peruvians.



THE INTI-HUATANA OF PISAC.

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GROUP OF SHOHOS AT HAMHAMO SPRING.

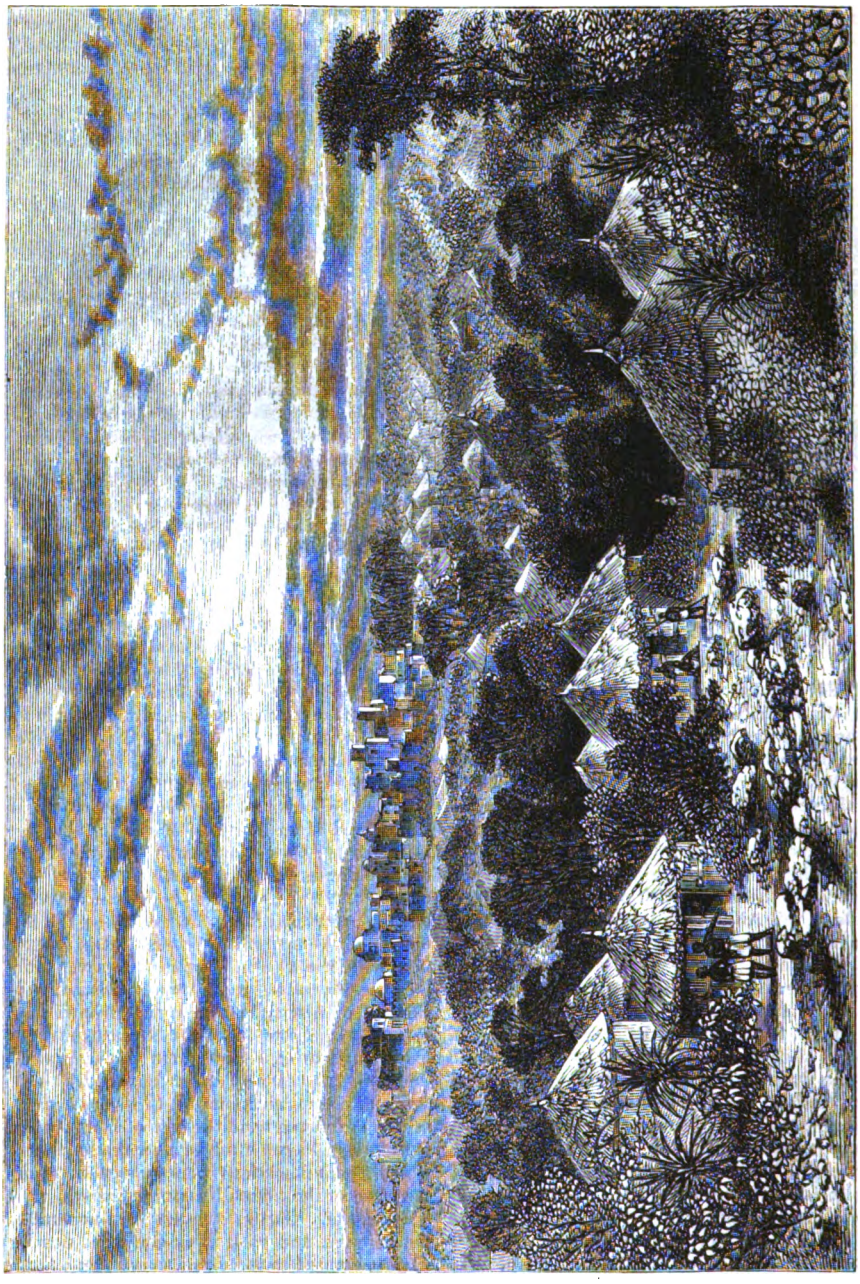
JOHN BULL IN ABYSSINIA.

I.—THE COUNTRY.

THE English have been "carrying the war into Africa" with a vengeance. That this vengeance has been so fully accomplished is a precious consolation to the national pride of Englishmen; and there is something sublime in the very undertaking of an expedition for the release of a score of captives who had no other claim upon the British Government than their citizenship. We are reminded of the inviolable sanctity of the Roman citizen under the Cæsars. Indeed, this Abyssinian expedition carries those readers who are disposed to be romantic back beyond Rome to the siege of Troy, undertaken by the Greeks for the rescue of the stolen Helen.

Abyssinia, if we are not critical as to boundary lines, is the ancient Ethiopia. It was the queen of this country who figures in the Bible as the Queen of Sheba, who, crossing the Red Sea, visited the court of Solomon, and from whom, as one of the wives of that illustrious king, is descended the royal line of Abyssinian princes. So the Abyssinians believe, and the claim is not worth disputing. Titles thus ancient are as difficult to disprove as they are to establish. In the earliest human literature Ethiopia occupies an exalted position. In Homer's Odyssey it is Jove's summer residence, whither he flies to escape the whimsical tyranny of jealous Juno, or to forget the cares of universal empire. But, though mentioned in Homer and Hebrew Scripture, it is a region whose ancient history is almost entirely unknown. During the first or second century of the Christian era flourished the Auxumitic dynasty, and the site of the principal town of this kingdom is occupied by the modern Axum in Tigré, where are to be found many vestiges of its former greatness. The arts of the Greeks and the Egyptians had at this time penetrated into the country; and we find the Greek language used in monumental inscriptions, as in the famous monument at Axum, executed before the introduction of Christianity, in which the king calls himself "son of the invincible Mars." About 1268 A.D. we find the seat of power transferred from Tigré to Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia. Christianity was introduced into the country early in the fourth century by Frumentius, of Tyre, who was appointed by Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, to be the first bishop, or Abuna, of Abyssinia. This connection with the Coptic Church has never since that time been interrupted, and to this day the Church of Abyssinia receives its Abuna from Egypt. In the year 638 the Saracens invaded Egypt, and by extending their conquests along the northern coast of Africa cut off Abyssinia from all communication with Christian nations. If this severance from the rest of Christendom is to be considered a misfortune, the manner in which communications were reopened toward the close of the fifteenth century was still more unfortunate. The Portuguese then penetrated the country, and with them came the Jesuits, who attempted to force the Abyssinian Church to submit to Papal authority. Notwithstanding the resistance of the great mass of the people the Jesuits continued to push their designs through unprincipled intrigues which had no other result than to involve the unhappy kingdom in rebellion and civil war. While the country was thus torn by internal dissensions it was at the same time invaded by the Galla tribes on the southwest, and by the Mohammedans from the east. Thus, when the Jesuits were

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GONDAR, THE FORMER CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA.

finally expelled, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the unity of the kingdom was at an end. The subsequent history of the country is a record of bloody conflicts between rival chieftains. At the close of the eighteenth century Ras Michael openly usurped the royal power, but he failed in his efforts to reunite the dismembered kingdom. When the French Commission visited Abyssinia, in 1840, they found the country in this distracted condition. The northern provinces of Tigré and Semien, with Adowa as capital, were under the dominion of Ras Oubie. At Gondar Ras Ali reigned over the province of Amhara. Shoa, in the south, had long been an independent kingdom, with Angolola and Angobar for its chief towns. This is the sum of what is known of the history of Abyssinia down to the rise of King Theodore,

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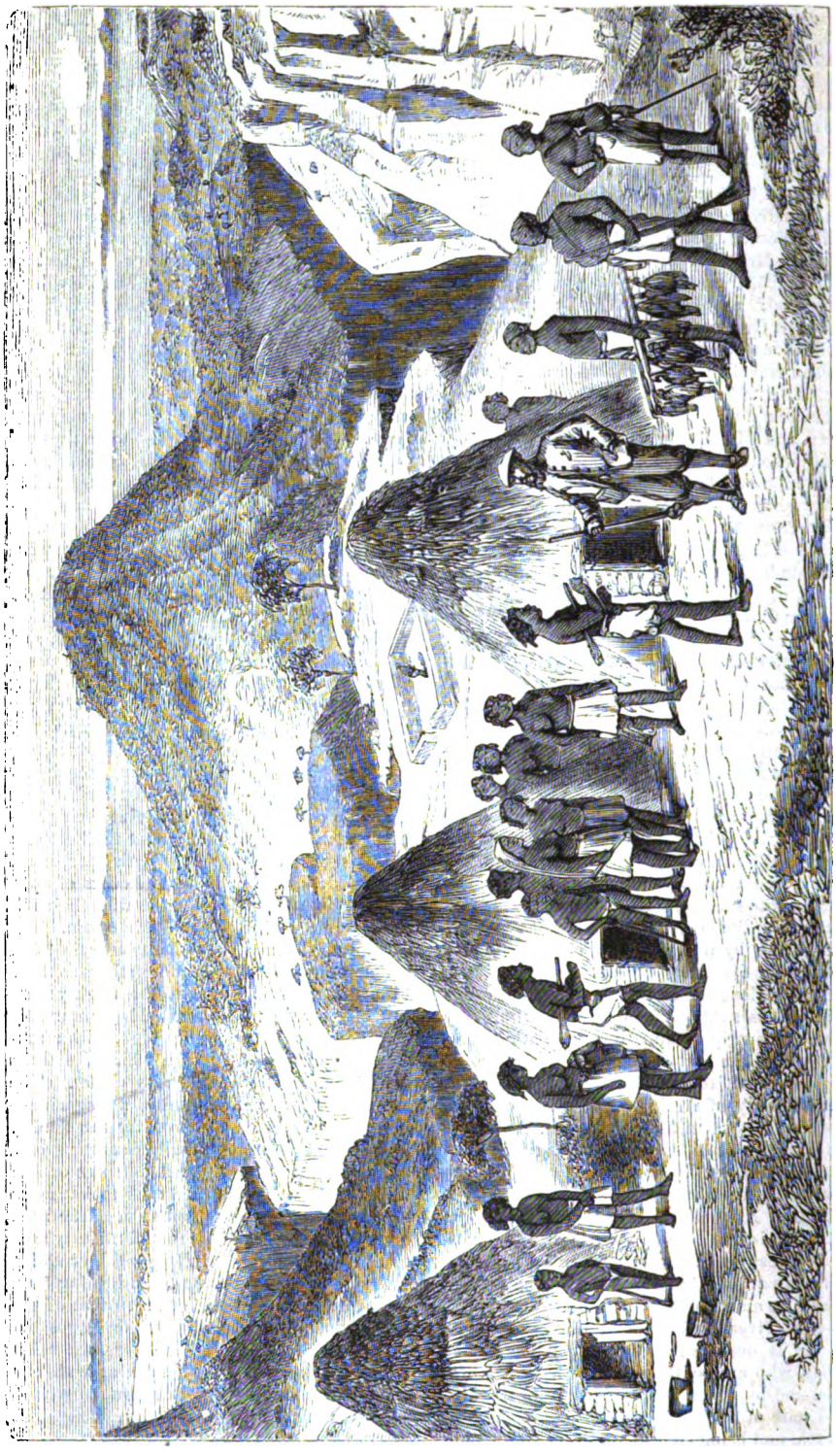
who becomes the central figure in that history from 1850 to the close of the British Expedition.

In regard to this singular country and its people there are many sources of information. Among these the most important are the narrative of Mr. James Bruce, a Scotch traveler, who visited that country in 1739; the interesting volumes of Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, who lived there from 1844 to 1847, adopting the customs of the natives; the reports transmitted to the British Foreign Office by Mr. Walter Plowden, formerly British Consul at Massowah, from 1852 to 1855; some articles contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. Lejean, French Consul at Gondar, from 1860 to 1862; several publications of Dr. C. T. Beke, a well-known African traveler; the narratives and letters of Rev. H. A. Stern, the German missionary, and of his companions, held in captivity by Theodore; and Mr. Henry Dufton's recently published account of his journey through the country in 1862 and 1863.

Abyssinia is situated in Eastern Africa, separated from Arabia by the Red Sea; it lies in the same latitude with Madras, and in about the same longitude with Moscow. A highland district of considerable extent, intersected by but a small number of great valleys and important rivers; its surface, however, diversified by vast upland plains, cultivated in parts, in others barren and waterless, and by mountainous and rocky ranges, with a great central upland lake, which gives birth to one of the chief tributaries of the Nile, constitute, with a few towns, villages, and mountain fastnesses, and some fragmentary relics of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, all that really go to compose the modern Habesh or Abyssinia. Excluding the southern province of Shoa, it is about 400 miles long from north to south, and 300 miles wide—being thus nearly of the same extent as France. It is separated from the shores of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean by a strip of level land, nowhere broader than seventy or one hundred miles, stretching along the foot of the mountain range which incloses Abyssinia like a wall on every side. This strip of land, to which both Annesley Bay and the islet and port of Massowah belong, is subject to the Turkish sovereignty, as a dependency of Arabia. To the north and west the Abyssinian frontier, there defended by still loftier mountains, adjoins the Egyptian territories of Soudan and Sennaar, through which most of the Abyssinian rivers flow into the Nile. The Blue Nile, which unites with the White Nile (that is, the Nile of the Albert and Victoria Nyanza) at Khartoum, emerges from the southern part of Abyssinia, sweeping half round it, and turning boldly to the northwest. Beyond this river, farther south, a large extent of country is occupied by the wild tribes of the Gallas, who are continually at war with Abyssinia, and by whom it is divided from the kindred state of Shoa. Thus, having no access to the sea, and being shut up on every side within the circuit of its own Alpine barrier, surrounded by hostile Mohammedan powers, and by savage predatory races, the condition of Abyssinia has been more unfavorable to progressive civilization than that even of Persia or Japan.

The northern and eastern portion of this territory, nearest the Red Sea, belongs to Tigré, and has never been for any long time subject to King Theodore. The river Takazze separates Tigré from Amhara. The people of Amhara have a distinct language of their own, and have been the dominant race of Abyssinia. They have apparently a higher civilization. "Their manners," according to Mr. Plowden's account, "are pleasing; they are remarkably quick and intelligent; but their standard of morality is low. Sensual pleasures, and that of intoxication, are gratified without scruple and without shame. In general, the interests and conveniences of the moment are their only rule of conduct; want of tact and ill-temper the only crimes in their code. The most curious point in their character is, that no one is expected to feel ashamed of any crime or vice. I have never yet been able to discover what an Abyssinian could be ashamed of, except a solecism in what he considers good-manners, or the neglect of some superstitious form of social observance. They are peculiarly sensitive, however, to ridicule and abuse, whether true or untrue, and half the time of an Abyssinian master is passed in deciding disputes on such subjects." They care little for fidelity in marriage. Polygamy abounds—even the Abuna having seventy wives. They are described by travelers as conceited, frivolous, and insincere. They are inordinately fond of finery. Both the men and women wear loose cotton robes, and anoint their plaited hair with butter, which, under the heat of a tropical sun, runs down over their face, neck, and shoulders. They build no houses of solid masonry, but allow the old cities with their relics of a former civilization to fall into ruin. The dwellings of the modern Amharas bear the same relation to the works of their forefathers as those of the Fellaheen in Egypt to the mighty remnants of Karnak and Luxor. They are mostly built like a tower, two stories high, with a projecting, conical roof, beneath which the stairs wind up outside as in a Swiss chalet. The ground-floor is generally used as a magazine—the second one being reserved for the family. Furniture is but scant, usually consisting of a few mats, some rugs, carpets, and three or four niches in the wall with ox horns to hang the owner's warlike accoutrements on. The most powerful class is that of the feudal military aristocracy, from the rank of *Dejajmatch*, or Duke, ruling one or two provinces, and leading 5000 armed men into the field, down to that of the simple officer on whom the Ras or Negus has bestowed a silk skirt. The soldiers, when left unpaid, are permitted to plunder at will, and only the great landlords and farmers are strong enough to defend their estates by force against these inroads.

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GOOK AT EGYPTIA GHOUR

The accounts given by travelers of this ancient Ethiopia are a strange mixture of truth and fable. Even many of Mr. Bruce's statements have been questioned or laughed at as ridiculous fictions. Dr. Walcot, an unscrupulous satirist of the last century, writing under the cognomen of "Peter Pindar," visited Bruce with unsparing ridicule. The latter speaks in his work of the custom of the natives to eat live oxen.

"Peter Pindar" lamented that in his travels he had seen no such wonders; he had

"not been where men—what loss, alas!
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass."

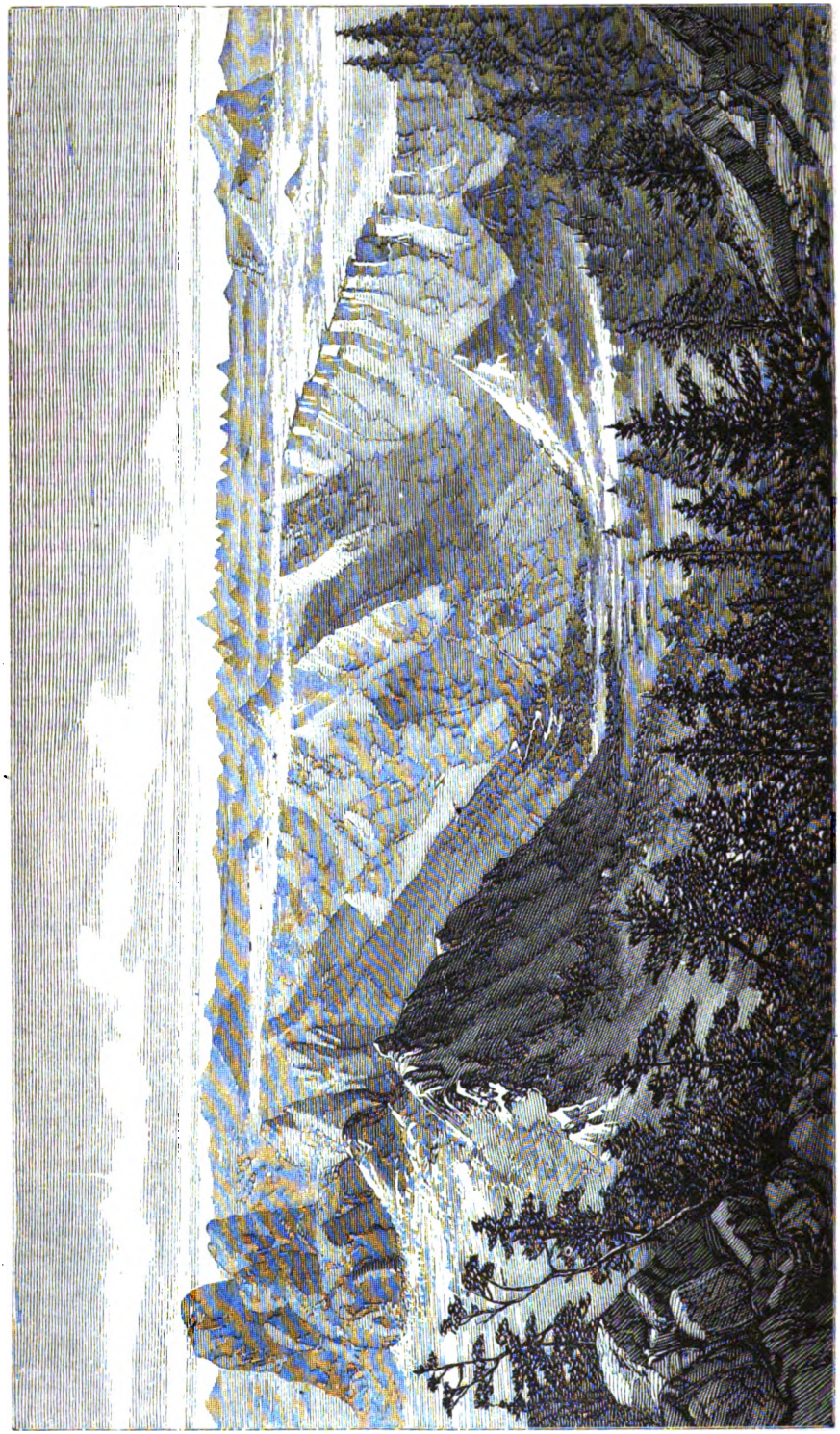
But both Sir William Jones and Mr. Dufton vouch for the truth of Bruce's narrative. "In a country," says the latter, "where I have seen eaten, and often partaken of, flesh warm and quivering from the ox, actually moving in the hand, and where a native once told me that it was common for shepherds to cut a sheep's tail while alive and suck the fat out, filling the wound with salt for another occasion, I can readily believe what Bruce described."

Sir John Mandeville might fairly have come under "Peter Pindar's" satiric lash when he asserted that "merchants will not go into the land of Prester John (Abyssinia) by reason of the length of the journey and the great perils on sea; there are many places in the sea where are many rocks of stone that is called adamant, the which of his own kind draweth to him all manner of iron, and therefore there be no ships." Procopius notices the peculiar construction of the vessels navigating the Red Sea, and in particular the substitution of ropes for nails in fastening the planks. He suggests that the ignorant attributed the absence of metal to the existence on the coast of a magnetic mountain, which attracted the nails and destroyed the ships. He gives, as the real reason, the absence of iron in Ethiopia, and the fact that the Romans forbade the sale of it. As an instance of the baselessness of the tradition, he mentions that no accident befell Roman vessels laden with iron. Again Cosmas mentions having seen in Abyssinia the hippopotamus; and although he never encountered a living specimen of the unicorn, he saw figures of the animal in the palace of a native king. He says: "It is impossible to take the beast; all the strength of it lies in his horn. When pursued, and on the point of being captured, it throws itself from precipices, and turns a somersault with such dexterity that it receives all the shock on the horn and escapes safe and sound." What a god-send to this animal must the Alpine character of the Abyssinian country have been, for clearly he would not have had much chance for his life on a dead level! But to return again to Sir John. "There is a certain isle," he remarks, "where be people as great as giants, of eight feet long, and they gladlier eat men's flesh than other; and men tell us that beyond that island is another, whereon are greater giants of forty-five or fifty feet long, but I saw them not; and among these giants are great sheep—as it were, young oxen. These *sheep* have I seen many times." He goes on to say that "the land is full of marvels, for



ANNESLEY BAY.

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VIEW OF THE PLATEAU AT HEAD, LOOKING TOWARD THE ARCHA PEAKS.

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that there is a goodly sea which is of sand and gravel and no drop of water, and it ebbeth and floweth with very great waves, as another sea doth, and it is never standing still, and never in rest, and no man can pass to the land beyond it."

These fictions remind us of a legend which the natives relate in regard to a cave on the coast of Calam, near Axum—namely, that if one take in a candle at night he may see distinctly the whole way to Jerusalem, whither King Calám—whoever *he* may have been—went on a pilgrimage. Father Bermudez not only mentions "a kind of unicorn" and a race of Amazons, but also a Phœnix which lived among certain rough and desert mountains. Father Lobo, another Jesuit, narrowly escaped with his life from a species of serpents which he describes as having "a wide mouth, with which they draw in a great quantity of air, and having retained it some time, eject it with such force that they kill at four yards' distance." Poncet, a French physician who visited the country in 1698, speaks of as many as 10,000 priests and 16,000 deacons having been sometimes consecrated at a single ordination. He does not inform us how many worshipers there were in the churches, nor how the convocations of the Abyssinian Church—if any were held—were conducted. He also mentions red hippopotami as seen by him on the Lake Tzana, and tells us about "a wonderful little animal, not much bigger than a cat, but with a head like a man's and a white beard. It remains always on those trees where it is born and there dies."

Abyssinia appears to be a most wonderful country, even if we reject these fables and depend solely upon the most trustworthy accounts. From Angobar (the capital of Shoa) Dr. Beke writes: "Fancy my being here, within ten degrees of the line—dog-roses, honey-suckles, jasmine, and blackberries in the hedges, stinging-nettles in the ditches, and butter-cups in the fields of grass, quite as fine as those of England. But there is every climate here within the extent of a few miles, and the country will produce any thing." Dufton, on his first entrance into Theodore's country, says it would be best represented by picturing the high mountains of the Scotch highlands covered with the fertility of the Rhineland; but the vegetation is of a nature quite different from that of the Rhine, characterized as it is by the luxuriance of the tropics. Close by is the deep valley of the Black Nile, with woods of baobab, sycamore, and cedar, abounding, as all these low valleys do in Abyssinia, with wild beasts, including elephants, lions, rhinoceros, hyenas, antelopes, gazelles, and wild boar. The shores of Lake Tzana, near Debra Tabor—a fine inland sheet of water 70 miles long by 40 broad, situated 6000 feet above the sea, and containing several beautiful islands—are adorned with peach, grape-vine, and other fruit trees, and produce wheat, barley, and other cereals. In the southwest, toward Kuara, the coffee-plant also flourishes. Among minerals, coal and iron are found in considerable quantities. Abyssinia is indeed capable of producing any thing, for there is every variety of climate between the high mountain land and the deep lowlands or valleys. It has been called the Switzerland of Africa, and in the hands of a civilized community would constitute one of the most delightful places of sojourn it is possible to conceive. One of the greatest drawbacks is the rainy season, which prevails one-half the year, and during which journeying among the hills is impossible. Almost instantaneously sudden floods descend from the mountains and overwhelm all that they find in their path.

The general features of the country lying along the route of General Napier's march have been portrayed by Mr. Markham, who accompanied the expedition as the representative of the Royal Geographical Society. A sandy plain, overlying a clayey soil, stretches from Annesley Bay to the mountains. It is intersected by dry beds of torrents, overgrown with such plants as salicornia, acacia, and calotropis, with patches of coarse grass. On a few mounds are found broken pieces of fluted columns, capitals, and fragments of a dark volcanic stone. From the anchorage at Zulla, on the bay, this plain appears green, and in the distance appear the snow-clad tops of the Semien mountains, 15,000 feet high. The ridges of these Abyssinian Alps appear to rise one above another in a succession of waves, their snowy caps tantalizing the dwellers upon the torrid plains below toward Massowah. The Shohoes, a group of whom are represented in one of our illustrations, inhabit the region around Zulla. Their huts are scattered over the plain. Their burial-places are extensive, and appear to be used by the people for a considerable distance around them, there being only two between the coast and the entrance to the Senafé Pass. The mode of sepulture is peculiar. The graves are marked by oblong heaps of stone, with upright slabs at each end. A hole is dug about six feet in depth, and at the bottom a small cave is excavated for the reception of the body. The tomb is closed with stones, and the hole leading to it is filled up.

From Lower Ragolay, a great salt plain extends southward, white with a saline incrustation, and showing signs of volcanic action. This Ragolay River, in flowing to the sea, descends into a depression 193 feet below the sea level, caused probably by some violent volcanic action, and its waters are finally dissipated by evaporation under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and by absorption in the sand.

Through Komayli, at the entrance of the Senafé Pass, and 433 feet above the sea, our course winds through the narrow pass among gneiss mountains which rise perpendicularly on either side, and after proceeding 12 miles, the pass again opens at Upper Sooroo, 2520 feet above the sea level. We then pass a plain where we find guinea-fowl, candelabra-trees, and aloes.

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The cliffs rise higher, with peaked mountains towering up behind them, and the vegetation becomes richer and more varied. Here grow figs, and banyan, sycamore, tamarind, jujube, and solanum trees. In some places we encounter a perfect plague of locusts, which rise from the ground in myriads, their innumerable wings making a loud, crackling noise. Monkeys are numerous, and the carcasses of mules attract hosts of Abyssinian vultures. Senafé itself is a village 7464 feet above the sea, and occupied by Mohammedans. One remarkable feature of this region is the number of plateaus, whose summits form a straight level, terminating in scarped sandstone cliffs with underlying schist rocks, the plateaus being diversified with flat-topped peaks and separated by deep ravines and wide valleys.

From Senafé to Magdala—the goal of the British expedition—is a distance of 260 miles through a mountainous region very similar to that already described. One-third of this route lies within the province of Tigré.

Before we close this survey of Abyssinia and its people, let us for a moment glance at the religious condition of the country. For fifteen hundred years Abyssinia has been nominally a Christian nation. The slight bond which held the Abyssinian Church through its hierarchical form to the Coptic has been much loosened by dissensions about doctrines, and by the labors of modern missionaries. Among these missionaries the Protestants were first in the field, represented by M. Gobat, who arrived in 1830, followed by Moravian brethren. M. de Jacobis, the Roman Catholic Bishop, arrived in 1840. The Protestants, moreover, have had an advantage from the fact that they have prosecuted their missionary labors, not by political intrigues, but by introducing the arts of civilization. More recently they have been less discreet, and have imperiled the whole mission by proselytizing, and declaring war against the ignorant traditions of the Abyssinians; it was through them that, directly as concerned the captive missionaries, and indirectly as concerned Consul Cameron and his companions, the late difficulties arose. The Roman Catholic Christianity of the natives is a strange admixture of Romanism, Judaism, and Pagan superstition. Certainly this Christianity has done very little to elevate the people above those of the surrounding countries. Over two-thirds of the days of the year are fast-days. Religion among the people is purely formal, and has no power over the life. The monastic institution is a great burden upon the people. It is estimated that there are over twelve thousand monks and nuns, all living upon the country. Gondar, the former capital of Abyssinia, is the seat of the priesthood, the implacable enemies of the late King Theodore, and on this account it has been by him given up to plunder and rapine thrice since 1862. Deserted, barren places, blackened ruins, and heaps of débris every where meet the eye, and, with the uneven pavement, narrow winding streets, and herds of lazy priests, remind one forcibly of Jerusalem.

If the Christianity of Abyssinia planted by Frumentius had been a vital, operative power, the history of the world would have been materially changed. Christianity would then have advanced into Arabia, and, as Gibbon says, "Mohammed must have been crushed in his cradle." Abyssinia might thus have prevented a revolution which has changed the civil and religious state of the world.

II.—RISE AND FALL OF THEODORE.

The events of the past fifteen years of Abyssinian history group themselves about a single centre—King Theodore, whose character and career are equally remarkable. He is represented as uniting in himself the most opposite and conflicting qualities—brutality and intelligence, benignity and tyranny, moderation and madness, savage prejudice and political sagacity. These inconsistencies are, however, easy of explanation if we separate his career into two periods, the first of which closes about 1861. It is in this early portion of the king's career that his best qualities appear, while the later years of his reign disclose features from the contemplation of which the human mind shrinks in horror and disgust.

The original name of this monarch was Dedjatz Kassai. He was born in 1820. His father, Hailu Weleda Georgis, was an impoverished Abyssinian nobleman of royal descent. But he was a poor stick of a husband, and dying soon after the birth of this promising son Kassai, left his widow to support herself by peddling *Kousso*—a drug which the Abyssinians take to kill tape-worm. They incur the disease by the consumption of raw meat, and drink the tincture of *Kousso* to cure it. Upon his father's death Kassai was placed in a monastery to be educated as a priest. It was here that the boy became versed in the legends and traditions of his country, all of which, like Mohammed, he applied to himself. In particular there was an ancient prophecy, according to which a mighty man named Theodorus was to arise, rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks, chase them out of Europe, destroy the whole Moslem race from the face of the earth, restore the holy city of Jerusalem to its ancient splendor, and re-establish the Abyssinian Church in all its pristine power and glory. Years passed on, while Kassai, who had assumed the happy name of Theodore, nourished in his heart these old legends, until finally the monastery was attacked and pillaged, and this aspiring youth, having narrowly escaped with his life, entered upon the accomplishment of his dreams.

At the time of Theodore's escape Ras Ali ruled Central Abyssinia, while the outlying provinces were governed by independent chiefs. The mother of Ras Ali ruled the province of Dembea. Theodore had gathered about him a considerable following, and defeated the Queen Mother at the head of her troops. To pacify

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KING THEODORE.

the ambitious fellow she gave him her daughter's hand in marriage. Ras Ali insisted upon the disarmament of his forces, and succeeded by an offer of amnesty in detaching his followers from their chief, whom he captured and carried to Debra Tabor in triumph. Theodore, by wily protestations of loyalty, gained an influence over his captor, convinced him that the Queen was an objectionable old lady, and was allowed to put himself again at the head of his

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troops and make war on the Arabs. It was not until the end of 1852 or beginning of 1853 that Theodore showed his true colors and openly proclaimed war against Ras Ali, whom, together with his ally the Chief of Tigré, he defeated in battle. Now completely master of the situation, he proceeded to carry out his design of subjecting the independent chiefs and establishing the Ethiopian empire. Oubie, Chief of Tigré, was his most formidable opponent. Theodore trifled with his rival, and affected to treat with him as to which should be the universal sovereign. In February, 1854, he agreed to submit the question to a council of Notables. And at this point we find the ecclesiastical element coming into play. Abba Salama, the Coptic Abuna, favored the claims of Oubie. Now this Abuna owed his patriarchate to the Romish bishop, Jacobis, a missionary who had gained a precarious footing in the country, and who, it seems, had suggested the elevation of Salama, hoping that afterward he might himself obtain the succession on account of his protégé's dissipated character. But Salamis had "stuck" in spite of the fact that he was a bloated drunkard and a sensualist; and consequently Jacobis was a disappointed aspirant. Here was Theodore's opportunity. He promised to give Jacobis the patriarchate and to make the Roman Catholic faith the established religion of the empire, if he would crown him Emperor. This bait being eagerly snatched by the Jesuit, Theodore resumed the war against Oubie, and the Coptic Abuna retaliated by excommunicating him and his whole army. This dread punishment did not affect Theodore, who had now a bishop of his own. If one bishop could curse another could absolve—so he told the Abuna, and hinted that the latter had better look out for his own position. This brought the Abuna to his senses, and he promised to crown Theodore Emperor on condition that the rival bishop and his priests from the country would consent. Thus, by playing off one priest against another, Theodore made both of them his most humble servants. Early in 1855 he was crowned Emperor under the title of "Theodoros, King of Kings, of Ethiopia;" and the ceremony took place at the very time and place fixed upon for the coronation of his rival.

Successful in his ambitious schemes Theodore commenced to reform the administration of the country. He paid his soldiers regularly, and thus prevented them from plundering his subjects. He suppressed the slave-trade, and even purchased Christian slaves from Mohammedan dealers in order to set them free. He introduced decent habits of dress into Abyssinian society, and furnished an example of conjugal fidelity which might well have put to shame the Coptic Abuna. As far as possible he dispersed the banditti who had infested the country from time immemorial. He deprived the feudal chiefs of their despotic power, and placed the country under a responsible government. He also very much weakened the powers of the priesthood.

King Theodore's personal appearance is described by Mr. Dufton, who represents him as "of middling stature, and of a well-knit but not overpowerful frame, conveying more the idea of being tough and wiry than of strong physical development. His complexion is dark, approaching to black, but he has nothing of the negro about him; his features are altogether those of a European. His head is well-formed, and his hair is arranged in large plaits extending back from the forehead. The forehead is high, and tends to be prominent. His eye is black, full of fire, quick, and piercing. His nose has a little of the Roman about it, being slightly arched and pointed. His mouth is perfect; and the smile which during the conversation continually played upon it was exceedingly agreeable, I may say fascinating. He has very little mustache or beard. His manner was peculiarly pleasant, gracious, and even polite; and his general expression, even when his features were at rest, was one of intelligence and benevolence."

His method of administering justice was peculiar. He instituted himself as the highest authority in the land to whom all the discontented could appeal, appearing before him with the cry, "Dschan-hoi" (majesty). There was a wild sort of justice in his decisions, usually given in the morning before his tent. For instance:

He was sitting at the door of his tent, when an Arab approached with the cry "Dschan-hoi, Dschan-hoi! Justice, O King!" Being asked his complaint he replied:

"Three days ago I returned home from the bazar; 'Fatmeh,' I cried, 'Fatmeh!' but no answer. For know, O King, Fatmeh is my wife, my pearl. She has vanished. Allah akbar, God is great; I supposed she had visited her sick mother. The stars begin to pale, the sun returns, but Fatmeh comes not. I hasten to her mother; she has not been there! Dschan-hoi, I want my wife!"

"Good," replies the king, "you shall have her; be ready in an hour's time to receive me in your house."

Promptly appearing the king asks to be shown the dresses of the missing wife. So all the faithless Fatmeh's pomps and vanities are exposed, and finally a pair of wide-flowing silken trowsers are brought to light, and the astonished husband can not recognize them as a part of his wife's wardrobe. All the tailors in Gondar were then summoned, one of whom identified the trowsers as made by him for a rich young nobleman, Ras Michal. Then follows the seizure of the Ras and the discovery of Fatmeh. Both were brought before the king.

"There is your wife," said Theodore; "take her; I have kept my promise."

"Excuse me, Dschan-hoi," said Abdallah; "a woman who has slept three nights out of my house is no longer my wife."

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"You have spoken well," said the king. "Take this purse and buy yourself another one. As for you two," he thundered, "you can not marry here, as one woman can not have two husbands, but you can be united in heaven if you like!" Thereupon he gave the order for their immediate execution, which was carried out the same day.

Here is another instance. A soldier has shot a peasant who tried to regain some tobacco stolen from him by the former. A judge, on hearing the case, fined the murderer ten dollars, which he handed to the widow, who indignantly refused and appealed to the king. Theodore heard the story through, and had the soldier brought before him. "What was your punishment?" inquired the king. "A fine of ten dollars," was the reply. "Oh!" said the king, "'tis cheap: I can afford that," and drawing his pistol, he shot the man dead, quietly laying down ten dollars before the astounded judge.

At the summit of his power King Theodore commanded an army of 150,000 men, though only about one-third of these were disciplined soldiers. The following is a description from the pen of H. A. Burette (who once fell into the clutches of King Theodore), of the order of march usually adopted by this immense army:

"First the king, with his *likamanquas** and body-guard, then a troop of cavalry for reconnoitring, followed by the bulk of the infantry, the rear being brought up by the train and rest of the cavalry. The train is a most picturesque sight. The most characteristic feature in it is the clerical party, which always accompanies the king like the high-priests of the Israelites. The native head of the clergy, the Tchege, with an enormous turban, and dressed in his long white robe, or which was white once upon a time, leads the van, surrounded by pious monks and holy men dressed in leather, and their heads covered with little yellow caps. Then follows a monk ringing a bell and preceding a number of priests carrying divers gaudily-gilt and painted thrones, on which the tables of the laws repose. Very often there is quite a collection of these tables inscribed with the Ten Commandments, 'tabots,' as they are called, which are quite new, and have been brought into the camp to receive the Abuna's blessing. In addition to these gentlemen there are always a certain number of 'debteras,' who, with charms and amulets for protection against the evil chances of war, do make a very good business of it too. But the funniest sight of all is the cock of the church, a fat capon, kept to awaken the holy men to their devotions, and putting one in mind of

> 'This is the cock that crew in the morn,
> To waken the priest all shaven and shorn:'

only the Abyssinian priests don't shave, nor comb, nor wash. The number of women accompanying the army is very large, each of the officers taking his wife with him to the wars, and most of the men their sweet-hearts."

The Emperor did not find that his coronation in 1855 put his enemies at rest. The security of his kingdom was still menaced by rebellions headed by various chiefs, of whom the most powerful was a certain Negousie, and a man named Garet, who made himself notorious by the murder of Mr. Plowden—the British consul and a particular friend and supporter of Theodore. At the time of this murder Theodore was warring against Negousie, but on the news reaching him he immediately proceeded to avenge the murder of his friend, and forced the rebel chief to accept battle. Garet dashed at the king, and threw his lance at him, which would inevitably have pierced his breast had not Mr. Bell interposed his own body, thus sacrificing his life for the man to whose service he had devoted himself. This Mr. Bell—also an Englishman—after leading a hunter's life on the banks of the Blue Nile, had in the course of his adventures strayed into the wilds of Abyssinia, where, in 1854, he became acquainted with King Theodore. The king must have had a remarkable power of inspiring enthusiasm in the minds of other men. It would be difficult otherwise to account for the devotion of this ill-fated Englishman. At night, we are told, he lay down before the door of his royal master like a dog.

During the period with which we have been dealing King Theodore was sober. The extravagances of his subsequent career we can only account for by his excessive indulgence in the use of some vile Abyssinian liquor of an unpronounceable name, but the importation of which, for the benefit of the other potentates of Christendom, we certainly can not recommend. The period of sobriety, according to our theory, terminated just after his last great victory in 1861, when he announced to the assembled clergy at Axum that he had made a bargain with God. The terms of this equitable arrangement, as stated by him, were that God on His part had promised not to descend on earth to strike him; while Theodore, not to be behindhand, had promised not to ascend into heaven to fight with Him. From this time madness seems to have possessed the mind of poor Theodore. Those who assert that the letter to Queen Victoria, written shortly after this, contained a proposal of marriage, the king's wife having recently died, will probably attribute this madness to the pangs of disappointed love. Disappointed pride certainly did have much to do with the closing period of the king's reign.

For Theodore was not satisfied with the conquest of Abyssinia. He sought an alliance with the British nation, possibly as a means of carrying out his schemes for the conquest of the Moslems in the East. His letter to the Queen—whatever it contained—was not answered. Captain Cameron, who had succeeded Mr. Plowden as British consul at Massowah,

* The four governors who dress just like the king.

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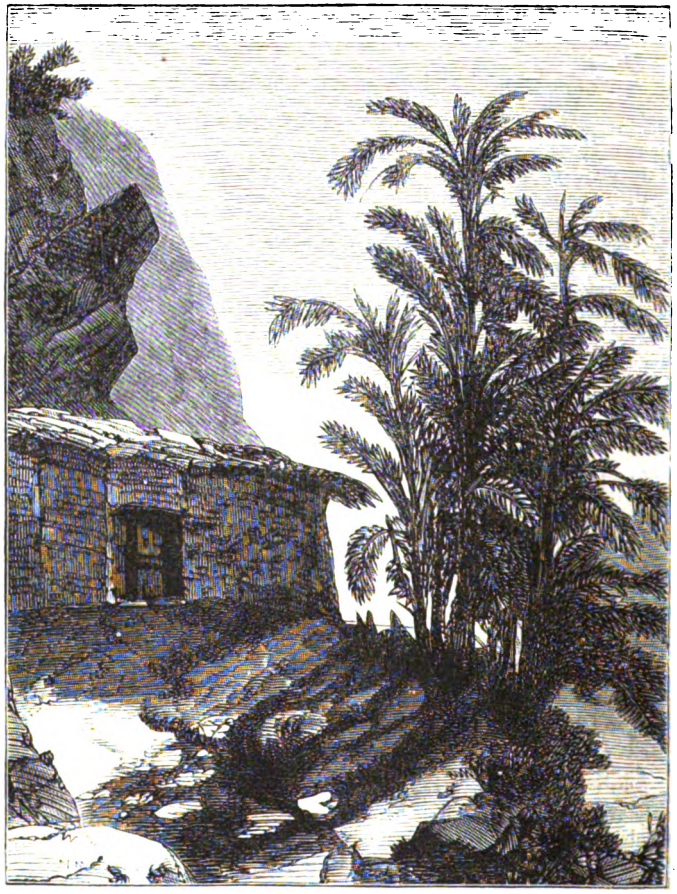


CONSUL CAMERON.

Massowah, was not allowed to enter the kingdom till the autumn of 1865. Accompanied by Lieutenant Prideaux and Dr. Henri Blanc, who were attached to his special embassy, Mr. Rassam, in the early part of the year 1866, visited the king at Debra Tabor, and, by his diplomatic expostulations, with the promise of valuable gifts, persuaded Theodore to release all the prisoners. It seemed as though their safety was secured. Theodore, however, insisted that the promised gifts, which lay at Massowah, consisting of tools and machines, besides some European workmen for whom he had asked, should be sent up to him, at Debra Tabor, before Mr. Stern and his companions should go. This was, of course, declined. A series of alternate disputes and reconciliations followed; but the result was that on April 13, the very day appointed for the English captives to depart, Mr. Rassam himself and the other members of the embassy were imprisoned in the same manner. Dr. Beke was at Massowah, and interceded for them in vain. Mr. Flad alone, being a favorite, was permitted to leave and to go to Europe with letters from Theodore to Queen Victoria and

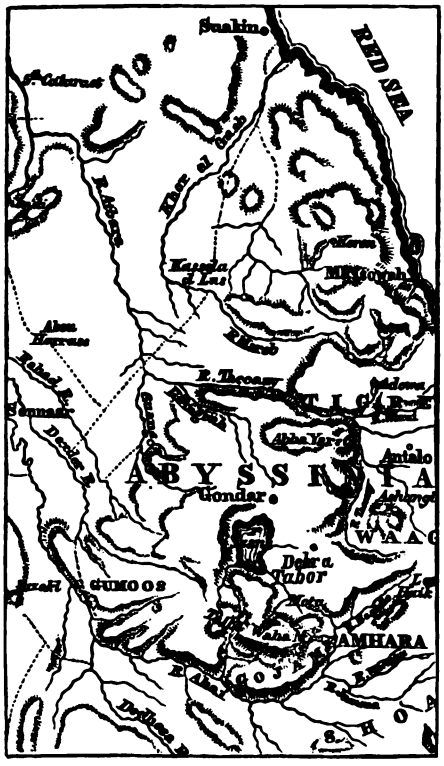
became an object of suspicion. His correspondence was seized, and some offensive remarks being found, the consul was arrested, and, together with all other Europeans upon whom the king could lay his hands, was cast into prison. Mr. Stern, the missionary, in addition to incarceration, was also flogged. In his correspondence King Theodore found himself mentioned as the "wild beast of Abyssinia," and frequently alluded to in like complimentary phrases.

In August, 1864, Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, an Arab Christian of English education, and assistant to Colonel Merewether, the British Political Resident at Aden, was instructed by Her Majesty's Government to go to Abyssinia, and to demand the release of her subjects. Mr. Rassam, detained on various pretexts at



CHURCH AT GOUN-GOUNA, BETWEEN SENAFE AND ADIGERAT.

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MAP OF ABYSSINIA.

other sovereigns, and with directions to procure him various things he wanted. His wife and three children being kept in Abyssinia, he was sure to return, and did so.

Thus the matter rested until October 4, 1866, when the British Foreign Secretary demanded the release of the prisoners, to which demand King Theodore seems to have paid no attention. In April, 1867, the demand was repeated, with a distinct intimation that if compliance was delayed for three months all peaceful negotiations would be concluded.

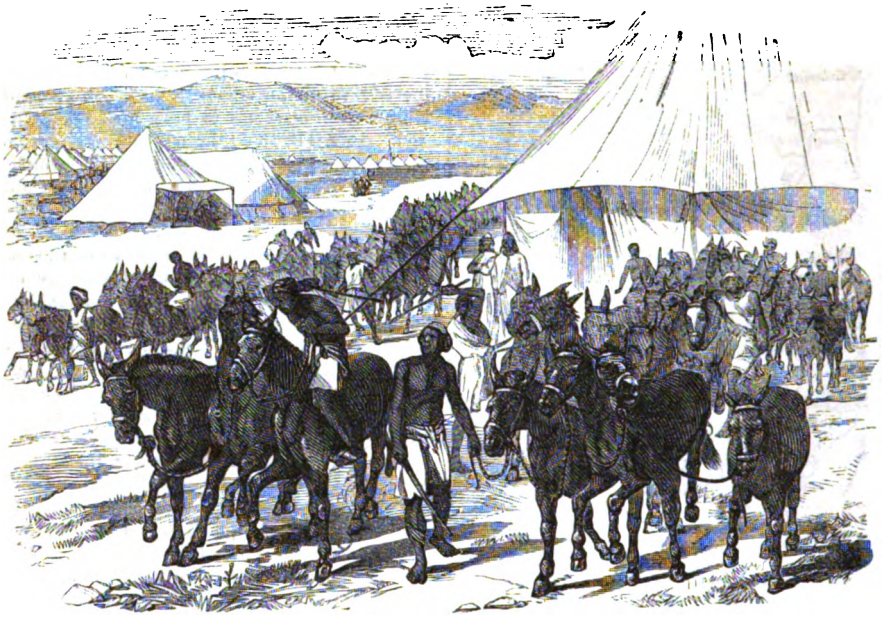
Meanwhile the captives—whose wives and servants were also imprisoned—were treated kindly or with indignity, as the caprices of King Theodore prompted. From Gondar they had been transferred to a more inaccessible position in the fortress of Magdala. This Magdala, says Mr. Burette, is situated on a high plateau on the south side of the River Bashilo, which forms the boundary between the Gallas territory and Abyssinia, the entrance to the valley on the east being guarded by the strong, precipitous fortresses of Amba Gahit and Amba Geshen. On the west the descent from it is down a rugged and precipitous ridge, and on the east into a deep and narrow defile. The natural approach to it is from the south through the defiles and passes of Kollo Mountain, whose glittering glaciers flash in the bright sunlight with all the sublime beauty of Alpine scenery. The height of the fortress above the valley of the Bashilo is about 8500 feet, and it is protected by the perpendicular rocks and chasms that surround it on all sides, especially on the east and west, where the natural and artificial bastions fall some hundreds of feet into the chasms below.

As embassies and dispatches had no effect



ABYSSINIAN WARRIORS.

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GENERAL NAPIER'S MARCH—MULES AND MULE-DRIVERS.

on King Theodore, the British Government determined to send an army. Parliament met on the 19th of November, 1867. The Queen announced that she had directed an expedition to be sent for the rescue of her subjects, and "for that purpose alone." In some quarters there was great opposition to the undertaking, but the House promptly voted supplies—the consequence of which vote is a tax of twopence on the pound, to be levied on the incomes of Brit-



GENERAL NAPIER'S MARCH—WATER-CARRIERS AND CAMP FOLLOWERS.

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ARRIVAL AT ADIGERAT OF AN EMBASSADOR FROM KASSA, KING OF TIGRE.

ish subjects. Those who anticipated from this expedition a new accession to that empire upon which the sun never sets indulged in many vague and dreamy speculations, one of which was, that probably the course of the Nile might be turned into another channel so as to empty into the Red Sea, and leave the French Emperor's Suez Canal nowhere. What will come of the expedition viewed in this light remains yet to be seen. Its proposed design involved simply the rescue of Consul Cameron and his fellow-prisoners.

General Sir Robert Napier, Commander-in-Chief of the Expedition, arrived in Abyssinia on the second day of 1868. A reconnoitring party under Colonel Merewether had preceded him, occupying three months in explorations of the country. But this reconnoissance, so far as the removal of difficulties was concerned, was nothing when compared to operations which had for a long time been going on in Theodore's kingdom.

Even as late as 1863 King Theodore's army had numbered 150,000 men. When General Napier came it had dwindled down to a handful, and it was doubted whether 5000 men could be mustered under the old banner. By Theodore's own fault his kingdom had become a shadow. His whole character had changed, and he was a scourge to the land which he had once believed it his mission to redeem. He instilled into his soldiers the love of rapine and plunder. Whole provinces were desolated at his whim. The confidence of the people was lost, and the standard of rebellion was again raised, at first in Shoa and the Gallas country, then in Tigré, until from the outskirts of the empire menacing hosts advanced upon the centre from every direction. Numerous were the defections in the king's own army; and to these were added the ravages of the small-pox, cholera, and famine. Whatever may have been the sufferings of the European captives, they were insignificant as compared with the horrible tortures inflicted by Theodore upon such of his enemies as came into his hands. As the situation of the king became more desperate he became more suspicious, and by his galling tyranny alienated from him his most trusty friends. The most frightful stories are related of this monster's cruelties—of women whipped to death, of chiefs chopped in pieces, of whole communities driven into their dwellings and there burned to death. By the steady pressure of the insurrectionists the king was finally hemmed in within the limits of a narrow region around Debra Tabor. He was even cut off from Magdala, only sixty miles distant; and probably to this circumstance alone did the captives owe their escape from the murderous rage of this despot.

This was the situation when the British Expedition landed at Zulla, south of Massowah, on Annesley Bay. It was not until the 29th of January that General Napier reached Senafé, having in his command 12,000 men, of whom a considerable portion were drawn from India. The entire distance from Zulla to Magdala is upward of 400 miles. The British journals compare this march of General Napier to that of General Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. "We are all apt," says the *Spectator*, "to think

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Sherman's march into space a rather wonderful thing. Plant three Alleghanies straight across his path; destroy all roads; dry up most springs; change his compact army of educated soldiers into a collection of men of three colors, five creeds, and four languages; strip the country till every loaf has to be carried from his base; falsify all his maps, and make his cavalry useless as pioneers, and Sherman will have the work to do which Sir Robert Napier has so far successfully accomplished." But then, it must be remembered that Sherman's march was through the enemy's country in its entire route, while that of Sir Robert Napier, until he came to the fortress of Magdala, was not only through a region occupied by the enemies of Theodore, but was entirely dependent for its success upon that fact. The same expedition, undertaken with ten times the force, would in 1860 have terminated in disaster. Kassa, the King of Tigré, was especially the friend of the invaders. The illustration which we give of the embassy sent by this king to General Napier tells its own story, and is a faithful representation of the elaborate processions which the Abyssinians can get up on occasion.

It was a picturesque campaign—this of General Napier in Abyssinia—"in which," said the *Spectator*, "a 'passage of the Alps' is a daily incident; in which the organization of the army, though not its courage, has been tested to the utmost; in which they are employing and harmonizing the military systems of two empires and two ages, of the East and the West, of Count von Moltke and of Pyrrhus, laying down railways with the help of camels, carrying the newest devices in scientific gunnery upon elephants, using theodolites to clear the way for bearded old Mussulman sabreurs, and compelling a lofty African desert to yield water by an American device not yet a twelvemonth old. Three regiments, two white, one dusky, with miles of artillery, baggage wagons, mules, and followers crawling after them, have passed mountains as high as Mount Cenis, to halt at a point 7500 feet above the sea, three hundred miles in the interior of Africa, with mountains before, behind, and around, mountains all conical, looking as if they belonged to another world."

It was a race between Napier and Theodore, to see which should first reach Magdala, and the Abyssinian king came out ahead, notwithstanding the obstacles in his way which prevented him from marching more than two or three miles a day. On the 10th of April he encountered the British army, and, although his fortress was deemed by General Napier to be almost impregnable, he was almost deserted by his troops, and the advancing enemy gained an easy victory. Driven within his strong-hold, King Theodore, it is said, finding resistance hopeless, committed suicide, leaving the ancient prophecy, in which he had trusted, to be fulfilled by some more fortunate successor. Poor Theodore!

IN THE MAGUERRIWOCK.

MR. FURBUSH was waited upon one morning by a client, and requested to take charge of a case that was rather out of his usual beat, as he said. And though its being a good instance of mysterious disappearance, with almost nothing to start from, gave it an immediate interest to his inquisitive mind, yet the investigation, being located upon an almost uncivilized region of the frontier forest, made it a much less agreeable study than was the same line of cases when they could be worked up in the pleasant purlieus of the city, and involved no greater hardships than attendance at the opera-houses and in the drawing-rooms of fashionable ladies.

"But," said the client, "I think it will really be worth your while. The fee will be such—"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Furbush, "but I am not so young as I was. I have a liking for my easy-chair. Perhaps my scent is not so keen as once—"

"On the contrary, habit has made it perfect."

"No dog for the chase like an old one? Well, let me have the data," said Mr. Furbush, rather pleased than otherwise—for the truth was he had been getting a little rusty—taking an enormous pinch of snuff, and then filliping his fingers till he seemed to be throwing dust in the eyes of the universe.

"Listen then," said his interlocutor. "Ten years ago a pack-peddler went through the town of Boltonby—the last large town in that part of the State, and the last town at all before you reach the Maguerriwock district—he stopped at the watchmaker's there, and exhibited the contents of his pack, a small pack, but full of valuables. There were watches and bracelets and gold chains in it; brooches set with pearls; there were carbuncles and amethysts and many marketable stones variously set—it was decidedly a precious pack on the whole; and though the watchmaker lightened it of sundry articles, he made it heavy again with the gold which he paid for them; the peddler preferring gold, as he was going upon the frontier and into Canada, where our own bank-bills were at a discount.

"'But do you go afoot?' asked the watchmaker.

"'Unless some team gives me a lift,' replied the peddler.

"'Dangerous business,' the watchmaker said, 'in such a neighborhood as the Maguerriwock. I wouldn't be seen there alone after dark though I had left all my watches here in the shop behind me. And you to walk into the lion's mouth with all your wealth upon you?'

"'Who would suspect me of wealth?' asked the peddler. 'Do you see the patches on my boots? am I not out at elbow? do I wear fine linen? am I not on foot stubbing along too poor to take a stage? does my pack look like any

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thing more than a farm-laborer's knapsack?' And he laughed, and asked which road led to the Third Plantation, and which to the Maguerriwock, and went out in the direction of the Third Plantation. There were one or two loungers in the store; I don't know their names —I suppose they could easily be ascertained. It has been found that the peddler, after he had gone a couple of miles in the direction of the Third Plantation, that is, on a northwest radius, struck across the fields and made for the road that runs in the direction of a northeast radius from Boltonby centre, and that led into the Maguerriwock—on one side of him, the black and white brook tumbling down with its foam; on the other, old Maguerriwock Mountain rising dark with its firs. Whether he lost his way and wandered round there till he starved or died, whether the bears and wolves abounding there made an end of him, whether he was waylaid and murdered, it is impossible to say; all we know is, that he never reached the settlement beyond, or if he did, there is no trace of his having done so. Now before the peddler went on his fatal journey, he having a few surplus funds, invested them in a Bolivian Silver-mining Company's stock, the sound of whose name happened to take his fancy, wisely as it eventuated. This Company made dividend after dividend—first of fifty, then of a hundred, then of five hundred per cent.; the stock has risen to an almost inestimable value, and the fortune of a prince lies ready for the peddler's hand, or for the hand of the next of kin. It is of the first importance to this next of kin to discover the peddler; if he is not forthcoming, it becomes of the second importance to establish the fact of his decease. And I, Mr. Furbush," said the client, drawing back the better to observe the effect of his announcement, "am the next of kin!"

"Yes," said Mr. Furbush, calmly, after he had sent up a ring of smoke to the ceiling, and watched it dissipate there. "Yes; I've known about that million's rusting for an owner this long time, and wondered you never came to me about it. I don't know but what I'll undertake it. Tell you to-morrow. Call again, same hour." After which the two heads were put together a moment as to terms and expenses, and the client went out; and Mr. Furbush snapped his fingers to a pleasant tune for a little while, having made his bargain all on one side. But this exultation was succeeded by a corresponding depression, for Mr. Furbush never found any pleasure in overreaching a simpleton; he liked to measure wits with some one whose blade was as long and as keen as his own; the case, too, was as simply put together as black and white; he saw it now straight before him; and although I believe in the end he exacted the fulfillment of his client's promises, yet the whole round sum which he thus obtained, and which enabled him to withdraw presently from business, had he chosen so to do, gave him far less pleasure than the pitiful salary of a detective policeman used to do when he drew it quarterly.

A gay party of gentlemen was just forming for a hunting excursion down in this very Maguerriwock district and no other; and to this Mr. Furbush, happening to know about it, had no difficulty in attaching himself. Most of the gentlemen treated Mr. Furbush with distinguished urbanity, whether they had ever had occasion to deal with him in the past, or feared they might have in the future; and while he never lost an eye to business, he contrived to enjoy himself until they reached Boltonby, the large town of which mention has been made, in as good wildwood fashion as did ever any one who wore the belted green.

In Boltonby Mr. Furbush's watch must needs get itself out of order just as the party was going into the deep woods. Of course he sought the watchmaker's without delay, in order to repair the mishap.

"Take a seat, if you please," said the artisan. "I'll not detain you a half hour, Sir. Nothing but some snuff in the works," and he applied all his dexterity. "Haven't seen a repeater here before, Sir," said he, presently, "since I looked into the pack of the peddler that was killed in the Maguerriwock."

"Killed!" exclaimed Mr. Furbush.

"Well, there's some suppose he got bewildered, and wandered round till he grew exhausted; and there even have been discovering parties out after his pack. But it's all one now. The thing that's certain is that the last time he was seen it was in this shop," said he, sensationally.

"Indeed? They never suspected you of a hand in his disappearance, then?" asked Mr. Furbush, mischievously stealing the sensation.

"Hardly, Sir," said the worthy watchmaker. "Not any one in Boltonby, Sir."

"But are you certain he was seen here then?"

"In my shop? I should think so. Let me see who saw him," said the watchmaker, reflectively. "The parson—there he sits now; Dr. Stedman, dead long ago, poor man; old Ledgefield, from over the mountain—"

"Maguerriwock?"

"The same. And one or two of the farmers that never sent, nor never received, a letter in the whole course of their lives, but who came regularly every Saturday, from far and near, to see if there were any for them, whether or no. I had the post-office here then. That was the way they kept up with the world. Let me see—the Cravens, father and son; and Billy Moore—he's a cripple—"

"You never laid the deed to old Ledgefield?"

"Bless you, no," said the watchmaker, as he blew between the wheels of the watch blasts fit to carry the vans of a bolting-mill. "Couldn't have killed a fly."

"Was the peddler such a small man that you compare him to so small an object?"

"Small? He? As much limestone in his

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bones as ever walked across the State of Maine. Six feet two in his stockings."

"One man alone couldn't have matched him, then, I take it?" said Mr. Furbush.

"Not unless he pinned him from behind. No, nor then either."

"It is, to my apprehension, the most probable conjecture that he is lying at the foot of the Maguerriwock rocks, and his knapsack beside him," said the parson, joining in, and warmed with the old gossip of the place.

"Yes, many's thought so. I remember the first exploring party after him. I went with them. We thought if the wolves had got him we should find parts of his clothes; and I was sure I should know an odd button I had seen in his woolen shirt. It was a wooden button, carved to represent a little Chinese god, with a head slung in his belt. He said he'd carved it himself, going along from place to place; and 'twas ugly enough for you to believe him, the button was. Dr. Stedman and a parcel of us went; made a regular spree of it. The Cravens got it up, and we slept at their farm in the settlement beyond, and drank such cider there as only the apples of Eden ever could have made before."

"Not very good cider, then, if you remember the character of the apples in that locality," said Mr. Furbush, with a wink at the parson. "Good farm?"

"Well, no, not particularly so—at that time, that is. Shiftless fellows, they used to be; fond of hunting and drinking; perked up since then, been more industrious, as Walmar finished sowing his wild oats; got the fences up every where, land improved, barns built; wonderful stock, too, now; best breed of horses in all the Maguerriwock; fine cattle, Alderneys and Jerseys; some merinos—"

"Rather unusual for this region, isn't it?"

"Rather. I've a few myself. I bought them of them, though. The parson bought some merinos. When we saw the fellows turning a short corner we just encouraged them that way. 'Tisn't good for a community to have idlers on its outskirts, you know, Sir. We feel a little as if it was our work. Better ride out and see it, Sir, before you leave these parts; only twenty miles across the woods—crack farm!"

"You would find it most interesting," said the parson.

"Thank you," answered Mr. Furbush; "I don't doubt it."

"There's your watch, all right. No, indeed, Sir, not a penny! Trifling service—stranger, too!" And Mr. Furbush retired, having decidedly the best of this bargain, as of nearly all others in which he had a hand.

Mr. Furbush lost no time in excusing himself from his party, in seeking the society of the sheriff, in hiring a team, in driving across the woods, and arriving at nightfall on the crack farm of the Cravens, which he had been so warmly advised to visit.

On the way he confided in the sheriff so much as he thought best, made that astonished and slightly unwilling individual his confederate, and though they had no precisely prepared plan of action, they had yet that concert of attention and suggestion which might prove invaluable. The leafy shadows fell around them as they rode and plotted; the soft wind blew in their faces, full of delicious flowery smells and the sun-kisses of resinous branches; the fallen boughs crackled pleasantly under their wheels in the soft forest road. It seemed impossible that any such sweet, wild region could be the seat of dark and evil deeds. It would have seemed so, rather, to any one else than the sheriff, whose daily business dealt with the doers of such deeds till there was nothing strange about them, or than Mr. Furbush, whose calculations, having finally determined toward one direction, not all the leafy shadows or flowery smells of creation could turn aside.

It was just as the red sunset changed to purple over all the clear country that they came out from the obscurity of the wood upon the long rich slopes of the Craven farm. In the distance other clearings were to be seen, but yet hardly deserving the name, since, so far as they could be discerned in the light of approaching evening, they seemed to be mere acres of tangle and brushwood, while the Craven fields were velvet with turf or billowy with grain, the fences were of mortared stone, the great open-doored barns were overflowing, mild-eyed cattle were standing contentedly about the fields which darkened so gently, and on the grass before the door a man was breaking a superb stallion that appeared to have all the fire of the mustang with all the grace of the Arab in his composition.

"It takes money to have such things as that horse," said Mr. Furbush. "You may 'perk up' and be as industrious as you please, but ten years are not enough to change the generations of a common cart-horse into such a creature as that. It takes money—watches, brooches set with pearls, carbuncles, amethysts, and gold coins that are preferred to our own bank-bills for currency on the Canadian frontier."

The sheriff laughed as Mr. Furbush spoke, and then hailed the horse-tamer; but not before Mr. Furbush had noted the singular contrast evident between the stone fences laid in plaster, the bountiful barns, and the low, rude house, with its hanging eaves, narrow windows, and entirely barbarous appearance, and had rummaged round among his reasons to find one that answered the question why so miserable a hovel was patched and painted and retained by men who evidently liked the display of a crack farm.

"Hallo, Walmar," cried the sheriff. "Got a night's lodging to spare?"

"Don't know," was the hospitable answer. "I'll ask the old man. Who's that with you?"

"Gentleman going across the clearing. Afraid of night air. Guess I'll get down and stretch my legs, any way. Mr. Furbush, Mr. Walmar Craven."

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Mr. Furbush took off his hat, but coughed tenderly, and pulled up the handkerchief around his throat—carefully looked over his new acquaintance the while, and decided that he probably looked better to-day than he did ten years ago, was no stronger to-day than he was ten years ago, and was an ill-looking whelp, with his underhung jaw, ten years ago or to-day. Meanwhile Mr. Craven himself had come out to inspect the arrival. "Come in! come in!" he cried, with a certain rough heartiness, under whose lion's skin Mr. Furbush thought he could detect the fox's ears. "Lodging? Of course we have," he said. "Always a bed for you, Sheriff; and any friend of yours welcome here. Never turned a man from my door since I had one. Come in, come in!"

Mr. Furbush was not a coward; but his courage needed one or two little invitations to assert its existence as he bent his head beneath the low lintel of that man's dwelling; for, as he said to himself, he had never seen a more evil countenance belie more good profession in all his life before. It was not the burly, brutal face of the prize-fighter or the lounging plug-ugly, which he already knew so well; it had a hideousness whose die must have been broken in the stamping, and eyes that crossed at a sickening angle of strabismus gave all the original face an added sinister effect, that made the one who had seen it a single time turn and look again, that he might be sure it was an actual thing which he had seen, and no vision of an impossibility.

The house, which the three now entered, presented even a poorer appearance internally than it did without, for trees tossing their boughs overhead, and wild rose-bushes growing under the windows, decorated it in some degree outside, while inside it was bare. Carpets on the floors, prints upon the walls, soft-cushioned and luxurious seats, these are the caprices of womankind, and they were absent here. The Cravens had silver spoons for their supper-table, they wore gold watches and bright-jeweled breast-pins, they liked to dazzle beholders at the county fairs, and to take the prizes on their cattle there; but they chose for their chairs those that they could tilt back upon, for a table one that they could rest their heels upon, a floor that was not too good to ornament with elaborate designs in tobacco juice; so plain pine boards, furniture of deal, and walls once whitewashed and now arabesqued with smoke stains, the marks of popping beer bottles, and the dust of years, made up the cheer of the reception-room. One woman sat in the chimney-corner of this room, her hair combed straight away from her thin face and knotted up with a great silver comb, a dirt-colored gown apparently thrown upon her person, and a shawl pinned at her throat. She was a wretched-looking being, and she neither glanced up nor spoke when the three entered, but went on poking the fire with the walking-stick in her hands. "My wife," said Mr. Craven, with a hideous leer. "You mustn't mind her, gentlemen — she's weak," and he tapped his own head to signify the particular direction in which his wife's weakness lay. "Lost her mind," he said, briefly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Furbush; "that is very sad. A recent thing?"

"Oh no, no," said the other, carelessly. "Some years since, when this child was born" —as the door opened, and a child shambled into the apartment—an undersized changling of a thing, with long, tow-colored elf-locks hanging round a face as white as leprosy. She sidled forward and stood looking into Mr. Furbush's eyes.

"I'm a fool," said she.

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the sheriff, who felt more familiar with knaves than fools. "I never knew you had such a child, Craven! How old is she?"

"Old as her tongue, and a little older than her teeth; ain't you, Semantha?"

"No," answered Semantha, stoutly. "I'm ten year old next April-Fool Day. Wal said so!" And with that she shuffled hurriedly round inside her mother's chair, as if afraid of a hand that might come after her, and commenced talking to herself in an unintelligible rattle that seemed to be her natural language.

"That's the way with them," said Mr. Craven, "from morning till night. The old woman, she seldom speaks at all; Semantha, she gabbles all the time. They're no good to themselves nor any body else. But there," said the benevolent being, with one of his most effective grimaces, as he opened a high cupboard-door, "you can't put them out of the way. We contrive to get along. Something to take, gentlemen? Nothing clearer this side the St. John. None of your fire and smoke, but real mountain-dew. If the sheriff wasn't here should say I smuggled it myself. Don't suppose he'll object to a drop, all the same?"

Meantime Mr. Walmar Craven, the horse-tamer, a man now of some thirty-odd years, had entered and hung a kettle on the crane, had produced some slices of bacon, and a frying-pan, into which he broke several eggs, and had set out on the bare deal an apparently recent purchase of table-service, whose stout material, brilliantly flowered and butterflied, seemed to attract poor little Semantha's attention irresistibly, as she crept forward and stealthily seized one of the plates, which she commenced spinning like a top, and was immediately assisted from the room by one arm and the toe of the brotherly boot therefor. Mrs. Craven started up at the scuffle and the screams, looked around her vacantly, as if she could not make out the disturbance, smoothed her hair, and sat down again with her scared face. "Three men went down cellar," said she, "and only two came up," and would have again commenced poking the fire had not her tender husband snatched the stick away with a gesture that promised more than it performed.

"Mountain-dew is all very well, Mr. Craven,"

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said Mr. Furbush, "for any one that has never heard of your cider. But as for me, there never was any Champagne bottled in France, if that's where they bottle it, equal to the sparkle of the real pippin cider of any new apple-orchard."

"Well, now," said Mr. Craven. "I'm your man for that. You'd never think, to look at a little pink and white apple-blossom, that it had such a tingle in it, would you? I've kept my barrel of cider every fall for a dozen years back. Some's so hard you have to use washing soda with it, and some's the pure juice of last September. Walmar, give me a dip. My cellar's full of it. What shall I bring you, gentlemen?"

"'Twould take more mind than I've got to make up," said the sheriff.

"Suppose," said Mr. Furbush, jocosely and in good-fellowship, "suppose, since there's such a stock below, we go down and taste all round!"

Mr. Craven was blowing at a coal, which just then he dropped. He picked it up, and said nothing till his wick caught the flame—whether he was considering the proposition, or whether he had no breath to spare. If he was considering it, it is to be supposed that he reasoned that if these men had any design in going into his cellar they would get in one way or another, fair means or foul, and there was nothing like innocent unsuspiciousness to disarm suspicion.

"Won't give the gentlemen such trouble, father," said his thoughtful son, starting forward with a pitcher in either hand. "Sullars ain't such nice places for visitors."

"Don't speak of trouble!" cried Mr. Furbush. "And as for nice places, I never saw a nicer than a cider-vault. Remember when I was a boy," continued Mr. Furbush, who was making the Cravens feel very much at home with him, "going round with a straw and trying all the bung-holes. No such sport in life, except it is blowing bubbles with a clay pipe. Pity we can't stay boys! Come along, Mr. Sheriff! Got your pitcher, Craven? and the straws? Let me take your light. Stairs steep?"

There was no resisting such cheerful volubility. But with a curious expression of dogged sullenness, as Mr. Furbush thought, flashing out and smothering again on their pleasant countenances, the Cravens led the way together; and as they opened the door the woman in the chimney-corner half rose from her seat and looked after them with her frightened face. "Three men went down cellar," said she, "and only two came up. Three men went down cellar, and only two came up," and she commenced wringing her hands and moaning till she forgot about it.

Mr. Furbush's heart—for I suppose he had one—gave a bound; but his hand held the candle just as steadily, and his face looked as innocently eager after cider as if no such words as those the infirm woman uttered had ever clenched his certainty. He knew very well that when Walmar set down his pitchers and ran back he was shaking the poor thing by the shoulders till the teeth rattled in her head, and jouncing her down in her chair afterward; but not being yet prepared to interfere he called cheerily for his straw, as if that was what the gay and festive young man had run back for.

Although Mr. Furbush had given it as his opinion that there were no such nice places as cider-cellars, the present one might have changed such opinion and confirmed that of Mr. Walmar after all. The walls were a too substantial foundation to so rickety a superstructure as the cottage, and had probably been built in long after the cottage had been reared over a mere hole in the ground; but with such solid walls and arches the place would have been a nice one if it had only been a clean one. The sides were of thick stone, the floor was of brick laid in gravel, a close and compact floor, as good as the hearths of half the country roundabout.

Mr. Furbush swung the candle over his head, narrowly missing setting fire to the sheets of cobwebs that fringed the low beams above, and noting with his hurried glance that there was not one place newer than another or of fresher stone in all the masonry, and that the cellar exactly corresponded, in its appearance of size, to the two rooms which he had seen overhead.

"By George! a prime place!" said he. "It only wants a broom. If your cider is half as good, in its way, as your cellar, Mr. Craven, there's nothing more to ask!"

"Taste it and see," said Mr. Craven, handing him the straw and taking the candle, while Walmar went forward with his hatchet and started the bungs of the barrels that lay on their sides all round the cellar, as much, Mr. Furbush could not help thinking, like the pictures which he had seen in the illustrated newspapers of royal sarcophagi in their tombs as any thing else. There was something desperately suggestive, too, in the figure of the strong-armed Walmar hurling his hatchet over his head, half lighted and wholly devilish in the strange chiaroscuro of the place.

"That, now," said Mr. Furbush, giving place to the sheriff, "is a lady's tipple. I confess I like it a trifle older."

"Try this, then," said Mr. Craven. "And if it doesn't suit, there's yet another and another and another. I'm particular about my cider too. I like it hard as the hardest. I'm a hard-shell myself, I am. Any body that picks me up will find they've got a hard nut to crack."

"More like the thing—but still—" said Mr. Furbush, smacking his lips doubtfully.

"Aha—I see. Nothing for you but the genuine identical—meller as a Juneating, and the tang of a russet in April. Good for a headache in the morning. That's the talk, and here's the thing!"

Mr. Furbush's eyes had now become accustomed to the half-light. Over each straw that he had bent he had looked as a little child looks over the edge of its drinking-cup, on almost as close an inspection as a sunbeam makes when

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a camera commands. This was to be the last, and he prepared himself for an exhaustive survey, while he took just one gurgling sip through his straw, to feel sure that the man was not making game of him.

The floor, with here a heap of straw and there some carelessly thrown vegetables, was every where dry and dusty—every where dry and dusty except in one place. Was it Mr. Furbush's vivid imagination that gave the bricks there, ever so slightly, a brighter, damper tint than the others? As Mr. Craven moved and stood just beyond it now, holding his candle low, his shadow fell there long and outstretched as any grave. If Mr. Furbush believed in any thing, it was in coincidences. A line of irregularly growing fungi, that had sprouted up here and there along its length between the bricks, just gave his eye one glimpse of themselves, common toad-stools, but of various tints—white, pale pink, and tawny orange—perhaps a half dozen or less. Mr. Forbush could have laughed aloud as he raised his head. "Never tasted any thing so pungent in my life!" said he.

"Pungent—that's the word," said Mr. Craven.

"It's a drink fit for the gods," said Mr. Furbush, wiping his mouth vigorously, for if there was one thing on earth he detested more than another it was cider.

"Why do you have such things as that growing in your cellar, though? Should think 'twould corrupt the cider; they only ought to grow on graves," said Mr. Furbush, stooping to pluck one of the unsightly stems from its nook between two bricks. It gave out a damp, deathly odor, he fancied, that made him sick; he threw it down again, but not before the candle had fallen from Mr. Craven's hand and left them all in darkness.

Mr. Furbush stood stone-still and grasped the trigger of a little bosom-friend he had, expecting to feel two hands on his throat in the next moment. But Mr. Craven only swore an oath about his own deuced clumsiness, strode past him, and in a moment called to them from the head of the stairs and flared another light down by which they might see to find their way up into the room above.

Mr. Furbush understood now, just as well as if he had the whole horrid scene of one night ten years ago before him, why the feeble woman in the corner of the chimney-place, who, mechanically, with a remnant of her old housewifely instinct, turned, as she was wont to do when the savor attracted her, the bacon with the fork that had been left in the pan—why she moaned ever to herself without lifting her head the refrain that had cost her her reason and made her unborn child an idiot: "Three men went down cellar, and only two came up." But he lit the hospitable pipe after supper, and placidly smoked away without a thought of the pipe of peace; and retired to the room he was to share with the sheriff, when they had partaken of a jorum of apple-toddy, without experiencing a single qualm of sensibility at the idea of fitting a halter to these men's throats after having eaten their salt. However, Mr. Furbush felt possibly acquitted of all indebtedness because the sheriff was to pay for the salt.

"Well," said the sheriff, as soon as they were alone, "what do you think of 'em?"

"Two as damned rascals," said Mr. Furbush, drawing off his boots, "as ever trod shoe-leather."

"And what do you decide to do?"

"To go back to Boltonby," whispered Mr. Furbush, "for a posse to help us bring to light again the body of the murdered pack-peddler, or what there is left of it, from underneath those toad-stools."

"By the great horn-spoon!" swore the sheriff, in an intensity of admiration that could find no further words. And they said very little more as they relieved each other from watch to watch between then and sunrise.

If old Craven's face had been disgustingly vicious on the night before, daylight did not lend any feebleness to its purport, but rather searched out and brought its evil things to naked shame. It was not fitting to call it merely brutal; for no dumb brute had ever such intelligence, such cunning, and such cruelty written in one scroll together on its face. I am afraid that Mr. Furbush's smile borrowed a reflection from it as he thought how very soon he should be able to put an end to that sickening leer of the man's. They bade one another good-morning like the best of friends; the sheriff paid the reckoning; Craven begged them to come some day and take another taste of his cider; they promised to do so, and rolled rapidly away across the clearing, taking a circular direction by an old cart-path, and thus retracing their way and coming out in the woods on the Boltonby side, and driving with might and main toward Boltonby.

The sheriff's horse was unrivaled in all the Maguerriwock. Walmar Craven's stallion was not well enough broken to follow and discover the true direction of their path, had it occurred to his master to do so. But, without being definitely disconcerted, the Cravens must have seen the slight and casual incidents of the evening before in the light of warnings for precaution; since that there was some very busy work going on subsequently that day, inside their doors, there is no reason to doubt.

"It's rather too bad," said the sheriff, after two hours' silence, in which neither he nor Mr. Furbush had referred to the theme of their errand; "but it's an old story now—ten years ago—and the men are doing so well—seem to have reformed, as you may say—have introduced such breeds of cattle—done so much to improve the country—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Furbush, who was more familiar with sin and crime, penalty and punishment, than the sheriff was, and who knew very well that the sheriff had never yet been

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called upon to perform the last offices for any culprit. "I couldn't look at his vile throat without seeing the neck-tie that it needed!"

"I don't know," said the sheriff, nervously; "I couldn't say of myself that he abused any body but his wife; and a judge in Illinois decided lately that that was nothing—the wife must adopt more conciliating conduct."

"Mrs. Craven isn't very conciliating, is she?" said Mr. Furbush. "I should be exasperated myself if she kept on informing me for ten years, since the day I made her and her child idiots with horror, that three men went down cellar, and only two came up!" And Mr. Furbush shivered, and grew hot afterward, with a dull, indignant feeling that did not often mingle in the chess-playing work of his investigations. "He never wore a neck-tie that became him half so well as yours will!" he exclaimed. "There's nothing like a knot under the left ear for a finish."

"I don't know," said the sheriff; "the more I think of it, the more sorry I am I didn't just tip him a wink—"

"Then I should have been obliged to hold you as accessory."

"I've half the mind, I swear, to resign my commission and go to the Legislature and abolish capital punishment!"

"Ah, that's sensible. It takes the relish off of neat work, often, to think there's blood at the end of it," said Mr. Furbush. "Not here, though, I can assure you. But it's a stupid case, on the whole. If it wasn't for the fortune behind it, I think I'd have thrown up a thing that looked so plain on its face!"

It is a fact not very fair to the optimist's view that so many men are able to take pleasure, not only in the misfortunes of others, but in spite of them. The party that rode out of Boltonby that evening, to go on to the Craven's crack farm in the morning, did not make too solemn a night of it. But, gay as they had been when buoyed up by the consciousness of the service they were about to render justice, there was hardly one of them but wished he was somewhere else when they came out of the shadow of the woods in the early sunlight, and saw the figure of the elder Craven leaning against the door-post and smoking negligently, while Walmar exercised and trained his horse on the green, and all the upland and interval, with their tossing grain and meadow grass, lay in such perfect morning peace.

"Mr. Walmar," said the sheriff, "sorry to trouble you, but we shall have to request your company. No such thing as refusing the sheriff's requisition."

There was plainly doubt on Walmar's face as to whether this was an arrest, or merely a summons to serve on the posse with the others; but it grew into an odd, uneasy air of guilt, only half brazened over by defiance. If he had no other virtue, take him and his situation together, he had a consummate self-possession. Mr. Furbush looked at him, and felt that great talents were lost to the world in the early decease of Walmar Craven. But before he could speak his father had cried out, "Morning, gentlemen! Come back to taste that cider?" A sudden fiery imp darted up in his smile and his eye as he spoke.

"Well, Mr. Craven," answered the sheriff, "no objections if you haven't."

"Here, Wal," called the father; "go and fetch up a jug."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Craven," said the sheriff, "I think we had better go ourselves."

"Oh, just as you please, gentlemen. If the cellar's big enough to hold you. You've all been there, I believe, at one time or another; but never all together. This way." And before they could admire his audacity, or wonder at their own, the party were below stairs, with father and son beside them, and had opened their bull's-eye lanterns, ready lighted long ago, and displayed their picks and shovels.

"Going to dig for treasure in my cellar?" cried Mr. Craven, facetiously, and presently holding his sides with laughter. "Well, now, I object to that, unless we go snacks!"

"You will have all you want of any treasure we find here, my good man," said Mr. Furbush, letting loose his metropolitan manner. And at the word, while his posse waited for their orders, the sheriff served the warrant upon the two men for the murder of the peddler ten years since.

"When I headed the fellows that for three days scoured the woods for him!" exclaimed Walmar, and was then made dumb by amazement.

"Go on, my friends," said his father, folding his arms then; "go on." And Mr. Furbush's lynx eye discerned the light of such cool conquest in his leer that for a moment he half feared there was something in the case after all.

Mr. Furbush's eye had other things to entertain it after a few seconds. He stepped forward to the place under which, on the night before, he had made sure that the murdered man lay. "This is the spot," said he. "Proceed with your work." But scarcely had they displaced a brick ere he saw that it was too late—the bricks had been displaced already, and freshly planted again in his absence. He caught Mr. Craven's eye. "I removed the crop of toad-stools, as you advised," said that personage, and with such a subtle but triumphal sneer that it was plain they had been outwitted, and the work was going to be in vain.

"What we are looking for," said Mr. Furbush, with ineffable but well-concealed vexation, "has been removed. Nevertheless, it is as well to follow out the plan;" and he bent forward eagerly with his lantern to watch each stroke of their shovels.

Yes, it was perfectly apparent now that the earth had all lately been turned over down to a certain point—soft rich loam, dark, and emitting a sort of faint miasma, differing from the air of the cellar. Was there an impression of any shape on the soil beneath? Mr. Furbush bent down to see. Not the least. Nothing but the dark earth. And one great black beetle, nauseous

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object, scrambling away as fast as its countless legs would carry it.

For an instant Mr. Furbush, whose profession kept his mind active, was in danger of believing in the old fairy stories and fancying that the murdered man, enchanted into that foul black beetle, was being made away with before his face and eyes. But while the fancy was passing through his mind his glance had rested on a second object—was it another beetle? He stretched out his hand and caught it up, wiped it as clean as might be, and examined it—a button of carved wood, an ugly little Chinese god, carrying a head slung in his belt by a tiny rope. He turned about and held it up. "You should not have left this behind, Mr. Craven," said he.

The sheriff drew near to see what had so suddenly changed the note in Mr. Furbush's voice. "If that is all the evidence, Mr. Furbush," said he, somewhat irately, "I think I shall release Mr. Craven from arrest."

"It is out of your power," said Mr. Furbush, quietly.

"At any rate, we can go up from this vile place and think it over," said the sheriff.

"Better take something, gentlemen, before you go," said Mr. Craven, and surely Satan prompted him.

"Don't care if I do, Craven," replied the sheriff. "It's a mighty unpleasant business, any way—don't know why we should make it bitter."

Mr. Furbush said nothing, standing with a serene aspect, nowise crest-fallen, as perfectly convinced as he had been in the beginning, and sure that if his sight was only sharp enough he should presently see this man convict himself.

"No need of my cracking up the Craven cider, neighbors all," said Mr. Craven, with his very wickedest look; "though maybe when strangers come among us brewing trouble—However, there's the pressing of nigh upon a dozen years before you—there's the juice of the harvest just gone, and there's the juice of that one gone a half-score seasons since. That's Mr. Furbush's particular figure. He took such a pull at it night before last that I don't think it's got out of his head yet. Clear as the daylight of a winter's morning, that cider is—when you can see it, which you can't here—and sour as the sheriff's face. Here, Walmar, start the spile, will you?"

But Walmar, totally destitute of that diabolism of humor which was one of his father's characteristics, and not relishing the present proceeding in the least, declined to lift a hand.

"Do it myself, then," said Mr. Craven, in great glee, "if you're such a churl you can't throw a bone to a bear. I don't know how to hold a grudge, for my part; I always wipe out the score and cry quits. There's a glass on the shelf there. Thank you, Mr. Sheriff; your turn next—quality first!" and he drew the glass full and offered it to Mr. Furbush. If he had been a demon just up from the bottomless pit he could have shown no more hellish a grin than that with which, suddenly and unconsciously, he unmasked his face beneath Mr. Furbush's eye. "Pungent!" said Mr. Craven. "That's the word. A drink fit for the gods!"

"Stay a minute," said Mr. Furbush, gently pushing back the proffered nectar. "Sheriff, I should be sorry to spill good spirit, but there's some that's better out than in. Break up that barrel."

As the words left his lips Walmar sprung forward with a stifled howl.

"Not while I live," said Craven, in a metamorphosis such as if a black ember had become a fire-brand, "do you spill my cider in my cellar. Hands off!" and he was seated on the barrel.

"Do as I say," repeated Mr. Furbush, firmly. And there was only one hesitating moment before Mr. Craven was whirled away and held by as strong hands as those that were holding his raging and writhing son; the hoops had been knocked off the barrel, the staves had fallen apart from side to side with the fury of the outpouring liquor—and there lay the ghastly skull, the arms, the half-bleached skeleton of the murdered man they sought.

They stood around the dreadful and disgusting sight in a horrified silence. The two men saw that there was no escape. "Well," said the elder, in the wolfish audacity of his confession, "I suppose you know what that sound up stairs means now?" And listening they could hear the words of the woman on the dismal hearth above, as she rocked herself feebly to and fro, and made her moan: "Three men went down cellar, and only two came up!"

LIFE'S CHANGES.

You said, my tender comforter,
"Joy comes to you apace;
Griefs are like clouds." Ah, would they were
In that they left no trace!

You said, "To-morrow I shall come
And see youth's sunny brow;"
But age not counted in the sum
Of days I carry now.

As brightly the eternal skies
Their sunshine may renew,
But for the light in human eyes
Long rains will dim the blue.

Not death, but life, the charge doth bear
To change and to destroy;
A sorrow never leaves us where
It finds us—nor a joy.

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THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Fifteen Years After.



GERTRUDE.

CHAPTER XX.

IT was a small junction station on one of the numerous lines of railway that diverge from London Bridge, and a dozen or so of passengers were walking up and down the narrow platform, in the early dark of a winter afternoon, waiting, patiently or impatiently, as their natures allowed, for the never-punctual train. They consisted chiefly of homely people—Kentish farmers, laborers going home, and London youths starting for their Saturday-to-Monday holiday. The only first-class passengers—in outward appearance at least—were a lady and a little girl, who sat in the small waiting-room, absorbing the whole of the welcome fire. She was a tall and remarkably handsome woman—handsome still, though she must have been quite five-and-forty. So fair was her skin, so regular her features, that, but for an expression of rooted discontent which never left her, she would have been almost as comely as a young lady in her teens.

The child—her own—for she addressed her as "mamma," was not like herself at all; being a short, round-faced, button-nosed little maid of about twelve years old; far from pretty, but with a sweet, sensible look, which we sometimes see in little girls, and prognosticate tenderly what sort of women they will grow up to be—what comforts at home, and helps abroad—what unspeakable blessings to all about them as daughters, sisters, and— Well! men are sometimes so blind that these good angels of maidenhood never turn into wives or mothers. But they are not left forlorn; Providence always finds them work enough—ay, and love enough, too, to the end.

This little plain child hovered about her handsome mother with a tender protectingness rather amusing, if it had not been so touching, to see; feeling if her feet were warm, collecting her parcels for her—they had evidently been shopping—and then beginning a careful search for a missing railway-ticket, about which the lady worried herself considerably.

"We shall have to pay it over again, Gertrude, I suppose," said she, appealingly, to her little daughter, as if she were already accustomed to lean upon her. "Your papa will be cross, and call me stupid, as usual. However, we'll not mind. Don't look for the ticket any more. Papa can pay when he meets us at the station."

She spoke languidly—she seemed rather a languid lady—and shaking out her voluminous silk dress, and gathering up her ermine muff and boa, rose and stood at the waiting-room door. Her little daughter, who had no encumbrances except a pet dog—a small Skye terrier, which she carried fondly in her arms, and vainly tried to keep from barking at every body and every thing—stood silently beside her, noticing all that was passing, with a pair of bright, acute, and yet most innocent childish eyes.

"Mamma," at last she said, "do you see those three soldiers with their knapsacks? I am so sorry for them, they look so shivering and wretched this cold day. They seem as if they were just come home from India or somewhere. For how shabby their uniforms are, and how brown their faces, nearly as brown as the Caffres that used to—"

"Oh stop, child, don't talk about Caffres; don't put me in mind of our dreadful life at the Cape. Now we are safe in England, do let us forget it all."

"Very well, mamma; only please, would you look at those soldiers? I am sure they have been in a great many battles, and gone through a deal of hardship. That one, the shortest of them, with his face half covered in a long, gray beard, has the very saddest eyes I ever saw."

The mother directed a careless glance to where her compassionate little girl indicated.

"Yes, he does look ill, poor fellow. Perhaps he has had fever, or cholera, or something; don't go near him. It is so cold standing here, I think I will return to the fire, while you wait and watch for the train. It can not be very long now."

She took out a watch, all studded with brilliants, but it had stopped; and with a discon-

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tented exclamation about her watches being "always wrong," she settled herself in her old position, her feet on the fender, staring vacantly into the blazing coals.

Hers was a face so remarkably handsome that it could not pass unnoticed, and noticing, you would not only admire, but pity it; in perhaps a deeper degree than the little girl pitied the three broken-down soldiers. For therein, any experienced eye could read too plainly the tale of a disappointed life; ay, in spite of all the fine clothes and evident associations of wealthy ease, the lady's look, fretful, weary, inane, reminded one of the sigh of the young beauty exhibiting to her late bridemaid her marriage jewels.—"Ah, my dear, I thought I should have been perfectly happy when I had a diamond necklace. And yet—"

That mysterious "and yet," the one hidden hitch in the wheels of existence: most of us know what it is, but some contrive to get over it, and make the wheels run on smoothly enough to the end. This woman apparently had not done so. There was no badness in her face; none of the sharp maliciousness visible in too many faded beauties; but her mouth, that feature which time and developed character alter most, indicated incurable weakness, unconquerable discontent.

She sat, paying little heed to any thing that passed, warming her feet over the fire, and leaving every thing to her young daughter, until an unpleasant episode roused her from her lazy ease.

The dog, accustomed to genteel and well-dressed company, took offense at a little innocent admiration which had been shown him by one of the shabby soldiers, the youngest and strongest-looking; and showed it indiscriminately, as his betters often do, by barking furiously at another of them, the gray-bearded man, who came shivering to catch a distant glimpse of the waiting-room fire; at which presumption Bran began to growl furiously, and at last, springing out of Gertrude's arms, flew at him, bit his heels, tore his already ragged trowsers, and even set his teeth in the flesh. The soldier, uttering an execration, shook him off, and then giving the creature an angry kick, sent him howling across the platform on the rails, where a train was just gliding up.

"Oh my doggie, my doggie, he'll be killed!" screamed Gertrude in despair, and instinctively darted after Bran. Nobody saw her, or else nobody had the sense to stop her. In half a minute the train would have been upon her, and the bright, kindly little life quenched forever, had not the gray-bearded soldier, with a spring as light as that of a hunting leopard, leaped on the rails, caught her, and leaped back again; the train advancing slowly, but so close, that it almost touched the little girl's frock as it passed. Of course every body thought the dog was killed, until the poor brute came yelping out from under the carriages, terribly frightened, but quite unharmed.

"Oh my doggie, my doggie!" cried Gertrude again, in an ecstasy of joy, snatching him up in her arms, and neither thinking of her own danger, nor how she had been rescued. Nor, in the confusion, did any body else notice it; so the soldier got no thanks, which did not seem greatly to astonish him. He retired, sullen and angry, rubbing his hurt leg, while a sympathetic crowd—porters, passengers, station-master and all—gathered round the lady and child, who seemed perfectly well-known at the junction, and far too respectable for any body to suggest, as, had Gertrude been a poor woman's child, would assuredly have been done, that she should be taken up and brought before a magistrate for attempting to cross the line.

They passed on, respectfully escorted by porters and guard, to their first-class carriage, the lady's long dress sweeping across the very feet of the poor soldier, who still hung aloof, rubbing his leg and growling to himself. Now, however, he just looked up, and caught her profile as she went by.

A violent start, a sudden step forward, and then the poor fellow recovered himself and his manners.

"Who is that lady?" asked he of a porter.

"Her there? Oh, she's Mrs. Vanderdecken, of Holywell Hall. Her husband's the richest old cove in all these parts; and that little 'un is their only child. Whew! if miss had been killed, there'd have been a precious row."

"Mrs. Vanderdecken, of Holywell Hall," repeated the soldier, as if to fix the words on his memory, and clenching his thin yellow fingers tightly over his stick, for he was shivering like a person in an ague. "Holywell Hall. Where is that? how far from here?"

"Eight miles. Second station after this is the one you stop at. I'd go there, gov'nor, if I was you. For I seed you catch hold o' the little miss, and depend upon it, if you tell him, her father 'll come down with something 'and-some. If he don't believe you—for old Van's a bit of a screw over his money—call me for a witness. Eh! the fellow's off already. He's a sharp 'un, that."

"Stone! Hollo, Jack Stone!" shouted the other two soldiers. "Stop, that's the wrong train!"

But wrong or right, their comrade had leaped into it, already moving as it was, and leaving all his baggage—not much to leave—behind him, was carried off rapidly and irrecoverably in the opposite direction from London, whither the rest were apparently bound.

They made a few grumbling remarks to the station-master, telling him the name of their companion—John Stone, late of —— regiment, discharged invalided; and leaving his box to be claimed if he called for it, went on their way.

Meanwhile, Stone had jumped into the carriage—a third-class—next to the one occupied by the lady and child. They were alone, in all the dignity of wealth, but he had plenty of company, cheery, conversational: and especially

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well-disposed, as the humble British public almost always is, toward a red coat, and one that has apparently seen foreign service. Besides, it was just after the Indian mutiny, and the British heart was at once fierce and tender, and burning with curiosity. But frank and talkative as third-class passengers generally are, there was something in this soldier which made them hesitate to speak to him, and look at him several times before interrupting the brown study into which he fell, as he curled himself up in his corner. The last bright western glow showed his sallow and sickly face, sickly enough to touch any heart, at least any woman's, with keen compassion; and at last one old woman, a decent lady with a market-basket in her hand, did venture to address him.

"You be just home from furrin' parts, I reckon, soldier?"

"Yes."

"From India, likely? I had a son as was killed at Delhi. Maybe you've heerd of Delhi, Sir?" For the good soul seemed to feel, instinctively, the minute he opened his eyes and looked at her, that she was speaking not exactly to a common soldier, or at least to one who might have dropped to that from something higher.

"Delhi? Yes, I have been at Delhi."

"Was it there you was shot?" touching his arm, which was in a sling. "Shot, like my poor Tom; only not killed."

"No, worse luck," growled the man, as he turned roughly away; but the old woman would not be beaten.

"Yes, it's bad luck either way for poor soldiers. Either they get killed—as my Tom was—or they come home, fit for nothing, with a pension as won't half keep them, and too old to turn to any thing like a trade, as you'll find, my man. You'll be over fifty, I take it? Got a missis, or any little uns?"

"No."

"Eh, that's a blessing," sighed the old woman. "I've had to look after poor Tom's five. Well, they're not bad children," continued she, addressing herself to the company at large, "and they'll take care of me some o' these days, so it's all right. Good-night, for I'm stopping here, to tea with Tom's wife—and there's little Tom a-waiting for me. He's very fond of his granny. Good-night, soldier; maybe you're going to see your own folk. A good journey, and a happy coming home."

"Thank you," said the man, with a sharp laugh, then curled himself into his corner so repellantly that none of his fellow-travelers had the courage to address him more.

Meanwhile Mrs. Vanderdecken and her daughter composed themselves, after their great fright and agitation, in the solitude of their comfortable carriage. The former made considerable use of her smelling-bottle, which she really needed, and Gertrude caressed and comforted her doggie until stopped by her mother's sharp voice.

"Do let that stupid dog alone, and tell me how all this happened. You were within an inch of being killed, child. How could you frighten me so?"

"I couldn't help it, mamma. The soldier kicked Bran."

"Kicked Bran!"

"Oh, but I don't wonder at that," said the child, hastily, "for Bran bit him, and I am sure hurt him very much. Still he was the man that jumped on to the rails after me. I didn't remember at the time, but I'm sure of it now."

"Why didn't you say so, child, and I would have given him some money; he would be sure to expect it—those sort of people always do. Now he may be finding out who we are, and coming and bothering papa for a reward, and that will make papa so angry. Oh, Gertrude, my dear, how very stupid it was of you!"

"I know it was, mamma," replied Gertrude, half humbly, half indifferently, as one well used to complaints and scoldings.

"Perhaps after all we had better say nothing to papa about the matter. You are quite safe, my child," and the mother's eyes had a touch of sincere affection in them, "and so it does not signify."

"Only I should have liked just to have said 'thank you' to the poor soldier, and asked if Bran had hurt him very much. Naughty, naughty Bran! You ought not to bite people just because they are shabby-looking. I wouldn't. I'm ashamed of you."

And the little loving hand, pretending to beat him, was licked by the loving dog, who perhaps, after all, had a moral nature not much inferior to his neighbors. For rags are rags—ugly and unpleasant things—which seldom a man sinks to unless, in some way or other, by his own fault. True, there may be what the French law-courts call "extenuating circumstances;" but how is a dog to judge of these? Rags are rags, and he treats them accordingly.

Most bipeds would have treated similarly the poor soldier, for he could not have been a good man—scarcely even a respectable man—since, when on putting his head out to ask, "Is this Holywell station?" he was answered roughly, as porters usually answer third-class passengers, he returned evil for evil in language equally rough—nay, worse, after the manner of soldiers. It contrasted ill with the delicate appearance, small hands, refined features, and so on—which had made the old woman call him "Sir;" or else it showed that in whatever rank of life he had been born he had dropped from it down and down, acquiring gradually the habits and manners of the class to which he fell. If he had been born a gentleman—which was possible, remembering the many foolish youths who run away and "list" to repent it all their lives afterward—no one could accuse John Stone of being a gentleman now. The terrible law of deterioration, as certain as that of growth and amendment, had worked in him, equally as in the unhappy-looking lady in the next car-

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riage, who was probably a lovely, merry girl once. For the soldier, whatever he might once have been, he was now neither interesting nor attractive. Even his gray hairs, if they indicated old age—which is not the case always—failed to indicate also that

"Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

which, as Shakspeare says, ought to "accompany" it. They only affected one with a sense of pity. Wrinkles were there—not few; weary crow's-feet were gathering round the dark deep-set eyes; but of the quiet, the dignity, the blessedness of old age, this man had none.

The train stopped at a small station hidden between two gravelly, furze-crowned banks; and a porter, passing from carriage to carriage, shouted the name of the place. It startled the soldier out of a sleep, or a dream—it might be either: he leaped hastily on to the platform, where half a dozen other passengers were also getting out—among the rest, Mrs. and Miss Vanderdecken.

"There's papa!" cried the little girl, and ran toward a figure, short and round, and made rounder still by a large fur great-coat.

The old man—he looked not far from seventy—greeted and kissed her with evidently a fatherly heart, and then stood waiting by the open door of an extremely elegant carriage, which—what with its size and its handsomeness, its spirited pair of horses, its burly coachman and two footmen, much taller and grander-looking than their master—shed quite a lustre upon the little road-side station, and was evidently regarded with no small respect by the other passengers, who crept humbly out—passing behind it, or ducking under the horses' heads—all save the soldier.

But he, too, stared with the rest at this dazzle of wealth, which formed such a contrast to his own lonely and forlorn poverty. He watched Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdecken get into their carriage, followed by their little daughter, who—sweet soul!—had sharper eyes and a longer memory than they had; for just before driving away she whispered in her mother's ear,

"Mamma, I do believe there is that poor soldier."

"Nonsense—impossible!" answered the lady. "And, Gertrude, do learn to speak more softly, or, deaf as he is, papa will hear many things we don't want him to hear. Hush now!"

"Very well, mamma;" and Gertrude relapsed into her corner; but too late, for Mr. Vanderdecken, in the shrill suspicious tones of deaf persons, asked "what the child was talking about?"

"Only about some people who amused her on the journey to-day," said the mother. "She is always taking such fancies—little goose! But what are we waiting for? Mr. Vanderdecken, will you bid the coachman drive on? You know we are going out to dinner to-night. I wonder, is it raining?"

She put her head out of the carriage window, and the station lamp fell full on her face, which must once have been so beautiful, and had a certain kind of beauty still.

The soldier, detained by the porter at the gate, leaned forward to stare at her. No—not stare—glare is rather the word: an expression that might be in the eye of a hunted animal coming at last face to face with its enemy—its destroyer—the Nemesis which had pursued it every where, as the spectral hounds pursued Actæon, even to the deeps of hell.

But this is poetic phraseology, which may appear simply ridiculous in describing a poor, broken-down, invalided soldier gazing at a rich and handsome lady: so let us content ourselves with merely saying that—in common with the rest of the world—John Stone took a good look at Mrs. Vanderdecken, as he was certainly justified in doing, and then moved away, walking rather staggeringly, as if his feet were weary or numb, to the further end of the station.

Ere long he reappeared and presented himself before the station-master.

"I could easily have cheated you, and got away without paying; but I'm an honest man, you see," he laughed. "I came from ——," naming the junction: "being in a hurry, I jumped in without a ticket. What's to pay?"

His red coat, and perhaps his gray hair and weather-beaten, sickly looks, stood him in good stead, for after some demur, his word was taken, and he was allowed to pay the few pence of fare required.

"I assure you it's all right," said he, taking off his knapsack, and showing hidden there a purse full of sovereigns. "I'm a capitalist, you see—there was plenty of 'loot' for all of us at Delhi. Telegraph for my baggage which I left on the platform at ——. Name, John Stone, —th Regiment; and you may keep my traps here till you see me again, which you may pretty often, for I mean to stop in these parts."

"Very good, Sir,"—the "Sir" being due partly to the sight of the sovereigns, and partly to an impression made apparently on others besides the old woman, mother of defunct "Tom"—that this man was a little above an ordinary private soldier—better born—better educated. If better in any other way, who could tell? Alas, the higher the height, the deeper the fall!

He fastened up his knapsack again, undid from it his gray soldier's over-coat, and wrapped himself in it, with a shivering look-out, for the brief bright sunset had closed in a drizzle of rain. With a careless nod to the station-master, he shouldered his property and passed out; then stopped.

"Hollo, porter! you'll be civil now, I dare say. Which is the road to Holywell?"

"Holywell village, or Holywell Hall?"

"Not the hall, this time. Is there a village too? How far off?"

"Three miles."

"Straight road? No missing of one's way, as fools do sometimes, and I always was a fool. Come, look sharp, man, for it's turning out a

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wet night, and I haven't a carriage to go home in, like your big Mr. Vanderdecken."

"Do you know him, Sir? Then maybe you belong to these parts, and are going home?"

"Yes, I'm going home some day. But not just yet. I don't look very fit for work, do I now? but I've got a precious deal of work on my hands to do before I go home."

"I'm glad to hear it," returned the porter, a little frightened at his excited manner; he had heard of such things as sun-strokes in India; this poor soldier might have had one, and got his brain a little turned. So putting up compassionately with his oddness and roughness, the man, who was a good specimen of the thoroughly respectable British peasant, as railway porters often are, let him civilly out of the station gate, and took a good deal of pains to direct him in the right road, and start him off therein; not sorry to be safely rid of him.

"That's a queer fish," said he, confidentially, to the station-master. "He's seen some rough usage in his life, I reckon. A little cracked here," tapping his honest forehead. "Hope the poor fellow 'll do no harm to hisself or his neighbors."

Meanwhile John Stone pursued his road innocuously enough. Whether "cracked" or not, he seemed to meditate no evil to any body. He walked quickly on, more quickly than his delicate appearance would have made probable, until he came to a place where there were a few small houses and a church, when his speed suddenly flagged. He leaned against the churchyard wall, behind which a few scattered gravestones glimmered in the rainy dark, and coughed convulsively and painfully, so that a woman, standing at her open door, crossed over to look at him, saying,

"You seem rather bad like."

"Not I; only I've walked fast, and my breath's short."

"I'll get you a drink, if you like?"

"Thank you;" and accepting the literal "cup of cold water"—for he would take nothing else, though she offered him beer—John Stone leaned a few minutes longer against the low wall, with the church-yard on one side of him, and on the other the open cottage door, casting into the darkness a flood of cheerful light.

The soldier cast his eyes from one to the other of these two houses—of the living and the dead—neither of which opened for him. Perhaps he thought thus, for he sighed, then thanked the civil woman, in a softer tone than he had yet used to any body, adding in answer to her question,

"No, I can get on quite well. I'm not in a consumption, though it looks like it. I'm used to this cough—it's only that my heart is rather queer: I once had rheumatic fever."

"Eh, rheumatic fever leaves folks' hearts queer as long as they live. I know that by my master. He had it terrible bad ten years ago, and I've got to look pretty close after him still. Have you got a missis to look after you?"

"No. Good-night!"

It was said sharply, fiercely almost, as the soldier suddenly started off at his old quick pace, and disappeared into the gloom.

Another long mile did he tramp through muddy country roads, guiltless of gas or pavement, or even raised footpath, to guide the traveler from their miry abysses. Sometimes he came upon a few cottages, but they were all closed and dark. It was growing into one of those dreary November nights when every body is glad to shut even the humblest door. At last he passed them all by, and came out upon a high common, across whose blank gloom nothing was visible except a huge wind-mill, which stretched its ghostly arms skyward, and interposed its still blacker bulk against the level darkness. For not a star had appeared, the rain came driving and pelting, the wind had arisen, and now on the exposed ground blew fiercely enough. It seemed in traveling over the miles of invisible country below, to have carried with it, like an overtaking fate, all the damps and fogs of the unknown or forgotten region it had passed over. It pierced to the bone the Indian soldier, and then blew him about at its mercy, helpless as a withered leaf.

He tried to draw his cap over his eyes, and pulled his coat closer about him, so as to meet it like a man—a Briton—this wholesome British wind; but he had just come from a foreign climate, and the time of youth and strength was with him gone by. After struggling on a little, he cowered and quailed before the blast, and sank down, vainly trying to shelter himself under a furzy bank, muttering something between an oath and a moan. At this moment, two glowworm-like lights came glimmering across the pitch-dark common, traveling nearer and nearer till he distinguished the sound of horses' feet; and there passed him a close carriage, satin-lined, and with a lamp inside, so as to show plainly the two occupants. They were an old man, and a lady, still only middle-aged, or she looked so, in the becoming splendors of her dinner-dress, her white fur, and her velvet and her diamonds. She sat in her corner, and her companion in his: neither paying any heed to the other, as wealthy married couples going out to dinner could scarcely be expected to do. They looked comfortable indeed, but not happy—it is a curious fact that "carriage-people" seldom do look happy; and as they drove slowly past, the soldier had no difficulty in recognizing the magnates of the neighborhood, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdecken.

Of course they no more saw him than if he had been a bush at the road-side. But he saw them, and as soon as they had passed he leaped up and shook his fist at them in a manner that almost justified the railway porter's suspicion as to his sanity.

"Curse you! curse you! by day and by night, by bed and board, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking—curse you!"

Was it the frantic howl of poverty against

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"CURSE YOU!"

wealth—of failure against success—of misery against happiness? Or was it something deeper still—some old link of the past which these fine folks stirred in the breast of the poor soldier, so as to turn him, for the time being, into a veritable madman?

Yet he was neither mad nor sun-struck, and when his sudden fit of fury had subsided, he gathered himself up to try and battle with the wind a little further. He seemed to have been long used to "rough it," as soldiers must.

Presently he came to the verge of the common, and saw through the misty, rainy gloom a line of houses, implying some sort of a village; and coming nearer, the wet and weary man caught the welcome glow and sound of a blacksmith's forge. He entered it.

"Is this Holywell?"

"No, Holt. Holywell's nigh half a mile further."

Stone leaned against the doorway, utterly worn out.

"Can I get a night's lodging here?"

"I reckon not. There's no public near, except Mother Fox's over the way, where there's 'good entertainment for man and beast.' If one don't suit 'ee, tother may. Ho, ho!"

"Ho, ho! I wish I was a beast," laughed the soldier, with a careless air, as if he were accustomed to put up with all sorts of jokes, and every kind of company. "Then, at least, I'd get a dry stable to put my head into this horrible night. But come, show me the way to Mother Fox's."

It was a small, old-fashioned, village public house, and as he looked in at the door, which opened at once upon the bar, he was stared at hard by the little knot of Saturday-night customers, whom the landlady was serving as fast as she could.

"Can you give me a night's lodging here?" said he.

Either his voice sounded unlike what might have been expected from his appearance, or some other cause made the busy landlady stop and notice him, and at once he recognized in her the inquisitive old lady who had addressed him in the railway carriage.

"Bless us, is that you? Who'd ha' thought it? But come in, my good man, and I'll make

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you very welcome. I've a warm heart to soldiers. Deary me, how wet you are!" feeling his coat-sleeve; "and you're just as thin as a skeleton besides. Come in to my kitchen fire and warm yourself."

"Thank you," said Stone, gentler. Under all his surly ways lurked a vague, pathetic gentleness, or as if he had been gentle once. "You are very good to me, Mrs.—"

"Fox, my name is. Dorothy Fox—and this is the Goat and Compasses, a very respectable house, though I says it as keeps it, and uncommon comfortable."

"And you can take me in?"

"Well, Sir," said she, after eying him over again pretty sharply, "we don't usually take in travelers as we knows nothing of, indeed the place is too small. But my daughter's away, and if you likes to take her room till Monday you can."

"How do you know I shall not take myself off without paying my bill on Monday? We're a bad lot, we soldiers."

"So poor Tom said. But you can't harm me much, and I'll trust you. Come along."

He followed her, and was soon basking in the blaze of the huge fire with an air of comfort that seemed to afford his hostess real pleasure. She looked at him inquisitively, especially when he took off his forage cap and showed his bare bald crown, though the fringe of curly locks under it, unlike his beard, was still black, or only slightly touched with gray.

"You're not so old as I took you for, my young man—for you're young compared to me. How many years might you have been in the service?"

"A dozen or more perhaps. I don't remember."

"Then you didn't 'list as a lad? Volunteered, maybe?"

"Ay."

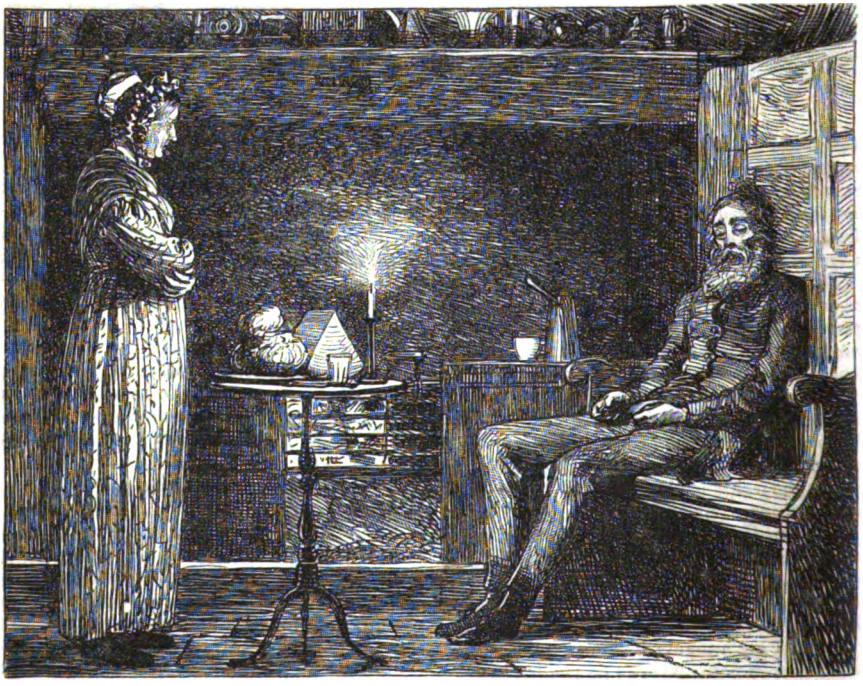
"And you're only just back to old England, did you say? You must find every thing very strange."

"Very strange. Get me my supper, will you? I'm starving."

He spoke in a sharp, irritable tone, which even a woman and a landlady could not well submit to; so she brought him his bread and cheese in offended silence, and troubled him no more till he had moved from the table to the old-fashioned settle near the fire-place, where, overcome by weariness and warmth, he soon fell fast asleep.

Then Mrs. Fox's heart relented. He must have been so excessively tired, poor fellow; and, besides, heavy slumber is such a softener of most faces. Not of all—some people look all the uglier or the wickeder; but others seem to slip back through the gates of sleep—as of death—into the land of their pristine innocence, and wear a look so helpless and appealing that one could not hate even one's direst enemy if one came upon him fast asleep.

John Stone slept, in his great exhaustion, as soundly and softly as a baby—slept, sitting as he was, for no doubt his military life had ac-



PRIVATE JOHN STONE.

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customed him to go to sleep any how, any where. He scarcely moved from his original posture, but just let his head fall against the high back of the settle; while his hands, thin and yellow, dropped upon each knee, and then curled up drowsily, like a baby's hand. His forehead lost its knotted wrinkles, and if one could have seen his mouth through that long, rough grizzly beard, doubtless it would almost have smiled.

For he seemed, under the influence of the pleasant warmth and the strange contradictory vagaries of slumber, to be carried entirely out of the present into some golden dream-land. He gave vent to a little low sound—almost like a laugh—and then began to talk in his sleep—at first quite unintelligibly, and then uttering a name: "*Betty*," Mrs. Fox thought it, and concluded it was his wife's or his sweet-heart's—probably long dead and gone.

"Poor fellow, maybe that's what he 'listed for. Likely he's seen a peck o' troubles," said she to herself, looking at him, and uncertain whether she should wake him or not, for it was time to shut up, only she grudged rousing him out of what seemed such a happy slumber.

But fate broke it, as she does many a deeper dream. There was a sudden clatter of pewter pots and glasses in the bar, creating such a stir that the soldier started up with the frightened look of one who did not know where he was.

"Never mind—there's nothing the matter. You dropped asleep and was a-dreaming, my dear," said Mrs. Fox, patting him on the shoulder with a motherly air. "You're at the Goat and Compasses, the best public in all these parts, and Dolly Fox 'll make you very comfortable. Your bed's ready—hadn't you better be a-taking yourself off now?"

"Thank you," said the soldier, shaking himself wide awake, though he still stared about him somewhat wildly. "Yes, I remember all now. Give me a light. I'll go to bed—I'll go to bed."

He disappeared, and was not seen or heard of again till far into the Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNDAY was a quiet and respectable day in Holt village. No Cockney Sabbath-breakers or Sabbath holiday-makers, according as people choose to term them, had as yet found out its prettiness, or, if they had, its distance from the nearest railway station saved it from being a place of easy resort. Consequently, its Sunday was still a rest-day. No swarms of destructive feet trod down its green fresh common, where fern, thyme, and heather flourished, and the bright yellow furze blossomed all the year round. No tea-garden, or bedizened public house, or even a solitary refreshment-stall, destroyed the delicious peacefulness and thorough rurality of the spot; the wind-mill, the forge, Mrs. Fox's small, whitewashed, old-fashioned inn, and a few cottages of similar date, being the only harm it had as yet received from bricks and mortar.

And on this Sunday morning, when, after a wild, rainy night, the weather brightened up, as it does sometimes in November, and the whole earth and sky became transfigured into a wonderful blueness and clearness that showed the landscape, distinct and exquisitely-colored, for many, many miles—this upland common, so fresh and breezy, quiet and fair, was a sight to do a man's heart good in spite of himself. That is, a man whom nature had made sensitive to external influences—as not every man is; but to those who are, life's delights are doubled. Also, perhaps, its pains.

John Stone crawled down, late and lazy, to his long-waiting breakfast in Mrs. Fox's parlor.

"Pull down the blind—I hate sunshine," was all he said to her, as he fell languidly to his solitary meal.

When she came to remove it, she was dressed all in her Sunday's best, and hinted that Holt church "went in" at eleven o'clock, and it was a good mile's walk across the common.

"I never go to church," said the soldier, abruptly. Then, as with a second thought—"But don't let me hinder you from going. I shall want nothing more."

"Thank'ee. Only what shall you do when I'm out?—for I always lock up the house o' Sundays. I'm a lone widow as can run no risks."

Stone laughed. "Do you think I look like a swindler or a burglar—that I shall break open your cupboards and carry off your plate? No, no. I'm a bad fellow enough, but I'm not in that line of business. Make your mind easy, old lady. Lock up your house, and I'll turn out and wander about somewhere till you come back."

"You're very obliging," said Mrs. Fox, looking somewhat compunctious. "I'll be back in two hours, and you might amuse yourself that while seeing the Park. It's a pretty park—the Vanderdeckens'."

John Stone jumped up from his chair, savagely pushed it from him, and began walking up and down the room.

"Big people, are they? and have a fine place, no doubt? I'll go. Where is it?"

"Just across the next common. You turn along the park palings till you come to a stile, where there's a board put up with 'Please to keep the foot-path.' That's old Vanderdecken's doing. He couldn't stop the right of way, but he narrowed it down as much as he could, and made the place as private as possible. That's the trick of your stuck-up new-comers, as never knew their own grandfather. Not like the good old families that are quite sure o' themselves, and so they're never frightened to let us poor folk come a-nigh them, lest we should find out that the only thing as makes the difference between us and them is clothes."

Either John Stone, who looked a clever fellow himself, was struck by the old woman's

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sharpness—or in his loneliness he rather liked a little conversation—but he did not discourage her gossip. He even asked a question or two about these Vanderdeckens, and when they had come to the neighborhood.

"Three years ago. He bought the Hall; which was just dropping to ruin, and built it into a big house—far too big for him, poor silly old man, for he has got no son to come after him—only one little daughter. But he's mighty fond of her, they say—fonder than he is of any thing, except his money."

"He's a miser, then?" said the soldier, eagerly.

"Not exactly—or else, like most of your miserly folks, he'll spend pretty well where he fancies it, or where the money shows. Though I'm not saying aught agin the Vanderdeckens; she's a kind lady enough, and wonderful good-looking, and sees after the schools, and has her finger in all the charity doings. And he has restored Holt church—they're very regular churchgoers, both on 'em—and put in it a big painted window in memory of Anne, only sister of Jacob Vanderdecken, who died at the Cape of Good Hope, some'at about fourteen years ago. You see I knows it all off by heart, Sir, for I sits opposite to it every Sunday, and sometimes when I'm inclined to be sharp upon 'Old Van,' as we calls him hereabouts, I've thought folks' memories are so short in this world, that there must be some'at not bad in a man who remembers his sister for more than a dozen years. But I beg your pardon for going on like this."

"No, no," said Stone, absently. "As you say, folks' memories are short, very short. There's a proverb about a man's name outliving him half a year, if he builds churches; and about funeral baked meats that did coldly furnish forth marriage tables."

"Be that in the Proverbs—the Bible, I mean?"

"No, in a much better book." Then, seeing how shocked and scandalized the good soul looked, he half apologized. "You think me a heathen, or an infidel?"

"Not a bit of it, Sir. I hope you're a good Christian."

"There you mistake," said the soldier, looking up with gleaming eyes. "I'm no thief. You needn't be afraid of my robbing your house and murdering you. But I am no Christian. I don't believe in any thing or any body."

"I'm sorry for it. But you're young still, I reckon, and perhaps before you die the Lord will bring you to a better mind."

"Will He? Then why hasn't He done it already? Why didn't He do it years ago?"

"I can't tell, Sir," and the old lady laid down the table-cloth she was folding, and clasped together her withered hands. "That's just what I said to myself when poor Tom was shot, while Jim Brady beside him, as was nobody's son and nobody's husband, and all the village was glad to get rid of—Jim hadn't a scratch. Why doesn't the Lord do a many things that He doesn't do, and leave undone a lot more that one thinks He ought to do? I can't tell, Sir, and I suppose nobody can. However, there's the bells beginning, so I'll go to church and say my prayers; that can't come amiss any how."

The soldier was silent till just as she had cleared every thing away, when he said, suddenly,

"I'll go to church with you, Mrs. Fox, if you are not ashamed of my company."

"Oh, Sir."

"But, mind you, I'm not like you. I don't go to say my prayers: I go for my own—amusement. Yes, we'll call it amusement," and he laughed.

"Never mind, if only you'll go. 'Them as isn't against Him is for Him, says the Bible. And you'll see our church; and as for our parson, whether or not you like his sermon, it 'll do you good only to look at his face."

So in a few minutes more that strangely-matched pair of church-goers—they could not be called worshipers—the stout landlady in her best black, permanent widow's weeds, and the thin, spare, sickly soldier, took their way across the common, guided by one of those fine peals of bells such as are heard nowhere but in England. It poured through the windless, sunshiny air in the familiar chime—ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting—and then a clash, as if the whole eight bells had rushed upon one another and fell crushed into one solid mass of music. The soldier stopped to listen; his hollow face grew still more wan, and his lips began to tremble.

"You like our bells? we reckon 'em very fine," said Mrs. Fox, gratified. "I suppose it's pretty long since you've heard a good chime of English bells?"

He nodded. "What's that?" pointing to something in the view, perhaps to make a diversion in the conversation.

"What do you mean—them steeples?"

"No, that queer sort of building, which seems crawling along the horizon like a big caterpillar, with two towers, like horns, one at its head and the other at its tail?"

"You're very funny, Sir," answered Mrs. Fox, excessively amused. "I dare say you must have been rather a droll chap altogether when you was young. A caterpillar! Well, it is like it; and to think that you didn't know what it was! To be sure, you've been a good bit away from England. But did your folk never send you any newspapers, and never tell you about the Crystal Palace?"

"No," replied the soldier, in such a sharp, trenchant tone, that Mrs. Fox determined never to mention his "folk" to him again. She was convinced there was "some'at wrong" concerning them, and though by no means deficient in feminine curiosity, still there had been quite enough of household tragedy in her life of seventy years to make her comprehend that every heart has its own burden of grief, and that it is often kindest and best to notice nothing, but to "let sleeping dogs lie." So, without further ques-

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tioning, or indeed any conversation at all, she took her companion across the common and down a village street to the church, against the low wall of which he had leaned the night before.

It was an old building, but modernized into comfortable unpicturesqueness. Nothing about it was very noticeable, except a solitary yew-tree, which kept guard over a few ancient, nameless graves. Of the modern memorials one caught Stone's eye, as it would any body's, being a long, wooden board, planted lengthwise on a grave, with the name and dates very plain, and underneath, bigger and plainer still, the warning text, "*Watch, therefore, for ye know not at what hour the Lord cometh.*"

The soldier turned and regarded it with some curiosity, which slowly faded away into a contemptuous sneer. He might have been going to say something sneering, doubtless, but the old woman beside him was walking on so quietly with her grave Sunday face; and likewise he seemed to notice for the first time that she was in widow's weeds. So, infidel as he was, or called himself, Stone shut his lips together and followed Mrs. Fox in silence to the church-door.

"Take off your hat," she whispered—not too soon, for he was marching into the half-filled church like a man in a dream, regardless alike both of the place and the people.

Still, when warned, he recollected himself, and obeyed, blushing a little, like a reproved child.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Fox; I had forgotten my manners. I have not been inside a church-door these fifteen years."

"Oh, my dear soul, how shocking! Stop, stop!" again restraining him. "The church is free; but somehow we always leaves them foremost seats for the gentry. Sit you down here."

For he was going right up to the chancel, where, close in front of the white-spread communion-table, which some old-fashioned folk still call, and believe to be, "the table of the Lord," was a handsome pew, oak-carved, crimson-cushioned, and well-furnished with Bibles, prayer-books, and hymn-books of the hugest size.

"You mustn't go in there, it's the Vanderdeckens' seat; but you can see their window just as well from here, and the clergyman, too. Do sit down, Sir."

For she still kept putting in the instinctive "Sir," as with a suspicion that the man was, or once had been, what people term a gentleman. And he both interested and fidgeted her so much that the poor old woman hurried over as fast as possible her customary prayer, and then turned, uneasy as a hen over a young duckling, to see what her *protégé* was doing.

Nothing dreadful, certainly. Whatever he himself might be—Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic (Mrs. Fox classed them all together, as the Prayer-book does, and knew no more)—he had sat down decorously and harmlessly beside her, staring about him a little too much, perhaps, but still not more than many well-bred people stare, at "the gentry" who came filing in—the good old families who lived in the good old red-brick houses, solid and square, of the Georgian era, which Mrs. Fox had pointed out on their way to church.

"None o' them's the Vanderdeckens, though; they always comes in by the chancel-door; and she's worth looking at, being a fine woman still, and dresses mighty grand. I sees her in a new bonnet every second Sunday at least."

John Stone bent his head assentingly to this whispered feminine communication, and then sat quietly and decently enough, his hands clasped on his knees, and his eyes steadily fixed at the opening door, too much in shadow to be very noticeable, else he too might have been worth looking at. He had been decidedly handsome, and, had he had a smooth life, might have been handsome to extreme old age; but it was one of those artistically moulded faces, dark yet delicate, and all alive with what our grandmothers used to call "sensibility;" in which a hard or troubled career soon wears out all the beauty, and, indeed, alters the whole appearance; so that after some years a mother would hardly recognize her own son. And his bald head and full gray beard gave him, at first sight, the look of a man not far off sixty, though, examining him closer, he was not nearly so old.

He sat, staring about him; for, as he had averred, he came to church not to pray, but merely to amuse himself, until, last of all the congregation, appeared the Vanderdeckens.

They were a group of three—father, mother, and little girl. A big footman preceded them to their pew, showed them in, placed an additional book there, and left them. Then this wealthy family dropped their heads on their hands for a minute's space of prayer like other "miserable sinners."

Yet undoubtedly they looked exceedingly comfortable. Mrs. Vanderdecken's violet silk dress was rich in hue as the painted window, and her ermine furs were dazzling as the purest snow. Certainly she knew the art of dressing well, and had every opportunity for exercising it. Her little girl too was clad as a rich man's daughter should be, though no splendor of clothes could make her any thing but an ordinary child, in whom one vainly sought the smallest trace of the mother's beauty. Another thing, also, one did not find happily—the mother's peevish, unsatisfied expression, which dulled all her loveliness, like a sweet landscape overspread with mist and rain.

Gertrude's quick eyes roamed round the church, and soon met John Stone's. She whispered something to her mother, and then Mrs. Vanderdecken also turned, and fixed her eyes—her large, blue, soulless, uncomprehending eyes—upon the poor soldier. Fixed them leisurely, looked him all over from head to foot, apparently seeing nothing in him but a very

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"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS!"

shabby, broken-down fellow, and then turned back again to her daughter, whispering something back. Something kindly, no doubt; for the little girl blushed and looked pleased, and continued her investigation of the soldier in shy glances, which she hardly restrained from breaking out into positive and most undecorous smiles.

But the mother did not look again. She had done her duty; all that could be expected of her; and then the poor man evidently passed from her memory. He did not belong to her and her circle of thought at all; she put him aside and settled herself to her comfortable devotions.

Mrs. Vanderdecken was, as Mrs. Fox had said, decidedly worth looking at; and John Stone did look at her all church-time. Just a glance or two did he expend upon the little fat old man beside her, one of those men who are only remarked in society as their wives' husbands; yet there was an obstinate protrusion of his under-lip, and a glitter in his small, keen eyes, which accounted for Mrs. Vanderdecken's hesitation at "telling papa," and implied at least a possibility that the large handsome lady married to the ugly little man was not so much "the gray mare" as appeared probable.

John Stone apparently was a student of human nature, for he seemed to take in all this, and more. From his post of observation he let not a movement in the Vanderdecken pew escape him. No avenging ghost could fix upon it and its occupants steadier or stonier eyes. He paid attention neither to the prayers nor to the sermon; merely got up and sat down when Mrs. Fox urged him to do so, but otherwise made no pretense of worship. Whatever he was, he was at least honest. And when, escaping from his hard fierce stare, which harmed them not, for they never saw it, the Vanderdecken family, with the humbler portion of the congregation, bent their heads to receive the final benediction, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," this man, in whose countenance was no peace, held it up, as if at once hating them and accusing them to the silent heaven, which had beheld all, and prevented nothing.

"Come," said Mrs. Fox, touching him as he

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stood erect and motionless, "the likes of us always goes out first, the gentry afterward. Though it's being sacrament Sunday, the most of 'em stops behind; the Vanderdeckens always do, except the little miss. Come along," she added, sharply.

She led him, walking more like an automaton than a man, down the church aisle, and out into the air, which blew sharply across the church-yard, and made him shiver with Indian sensitiveness all over.

"Let's make haste," said the old woman. "It's coming on to rain, and I've my Sunday clothes on; besides, I want to get home and cook a bit o' some'at hot for your dinner—you'll want it this sharp day."

"Thank you; you're very kind to think of me," said—with a sudden change of voice—the poor soldier.

It did rain, and rained, soppily and soddeningly, the whole remainder of the day, as these bright winter mornings have a trick of doing; so neither Mrs. Fox nor her charge, as she now seemed fairly to consider him, crossed the threshold again. Stone spent half the afternoon in sleeping, with his head against the settle, dropping off as if from sheer weakness, on the intervals of smoking his pipe, which he did to an unconscionable extent. Beyond it, indeed, he seemed to care for nothing, neither amusement nor occupation; asked for no books, though Mrs. Fox brought him several; good Sunday books—"Pilgrim's Progress" and "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs." At last, pitying his utter indifference to every thing, she risked her Christianity enough to fetch him a newspaper. But the world seemed to have completely slipped from him, or he from it, so that he took no more notice of the *Times* itself than if it had been a sheet of blank paper. Never was there a sadder spectacle of a man with nothing to do, and no strength to do it; a sick soul in a worn-out body. And yet, whenever he fell asleep, the boyish, innocent look came back, till the old woman stood and watched him with an expression of pity that she could not suppress.

"I doubt if you're long for this world, and maybe you'll not be sorry to get out of it," said she to herself, looking at him from over the big Bible which she always scrupulously read of Sunday evenings. "Poor fellow! I shouldn't like to be your mother, I reckon. My Tom's happier where he is, and so am I, than if he'd come back to me like you."

Yet the remembrance of poor Tom was so strong, that when, just before bedtime, Stone asked her abruptly if she would take him in for a few more days—a week or two perhaps—Mrs. Fox, though she had never seen the color of his money, assented.

"You can stop if you like, for I've a weak side to soldiers. Maybe you're a long way from your home?"

"Yes—a long way."

"Then you're right to try and get a bit stronger before you go there. Holt is a healthy place, they say, and then there's Holywell. You may spend half your time in wandering about Holywell Park."

"I mean to."

"If you'd like me to name you to the butler there—he's a friend of mine—you could come and go about the place as you fancy, with nobody to hinder you."

"Nobody will hinder me."

It might have been said either as fact merely, or else a threat, for the tone of it caught Mrs. Fox's attention. She shook her head.

"Ah, my man, I'm afeared you're one of them radicals as hates all rich folk, for nothing on earth *but* being rich folk, while we belongs to what they calls 'the lower classes.' But I never troubles my head about such things; and when you're as old as I am, and have gone through all I have gone through, mayhap neither will you."

The soldier was silent.

After a while he said, "I've been thinking, Mrs. Fox, that I ought to tell you my name, or give you some warrant for my respectability."

"Just as you like, Sir. Of course it's better and more satisfactory to all parties, and, besides, our rector, he always calls when he sees a new face in church, for he's as good as a father to the whole parish, and I'd like to be able to tell him I'd got a decent man in my house. Who shall I say, Sir?"

"John Stone, private —th Regiment; discharged invalided, with a pension. Besides, in case I should starve upon that—your British nation is not too generous to broken-down soldiers—look here!"

He showed her, as he had done to the railway-porter, the bag of sovereigns.

"It's loot—honest loot, I assure you; at least, so far as loot ever is honest. And perhaps your millionaires—your Vanderdeckens, for instance—make their money in no more creditable way."

"Oh, Sir, I never heard any thing to Mr. Vanderdecken's discredit. He's a very respectable gentleman."

"Well, so am I; that's all. Will you trust me now?"

The old woman looked at him hard. "I think I'd have trusted you any how. But I can't tell. I've been took in a good many times. I often think the world's made up o' two sorts o' folks—them as puts upon others, and them that is put upon theirselves; and it's pretty hard for the last, only maybe the Lord loves 'em best, after all.'

"Does He?"

"Don't you sneer, Sir; you may live to think different from what you do now. Young folks fancy they've found out every thing, but old folks know they've never done learning."

"You're a wise woman, Mrs. Fox."

"I wish I was, Sir; I wish I was! But good-night to you. You've had a dull Sunday, if this is your first Sunday in England."

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An innocent trap which caught nothing. Stone neither answered yes nor no.

"Any how, you'd better go to bed now, and perhaps you'll feel not so bad on Monday morning. Good-night. As the young ladies used to say where I was nursemaid forty years ago (I was brought up among my betters, Sir, and I'm used to their ways), 'Sound sleep, pleasant dreams, and a blithe waking.'"

"Never in this world, and there may be no other—I hope not, for I could not stand it. I am so tired, so tired!"

It was not said bitterly or blasphemingly, only in utter weariness, and Stone left his thin wasted hand for a minute in the old woman's palm, which had grasped his own in rough cordiality. But she was so shocked at what he had said that she dropped it at once, whereupon he slowly turned away, took his candle, and went up stairs, to meet that long lonely night which is either the utmost fear or the only comfort of such as he—till God prepares for them that bed which may be sweeter than they know.

HOW FORT M'ALLISTER WAS TAKEN.

A MEMORABLE campaign was that from Atlanta to Savannah. From the fact that Sherman marched his 60,000 soldiers without interruption or loss to a glorious victory it has been called a "pleasure-jaunt;" and because it was not attended by great battles many people have come to think that so far as mere execution was concerned it was comparatively an easy task. The truth is, that this campaign, in execution as well as in conception, was the best example of grand strategy in the war. If the enemy could have anticipated the objective point he might have gathered a sufficient force to arrest the progress of our army; he might have hung upon its flanks and rear, and endangered its existence. In that case, hindered, strangled, starved, and decimated, if it had ever reached the sea, it might have been only to surrender its feeble fragments to a merciless foe. Sherman's combinations, carefully studied, and planned with a wisdom which seems prophetic, completely obscured the great objective point of the march, and divided the confused ranks of the enemy at every point, so that the Union army bowled along over Georgia with but little loss of life, and, in the early stages of the march, with a good degree of comfort.

There are two features connected with the inside history of those two weeks during which Sherman's army lay in front of Savannah which have never been laid before the public in an authentic shape. One is, the fact that in the last stage of the march, after the army had reached the lower waters of the Savannah, Sherman was greatly perplexed by the question of supplies. The other is, that General's curious discovery of Fort M'Allister, the reduction of which furnished a key for the solution of this important problem.

Those were dark days when the marching was over and the army had settled down in the flooded forests and before the frowning fortifications of Savannah. Notwithstanding the orders to forage upon the enemy on the way, the thirty days' rations were in parts of the army exhausted when it came to the halt, where there was no food except such as the rice-fields afforded. Then for the first time the confident cheerfulness of the chief gave place to deep thought and anxious preoccupation. It required several days for the army to establish its position. By turning aside the waters of the canal which united the swift current of the Savannah with its sluggish sister, the Ogeechee, the low swamp-lands were covered neck-deep by the treacherous element; and where the raised causeways spanned these forest bogs the enemy had girded them about with fort and bastion. Every attempt in these places to push forward our lines met with the fire of heavy artillery and the blazing sheets of infantry flame. It was not the city of Savannah our commander coveted in those early days of 1864 so much as bread. Sherman might not with the hapless Queen of France answer the cry for food with, "Give them bonbons!" and so he sought for the sea.

Not only was there a scarcity of supplies, which must very soon be remedied or the army must starve, but whisky, which was a vital need to some, had almost disappeared. And this reminds me of a ludicrous scene at General Corse's head-quarters about this time. One day it was bruited about that this officer had in his possession two barrels of genuine old Monongahela. It was marvelous to observe what a number of friends the brave General had in that army when this fact became known. They came from all sides, in wagons, ambulances, on foot and on horseback, singly, by dozens and scores. Hundreds of officers were suddenly taken ill, and appeared with medical certificates. Others were ready to take oath that they should be sick presently. All required a stimulant. It will at once be understood, even to the civilian mind, that these pilgrimages were a hindrance to the official duties of Corse, who, although as hospitable as he is gallant, yet, pressed by necessity, he at once found a way to stop this tide of thirsty visitors. Sherman's head-quarters were upon a causeway which ran out from the main road into the marshes, which on either side were impassable. This roadway was parallel to the line of rebel works, and nearly opposite to a heavy battery of stationary guns. Corse's head-quarter tents were pitched just alongside but beyond ours, and both among a growth of magnificent live-oak trees. In strong contrast to the evergreen foliage the pale canvas of the tents was to be seen here and there through the openings, revealing our position to the watchful eyes of the enemy only a few hundred yards away. Thus it was that the gentlemen in charge of the rebel guns had a fixed habit, in the afternoon just at three o'clock, of

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opening fire upon us, continuing their gentle rain of shot and shell until sundown. It was not at all pleasant to our people, but it was one of those incidents in war which must be borne with equanimity. General Corse, perhaps not unmindful of this fact, gave out the information one morning that his official duties would prevent his entertaining visitors until afternoon of the following day. The sun had hardly crossed the meridian when his friends began to arrive. The sick and well, young and old, officers of all grades from the single-barred lieutenant to the double-starred major-general, were gathered on the well-kept parade-ground—some stretched at full length upon blankets, others seated upon boxes and camp chairs, all enjoying the soft genial sunshine, the balmy air, and the whisky. It was a jovial party of soldiers who had seen the bright and dark side of life, who had endured the pain of wounds, the hardships of campaigning, and knew how to glean from the harvest of fun and pleasure its last kernel.

"Here's your health, General!" cried a staff officer, who had known his host way back in the dark days when they fought side by side at Wilson's Creek. "Here's to you, and may you never get a closer call than that Allatoona bullet cut across the cheek!"

The host answered the salutation of the party with a nod, and then there might have been seen fifteen or twenty bronzed and bearded faces uplifted in silent worship, and as many pairs of eyes intently gazing into the heavens through the medium of a yellow stained tumbler. At this delightful and precise instant of time there came jarring and thrumming over the marshes a sharp yet muffled sound: "Boom! boom! boom!" The three detonations did not attract the attention of the party—they had heard such a noise before; but when, in a few seconds, and before they had ceased their astronomical observations, all the quiet air was filled with a wild shriek and thir-r-r-r, which as it approached the spot yelled exultantly, as if glad to break in upon their social joys. The first of these iron messengers smashed into Adjutant Carper's tent and through his desk, scattering his papers without regard to red tape or military order; the second ricochetted into the trees beyond; the third rolled along toward the whisky barrel, as if thirsty after its hot, swift journey.

But the disgust and consternation of the whisky-drinkers was expressed in grotesque attitudes which would defy the pencil of Gavarni to depict. For a moment they were transfixed, as if posing for their photographs; but as the big cannon across the marshes again found voice they changed position; several sought their horses, calling loudly for their orderlies; others sought their presence of mind, which had taken wings with Carper's papers; but the greater number had placed the protecting trunks of the huge oak-trees between them and the offending guns, forming a straight line, which, to say the least, did credit to their engineering skill. At last several of them found breath.

"What the d—l is this, Corse? A nice tea-party you have invited us to!"

Meanwhile the unperturbed host had taken out his watch, which he consulted with some care. "Precisely on time, three o'clock. Pardon me, gentlemen, that I did not notify you that I expected strangers at this hour. The people over the way invariably send their compliments at this hour, and"—Corse spoke more deliberately as he pointed at the cannon-ball—"and these fellows continue to come until the sun goes down."

The words had hardly passed from the lips of the General when the little files of officers who had undertaken to support the trees from falling broke up, and the call for "orderly" was louder and more impatient than before.

"Won't you take another drink, gentlemen?" demanded the courteous Corse; and then addressing his complimentary friend of a few moments before—"Say, Cap'n, I would like to respond to your toast."

But there was fast mounting of restive horses, and hurried adieus, and in half a minute all evidence that remained of the jovial party was the disturbed camp equipage, and a cloud of golden dust which followed the heels of the fast-galloping steeds as they disappeared down the long avenue of oaks.

All this while we had not discovered the pathway to the sea. One day I had been sent down to the Ogeechee River where a bridge was in process of rebuilding. It was near night when, after obtaining the sought-for information, I started homeward in company with Colonel Charles Howard, a brother of the General, and then serving on his staff. The line of the advance of the army was several miles nearer Savannah, and there were no troops encamped near the river, except large details who were at work on the bridge and building piers, in anticipation of the time when the river should be opened to the sea, for although the eye wandering across these level marshes might not detect the surge of the ocean, yet we knew that its surf and song were very near, and that the placid waters of the Ogeechee were our only channel to the ships which floated there waiting our coming, and it was by this means only we could find them and food.

Weeks before, while the army were yet among the hills of Georgia, some soldier, while rummaging among a package of letters which he had found in a house by the road-side, came upon a scrap of thin brown paper, marked with curved lines, which to the ordinary eye would have been meaningless; but to any intelligent American soldier, who had used pick and shovel, it had interest and significance. The writing on this paper ran something in this way:*

"Dear Mother,—Here I am in a big fort way off on the Ogeechee River. It is called Fort M'Allister, which is the name of a plantation hereabouts. It is

* It will be observed that the writer of this does not profess to give this important letter verbatim, but quotes from memory.

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a big fort with thirty or forty big guns, which we fire at the Yankee vessels whenever they come up the river. They have tried it on with iron-clads and all that, but we always beat them off, and are perfectly safe behind our tall bomb-proofs. You can't imagine how crooked this river is—a snake wriggling is a straight line compared to it. I send you a little drawing which I have made of the bend in the river and the position of the fort. A strong place it is, and the Yanks never can take it so long as they knock at the front-door....We don't have much to eat, and it's right lonely here...."

The soldier gave this bit of paper to his captain, and so it came on through General Howard to General Sherman; and as he carefully examined it I remember hearing some one say: "Fort M'Allister! I never heard of such a place before. It must be one of the rebel line of sea-defenses." None of us then imagined that the name was to go down to history with those of Arcola, Malakoff, and Donelson.

As Colonel Howard and I rode along into a forest of oak and cypress we encountered the head of a column of troops who, with well-filled haversacks, were marching along with that steady gait which was the certain sign of an expedition which meant work.

"What movement of troops is this?" I asked.

"It is Hazen's division. They are to cross the bridge to-night with the purpose of taking a fort which is down the river," replied Colonel Howard. "Ah, there he comes! Good-evening, General."

"Good-evening, gentlemen," was the response of the man who passed us, carrying in his pocket the slip of brown paper which many months ago the rebel soldier had sent to his mother way up there in Georgia, little dreaming that the enemy would ever come that way, and that he thus distantly was to be the worst possible enemy to his own cause.

A little less than twenty-four hours from that time, with but a few moments for rest and food, and Hazen with his brave soldiers arrived opposite to Fort M'Allister. He did not wait to dig ditches nor build earth-works. He sent to the rebel commander no demand for surrender, nor challenge for battle, except such as glittered from the points of his double line of bayonets as they moved slowly, noiselessly, and steadily out of the woods across the naked space into a storm of shot and shell. Steadily and unbroken, except when the dead and wounded fell, they marched on. There was a grim determination, a terrible earnestness in that oncoming line of blue and steel. They halted not at tangled abatis, they did not heed the torpedoes exploding under their feet, but plunged into the deep ditch, tore away the tough palisades, mounted to the parapet, and there, then, and within the fort, fought hand to hand with its gallant defenders; and when the smoke, painfully lifting itself into the heavy air of evening, revealed the flag of our Union planted there, we, envious and impatient lookers-on, knew that victory was inscribed all over its beautiful folds.

To Hazen the capture of Fort M'Allister was glory, undying fame. To the Commander-in-Chief it meant bread, food, the conquest of Savannah. How swift moved events when the brazen door to the sea was unlocked! And first and most important was the feast of hard tack; and a more welcome feast was never offered to a hungry host since the days the children of Israel found manna in the wilderness. The destructive torpedoes in the river were released from their moorings, and scores of busy, puffing steam-tugs paddled up the stream, loaded with precious freight of bread. There was enough, and more than enough, for all. Bread for man and food for beast. Profane fellows, who had well-nigh forgotten how to pray, now offered up grateful thanks. The soldier in his rifle-pit heeded not the mud and water, and patted his ration of hard bread with loving tenderness. As the wagons creaked into camp, groaning with their cargo of white boxes filled with hard tack, the eager groups of hungry men surrounded them with cheers of welcome. The army of refugees, crouching in their miserable camps among the bushes, were not forgotten. Poor, ignorant, houseless wanderers—all of them had their share of the sweet, wholesome bread. And none were more thankful than they, for none demand so little as they who possess nothing.

It was a feast of bread which will never be forgotten, that of Sherman's army as it lay before Savannah, in December of 1864; and, as if to crown their happiness, a few days after the enemy evacuated the city, which the army and its Chief possessed themselves of only to make of their conquest a Christmas present to the Nation.

As I have written this sketch of some of the events of the campaign of the "March to the Sea" I have lived over again its dangers, its hardships, its thrilling excitements with almost the force and intensity of reality; and yet it seems a long, long while ago when we were at war with our countrymen of the South.

SELFISH SORROW.

The house lay snug as a robin's nest
Beneath its sheltering tree,
And a field of flowers was toward the west,
And toward the east the sea,
Where a belt of weedy and wet black sand
Was always pushing in to the land.

And with her face away from the sun
And toward the sea so wild,
The grandam sat, and spun and spun,
And never heeded the child,
So wistfully waiting beside her chair,
More than she heeded the bird of the air.

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Fret and fret, and spin and spin,
With her face the way of the sea:
And, whether the tide were out or in,
A-sighing, "Woe is me!"
In spite of the waiting and wistful eyes
Pleading so sweetly against the sighs.

And spin, spin, and fret, fret,
And at last the day was done,
And the light of the fire went out and met
The light o' the setting sun.
"It will be a stormy night—ah me!"
Sighed the grandam, looking at the sea.

"O no, it isn't a-going to rain!"
Cries the dove-eyed little girl,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane
And pulling her hair out of curl.
But the grandam answered with a sigh,
Just as she answered the cricket's cry.

"If it rains, let it rain; we shall not drown!"
Says the child, so glad and gay;
"The leaves of the aspen are blowing down;
A sign of fair weather, they say!"
And the grandam moaned, as if the sea
Were beating her life out, "Woe is me!"

The heart of the dove-eyed little girl
Began in her throat to rise,
And she says, pulling golden curl upon curl
All over her face and her eyes,
"I wish we were out of sight of the sea!"
And the grandam answered, "Woe is me!"

The sun in a sudden darkness slid,
The winds began to plain,
And all the flowery field was hid
With the cold gray mist and the rain.
Then knelt the child on the hearth so low,
And blew the embers all aglow.

On one small hand so lily white
She propped her golden head,
And lying along the rosy light
She took her book and read:
And the grandam heard her laughter low,
As she rocked in the shadows to and fro.

At length she put her spectacles on
And drew the book to her knee:
"And does it tell," she said, "about John,
My lad, who was lost at sea?"
"Why, no," says the child, turning face about,
"'Tis a fairy tale: shall I read it out?"

The grandam lowlier bent upon
The page as it lay on her knee:
"No, not if it doesn't tell about John,"
She says, "who was lost at sea."
And the little girl, with a saddened face,
Shut her hair in the leaves to keep the place.

And climbing up and over the chair,
The way that her sweet heart led,
She put one arm, so round and fair,
Like a crown, on the old gray head.
"So, child," says the grandam—keeping on
With her thoughts—"your book doesn't tell about John?"

"No, ma'am, it tells of a fairy old
Who lived in a daffodil bell,
And who had a heart so hard and cold
That she kept the dews to sell;
And when a butterfly wanted a drink,
How much did she ask him, do you think?"

"Oh foolish child, I can not tell,
Maybe a crown, or so."
"But the fairy lived in a daffodil bell,
And couldn't hoard crowns, you know!"
And the grandam answered—her thought joined on
To the old thought—"Not a word about John?"

"But, grandam—" "Nay, for pity's sake
Don't vex me about your crown,
But say if the ribs of a ship should break
And the ship's crew all go down
Of a night like this, how long it would take
For a strong-limbed lad to drown!"

"But, grandam—" "Nay, have done," she said,
"With your fairy and her crown!
Besides, your arm upon my head
Is heavy; get you down!"
"Oh ma'am, I'm so sorry to give you a pain!"
And the child kissed the wrinkled face time and again.

And then she told the story through
Of the fairy of the dell,
Who sold God's blessed gift of the dew
When it wasn't hers to sell,
And who shut the sweet light all away
With her thick black wings, and pined all day.

And how at last God struck her blind.—
The grandam wiped a tear,
And then she said, "I shouldn't mind
If you read to me now, my dear!"
And the little girl, with a wondering look,
Slipped her golden hair from the leaves of the book.

As the grandam pulled her down to her knee,
And pressed her close in her arm,
And kissing her, said, "Run out and see
If there isn't a lull in the storm!
I think the moon, or at least some star,
Must shine, and the wind grows faint and far."

Next day again the grandam spun,
And Oh how sweet were the hours!
For she sat at the window toward the sun,
And next the field of flowers,
And never looked at the long gray sea,
Nor sighed for her lad that was lost, "Ah me!"

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PAROLE D'HONNEUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WHATEVER the first Monday of the month may be in other grand divisions of the earth, it is always "sale day" in South Carolina. On that day, with a wide-spread unanimity which has in it something of the sublime, as many auctioneers as there are court-houses in the State mount suitable elevations and shout "Going, going, gone!" over bottom-lands, uplands, wood-lands, houses, log-cabins, buggies, stock, and household articles past enumeration. It is unchallengeably the great day of the month; it is an institution, and lacks little of being a solemnity. There are South Carolinians who ride ten or fifteen miles to every monthly sale, and who would feel it to be something like Sabbath-breaking to fail in so doing, although mayhap they never bid off an article in their lives. Sale day is the occasion for meeting one's friends, hearing the gossip of the district, discussing the political news, learning market-prices, and making trades. By such as get drunk and fight it is also considered a proper time for those festivities.

After this introduction I need hardly say that there was a noticeable crowd in Brownville, South Carolina, on the first Monday of September, 1865. Quite a number of vehicles, wonderfully various in appearance, but mostly rough wagons or rougher carts or dilapidated buggies, with ragged little oxen or the sorriest of horses and mules, dotted Main Street throughout its visible length of over a quarter of a mile. Not more than two or three of these "conveyances" had leather tops; but some of the wagons were protected by rounded canvas roofs, usually rising to a peak fore and aft; and several of the buggies had white cotton umbrellas, six feet in diameter, standing in a socket fastened to the seat. The farmers' wives and daughters were in the shops trading, or sat patiently in the drizzling rain staring at the stir of the village. The sorry horses were munching their little bundles of corn-husk fodder, much put upon and plundered by the impudent cows and bush-whacking pigs of Brownville. Now and then a "lone woman," a widow of the "low down" class of whites, pipe in mouth perhaps, stalked through the mud with a long, mannish stride, bent on begging, or, in her own dialect, on "tryin' to git." Negroes were frequent, some busy and some lazy, and negro boys—these last "powerful lazy." The spires of four churches were in their proper places, and the Baptist Female College was where it should be. On the eminence across Reedy River rose the little stuccoed University, showing unnaturally magnificent through the enchantment of drizzle and distance.

Brownville boasted an old and a new court-house. With rare boldness the Commissioners of Public Buildings had placed the latter directly opposite the former, so that citizens might judge daily how much the village, the district, and the world had gained by the additional outlay. Hardly fourteen thousand dollars, one would say, unless speaking from a "legal tender" basis. The elder court-house was a jolly, plethoric, high-colored old gentleman of plain brick, his port-wine visage set off by a second-story portico of Doric fashion, as white as painted pine usually is after years of exposure. The lower floor was solidly vaulted, the tinned roof was steep and tight, and the building was likely to smile on the ruins of its successor. The new court-house was a stuccoed affair, with a fever-and-ague complexion, a tendency to castellation about the corners, and a broad perception of Gothic in the doorways and windows. It was meant for an airy structure, but it was also an aqueous one. The flat roof was a water privilege: it could outleak any other surface of its size. In short, superior bigness was the main brag of the new edifice over the old.

Around the court-houses, or rather between them, things were as they should be of a sale day. On the stone steps of the senior building Mr. Thompson Bulger, the auctioneer—a thin and seedy man, with a correspondingly emaciated and threadbare voice—was knocking down Hardin Boggs's farm for delinquent taxes. Around him were gathered fifty or sixty men, mostly in long-waisted frock-coats and narrow trowsers of gray homespun, tall and lengthy in limb, with faces even more thin and haggard than the Northern type of American. Here and there, on the outskirts of the group, were little knots of three and four, squatting on their heels in discussion or barter. Notwithstanding the drizzling rain there were not half a dozen umbrellas in the assemblage, nor did many persons take cover under the portico of the court-house. The general look of the people was hardy and fearless, with an occasional dash of devil-may-care pugnacity, although the mustache, that supposed emblem of fastness and fierceness, was less common than in a similar crowd of Northerners. The bidding was deliberate and considerate, and Hardin Boggs's estate went at a dollar an acre. However, Boggs himself admitted that it was "a mighty poo' track."

An interesting sale day this had been for Alexander M'Call—a handsomely built, tall, fair-complexioned, gray-eyed young man, who stood on the steps of the new court-house. Why it had been so we may learn from a dialogue between him and Harrison Few, the clerk of the District Court.

"Begun on the land, hey?" said Mr. Few, appearing in the doorway. "Well, Alec, how'd the furniture go off?"

"Oh, as well as broken-down things could be expected to go in a broken-down country," was the reply.

Harrison Few understood the half sigh of spiritual pain which accompanied these words.

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Although not far from six feet in the girth, red-faced, and nearly fifty years of age, he was a man of tender heart and delicate perceptions, who could imagine that it must be a hard trial for the family of old Colonel M'Call of Richland District to have its furniture publicly knocked down by the hammer of poverty. It had not been pleasant for him, the son of an overseer, and in a measure the architect of his own respectability, to see his horse, buggy, and harness go on last sale day to buy bacon and hominy for his family. Yet, accustomed as he was to these sacrifices of venerable and intimate belongings, he discovered a special hardship in this one. The M'Calls had been among the "highest toned" people of Richland District; the Colonel had owned two hundred head of "stock," and cultivated one thousand acres, besides holding twice as much more in "old-field" and wood-land; and it was quite painful to think of the widow of such a man being driven to sell her furniture for bread. Well, there was a great deal of trouble in the world, and that was a sort of consolation, though niggardly. He stepped out of the doorway, squinted at every corner of the lowering heaven, fired his tobacco juice at a hitching-post with comforting accuracy, and then stood there in the drizzling rain, as indifferent to it as the lean cows and saucy pigs. All this while he was thinking up some balm for his young friend.

"Well, Alec, the man who turned you off the track did as much by a crowd more," he said, for lack of better encouragement. "He sot in for a big stroke of mischief, and he done it."

"Confound him!" muttered Alec, sullenly, as he, too, stepped into the rain. "I don't care about myself, you understand," he resumed. "As deputy-sheriff here I am just as jolly as I ever was on the plantation. But I hate to see my mother and sisters pinched."

"Things have gone off well enough to give 'em a lift, I hope," answered Few, staring at the portico of the old court-house.

"Yes; I reckon so. Between what's left and what's sold we can lodge and feed two or three people. Do you know of any one who wants board?"

"Yes; that's just it. There's the post commandant, Cap'n Humphreys, was asking me this morning if I knew of a place. He's a right good fellow, Humphreys is, and it's sure pay," added Few, seeing that Alec scowled.

"I know; he's well enough," responded the young man, conscious that the elder was trying to persuade him to his own good. *I* could put up with Yankees. I've fed them as prisoners, and been fed by them as a prisoner. The war is over, and I know it. But the women don't, Mr. Few."

"Yes, there 'tis; the women don't know it. I wish to God they did know it a little more'n they do. This scowling at Yankees an't a-going to help us, Mac. It 'll keep out money and emigration. And there 'tis; we want money and emigration; them's just what we want."

He had been poking a chip into a puddle with his foot, and he now gave it a kick to launch it on its brief voyage. Alec, hands in pockets, was walking up and down in the thin red mud of the earthen sidewalk, with a gloomy frown under his slouched black hat.

"I say," resumed Few, with hesitation, "sha'n't I speak to Cap'n Humphreys about it?"

"No, thank you," answered Alec, still frowning.

"Well—no offense—I thought I'd name it to you."

Harrison Few had a profound respect for Alec M'Call, as being a descendant of high-toned gentlemen, although he was now only deputy-sheriff, with a curiously small income. He called him Alec and Mac, to be sure; but that was friendship—that was the Brownville way. He was himself called Hassy Few by half his acquaintance.

"All right; I am much obliged to you," said the young man. "But I know my mother and sisters wouldn't have a Yankee in the house. I can't blame them. Two brothers dead on the battle-field, you know, and our buildings all burnt, and the plantation turned into a common. Not so much as a fence-rail left, by Jove!"

"Yes, there 'tis; it's tough work forgiving. It's a big lift for the stoutest kind of a Christian," mused Few. After a minute he added, "Don't you mean to start the old place again some day?"

"Of course. But we can't do it till we can raise money to put up buildings. Hands won't sleep out of doors, you know. And they must have seed, too, and plows, and stock."

"Yes, there 'tis; hard to get a start. By George! it was as much as we could do to set in to work up here, where Sherman never come. Where he did come folks was broke up for a good while, of course."

"Where he did come he turned the country into old-field, as sure as you're born," answered Alec.

Like many another man Alec had two dialects—one for family life and choice society, and one for converse with out-of-door comrades; the former bearing the stamp of universal English, and the latter colored with provincialisms and alive with inchoate metaphor. By-the-way, you must not infer from this local tang in his discourse that his manners were rustic. They were graceful, self-possessed, dignified, and not far from the ideal of lordly. He had never seen, to his knowledge, a better-born gentleman than himself; nor did he believe that there was any finer society in the world than that of his native district.

At this moment Mr. Few's eye was attracted by a female figure sitting in an open wagon on the opposite side of the street. Although a married man and corpulent, he had a keen eye for beauty in general, and never let a pretty woman pass without refreshing himself with a gaze.

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"Who's that, Mac?" he asked, nodding his head in the direction of the wagon. "She's a right pretty gal, she is, and I don't think I ever saw her befo'. Wait till she turns her face this way again."

The object of curiosity was in rusty black, a common enough attire in South Carolina at that period; but there was that indescribable something in the outline and carriage by which youth proclaims itself to the eye. Yes, she was a stranger; the young man could tell by her back that she did not belong in the neighborhood; he had served writs all over the district without encountering that figure. And still it seemed to him that he had somewhere met it, and under pleasant circumstances. The young lady looked persistently at the auctioneer, and thus kept her face turned from the two gazers at the new court-house. The wagon in which she sat was an old, shackling affair, with newly added sides of rough boards and a seat which had evidently been transplanted from some defunct buggy. From the seat rose one of those huge white umbrellas already described. In the after-part of the wagon were a few articles of stoneware, a trunk, and a little fodder.

The small bundles of corn husks and leaves had, of course, been brought for the benefit of the black mule who stood between the shafts; but one of those Brownville cows who lie in wait to plunder country cattle was already reaching out her neck and tongue for the crisp delicacy. Finding it a little beyond her reach, she rose on her hind-legs, planted her fore-feet in the vehicle, and seized a couple of bundles. Startled by the noise, the young lady turned, cut at the intruder with her whip, and seemed half inclined to give chase. It was indeed a serious matter; scarcely half a dinner remained for the mule. At the sight of that face Alec M'Call sprang across the street. The cow went off at a gallop, with her plunder dangling from her mouth; but our young deputy-sheriff was neither beaten by her agility nor daunted by the absurdity of the adventure; he kept up the pursuit until one bundle dropped after the other; then he brought both back to the wagon.

"Thank you, Sir," said the young lady, showing a beautiful set of teeth. "You have really done me a favor."

She was a brunette, with a clear, pale complexion, the blackest of eyes, and features of the statuesque type. She was extraordinarily handsome, and would have been as nearly a perfect beauty as is ever seen, only that there was a little too much breadth to her cheek-bones and a little too much strength in her lower jaw. But even with these defects, even with the determined, Helen Mar-ish air which they gave her, she was wonderfully handsome.

"I am happy to have obliged you," answered Alec, raising his hat and bowing in a style which would not have put his grandiose father to shame could he have seen it. Then the two looked at each other, each thinking, "I have seen you somewhere."

"You don't remember me," said Alec, the first to reach the point of recognition.

"Yes, I do," she answered. "You were in the hospital at Dalton."

"And you helped nurse me," he added, putting out his hand.

"But you have forgotten my name," she said, laughing again, with her hand in his. "It is Mollie Prater. Now you must tell me yours."

"Alec—" he began.

"M'Call," she interrupted; "oh yes, Alec M'Call."

It was pleasant to him to hear his name repeated by those flexible rosy lips, and he continued to hold her hand until she gently withdrew it.

"And that was almost two years ago," she said; "and then we still had hopes, and now we are conquered."

"And ruined."

"Yes, and ruined. I never will forgive them," she continued, with an excitement which made her face less pleasing. "Other people may make peace, but I sha'n't. I am a Prater, and that is our way."

Alec's countenance became sterner than was its wont, but he made no spoken reply.

"You shouldn't have forgotten a nurse," she resumed, archly. "However, I am changed, I suppose," glancing at her rusty dress. "I was a school-girl then, and now I am a schoolma'am."

"And I am a deputy-sheriff," said he; "the deputy-sheriff of this district."

She burst into one of her quick, gay laughs. "Isn't it comical?" she said, "and horrible! What, sheriff here? Then we shall be neighbors. Don't you see my trunk? I have just come on to be schoolma'am in the Baptist Female College."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alec, visibly gratified. "I wondered why you were here. I supposed you were going through to take the railroad for the low country. But is your father living in the district? I haven't heard of him."

"Of course you wouldn't hear of him in the district," she said, with a laugh which seemed slightly forced. "Georgia doesn't belong to your district."

"Well, you have had a long journey—for such a wagon as this."

"You mustn't laugh at my wagon, Sir; it is my best. Ah! there comes my driver; now I must go. You will call on me, I hope. I am going to live in the college, like a good, sedate, responsible schoolma'am."

"I thank you," said Alec. "I certainly shall come to see you. Good-morning."

With a slight suspicion that she wanted just at that moment to get rid of him, and with the glimpse of a reminiscence that he had seen that same old negro driver somewhere in the district, he made his bow and returned to the steps of the new court-house. But almost immediately these ideas were lost in thinking

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how handsome she was, and how pleasant it would be to see her frequently.

In a few days he found that to see Mollie Prater was very pleasant. He took his sisters to the college, and then Mollie called upon his mother.

"I wish I could board with you, Mrs. M'Call," said the young lady before many days of this acquaintanceship had elapsed. "It would be so much jollier than at the college!"

"I wish you could," sighed the impoverished lady. "We seem to get no boarders, and what we are to do soon I don't know. I beg your pardon, my dear. We are in such straits that I can't help thinking of making money."

"Can't we hunt up some boarders?" said Mollie. "I'll tell you what we'll do: Sophie and I will burn somebody's house, and make them go out to boarding."

"Yes, and Alec will arrest us," answered Sophie M'Call, a sweet-faced blonde of twenty. "Alec is perfectly awful on a sense of duty. You would arrest us and put us in jail, wouldn't you, Alec?"

"Ah! this is too sober a business to joke about," said the young man, with something like a groan. "I believe that women never do feel properly given over to poverty so long as they have a man in the house."

"Mamma does," responded Sophie. "She does take it to heart in a style that nobody can find any fault with."

Both Sophie M'Call and Mollie Prater were in calico dresses, cut and made by themselves. Neither of them had a silk; Sophie had a silk apron, and Mollie had an old bombazine; but that was all their finery.

"Yes, I do take it to heart," almost whimpered pale Mrs. M'Call, pressing one hand against the thin blonde hair, streaked with gray, which only partially hid her sunken temples. "If we don't have some boarders in another month we must come down to corn meal. Here we all are, living on Alec."

The son rose and paced the room rapidly. He was willing to bear his burden; but then he was not bearing it; he could not. His few hardly-earned, uncertain dollars a month would not support himself, his mother, Sophie, and his other sister Grace.

"Mother, we must give up this nonsense," he said, stopping short and facing her. "We must take in those Yankees. They were at Hassy Few again to-day for a boarding-place. The three will pay us sixty dollars a month, and the profit on that will keep us from starving. What do you say, mother?"

"I agree with you, Alec," answered Mrs. M'Call, while her two daughters simply whispered bitterly, "Yankees!"

Alec looked at Mollie Prater with a serious air which claimed her advice.

"Yes, I suppose you must do it," she said in answer. "You must try to live off the enemy; it is all there is left. Only I do hope you will keep on hating them. I can't bear that any Southerner should ever have any feeling for them but hatred."

"Mamma, if we do get a boarder, you must give me a handkerchief," put in Grace, a rosy, jolly girl of thirteen. "I haven't but two left, and they are right shabby."

"Don't be so absurd, Grace," replied Mrs. M'Call. "If you want a handkerchief, make one. There must be an old chemise somewhere."

"No, there isn't, ma. I cut up the last one for handkerchiefs the day we made Chloe a dress out of the red damask curtains."

"Well, *don't* pester me now," implored the heavy-laden mistress of the family. "Try to think of saving, instead of spending."

"But what will you do, Mollie?" asked Sophie. "You mustn't stop coming here, and you may meet these creatures."

"If I meet them I'll behave myself, and not throw plates at them. I'll remember that we can't afford to break the plates. Seriously, I will be civil."

"That is right," was Alec's cordial comment. "If we can't help our feelings, we can govern our manners. I surrendered with Joe Johnston, and that ended the war for me. I don't love Yankees, but I stand by my word. If I meet them, I will treat them well; and if I act with them, I'll do it like a gentleman. That is just where I stand."

"But you mustn't act with them," insisted Mollie.

"I may have to do it. Suppose the post commandant should call on me to aid him in some arrest?"

"Get around it," persisted the beautiful rebel, her eyes becoming almost defiant at the word "arrest."

"No, no," answered Alec, shaking his head. "I've sworn to be faithful in future to the United States. Word of honor! word of a gentleman!"

"Ah, that is going too far; I don't like that," she continued, warmly; then, suddenly quelling her excitement of manner, "Well, go and hunt your Yankees."

James Humphreys, captain of a company in a New England volunteer regiment, was a man of twenty-eight, no profession, moderate fortune, studious tastes, good breeding, and good breed. His two lieutenants, Jackson and Jones, had fought their way up from the ranks, and were farmers' boys who had attained their present social polish as clerks in country groceries. All three were tired of soldiering, tired of messing, and longed for the amenities of civil life, and especially for feminine society. Hence their persistent effort to obtain board in a respectable Brownville household.

Their first meal with the M'Calls was rather a grave and even solemn affair. The ladies, who had all cried that morning over "the lost cause," the ruined fortune, and the fallen sons of the family, sat down opposite the blue uni-

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forms with an emotion which even Second Lieutenant Jones was able to guess of; and at the same time were, woman-like, anxious as to the proper serving of their table, and mortified over some of its napkin and crockery shortcomings. The two junior officers, always in awe of their captain, and stricken with bashfulness before the feminine M'Calls, ate with soldierly speed and in strenuous silence. Humphreys, fearful of hurting Southern sensibilities, trod charily and delicately in the conversation. The most noticeable circumstance of the occasion was, that all three guests glanced so often at Sophie M'Call as to put the girl's cheeks in a flame long before the close of the entertainment. The poor fellows had not sat down to table with a young lady before for years, and they could not help enjoying the consciousness of such a sweet propinquity with ravenousness, and, in short, were in a condition to fall in love on the smallest known provocation. It was evident enough that they had no desire to be Vandals in the eyes of Sophie M'Call.

"You have got a beau, Sophie," giggled Grace, as soon as they had left the room. "You have got three."

"Wasn't it perfectly outrageous?" answered Sophie. "How like idiots they did stare!"

But she cast a look at the one parlor mirror which remained in the family, and was not at heart so furious as she seemed. Her mother glanced at her and wondered whether she should have to keep nunnery as well as boarding-house. A Yankee for a son-in-law? Well, that could be borne; she had sunk very low in pride and pugnacity of late, had Mrs. Colonel M'Call; but he must prove himself a Yankee of character and property before he could have Sophie.

This trial, however, was not to be. A Saturday soon came on which Mollie Prater was caught at the M'Call house by a storm of rain, and had to stay to tea with the three Goths, or Vandals, whichever they might be. Captain Humphreys, an undersized man, with blue eyes and light complexion, was overwhelmed by the beauty of this tall, full-formed, dazzling brunette, and exerted himself with so much earnestness and cleverness to please her that the girl more than fulfilled her promise to behave herself. She talked with the barbarians, played whist, euchre, and muggins with them, and did not refuse the Captain's company when he sent for a buggy and offered to drive her home. From that evening the dominion and danger of Sophie M'Call were over.

"You have cut me out," she said. "It is right shabby of you, only I don't care."

"I suppose you don't. I suppose you care about it as little as I do. But, Sophie, I mean to make it a matter of some importance to *him*. I mean to make him propose, and refuse him."

"Oh!" said Sophie. She did not approve of the idea; she was kind-hearted, and had a high sense of honor; in short, she thought it was "rather mean in Mollie."

"It is a woman's only revenge," continued Mollie. "And I do hate these people—oh, I do! I do!"

As Sophie was still indisposed to either assent or object the dialogue dropped. But the flirtation which now opened between Captain Humphreys and Mollie Prater gave rise to complications which the young lady had not foreseen, and worried her more than she ever confessed to her confidante. The main trouble was that Alec M'Call became jealous of the Vandal, and as a consequence began to think himself seriously in love with Mollie. The human heart, at least when it is of the male gender, frequently works in this absurd fashion.

"I know it is nonsense," thought this young deputy-sheriff, glancing at his homespun suit in hopes that the beggarly spectacle might make him rational. "I know I can't support a wife. But confound the Captain!"

He had one advantage over his rival; he could call on the lady at the college, where she would not have dared receive a Yankee; and of this superiority he availed himself, driven by that "stirring of the blood" which benefits the race at the cost of so much trouble to the individual. Mollie was courted at one end of the village by Alec, and at the other by Captain Humphreys. The situation was pleasant, as any woman can imagine; but still it had its embarrassments, and demanded much serious reflection. What was she eventually to do with these two lovers? Should she refuse them both, or take—which? If Alec were able to work his plantation, or even if he had not his mother and sisters on his hands, she would have had no hesitations; but she knew as well as he that it would be pauperism for him to marry at present, or perhaps for years to come; and being a clear-headed puss, she was able to judge somewhat according to knowledge. At times the Captain was very attractive to her womanly ambition. He was a gentleman in his manners; he was well educated, even to the point of some fashionable accomplishments; and, what was decidedly telling, he was evidently deep in love with her. But the great point in his favor was that he could certainly support her. Ah, what a temptation that was to a young lady in a community that was "dead broke!" She thought of her father, struggling to feed his family on a hired plantation consisting mainly of "old-field," and she guessed shrewdly that, notwithstanding his service in the Confederate army, he would not reject a Yankee son-in-law who could lend him money. Yet, at times it was very pleasant to think of marrying Captain Humphreys and living stylishly in some Northern city. You could see this occasionally in her manner toward the Vandal.

"It seems to me that you have got over your hatred for Yankees," said Alec to her on one of the days when jealousy made life a burden to him.

"I don't know what you mean, Sir," she replied, tartly. Her indignation at this inter-

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ference was all the greater because the remark had struck her in the midst of one of those fascinating reveries about Northern life. Alec made no reply, but looked exceedingly bitter, feeling that *la donna è mobile*. She saw his misery, guessed that it was for her sake, and softened toward him.

"See here, Alec," she said, gently, "do you think that a Southern lady should be uncivil to these people?"

"Oh, it's all right," he answered, rising and pacing the room, painfully conscious of his own feebleness and folly. "No, I don't think so. This non-intercourse idea is stuff. You mustn't mind me. I meant nothing. But it's horrible to be so poor," he continued, rushing on to show that he did mean something. "To be bankrupt and beggarly and a deputy-sheriff and have no home but a boarding-house kept by one's mother! I tell you, Miss Prater, that I sometimes wish I had been killed in the war. No outlook—no chance ahead—nothing but lifelong bankruptcy! I suppose you know that our plantation was mortgaged to its full value before the war, and that there isn't one probability in a thousand of redeeming it."

He felt now a little relieved; he had done, as he thought, what was honorable; he had let her know that he would marry her if he could, and that he could not. In reality he had, unconsciously to himself, made a powerful appeal to her heart. It was such an appeal as would be perilous to nine young ladies out of ten; and if he had proposed at that moment to Mollie Prater she would have taken him. An hour later, riding by himself on some errand of justice, this high-toned gentleman of twenty-three reflected that his conduct had not been altogether chivalrous, and felt much remorse of conscience over his selfish folly.

"I have no business to stand in the way of her luck," he thought. "She is a lucky girl to have such a fellow as Humphreys after her. He's a good fellow and a gentleman, if he is a Yankee; and he can support such a splendid girl in a style worthy of her; and I am a poor miserable dog, who can only offer a kennel. I have talked my last nonsense to her, word of honor! word of a gentleman!"

Strengthened in soul by these magical words, so much more of a spell in the South than in the North, he thereafter avoided Mollie as much as was consistent with civility, and in her presence bore himself like a mere acquaintance. It was a terrible thing to see the Captain sedulously advancing his courtship; but he endured it according to his ideal of a "chivalrous Southron," who was also a M'Call. What made the matter worse was that Humphreys did not suspect his state of mind, and frequently talked to him about Miss Prater.

"She is the most brilliant brunette that I ever saw," said the enamored Goth. "By Jove! I don't think there's another such pair of eyes in the United States. And such a superbly moulded face! it's almost perfect Greek. Just a little too strongly marked about the cheek-bones and the lower jaw. But I like it all the better for that; it shows character, don't you think so?"

"Yes," admitted Alec, who had sometimes suspected that Miss Mollie possessed a trifle too much character.

"By-the-way, do you know any thing of her family?" inquired the Captain, not yet altogether deprived of forethought.

"I don't. Her father was colonel of a Georgia regiment, but I never saw him. I understand that he used to run a large plantation."

"They must have been nice people," persisted the infatuated soldier. "The young lady shows breeding. The fact is that it is almost impossible for such a perfectly formed woman to appear ill-bred."

"When are you going to take a trip with me into the mountains, Captain?" inquired Alec, unable to talk comfortably about Miss Prater.

"I really don't know when I can get away," answered Humphreys, who had been quite anxious for such an expedition a month previous.

Meantime Mollie had her talks about the Captain, not so much impelled thereto by the necessities of her heart as by the gossips of the village. "I hear that this commandant is playing the amiable to you, Miss Prater," said one of her married acquaintance. Mrs. De Gama Cobb, a refugee from Pensacola, was a dumpy, bullet-headed, dark-skinned person, with the blackest of eyes, a sheet of wavy black hair growing low on her forehead, and a downy black mustache. Her speech was rapid, her gestures ready and energetic, her whole style as unlike the Northern idea of what is American as is possible. Yet her family had been two hundred years on American soil. "You will excuse me for being so frank with you," she added, "but I hope there is nothing in the scandal."

"Of course not," replied Mollie, coloring with a desire to slap Mrs. De Gama Cobb for the interference, and especially for that word "scandal."

"Of course not," echoed the Floridiana, sarcastically. "Oh, that is an old history! All young ladies say of course not. But what I want to know is the truth. I don't care to hear commonplaces."

"Mrs. Cobb, what business is it of yours?" demanded Mollie, unable longer to keep her temper.

"It *is* my business, Miss Prater. You are a young lady all alone, without natural protectors at hand. Your father and mother are distant. I have taken an interest in you. I have received you. It *is* my business."

"Then, Mrs. Cobb, I wish that for once you would not mind your business. I can take care of myself. I am twenty-one years old, and even my father could not control me in this matter, and I certainly shall not let myself be controlled by others."

"But have you no regard for society—for the proprieties—for patriotism?" cried Mrs. Cobb,

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in a furious twitter, as if she were a very large and very angry canary-bird. "Marry a Yankee! A Southern girl marry a Yankee! The daughter of a Confederate colonel marry a Yankee! Oh, Miss Prater! you are not the person I took you up for!"

"If you have taken me up I wish you would let me down again," said Mollie. "And as for marrying a Yankee, who said that I was going to do it? Really, Mrs. Cobb, you—but I won't talk on the subject—good-morning, Madame."

"I don't comprehend how the principal of the college can put up with such things," was Madame's parting shot.

"I should like to see him interfere," answered Mollie, from her distance.

Mrs. De Gama Cobb's quarrels amounted to nothing. The little Spanish bantam had squabbled with nearly every lady in the village, and then had been immediately as friendly as before, but also as ready for another spurring match. Mollie had heretofore fought her in a joking humor; but this subject of the Yankee beau had become a sore one; and then, ladies have their cross days.

Not long after the above affair Captain Humphreys managed to have a private interview with his hostess.

"Mrs. M'Call—excuse me, Madame—something of importance to say to you," he stammered.

The lady looked at him anxiously, fearing that her table had given dissatisfaction, and that she might be about to lose her only boarders. Her affairs were already prospering meekly under their regular payments. Only that morning she had bought additional crockery at an auction, and would no longer be obliged to borrow dishes to supply her rare transients.

"It is through you, Madame," continued the officer, "that I have been happy enough to make the acquaintance of Miss Prater."

"Ah!" said Mrs. M'Call to herself, and went off on three trains of thought at once. One was that a Mrs. Humphreys would be another boarder; the second was, "I am glad of this, for it saves Alec;" the third was woman's sympathy with a love affair.

"For that reason," said the Captain, "and as she has no relations here, I feel bound to consider you her protector, and to say to you that I wish to make her my wife. I can give you proofs that, aside from my salary, I am able to support her; and—and—"

In short, the commandant of the post found it difficult to say all that he wanted; and Mrs. M'Call, pitying a lover, however much he might be a Yankee, came to his assistance.

"I understand you, Sir. But I can say so little! Really, I can not consider myself very much responsible for this young lady. I know little of her, except that she was kind to my son in hospital."

"And you will not object to my speaking to her?" demanded the Captain, who had a vague idea that every body south of Mason and Dixon's line might have a right to object to his marrying Miss Prater.

"No, I will not—I can not. How can I refuse, or consent? Really, Captain Humphreys, you must not make me responsible."

"Oh no, Madame! I did not think of such a thing. I only wished not to make you responsible—to warn you, or at least—but perhaps I have blundered. At all events, I am so obliged to you!"

He was a little confused in his statements, but Mrs. M'Call thought none the worse of him for that. She appreciated the delicacy of his intentions in warning her of what he proposed, and she closed the interview by saying, "Although I can do nothing for you, or against you, you have my kind wishes."

So the next time Mollie came to tea there was a mysterious vacuum formed around her and the Captain. Alec, ruthlessly informed of what was to take place, went off in dire misery to prowl in the outskirts of the village and curse his stars by the light of another's moon. Sophie and Grace got away to their bedroom and whispered in the cold about the solemnity that was transacting by the parlor-fire. Mrs. M'Call put on her hat and shawl and ran across the garden to the Baptist prayer-meeting.

"Miss Prater," the Captain commenced, abruptly, "I wish that you knew me better."

There was a shake in his voice which told her what was coming, and she felt herself tremble a little.

"For then," he pursued, recovering his steadiness—"then you would be better able to judge of what I am about to say to you. I wish to make you my wife."

Never did a young lady think more seriously and energetically than did Mollie during the few seconds of silence which followed this declaration. For the last time—once for all—should it be? Should she accept him, be comfortable for life, be taken care of and supported, be well dressed and stylish, be the mistress of a home? Or should she seize this opportunity of wreaking the vengeance of her section and her family, and, indeed, of her own heart, on a Yankee?

"See here, Captain Humphreys," she said, pausing and facing the unhappy man, who was doomed to misery, whether accepted or rejected. "You are good enough for me; you are every bit good enough. If you were a Southerner, with half your advantages, I would marry you. But you are not. You are of a race that I hate. I hate your government and your uniform and your flag. I never told you so before, because I wanted to tell it you at this moment. Don't speak, Sir. There is no moving me; I am a Prater—I tell you, I am a Prater. When we hate, we hate for life. Well, Sir, I refuse you. Now will you please to leave me alone? Good-by, Sir."

It was melodramatic, and irrational, and not nice; but it crushed the Captain, and he went.

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A VISIT TO THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF.

THE perspective of the magnificent Place de la Concorde, at the entrance of the Champs Elysées, in the centre of which the obelisk of Luxor rises with proud gracefulness, is bordered on the north and south by two imposing structures in the Greek style of architecture. On the north, at the end of the short Rue Royale, there rises on a broad foundation the beautiful church consecrated to St. Magdalen, and briefly called La Madeleine. On the south, the eyes of the beholder fall on a somewhat lower and smaller building, whose front is formed by a magnificent portico surmounted by a triangular roof, but whose symmetry is sorely marred by two wings attached to its sides without regard to architectural beauty.

This building is not a very ancient one. It was erected about a hundred and fifty years ago; hence it is one of the youngest of those Parisian structures which have become famous in history. But the history of this building is a very stormy and eventful one, and he who undertakes to write it must write the parliamentary history of France, from the Council of Five Hundred down to the present time; for this building is the Palais Bourbon, where, for seventy years past, the representative assemblies of all French régimes held their sessions. Here met the Council of Five Hundred and the legislative bodies of the Consulate and First Empire, the *Introuvables* of the Restoration, the *Bourgeoisie* Chambers of the July monarchy, the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies of the Republic, until, finally, the submissive universal suffrage of the Second Empire sent its equally submissive representatives to the halls of the Palais Bourbon.

Here genuine and sham parliamentary systems were carried into effect; here the most complete digest of laws since the time of the ancient Romans was debated and adopted; here Benjamin Constant, Royer-Collard, Berryer, Thiers, Guizot, Odilon Barrot, and other illustrious parliamentarians achieved their oratorical triumphs; stormy political debates alternated with soporific financial discussions, and, at one time, riotous crowds rushed into the session-hall, where another throne was sinking in ruins. The Palais Bourbon, with the memories connected with it, is the most eloquent monument of modern French history, and, withal, a valuable illustration of the national character of the French people.

However, we do not intend to enter here into speculations concerning the history and character of the French people, but, after casting a rapid glance at the building, we will enter it, ascend to the gallery, and witness the important debate which is to take place in the hall of the *Corps Legislatif*. The time, as will be seen, is a few months back.

The most ancient parts of the building date from the beginning of the last century, the most recent from the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., while the interior, especially the Hall of Sessions, has undergone a great many changes since that time. Since 1722 the property of the Condés, it passed, after that illustrious family became extinct, into the hands of the Duke d'Aumale, who, after a part of the building had been sold to the King already in 1817 for the sum of 5,500,000 francs, disposed on the 30th of June, 1830, of the rest of the property to the same purchaser, who had rented it from 1815 to 1827 for 124,000 francs a year, and, until 1848, spent eighteen million francs for repairs, alterations, and decorations of the building. The Council of Five Hundred, which commenced its sessions in the Palais Bourbon on the 26th of Brumaire in the year VI., was the first Assembly that used the hall for legislative purposes.

The beautiful peristyle on the river side, with its twelve Corinthian pillars, in front of which are to be seen eighteen steps, each a hundred feet wide, was constructed from drawings by Poyet; but the bass-relief in the *fronton* has since then undergone several changes, inasmuch as it was repeatedly by no means in keeping with the tendencies prevailing in the country. At first it represented the Emperor Napoleon distributing the flags which had been taken from the Russians at the battle of Austerlitz, and then it was an allegorical glorification of the Constitution, while it now shows us Law, supported by Strength and Justice, and offering protection to Opulence, Art, and Science. On the other hand, the six colossal statues, standing on their enormous pedestals and greatly disfiguring the place in front of the large *perron*, were not disturbed amidst all the revolutionary storms that shook the country to its foundations. They represent Justice, Wisdom, and the French Jurists and Statesmen, L'Hospital, Daguesseau, Colbert, and Sully; and it was, perhaps, solely owing to their lack of merit as works of art that they did not share the fate of the bass-reliefs. The walls of the building inclose at the present time a number of court-yards and small gardens, corridors and marble staircases, the official residences of the officers of the Corps Legislatif, and many large and small halls, some of which are furnished and decorated in the most gorgeous style, and adorned with rare works of art. Especially is this the case in the magnificent apartments of the President of the Corps Legislatif, where M. Schneider, the present Speaker, gives his brilliant parties every two weeks, as long as the Assembly is in session.

Among the fine halls of the Palais three deserve particular mention: the Hall of Peace, decorated with one of Horace Vernet's largest and best paintings, and with the statues of Mirabeau, Malesherbes, Bailly, and Foy; the Conference Hall, now used as a reading-room, and containing a very complete collection of journals friendly to the Second Empire; and the so-called *Salle des Pas perdus*, a beautiful

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marble hall communicating with the Hall of Sessions. The refreshment-room, the celebrated *Buvette*, which played so singular a part in the parliamentary history of the Restoration and the July monarchy that General Foy said he was justified in dividing the representatives into "*ceux qui prennent, et ceux qui comprennent*," has lost much of its importance since the members of the Corps Legislatif have become so submissive to the Imperial Government that there is no need for the latter to win over reluctant members of the Legislature by copious libations of Champagne and Madeira, to which the ministers of Charles X. and Louis Philippe resorted oftentimes in order to obtain majorities for their pet measures.

It is one o'clock P.M. The galleries are already well filled, although the sitting will not commence until half past two. Jules Favre and other members of the Left intend to debate their interpellation on the affairs of Italy and Germany, and it is expected that all the leading members of the Chamber will participate in the discussion. Before the parliamentary battle opens let us cast a glance on the battle-field, the hall of the Chamber.

It forms a large semi-rotunda of grave and imposing appearance. Nineteen Ionic columns of beautiful red marble, standing on high stucco pedestals, support the slightly-arched ceiling. Between the columns are two tiers of galleries destined for the public. In the niches of the wall forming the diameter of the semicircle are to be seen allegorical statues of Liberty and Order, and between them we behold, to our surprise, a large green curtain. It covers a large painting which represents Louis Philippe taking the oath on the Constitution, on the 9th of August, 1830, and which quietly awaits here the time when it may be restored to light. A marble tablet above it bears the inscription, "*Vox populi vox Dei*," which Napoleon ordered to be substituted in the room of the former inscription, "*Charte*—1830;" and the statues of Liberty and Order are surmounted by two medallions bearing the ominous date, "1 *Décembre*, 1852."

In front of the veiled painting, on a broad estrade flanked by steps on either side, is to be seen the President's seat, a very elegant arm-chair covered with green velvet, and standing behind a handsome rosewood desk tastefully mounted with ivory and bronze ornaments. The most conspicuous object on this desk is an enormous silver bell, fixed on it in such a manner that, as soon as the President touches it, it sends forth a sound so loud and sonorous as to drown the most tumultuous noise on the floor. Behind the President's arm-chair is another desk, where his private secretary arranges the documents, bills, amendments, and reports which are to be laid before the Chamber. On both sides of the President's desk, but several feet lower down, are the seats of the secretaries of the Corps Legislatif, while in front of the President the tribune occupies the place where, from 1852 down to 1867, the ministers and government commissioners had their seats. The tribune, however, is by no means the famous one that was used during Louis Philippe's reign, but a new one, made from a pattern constructed by the Emperor himself. It is sufficiently wide, but, as the beholder sees at a glance, not deep enough—a circumstance which has given rise to a great many jokes at the expense of the Emperor. In front of the tribune, on the floor of the hall, stands a table covered with green baize, at which the four writers of the so-called Analytical Report, which is published in all the daily papers except the *Moniteur*, discharge their arduous duties. They note down the gist of every speech, not phonographically, but in long-hand, a labor which of course requires a great deal of experience and skill, and a marvelously quick pen. Each of these reporters writes for a quarter of an hour, when he is relieved by one of his colleagues, whom he relieves in his turn after the same lapse of time.

On both sides of the tribune, about three feet above the floor, are fixed two very small and narrow boards, on which the phonographers pen their short-hand report, standing, and their faces turned to the speaker. They relieve one another every five minutes, and the relieved reporter hastens at once to a table in a corner of the hall, where he writes out his notes in long-hand. As soon as he has finished a page a messenger carries it to the printing-office of the *Moniteur*, situated at no great distance from the Palais Bourbon. There it is set up without delay, and the proof is immediately sent to the speaker, so that the latter, when he descends from the tribune after addressing the Chamber for some length of time, is certain to find on his desk the proof of the first installment of his speech.

In the centre of the hall there is an open space, around which the seats of the members rise amphitheatrically. There are nine tiers of them, one above another; the seats are covered with crimson cloth, and each member has before him a small desk, furnished with writing materials, a pen-knife, and a wooden paper-cutter, with which the members of the majority often make such a hideous noise in order to drown the voices of the Opposition speakers. Soft carpets cover all parts of the floor, so that even the heaviest footsteps are entirely inaudible in the hall.

Half an hour has elapsed. The hall is empty as yet; only a few *huissiers*, in black dress-coats and knee-breeches, armed with long gala swords, and with silver chains about their necks, laughing and chatting with each other, sit on the front seats of the members. In the mean time every seat has been occupied in the galleries; the fair sex is numerously represented, and among the gentlemen we see some abbés in their black cassocks, and two or three cardinals in their crimson robes. In the diplomatic gallery, on the right hand of the President, we notice the red fez of the Turkish embassador;

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the striking head of Prince Metternich; the grave, thoughtful face of General Dix; Count von der Goltz, the Prussian minister; and many other foreign diplomatists.

At length the clocks on both sides of the President's desk strike two. The folding-doors are thrown open, the representatives of the French people pour in dense crowds into the hall, and assemble there in groups, laughing, chatting, and gesticulating in the most animated manner. A sonorous bass voice, issuing from one of the groups, falls on our ears; on looking down we see that it is that of a stout, bald-headed gentleman with very round face and light-colored whiskers. This gentleman is no other than the famous M. Baroche, Minister of Justice, and Keeper of the Great Seal, one of the chief pillars of the Empire, but, owing to his stern, forbidding manners, decidedly unpopular with all sides of the Chamber. He was born in Paris in 1802, and, like most of his colleagues, was a member of the bar before obtaining a seat in the Cabinet. He espoused the cause of Louis Napoleon already at an early day, signed on the 9th of June, 1851, the decree removing General Changarnier, and proclaimed, after the *coup d'état*, the result of the popular vote on the *plébiscite*. Afterward he became First Vice-President, and then President of the Council of State, until, in 1863, he was appointed to the office which he still holds.

Ten minutes may have elapsed again, when M. Schneider, the President of the Chamber, preceded by two *huissiers*, repairs to his seat. No sooner has he taken the chair than a great many members surround him to shake hands with him, and to inform him of their wishes in reference to to-day's sitting. The two *huissiers* have meanwhile taken a position behind his chair, where they begin to shout incessantly, "*A vos places, messieurs! Allez à vos places, s'il vous plaît! La séance va commencer! En place, messieurs, s'il vous plaît!*"

The members, however, take no notice whatever of these pressing appeals, but remain standing and continue chatting until, finally, at half past two, the President resolves to come to the assistance of his poor, vainly-shouting *huissiers*. He rings his bell for several minutes, and shouts out likewise, "*En place, messieurs, nous allons commencer la séance!*" His request, of course, exerts more effect than the appeals of his subordinates, and the members go at least to their seats; but the private conversations are immediately resumed, and the sitting opens amidst so loud a hum as if a thousand bees were buzzing in the hall. In the mean time one of the secretaries has risen at his desk, and feigns to read the journal of the last sitting; but, in reality, he only turns over the leaves, and quickly resumes his seat. The President then rings his bell again, states the order of the day, and declares that M. Garnier-Pagès has the floor, an announcement which at length puts a stop to the noise in the hall.

From the benches of the Left there descends now an old gentleman, looking precisely like a very pedantic college professor. His tall, gaunt, and slightly bent form is wrapped in a loose coat reaching down beyond his knees; a standing collar of unusual length and shape protrudes far beyond his pointed face, and his long gray hair flows down to his shoulders. This odd-looking old gentleman is M. Garnier-Pagès, a most estimable character, formerly a broker at Marseilles, then Mayor of Paris, and Minister of Finance under the Republic of 1848, which he was compelled, greatly against his will, to render unpopular by imposing the famous 45 centimes tax. After ascending the tribune he begins his speech in a hollow sepulchral tone, and accompanies it incessantly with the same strange gesture, striking the railing with his right hand, and at the same time slightly bending his knees. He attacks the policy of the Government in regard to the Roman question with unsparing severity, and nearly every sentence he utters excites loud bursts of indignation in the Centre and on the Right.

While he delivers his speech, which the two *huissiers* accompany with incessant shouts of "*Silence! Messieurs, faites silence, s'il vous plaît!*" we will take a look at some of his honorable colleagues. There are two peculiarities which can not fail to arrest our attention from the first—the large number of bald-headed gentlemen occupying seats on the floor, and the small red ribbons adorning the button-holes of most of them. As for the bald heads, they predominate in all parts of the Chamber; but the red ribbons are wanting on the benches of the extreme Left, so that the empty button-holes of the Opposition members present quite a distinguished appearance in contrast with those of the members on the Government side, nearly all of whom are officers or commanders of the Legion of Honor. However, the opinion prevailing nearly every where that talent, statesmanship, and eloquence are to be found only among the members of the Left is a mistake. It is true, thanks to Napoleon's suicidal system of "official candidatures," the most distinguished men of the Chamber sit on this side; but still there are among the multitudes of small-fry politicians on the Government benches some representatives who would be looked up to as leaders in any parliamentary assembly, and who make common cause with the "*Satisfaits*" of the Second Empire only because, for the time being, it is profitable for them to do so. In glancing at the leading men of the Chamber we naturally turn our eyes, in the first place, toward the presiding officer of the Corps Legislatif.

M. Schneider is a slender, white-haired little gentleman, sixty-two years old, with a narrow, beardless face, and a voice by no means sonorous, but shrill enough to be heard above the uproar of the most tumultuous scenes on the floor. His commanding position at the head of French industry, as director of the vast

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Creuzot iron-works, gave him from the first a great deal of influence in the Chamber, and induced the Emperor to appoint him Vice-President, and, after Count Walewski's removal, President of the Corps Legislatif, a position for which he is by no means well qualified. He takes the greatest pains to imitate the example of the Duke de Morny, for whom as yet no real successor has been found; but his efforts in this direction are generally signal failures, inasmuch as he possesses neither the commanding presence, nor the imperturbable calmness, nor the impartiality of his much-lamented model.

The remarks with which he interrupts the speakers of the Opposition are always so grossly favorable to the Government that the Left by this time greatly regrets the removal of Count Walewski from the Presidential chair, although he was likewise but very poorly qualified for that important position. For the rest, M. Schneider discharges the purely technical part of his official duties with commendable tact and skill. Of the secretaries by which he is surrounded, Count Welles de Lavalette, a tall, light-haired young man, deserves to be mentioned here, because he is the only naturalized foreigner sitting in the Chamber, and, moreover, an adopted son of the Marquis de Lavalette, and the son-in-law of M. Rouher. He is a native of Boston, and not a Connecticut Yankee, as was thrown up to him when, during the stormy campaign of 1863, he was nominated by the Government in an ultra-Catholic district as a candidate for the Corps Legislatif. He defended himself at the time in a letter in which he had the bad taste to belittle his native country at the expense of France, where he had been naturalized by a special decree of Napoleon III. His American countrymen, however, have, at any rate, little reason to be proud of him, for he is one of the most abject flatterers of the Emperor, a man of very small mental calibre, and certain to disappear from public life as soon as the Empire is overthrown.

M. Darimon, who sits by his side, is of even shorter stature than his chief, M. Schneider, and certainly no intellectual giant either. He was elected in 1857 as a Democrat, and belonged in the Corps Legislatif to the famous group of the "Five," in consequence of which he was re-elected in 1863 by an overwhelming majority. But since then he has often voted with the Government side, and his Democratic constituents in Paris are so indignant at his course that he will, in 1869, neither be renominated nor re-elected.

M. Garnier-Pagès has already been speaking for fifteen minutes, when suddenly the door opens, and a gentlemen, whose whole appearance immediately attracts the attention of the spectators, enters the hall with a somewhat unsteady, tottering step. He wears a black dress-coat, gray pantaloons, and gaiters of the same color, and holds in his arm a large morocco port-folio filled with books, pamphlets, and newspapers. His broad shoulders are surmounted by a head somewhat too large and massive, and covered with dense gray hair, while whiskers of the same color fringe his deeply-furrowed face, whose stern and somewhat sullen expression is softened by a pair of very large and radiant blue eyes. You see at a glance that he is one of the great men of the Chamber, and the whispering exclamations of some of your neighbors in the gallery, "Favre! Jules Favre!" tell you that your eyes are fixed on the great leader and illustrious orator of the Democratic party. Yes, it is M. Jules Favre, in 1848 Secretary-General of the Republic, and since 1857 the acknowledged leader of the Opposition. A foreigner, on listening to one of his great speeches, will at first be slightly disappointed, for Favre's delivery savors of affectation, treating, as he does, his voice like a musical instrument, lisping the first sentences in a very low tone, and gradually increasing the volume of his voice until it rolls thunderingly and majestically through the acoustic hall. The impression which he is then certain to make upon the most prejudiced of his hearers is somewhat impaired by his artificial and declamatory manner, and, above all things, by his strange gestures, the most remarkable of which is his lifting up every now and then his right hand, clenching it, and stretching out his index and little finger in an imperious and threatening manner. The torrents of invective, which he often levels at the Government, and occasionally at the Emperor himself, are terribly impressive, and the by no means reliable short-hand report in the *Moniteur* gives but a very feeble picture of the most powerful passages of these impassioned efforts.

Welcomed most cordially by his political friends, he takes a seat on the extreme left, by the side of a gentleman whose *embonpoint*, jolly and good-natured face, and flowing, light-colored whiskers make him look like the very reverse of Jules Favre. To all appearance, he is a most peaceable, well-to-do *bourgeois* from one of the small provincial towns; but appearances never were more deceptive than in his instance, for the gentleman is no other than M. Ernest Picard, one of the most incisive, pugnacious, and able speakers of the Chamber; a man who replies with inimitable skill and wit to every one who is imprudent enough to interrupt him; and when the President addresses one of his magisterial remarks to him, Picard seldom fails to turn the laugh on him. Picard's eloquence is natural and unaffected, but impassioned and fiery. He has a fine, sonorous voice; but when he warms as he proceeds in his argument he is prone to raise it to too high a pitch. Although well versed in all branches of political and legislative knowledge, M. Picard devotes particular attention to the municipal affairs of Paris, and he is undoubtedly the greatest thorn in the side of the famous M. Haussmann, of whom Achille Fould said one day, in the presence of the Emperor, "Haussmann is

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the greatest spendthrift on earth—with other people's money."

In front of these distinguished orators sits an emaciated little man, with deeply-furrowed cheeks, a nose looking like the beak of a hawk, flashing eyes, and a head balder, perhaps, than that of any of this body of bald-headed legislators. His arms are incessantly in motion, his body is turning and twisting, his short legs are raised up and put down; in short, the whole bearing of the little man denotes an exceedingly nervous and mercurial temper. Now he sits still for a moment, now he springs to his feet, runs up and down the steps, exchanges a few words with one of his colleagues, listens to the speaker for a moment, and suddenly interrupts him with an exceedingly droll and pointed remark, to which the majority immediately responds with loud cries of indignation. The little man is M. Glais-Bizoin, the *enfant terrible* of the Opposition, to whom Nature has refused almost all the gifts necessary to an orator, but whose incessant interruptions indicate an inexhaustible mine of wit, humor, and sterling common-sense, although he occasionally overshoots himself.

Behind Messrs. Favre and Picard are the seats of M. Paul Bethmond, a Parisian lawyer, and M. Magnin, a manufacturer from Burgundy, to whom the task of watching the Government in all municipal and departmental affairs has been especially intrusted by their Democratic colleagues.

Further down two distinguished Parisian journalists, M. Flavin, managing editor of the *Siècle*, and Guéroult, editor-in-chief of the *Opinion Nationale*, are sitting side by side. The latter, a corpulent, middle-aged gentleman, has of late obtained considerable reputation as an orator, despite his weak, shrill voice; while the former, a fine-looking man, of commanding presence, is a poor speaker, and his appearance in the tribune is generally greeted by the Chamber with unmistakable manifestations of impatience.

But the member of the Left who is always certain to bring about a violent commotion in the hall as soon as he takes the floor is Eugène Pelletan, a man with a leonine mane and sinister glance, who likewise has his seat on this side of the Chamber. Generally respected for his high sense of honor and integrity, and one of the most brilliant contemporary writers, he impairs the effect of his speeches, which he delivers in a monotonous, lugubrious voice, and during which he constantly rocks himself to and fro with the regularity of an automaton, by his disposition to wander from the subject at issue. His language is pure and faultless, and but for the imperfections of his delivery, and the desultory character which his remarks frequently assume, he would be one of the most formidable parliamentary opponents of the Government.

A much better speaker is the gentleman who occupies the seat next to him, M. Jules Simon, the beloved and esteemed author of so many excellent works written for the promotion of the welfare of the laboring classes, and the indefatigable champion of measures for the advancement of popular education. He is the only Democratic representative that wears the order of the Legion of Honor, which Louis Philippe already conferred on him for his distinguished services as Professor of History and Philosophy at the Sorbonne. After the *coup d'état* he indignantly refused to swear allegiance to Louis Napoleon, who immediately deprived him of his salary. In 1863 he was elected to the Corps Legislatif in one of the Parisian districts. The lowest seat on the extreme left is occupied by M. Marie, long famous as an eminent member of the Parisian bar, and now representative of Marseilles, an aged, sickly-looking gentleman, who covers his bald head with a velvet cap, and addresses the Chamber only at rare intervals.

M. Garnier-Pagès descends from the tribune after speaking for three-quarters of an hour, and while the President tries to drown with his bell the cheers, groans, and hisses now bursting forth on all sides, a tall, slender gentleman rises from one of the front seats of the Left Centre and quickly approaches the tribune. His features are not very prepossessing, but regular, and stamped with an unmistakable air of intellectual superiority. His keen, though slightly squinting, black eyes are covered with spectacles; dark hair, thin and closely cropped, crowns his shapely head, and handsome whiskers add to the expression of his face. It is M. Emile Ollivier, one of the "Five" of 1857, re-elected by an overwhelming majority in 1863, bitterly denounced two years after for his supposed apostasy and aspirations after a seat in the Imperial Cabinet, but since then thoroughly cured of his moderate views, and to all appearance as popular as ever among his Democratic constituents. M. Ollivier is considered by many people an excellent speaker, but to us it has always been somewhat trying to listen to him. His weak lungs compel him to speak so slowly that he makes a short pause after every word he utters, and a longer one after every sentence of his speech. At the same time his action is confined to but one gesture: bending forward the upper part of his body, he swings his right arm like the vane of a wind-mill, so that it is as disagreeable to look at the speaker as it is to listen to him. For the rest, such is the purity of Ollivier's diction, even when he speaks on the spur of the moment, that there is no need for him to revise the proof-sheets of the short-hand report of his speeches—something which can be claimed for but very few members of the Chamber.

If we continue looking around the hall, while he is addressing the Assembly, our eyes fall, in the first place, on a corpulent little man in a coffee-brown coat, occupying one of the front seats of the Left Centre, and evidently dissenting from all the conclusions which Ollivier arrives at. His dense gray hair, which he combs forward, protrudes beyond his high forehead

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and expansive temples like a number of arrow-heads; his round, beardless face bears the traces of long years of intellectual toils; but, notwithstanding its grave expression, there is something exceedingly good-natured and even jolly about it, and a pair of keen gray eyes are flashing under his spectacles. Look closely at him, for he is one of the most illustrious men of the age—Adolphe Thiers, Louis Philippe's Minister, the historian of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire—once a poor, friendless journalist, and now one of the wealthiest and most celebrated statesmen, authors, and orators of France.

It is but natural that, after seeing Thiers, you desire to take a look at his old rival, but now fast friend, Berryer, the "brains" of the Legitimist party, and idol of all the old countesses and duchesses waiting in the Faubourg St. Germain for the restoration of the "good old times," and for the accession of the Count de Chambord to the French throne. In order to find him you must direct your eyes to the benches of the Right Centre; for, in order to indicate that he agrees with his friends of the Left only so far as opposition to the Imperial Government is concerned, but differs with them on nearly all other points, he has taken a seat apart from them. There he sits at his desk, an old gentleman of decidedly aristocratic appearance, slightly stooping, but with a very fine, expressive face, crowned with a wreath of silver hair, and fringed with small whiskers of the same color. Whenever he takes the floor he charms his audience, despite his seventy-seven years, by his full, sonorous, and flexible voice; and equally charming is his calm, lofty style, his chaste, terse diction, and the wonderful lucidity with which he handles the most difficult and complicated questions. At times, however, his somewhat theatrical action and the studied inflection of his voice detract considerably from the impressive power of his speeches, and even his admirers admit "*qu'il pose un peu.*" A fact not generally known is that M. Berryer is of German descent, and that his ancestors, a German family, named Mittelberger, settled in Lorraine in the middle of the eighteenth century, and assumed there, after a while, the French name "Berryer."

Of the representatives sitting between Thiers and Berryer, only Baron Jerome David and the Marquis de Piré deserve to be mentioned here. The former, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber, an illegitimate son of the King of Westphalia, is a man of stiff, soldierly bearing, Chairman of the Reactionary Club of the Rue Arcade, and generally considered a most unprincipled and selfish politician. The Marquis de Piré, the representative of one of the most ancient families of France, is a little man, leaning on his gold-headed cane, and may be seen very often hobbling through the hall on his gouty legs. He is looked upon as the clown of the Chamber because of the laughable speeches which he reads from manuscript, in a savage, growling tone, and of the sarcastic remarks with which he every now and then interrupts the speakers whom he does not like.

At no great distance from him, on one of the front seats opposite the tribune, we see a man of middle stature, well proportioned, and broad-shouldered, though slightly too corpulent. His face, highly intellectual notwithstanding its fleshiness, bears traces of long-continued night-waking and mental toils; the glance of his blue eyes is somewhat stern, and, withal, good-natured; only around the compressed lips plays an expression of grim defiance and disdain. The bald middle of his skull is covered with a thin layer of gray hair drawn from his right temple, and fastened with cosmetics above his left ear, while his broad whiskers reach down to his double chin. During the whole sitting messengers are constantly carrying to this man letters, dispatches, and documents, which he opens, examines, and, after writing a line or two on them, returns or quietly puts into the port-folio lying before him. Even the most inexperienced observer must see at a glance that he has before him an eminent and important personage; it is the first dignitary of the state, the corner-stone of the Empire, the man whom the Opposition sneeringly calls Napoleon's Grand Vizier, Major Domo, or Vice-Emperor, the Minister of State, Eugène Rouher. Born in 1814 at Riom, a small town in mountainous Auvergne, which, since time out of mind, furnished Paris with charcoal-men and water-carriers, his physical strength would have certainly enabled him to embrace one of these trades of his countrymen, had he not fortunately received an education which fully developed his splendid talents; yea, if need be, M. Rouher might still take upon his shoulders the heavy loads of an Auvergnat *commissionnaire*, and thus turn an honest penny. There are probably very few Ministers of State of whom the same thing could be said.

His manners are exceedingly unpretending and affable, though every now and then the Auvergnat still concealed under the mask of the polished courtier shows his rough face; for instance, when he said to M. Glais-Bizoin in a heated debate, "You are a clown, Sir;" or when he exclaimed at a reception in his own house, pointing his finger at a representative, "*Voilà un bougre qui a voté contre moi!*"

Nor must his unpretending bearing be considered indicative of a spirit of modesty and humility. There is not a man in France who has a better opinion of the Minister of State, and of his importance to the Second Empire, than Eugene Rouher himself; and could the words which his inward voice whispers to him at the moment when he has brought a hotly contested debate to a successful close be heard, they would be found to be "*L'Empire c'est moi!*"

The seat next to M. Rouher is much coveted by his colleagues; it is mostly, however, occupied by M. Vuitry, President of the Council of State, a man of fifty-five, who in his style of

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eloquence, and, to all appearance, even in his dress, takes pains to imitate his colleague and master Rouher. He is considered one of the most reliable and skillful financiers of France, and his manner of discussing such questions reflects great credit on him. M. Forcade de la Roquette, the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, is a step-brother of the late Marshal St. Arnaud, a fine-looking gentleman of forty-seven, some time since converted by M. Rouher to free-trade principles, which he defends here against the attacks of the protectionists with a great deal of tact, in a pleasant, sonorous voice, and in a style which often may be called eloquent.

On the seat next to him we behold Marshal Niel, a tall, gaunt man of soldierly bearing, but apparently in feeble health. He is indebted for his rapid promotion to the ability with which he conducted the operations of the engineers at the siege of Sebastopol, and to the conspicuous part he bore in the Italian campaign of 1859. In the army he is very unpopular on account of his sternness and severity, and ever since he is at the head of the War Department the clerks there have bitterly complained of the onerous duties which he imposes upon them. In the Chamber Marshal Niel ranks high as an able debater in all questions with which he is familiar. At first he was somewhat too blunt and plain-spoken for a parliamentary debater; but he soon succeeded in curbing his temper and tone, and now the leaders of the Opposition always prick up their ears as soon as he takes the floor. The same may be said in regard to his colleague of the Navy Department, Admiral Rigault de la Genouilly, a very active and energetic old gentleman of sixty, who likewise obtained his best laurels in the Crimean war.

Finally, our eyes fall in this part of the hall on a very handsome and expressive face which seems to indicate energy, perseverance, and penetration, all of which its owner, Marquis de Moustier, as every body says, does *not* possess, and the favorable impression derived from the prepossessing looks of the Minister of Foreign Affairs disappears as soon as he rises to address the Chamber. It is a matter of surprise to a great many persons that the Emperor should allow him so often to defend his foreign policy in the Corps Legislatif.

M. Ollivier having concluded his speech amidst deafening noise, M. Thiers hastens to the tribune, and profound silence is immediately restored throughout the large hall. The illustrious historian of the First Empire commences speaking, leaning, as if worn out with fatigue, against the tribune and burying his two hands in his pockets; he jerks them out only when his spectacles slip down to the tip of his nose, in order to readjust them. He then swings his arms for a while in the air in a manner any thing but graceful; but before long he folds them on his back, and indulges then in little or no further action. His voice, formerly so famous for its clarion-like nasals, is now cracked and hoarse, but distinctly audible in all parts of the hall. A sort of nervous tremor of the lips compels the orator to pause every now and then between the sentences of his argument, and during these pauses he sips a mouthful from a tumbler filled with claret and water. Otherwise he speaks very rapidly, and the enthusiastic cheers with which the members of the majority greet his bitter denunciations of the unification of Germany show how intensely the Bonapartists are opposed to the policy pursued by Count Bismarck. If there is any body in Paris who dislikes M. Thiers from the bottom of his heart it is the foreman of the *Moniteur* office, for, when Thiers has made one of his great speeches, he repairs to that office immediately after the Chamber has adjourned, remains there until midnight or even longer, causes four or five proofs of the speech to be brought to him, corrects them, and makes alterations and transpositions until the impatient foreman tells him categorically that the forms must go to press. When Thiers has made a speech the official journal always appears several hours behind time, but, in return, it is read the more eagerly by the public.

Among the members who applaud him so enthusiastically we will mention here M. Frémy, director of the flourishing and reliable *Crédit Foncier*, a white-haired, bright-eyed little gentleman who seldom takes the floor, but, when discussing questions of political economy, is always respectfully listened to.

As for the directors of the wretched *Crédit Mobilier*, Isaac and Emile Pereire, and the latter's son Eugène, they occupy seats on the Right, but, since that magnificent financial bubble burst, few of the members on the floor deem it worth their while to treat these unfortunate financiers with much deference, and not a few have of late seriously talked of offering a motion for their expulsion, a measure which the Emperor will hardly permit to be taken against the Pereires.

Their most determined opponent, M. Pouyer-Quartier, a wealthy manufacturer of Rouen, a man looking very much like an English merchant, occupies a seat almost adjoining to those of his mortal enemies. He is an inveterate protectionist, flies always into a towering passion in defending his pet theories, and, in so doing, gesticulates with his arms like a fisherman throwing out his nets.

On one of the benches of the Centre we behold a very dignified old gentleman, M. Louis Belmontet, the poet-laureate of the Empire, who does not wear here, however, a laurel wreath, but a brown wig. He rarely takes the floor, but acts as whipper-in of the majority whenever any of its members are wavering in the Bonapartist faith. He would be the very model of an Imperialist but for his occasionally manifesting a certain Platonic admiration for liberty of the press. Behind him we see two Parisian lawyers, M. Nogent de Saint-Laurens and M. Mathieu, both able men in their way,

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but of whom the latter has recently made himself the laughing-stock of the whole capital by the ultra-reactionary amendments which he moved and advocated during the debate on the new press law. The eloquence of these two representatives is forensic rather than parliamentary, and it is amusing to see them gesticulate just as though they were in a court of justice, and constantly trying to draw back the large sleeves of the official robes worn by French lawyers.

M. Mathieu is at this moment engaged in an animated conversation with a stout, heavy-set man who has just come over from his seat on the extreme Right. Closely-cropped gray hair surmounts a low forehead, and shaggy eyebrows shade a pair of savage and brutal eyes, while the whole face, pitted by the small-pox, bears a strong resemblance to that of a bull-dog. Such is the appearance of M. Granier, or, as he calls himself, "Granier de Cassagnac," Editor-in-Chief of the *Pays*, and a man of very humble descent, who obtained his present position by a number of such scandalous transactions that he can maintain it only by a sort of terrorism, in which he is faithfully assisted by his two sons. Granier was born in 1808 in a small town in Gascony, came at an early age to Paris, where he worked for several journals, especially Girardin's *Presse*, and went in 1840 to the French Antilles, whence he returned ere long as representative of the island of Guadaloupe. He was involved in a number of duels and other questionable affairs, in consequence of which his name was frequently mentioned in the courts, but rarely in an honorable manner. He is now the bully *par excellence* of the Corps Legislatif, and, confiding in his skill as a swordsman and an excellent shot, he brow-beats all of his adversaries in the most disgraceful manner.

It is now half past five, and M. Thiers leaves amidst the most enthusiastic acclamations of the majority the tribune, which M. Rouher now ascends with a quick, firm step. As he composes himself to speak the noise in the hall dies away again, as if hushed by a magician's wand, and the members who left their seats in order to congratulate M. Thiers return thither in hot haste. M. Rouher is acknowledged to be the best speaker, or, as he is called also, the first tenor of the Chamber. He commences his speech in a very quiet and subdued manner, and it is observable that he takes pains to curb his fiery temper; but it is not long in bursting through all restraints, and the heavy form becomes now wonderfully animated. His fine voice rolls sonorously through the hall; he speaks in the most impassioned manner, and with such rapidity that the phonographers are barely able to keep pace with him; and yet his diction is so faultless that he rarely takes the trouble of revising the proof-sheets of his speeches. But, however impassioned his words may be, his action always remains sober and cool; only, when replying to personal attacks, he often smites his broad chest, or strikes the tribune repeatedly with the palm of his hand. For the rest, he defends the imperial policy in the sweat of his face; for, scarcely has he spoken for fifteen minutes when his forehead and cheeks are covered with large drops of perspiration, and, without interrupting his speech, he draws his handkerchief from his pocket in order to wipe them off again and again. The assembly hangs breathlessly on his lips; but, when he pauses every now and then for a moment or two, the majority bursts into tumultuous applause, and shouts of "*Très bien! très bien!*" resound from all quarters. Such is the power of his eloquence that when, after having spoken for about an hour, M. Rouher, bathed in perspiration, leaves the tribune, the very same consistent members who applauded M. Thiers's speech to the echo now throng around the Minister, in order to shake hands with him and assure him that they fully agree with him.

Loud shouts for the close of the debate now burst forth from the benches of the Centre, but, inasmuch as the Left insists energetically on the continuance of the discussion, the President consults the Chamber, and it decides by ballot that the debate shall be resumed on the following day. The President then adjourns the sitting, and all the members hasten to the *Salle des pas perdus*, where they are met by footmen dressed in gold-embroidered liveries, and holding burning paper-kindlers in their hands, so that those gentlemen who are desirous of calming their nerves after the excitement of the sitting by lighting a fragrant Havana may have an opportunity to do so.

Some of the Representatives are awaited at the door by their elegant equipages, and others by humble hackney-coaches; but most of them hasten on foot to their dinners, which they have for once well and honestly earned.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Fourth.

I.

"DID you ever notice, Mr. Wall, that Sunday is almost sure to be the brightest, calmest, most delightful day of all the week, like this one, for instance?"

It is John that speaks, meeting Charles Wall on the front porch next morning. A sound sleep has restored her completely from the fatigues of her journey and of Mrs. General Likens.

"The best part of the calm and brightness is in your own bosom, John," he replies. "I used to wish God had ordered it so that the bees and ants and all living things would rest on Sabbath. What a proof that would be of the law of Heaven about the Sabbath! I do believe Nature does keep Sabbath—a little at least. See how silently the leaves of that live-oak are stirring. And the bees on that range of hives by the palings are not flying about—dressing their wings, don't you see them? as if for church. The Guinea-fowls must make their

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hideous noise, I suppose; they can't stop to save their lives; but you can barely hear them—gone off far from the house for the purpose."

But now they are called in to prayers, and after that they go in to breakfast. The same bright repose upon every thing within the house, too. The General is shaved and dressed in his best, and sits at the head of his table pleasant but silent. Mrs. General Likens wears a stiff and snowy cap, and the calm sleeps almost unbroken even upon her lips. The very girl waiting at table has an unusual whiteness of teeth and of apron and sobriety of manner as she hands the coffee and butter and honey and biscuit.

After breakfast the young minister strolls off into the forest near by to look over his sermon before preaching, and is warned by the General not to be gone over an hour, as in that time they must "start for meetin';" John reads by the fire, with the General absorbed in the large Bible in his arm-chair on the other side thereof; while his wife is all over the house, up stairs and down, settling things for her absence at church.

"Time to start," the General says at last, looking at the old clock in the corner; and in a few moments they are off, Charles in his buggy with John, the General following in his Jersey wagon. "You go on," the General had said to Charles, waving him on with his whip and an air of resignation, as he sat in the front seat of his wagon, his wife on the seat behind him, her head out screaming different charges for the twentieth time to Moll, and Pete, and Ike, and Isham. "I'll catch up after a while," the General had added, with an air of cheerful melancholy. He had not been the husband of his wife thirty years not to know all her ways by this time.

Charles drives slowly along, utterly ignorant of the right road. But the General catches up with him, and asks, speedily, for his wife had "clean forgotten it," "Mr. Wall, won't you have a bite of something before you go into the pulpit?" Mr. Wall declines with thanks and surprise. Mrs. General Likens reaches forward her long arm from the back seat of their wagon, lays her hand on the reins in the General's hand as he is driving past, to add,

"You'd better, now! We've plenty in the basket here. Why, when Mr. Merkes first settled among us he boarded at our house, and we always had a biscuit for him to put in his pocket, so's he might nibble a little just before he took his text. His stomach, you know, was ruined at the Seminary preparing for the ministry. Necessary, I suppose. Preachers oughter be thoroughly furnished, I know. Biscuit? Never was a Sunday we didn't carry a little pot of coffee to the church for him. Took it right off the fire as we left the house. I carried it careful in my lap here. More'n once the General he hit the wheel against the stump going and splashed my things dreffful! Carried it into church wrapped in a newspaper, you see; but, bless you, the people all knew!"

But here the General gives his near horse a cut with his whip, and the wagon passes them, Mrs. General Likens expostulating. The young minister makes desperate effort to go on with his sermon, and to listen at the same time to a plan John is detailing to endow, when she gets rich, a livery-stable in connection with every seminary for ministers.

"A livery-stable!"

"Yes; but listen to my plan. Suppose there are two hundred students. Well, I would buy as many horses as I possibly could, say a hundred. Then I would build a stable for them. Then I would have it the law that every student should take at least one really long, good ride every day—make him promise to do so when he entered. You see, half of them could ride in the morning, the other half in the afternoon."

"Yes, and every Saturday morning," said Charles, laughing, "you would have the professors examine the delinquents as they do about failure in attending chapel: 'Mr. A. did not ride on Wednesday morning—the reason of this, Mr. A., if you please.'"

"Yes; and 'Mr. A., you will ride twice a day next week, to make up,' I would have him say," continued John, with her face perfectly sober.

"What an idea!" interrupted Charles, laughing, and giving his horse an unnecessary cut with the whip. "The notion of half the Seminarians, 'long and lank and lean,' trotting away every morning after chapel like a regiment—squadron I believe it is—of cavalry! What a queer crowd they would make! In the afternoon, too, instead of the long stream of black coats walking two and two down the sidewalks arguing away, the whole crowd of them on horses tearing along the road, kicking up a dust, laughing and cutting away at each other's horses! But how about the professors?"

"I'd have them ride too, on special horses, to set an example to the students as well as for their own health. Yes, out from their close libraries and large arm-chairs and books and pens once, at least, every day in the pure air, riding out, looking at the beautiful world, seeing people, enjoying themselves. I'd have the nicest buggies for them as they got old—but out every single day except Sunday, if it wasn't actually storming. You know Christ and all his disciples lived out of doors; something so fresh and strong in them, natural and beautiful!"

Her companion meditates over it:

"There was John Knox—yes, he *was* a huge, large-fisted hero. Poor, trembling, wicked, beautiful Mary! Martin Luther, too—a yard across the chest, muscular as a buffalo. Wesley, too—not stout, but wiry and tough, and with a body made of steel springs. Chalmers—what a big, burly man he was! Dr. Mason, too, the great preacher, was huge and strong. Jonathan Edwards—a perfect gladiator in sinews and bones! Let me see: Oliver Cromwell? yes. Baxter? yes. Howe? Owen? Whitefield? I declare I never thought of it be-

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fore; all the great Christians were physically strong men. Stop; no. 'His bodily presence is weak,' was said of Paul."

"But he had special inspiration," suggested John, clinging to her notion.

"Yes; but there was Calvin—pale, weak—"

"Was he not a little gloomy—a little bitter in controversy?" asked his companion, timidly.

"Mustn't say that," replied Charles, still thinking it over until he woke with a start to find himself at the church.

As he reins in his horse behind the General's wagon and helps John to alight he sees with dismay how many horses are tied under the trees around, how many duplicates of the General's wagon stand about the church in every direction. There is a formidable group of farmers lounging at the door. Ample accommodation there is, for an arbor of boughs, long since dead and dry, extends fifty feet from the door, under which are arranged seats made of hewn logs supported on stout legs, and so disposed that an aisle extends from the door with the seats on either side. The plan is for the preacher to stand in the door and divide his discourse as impartially as possible between the ladies within the building and the still larger congregation without. The General wishes to introduce the young preacher to every man on the ground. "No, no, General Likens," says Charles to him in a low tone, and the young minister sinks twenty-five degrees in the General's estimation. "Not till after he has preached," whispers John the next instant into the General's other ear; "he thinks it will distract his mind from his preaching;" and the General nods approvingly.

Charles passes the gauntlet of curious eyes down the aisle of the arbor, and so into the little church, while Mrs. General Likens introduces her young friend to every lady and half the gentlemen on the ground. She takes a good deal of pride in it, too, for John is very attractive this morning, as any one can easily perceive from the evident admiration of all on the ground, especially the gentlemen. Mrs. General Likens finally settles, with John beside her, on a seat under the arbor near the church door.

Inside of the building, Charles finds a chair near the pulpit. Mr. Merkes has not yet arrived, so he removes the tin bucket of water from the chair to a bench and sits in it, finding, after a while, his seat rather damp than otherwise, a fact of which a tittering girl or two near by seem informed also. He glances around stealthily, far less at his ease than he would have been if seated in the pulpit of a city church, even; conscious that every one in the room is looking at him and coming to conclusions thereupon, and he has a general apprehension that said conclusions are somewhat unfavorable.

But Mr. Merkes enters now, tall, thin, cold, his children following timidly. Mr. Merkes shakes decorous hands with his young brother, but that brother has a vague idea that he does it under a sort of protest. He is afraid, from Mr. Merkes's manner, that he has, in some way, offended him, and resolves to be specially careful. Mr. Merkes would rather that his young brother had not arrived before him; there is a sort of presumption in it. Besides, there are a great many more people on the ground than there were last Sunday, when Mr. Merkes only was to preach.

However, the hour of service is fully arrived, Mr. Wall takes his appointed place, General Likens raises a hymn, and the service begins. It is somewhat embarrassing to preach to a congregation in the house which he can see, and to another and much larger outside the house which he sees only in part. There is a row, likewise, of black faces along the cracks of the logs, for the structure is a log-cabin. As the minister warms to his sermon there comes through these cracks frequent exclamations of "Bless de Lord!" "Yes, honey, dat's so!" and the like, which rather encourage him than not. Before he is half through he hears Mr. Merkes hunting for the closing hymn in the hymn-book, and is terrified to think he may have exceeded his allotted time by whole hours even—he had been so interested! He can easily distinguish the voice of John in the singing which follows, as she sits beside Mrs. General Likens.

With the benediction the gentlemen in the congregation scatter away to look after their horses. The negro servants bring into the building from the carriages and wagons around an amazing quantity of baskets and tin buckets. The ladies bustle about, Mrs. General Likens never ceasing to talk from the moment the benediction was uttered, spreading clean tablecloths on the benches, and disposing thereupon saucers of pickles, plates of preserves, roasted chickens, ham, pork, sausages, bread, cake, pies, pitchers of milk, and the like. Half a dozen coffee-pots bubble upon the grate of the huge stove, and, Mr. Merkes having said a very long grace, every body begins helping every body else to something; for it is "a basket meeting."

"We'll take a little walk to the spring, child," Mrs. General Likens observes to John at last; and they pass down the arbor aisle among gentlemen and ladies with their dinners in their hands, and children eating cake, and only cake, managing to grease, in doing so, the dress of every person in the disbanded congregation. John catches, as she passes him, the full situation of the late speaker, holding a pone of corn bread in one hand, the half of a roasted chicken in the other, his appetite satisfied, and desperate as to what is to be done with these remainders thereof; in a whirl of being introduced to every body all the time. John follows her friend, a ludicrous idea of a hen with one chicken flashing for an instant over her mind.

There is a long row of ladies seated upon a fallen tree near the spring, all of them talking, and not a few of them, young and old, likewise

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engaged in "dipping"—not water from the clear spring, but in that very different operation known throughout the Southwest as "dipping snuff," to which, by-the-way, may in a great measure be ascribed the exceeding sallowness of their complexions. Shall I, for the benefit of the dwellers in other regions, describe this operation? No; only so far as to say that the fair "dipper" holds in her lap a bottle containing the most pungent Scotch snuff, and in her mouth a short stick of soft wood, the end of which is chewed into a sort of brush. This is ever and anon taken out, thrust into the bottle, and returned to the mouth loaded, as a bee's leg is with pollen, with the yellow powder. It is a matter of politeness to pass around the snuff-bottle, just as their husbands and brothers pass around the whisky-flask. All the rest is left to the reader's imagination.

It was half an hour before the ladies, having thus privately solaced themselves, returned to the place of worship. When they had got fairly seated a sounding version of

"When I can read my title clear"

gathered in the congregation from every quarter, each individual joining in the hymn as he got near enough to the spot. A little hurry on the outskirts on the part of the negroes, finishing their dinners, packing up the cloths, plates, knives and forks as they did so, a driving off of the dogs picking up the remains of the dinner about the church, and service was resumed. Far more in the mood for preaching, as ministers always are at their second sermon on the same day.

But this service, too, is over. In a quiet way John manages to secure a seat with Mrs. General Likens on their return, leaving the General to accompany the young minister in his buggy when they shall have finished shaking hands with the dispersing congregation. And John evidently has something to say, but is perplexed to accomplish it, not listening very attentively to her companion, who is talking steadily along as usual.

"We leave in the morning, you know," John at last gets chance to say, "and there is a little matter that I would be so glad if you can arrange it for me. I know you are accustomed to write—"

"Certainly, child, certainly," interrupted Mrs. General Likens, greatly pleased. "I *do* write, I may say constant. Only tell me the subject; about your dear Ma, or your Pa, about this meetin' to-day—he's a real good preacher, but he isn't his uncle yet, I tell you—about your last birthday, or the death of any body's baby you know of; any thing in the world you think of, child, it doesn't matter what! You only tell me how many pages of foolscap you'd like it to be; whether you'd rather it should be rhymes, or in blank-verse, or in something, say, between the two. I can do it for you to-morrow, perhaps this very night, if it's suitable to the Sabbath. I write in rhymes easy enough; but blank-verse! I can write as fast as I can keep ink on the pen and new paper before me; only let me know—"

"But, Mrs. General Likens," interrupted her companion, "I don't mean *that;* at least I don't mean that *now*. You remember you asked me, and I told you, how it was I have lived in Mr. Wall's family till now. I have long wanted to teach school. You know Mr. Wall is by no means rich; besides, there are reasons just now"—she blushed as she spoke. "I have long ago determined to do something for myself. I don't know any thing I can do except teach. I thought perhaps I might get a school in this neighborhood somewhere, and if you would let me board in your house—I only wanted you to be so good as to ask the General, and find out and write to me as soon as you can." And John had at last got through with a matter which had filled her thoughts for weeks—the declaring her intention, at least—and it all seemed much easier to her now that she had spoken it out.

"I was afraid to speak to Mr. Merkes about it," continued John, while Mrs. General Likens hesitated—almost the first time in her life. "He was at Mr. Wall's quite often too; but you know how Mr. Merkes talks; I was afraid he would discourage me too much, even before I began to teach."

"You poor child!" said Mrs. General Likens, reining in her horses for a good talk. "Pshaw! I forgot they are behind us, and will be hurrying us on. You dear child!" she continued, whipping the horses up—and then she was silent again. "Does Mr. Wall—the uncle I mean—does *he* know any thing about it?" she asked at length, sorely troubled.

"No, Madam, not yet," said John; "I wanted to make all my plans first."

"Oh, well, pshaw, that settles it!" said her companion, cheerfully. "Mr. Wall knows, and he would never let you do any thing of the sort."

"I intend to teach," said John, in a low, firm voice, so that her companion looked at her with surprise. "Besides," she added in a lighter tone a moment afterward, "I know that Mr. Wall will see—will understand—will approve my course. I'm sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. General Likens. Never mind! I'll try and find some other neighborhood. I spoke now because this was my first opportunity."

"You don't understand me at all, child," said her companion, with a sweetness and gentleness of manner new to her. "I didn't think Mr. Wall would let you come, because he told me over and over again when he was here—I was telling you some of it—how he loved you, how they could not get along without you. But you may have good reasons, child; there must be something in that sing'lar paleness of yours about the lips—makes you look like your father. Why I didn't speak, too, was you don't know any thing about teaching!"

"I do not know as much as I ought, but I've learned more, perhaps, than you think for one of my age. Besides, I could study in advance of my scholars. I could try, at least—"

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"Oh, I don't mean that, child!" interrupted her friend, with almost sharpness in her tones. "You know fifty times as much as you'll ever get any of the scholars out here up to learning: fifty times? a thousand times as much! What I mean is, you know nothing at all of the worry and bother of teaching. The sweetest preserves is sure to sour worst, and if teaching six months don't sour you! Jest try it. Why, child, your face 'll get long, and your eyes all hollow, and you'll fall away in flesh, and get scrimpsy in your dressing; your voice 'll get cracked with scolding, an' your hands hard with slapping. Why, you poor child!" said Mrs. General Likens, surveying her mournfully, and reaching the climax of her worst anticipations, "sweet as you are to-day, school-teachin' 'll make an old maid of you as sure as you sit here!"

"You are almost as bad as Mr. Merkes," said John, manfully, but with a strong disposition to cry.

"No, child; Mr. Merkes he imagines things, but I am tellin' you only the hard facts," was the consoling reply. "Not that I ain't proud to have you stay with us," said the old lady, taking a new view of the case from that quarter, and brightening up. "The General and I 'll be more than delighted to have you. Yes," added the old lady, her mind among the trunks under the staircase, with glee at the thought; "we'll be glad if *any thing* keeps you with us, even if it's a school. Write? Yes, I'll write in a hurry. What's the use seeing about the school part of it? That's all nonsense. But you never mind. I'll talk to the General as soon as we get into bed this very night. If he isn't the leadin' man in this neighborhood—Likens neighborhood—I'd be thankful to know who is. School? Yes. The General thinks the world of you already, though he don't say as much as he might. He don't talk much, poor man! though he can act powerful. But here we are at the gate! Jump out, child!"

II.

"Now then supper, Polly, and just as soon as you please: sun's getting mighty low," said the General, as the whole party entered the front piazza, and with more of the tone of the master than Charles or John could have imagined him ever to assume. The request to his wife was, however, not in the least needed by her. "Make haste, water! stir yourself, pour ahead!" a miller might as reasonably have said to the foaming tide rushing through the mill sluice at his wheel. A good hundred yards before arriving at her front gate Mrs. General Likens had her bonnet-strings untied; she took it off her head as she got out of the buggy; she unfastened the old-fashioned black breast-pin wherewith her worsted shawl was secured about her throat, and had her bonnet securely wrapped up and away till next Sabbath in it before she reached the piazza; and as her foot crossed the threshold of the house every negro on the place was wide awake from the afternoon doze or chat, ready for the closing duties of the Sabbath.

In twenty minutes after their arrival the family sat down to supper. In thirty minutes more they were up from table. Every servant moved with glad alacrity clearing away the supper-table, setting it again as fast as the table-ware came from the renovating hands of the mistress, keeping her seat thereat, with hot water and voluminous towel and incessant speech. In little more than an hour from the time of their return supper has been eaten, the table spread again for an early breakfast next morning, covered over with a clean and ample muslin.

One hour more the servants have to eat their own suppers, to assure their swarming children that they will "catch it soon's meetin's over" if they make a disturbance of any kind therein, and to seat themselves, at the sound of the largest bell in the house, in the parlor. It is an ample room, but Charles and John find it quite full as they enter. All are standing along the benches they have brought in for the purpose as the white family enter the room. There is a general salutation, "Massa, Missis!" on the part of the servants, responded to by a "Howdy, folks?" from the General, and all are seated.

As they had ridden home from church the General had said to his young companion,

"You hardly knew what I meant when I said I'd rather you'd go somewhere else to stay all night. Fact is just this: I don't know how it is, but ministers in our denomination have, almost every one of them, one great fault—they don't mix among the people half enough. Hundreds of times ministers 've come to this neighborhood to preach. They always come to my house—that, of course—glad to have them; but then they *stay* there all the time they are in the region; go to church with me; talk only with me between preaching on the ground; part with me to be off for my house again the moment day's preaching is over; stick to me like cockle-burrs; can't shake them off. Why, come to look at it, *I'm* just the man in all this neighborhood they should care to have least to do with. *I'm* an old member; *my* flint's fixed forever. It's the outsiders, the ones that ain't professors at all, they should be most with. Take the hardest case in all this neighborhood—and there's plenty, I tell you—them Meggar boys, for instance. Such a man throws saddle on his horse Sunday morning and rides to church, just because ain't any thing else—shootin' for beef, or the like—goin' on. Very little he hears—none at all he remembers. Suppose, now, after preachin' he is introduced to the minister—and *I* do just that thing whenever I get the chance—he is sure to say, 'Can't you ride home with me and stay all night, Mister?' He don't expect him to do it, but he wants to show he's as much of a gentleman, in some things at least, as any man on the ground. Suppose the preacher says—and he's sure to do it—'Thank you, but I believe I am expected to go home with General Likens,' though I *don't*

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expect him; under the circumstances, don't want him home with me at all. Well, there's the first and the last of his influence over that man. Before night the man's forgot such a man's the preacher ever lived.

"Now suppose minister says instead, 'Thank you; I'll take you at your offer,' and goes with the man? The man feels flattered to have his invitation accepted. Whatever he may be—cursing among his horses or his negroes, or at a shooting-match or on a hunt—all the time that minister's with him he's a perfect gentleman! What a chance the minister has to do that man good, riding home with him through the woods! At his house, too, what an opportunity at the man's wife and children! At table the man says, 'Ask blessing, if you please,' and God's blessing is asked in that house for the first time. Wife remembers something, and there's a tear in the corner of her eye as she pours out the coffee. Children stare and wonder. After supper the man says, or if he don't the wife does, or if she don't then the minister himself can say, 'Suppose we have a verse or two and a prayer before we lie down?' There isn't a man in all this section would say no. What a chance to say something in explaining the passage he reads, then the hymn he sings, and the prayer he can put up! Worship, too, next morning before he leaves. The man 'll propose it himself. Look at it. That man is flattered by the visit, will always have a liking for that minister, will go himself and take all his family to hear him preach next time, and listen then really to what he preaches. The children question their Pa and Ma about the thing for months after. How much better spending the night that way than going home with *me*, or any other professor, to talk over doctrines we've been over a thousand times, or about the nonsense of other denominations, wondering together how they can believe such stuff as they do! Do you remember the first thing Christ did after calling Matthew?" continued the worthy General, gathering the reins and whip in one hand, and turning round upon Charles, who filled the back seat.

"Accompanied him to his house to a feast, I believe," said Charles.

"Exactly; and when the Saviour called Zaccheus down from that tree?"

"It was that Zaccheus might entertain him at his own house," replied Charles.

"And both became disciples of Jesus," said the General.

"That was the way the Master always did, if we only knew. Other denominations that don't educate their preachers till they are millions of miles off from common people, and with stomachs gone at that, are beating us all to pieces. Look at Mr. Merkes! He's too old a man to be talked to, but he's like one of these bamboo vines that's run round and round a sapling, and got set in the grain; a yoke of oxen at both ends couldn't pull it straight—only kills *him!* And, by-the-by, I want you to preach a sermon to the hands at the house to-night."

"A sermon?" exclaimed Mr. Wall, with alarm. "Really, I was not aware— I will hardly have time to prepare—"

"Never mind," said his companion, good-humoredly. "I'll give you a text when the time comes. I think the sermon 'll come when you try."

"It was this audience the General meant," said Charles to himself, as he entered the parlor filled with "the hands" and the house-servants.

Mrs. General Likens with John occupied chairs on the other side of the General, who sat in the door with the little square work-table of his wife before him, having thereon a candle, a hymn-book, and the large old Bible, Charles near by. The General looked at the clock. He wore an aspect of quiet dignity which his visitors had never before observed. Perfect silence reigned in the room, every eye fastened upon him. To a well-known tune he began:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord—"

and before the first word was well out of his mouth the whole congregation had joined in.

There were a dozen stout men, black as sable itself, about the same number of women of all shades of color, from deepest jet up to light mulatto, a dozen or more children of all ages standing by their parents or sitting in their laps. Side by side—in the front of all, seated not on benches but in hide-bottom arm-chairs—were an aged couple, evidently husband and wife, the woman sitting erect as a column, but her gray-haired companion leaning upon a horn-headed staff—Simeon and Anna. Not one there who does not join in the singing with the whole soul, certainly with the entire voice, rich, deep, and in excellent time; for there is something of the tropical ripeness of his own clime in the very lungs of the negro. The General has a plain, strong voice of his own, but it can be heard only in the first syllable of each new verse. At the end of it all wait respectfully for "old Massa" to start the next; but with the second syllable all join in unanimously, entirely drowning the voice of the General. There are a good many verses to the hymn, but they are all sung to the last line with a keen enjoyment which can not afford to spare the smallest fragment. In fact, after the last verse has been sung the General starts it again, and all instantly unite with hearty approval, fuller zest, and stronger melody, if possible, than before.

Then there is a complete hush for a minute.

"Uncle Simeon will lead us in prayer," says the General, and the entire congregation are upon their knees. They must wait, however, a little, for Uncle Simeon is old, very old, and it takes him some time, even with his wife's assistance, to get upon his knees. Then he begins in a low, trembling voice. The visitors regret that he was called upon—evidently he is too decrepit. It is only Uncle Simeon's body they know as yet. Gradually his voice becomes

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clearer and firmer. He is actually speaking to God on the mercy-seat. All his religion has been drawn direct from the Bible, and it brims his heart—so his prayer is only his heart uttering itself in Scripture language. He prays at length for "Massa and Missis." Well for them they had fallen into no grievous sins, they would certainly have been part of Uncle Simeon's confession of sin, somewhat specific in the case of himself and others present. From the mere habit of many years, and with the forgetfulness of age, he next prays for "Mass' James, dere only chile;" but he corrects himself the next instant, "Forgive poor old servant, Lord; thousand thanks to dy name, Mass' James dun prayed into glory 'ready!" Nor does he forget "Young Miss, now de stranger in dese gates dis Sabber-day. Don't know whether she is dy child, Lord; doa knowest! Make her like Deb'ra, Lord, to fight against dy enemies; like Marthy, to wait on thee constant; like Mary, to sit on de ground at dy feet all her days!" And the heart of the young girl breathes a fervent Amen! "Young Massa here now, de Timothy now in dy presence, Lord," is not omitted from Uncle Simeon's supplications. All his entreaties for him reach their climax in the petition, "Onny make him his uncle ober again an' we're satisfied!"

The aged negro closes his prayer with a reference to heaven, as if he knelt upon its very threshold, beholding the glory within. He is assisted by his wife into his chair after all the rest are seated again—and Charles has learned more on the subject of prayer than from all the many treatises thereupon he has ever read.

Half of "How tedious and tasteless the hours" is next sung, and with feeling more chastened and true. Then the General opens the Bible before him and says,

"What was our subject last Sunday, folks?"

"Prodigal Son," is the prompt reply, apparently from every lip. Perhaps Uncle Simeon's full allusion to this parable in his prayer had helped them to remember.

"What is our subject this evening?"

Not so many voices reply, but those who do answer eagerly,

"Miracle of blind Bartimeus!"

"Yes," says the General, and proceeds slowly to read the same, making, as he goes, very brief explanations.

"Any questions to ask, folks?" he says. There is a silence of five minutes. The General understands and waits. Isham, the mulatto, has never failed yet to have at least one. The presence of the visitors is an impediment, but the question toiled after during all the previous week arrives at his tongue's end at last, then comes out sudden and abrupt:

"Massa, did Christ cure *all* de blind people in de land?"

"No, Isham."

"All de blind people he *saw*, I mean, Massa."

"No, Isham."

"But *why*, Massa?" Isham is the colored theologian of the place. "Christ so kind, you know."

"Tell him, Uncle Simeon," says the General, quietly.

"How did de Lord come to cure Bartimeus, boy?" asks Uncle Simeon, not raising his head from his horn-headed staff, nor looking around.

"Bartimeus heard 'twas Christ going by, an' *asked* him to do it," says Isham.

"Dat all?" asks Uncle Simeon.

"He asks him *loud*," says Isham, after a pause. "He asks him spite of people trying to make him hush," he continues, after another silence. "He jest keeps on crying out, begging Jesus to do it; won't stop begging till Jesus *does* do it," adds Isham, after still farther reflection.

"'Member now, any body, Isham, dat come to de Saviour begging him dat way and *wasn't* cured?"

Isham meditates. "None's I now 'members," he says at length.

"No," says Uncle Simeon, quietly. "No poor creeter ever come to Jesus, den, asking help, asking in real earnest, no poor creeter ebber come to Jesus dat way den or ebber sence—bless de Lord!—but Jesus always hear an' grant. It's onny dem dat won't come, or onny half come, dat stays blind. Nothin' more to say, Massa."

Isham subsides upon his bench, and Charles has heard an exhaustive explanation of God's sovereignty in connection with man's free agency.

A prayer from the General follows. Then the other half of the unfinished hymn.

"Mr. Wall will say a few words to you now, folks, and then pray with us," says the General:

The young minister has no need to drag his brain for the heads of some sermon already prepared. His warmed heart has kindled his mind, and he merely repeats and endeavors to impress Uncle Simeon's explanation upon the minds of all—he makes it not a bit clearer, however. After his prayer the General says:

"We've had a Miracle to-day; then it's a Parable next Sunday. It will be the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Listen, folks," and he reads the parable slowly and distinctly. "Think over it, all of you, all this week, and remember what you've heard to-day. Now, folks! 'There is'"—and all unite in the hymn—"'a land of pure delight,'" and either they are the greatest hypocrites on earth, or they do really enjoy the singing. At its close the General only adds, "God bless you, folks!" and the meeting is over.

It is a necessity of their nature, however, that all present must shake hands with Massa and Missis and the young visitors before they can possibly leave the room. Charles sees and feels more genuine human heart in the glad eyes, and smiling teeth, and hearty exclamations, and warm grasps of the hand than during

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a six months in the Seminary. Last of all Uncle Simeon and his wife leave the room, their chairs carried out after them by some of their children present. "John Anderson my Jo John," Charles thinks, and asks, and learns their names.

"Ah, yes, Simeon! I had forgotten," he says. "But, Anna? it's a singular coincidence, you remember, in the Temple."

"It only happens so," says the General; "but it has had a happy influence on them ever since they've been married—and that's more'n fifty years ago—twenty years before Polly and I, and more. And it's Simeon's second wife, too. We think he can not be far from a hundred."

"With the exception of the color he reminds me of one of the old prophets," said Mr. Wall, after they had settled again around the fire.

"Ha, now, General! don't you say one single word," interjected the wife of the same, rising to her feet. "I want to tell them about all that myself. Just a minit till I come back."

And the General smoked his pipe under this weird spell of silence, while his far more voluble half made her rounds for the night, seeing to it that the hen-house was actually locked, the smoke-house door not left ajar, no brands on the kitchen hearth, every turkey safe on its roost behind the bee-hives.

"It's gettin' late, an' you must be tired preachin', Mr. Wall; an' we are all tired hearin' preachin'. It's as exhaustin' sometimes to hear as it is to preach. But that isn't Uncle Simeon," remarks Mrs. General Likens at last, as she resumes her seat and takes the long ends of her cap-strings in her ever restless fingers, in lieu of the knitting-needles interdicted by the day. "I've been tryin' to remember the lines I wrote on that awful night we had with Uncle Simeon. If it wasn't there's a bushel or so of other poetry on top of it there in the trunk I would try an' hunt it up this minit to read to you. It begins:

> "That time I never can forget,
> We all upon the porch were set,
> When Uncle Simeon came and stood—

stood—stood," added the poetess, meditatively; "for my life I can't remember what I rhymed to stood. You see, it's the rhyme brings the idea. Never mind; I'll find it first thing I do in the mornin', and read it to you at breakfast. Never mind! It was years before James died. How long was it, General? Yes, whole years. It *was* on the porch it happened. I make a point not to say one word in my poetry is not true. One Saturday night it was; weather was pleasant; General sat as it were there, James he sat there, I sat here. I can't say what we were talkin' about. First thing you knew, Uncle Simeon was standin' before us like a ghost. You see he goes to bed with the sun. Thought he was asleep, an' he had been asleep sound, Anna she said; stood right, say, *there*, like a ghost. 'I see him lyin' cold an' dead,' he said. You see how he is bent; well, he was as straight as an arrow, his eyes fixed like, staring straight before him. 'Cold an' dead! Cold an' dead!' he kept sayin' it. Who it was he saw he didn't say, an' that was every word he did say. But we knew well enough who he meant when James died. Didn't know any thin' more about it all next mornin' than you. Stood? stood? I can't for my soul remember what rhymed to stood."

"Time to go to bed," says the General at this juncture, rising from his seat, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it carefully away in its especial niche on the mantle. "You may be almost sure, Polly, they've forgotten to put any clean towel in Mr. Wall's room," he is adding, when, like an apparition, they are suddenly aware that Uncle Simeon is standing in the open door. He has evidently just risen from his bed, for he is wrapped about with his white bed-covering, held before him together with his left hand, while his right hand, in which he always carries the staff upon which he leans, is now stretched out before him with long, pointing finger. Behind him stands his wife, half awake and pulling at his clothes with many a remonstrance. But Uncle Simeon is either deranged, or is walking in his sleep. His eyes are wider open than they have been for years—are fastened in the direction in which he points with eagerness. Perfectly erect, with white head and face illumined as from within, he stands as if regardless of all there, pointing, gazing!

"Blood an' burnin'! Blood an' burnin'!" He says only that, repeating it over slowly and steadily—"Blood an' burnin'!" But it thrills those present with nameless horror; not on account of the words, but the tone and manner of the speaker. It was as if he actually saw what he spoke of before him.

For full five minutes all stand risen to their feet in wonder and dread, which they have not time to reason away. Long habit of command enables the General to speak and act first.

"Come, boy, that 'll do!" he says at last, in the sharp tones of cotton-patch and corn-field. The words seem to break the spell upon the old man, his arm falters and falls, his eyes close, he shudders and shrinks as with cold, and it requires the assistance both of master and mistress, as well as that of his wife, to get him out of the room and back to his cabin near by.

Full an hour of wondering and speculating upon the matter follows their return to the room—on the part, at least, of all but the General, who sits silent in his arm-chair, with head sunk upon his breast in grave reflection.

"That 'll do, Polly, that 'll do," he says at last, rising. "The less we talk it over the better. High time to be in bed. All we've got to do is ev'ry day that comes to do our duty 's well as we can. One thing, I'd good deal rather none of us said any thing about this to-night out o' doors. Good-night, Mr. Wall. You must be right tired. Good-night, Miss John. No you won't, Polly. I'll see to it you won't write any poetry on *this*; not, at least, if *I* can help it."

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WHY THE ANCIENTS HAD NO PRINTING-PRESS.

THE historic period begins with the earliest attempts at literature. This might be anticipated; for not until the commencement of a material record in some shape, however rude, could there be a beginning of history. Up to that time events, instead of being recorded on the monumental stone, on papyrus, or on parchment, were written in the memories of living men, and transmitted by tradition. The mythical, or pre-historic times, have thus been preserved to us, but transformed and sublimated by the tradition through which alone they have survived. Thus the hero became a god; the human *nomen* of one age became the *numen*, or divinity, of a succeeding one. This transformation, or sublimation, was arrested the moment that the events or features of any generation were caught and held by means of material signs, even though these were but rude monuments or hieroglyphic pictures; arrested, we say, by even these rude signs—but not completely. It was not until the alphabet came into use that the gods left this earth of ours, and in disgust abandoned humanity to the destiny opened up for it in the newly inaugurated era of mechanical progress.

The habit of committing to memory once acquired was reluctantly given up even after the introduction of a system of writing. The feeling which led to the continuance of this ancient method is easily understood from a passage in Plato. The Athenian philosopher, who had traveled in Egypt, makes his teacher, Socrates, say, in one of the dialogues:

"When the god Theuth, the mythic inventor of Egyptian letters, proposed the use of his invention to Thamus, King of Egypt, the King replied: 'You, father of letters, have allowed yourself to be blinded by your inclination, till you see things different from what they are. Those who learn your letters will leave to those strange characters the care of recalling to them all that they should rather have confided to memory; and they will themselves preserve no *actual* recollection of the things themselves. Thus you have discovered, not a means of memory, but only of mere reminiscence. You give to your disciples the means of appearing wise without really being so, for they will merely read, and not have the living instruction of masters,'" etc.

The earliest material used to write upon was stone. Hence it is that in all languages the word "to write" indicates a process of graving. Records of victory were carved upon detached rocks near the site of the battle. Many of these rock inscriptions still exist within the limits of the old Assyrian empire. This sort of literature could not, of course, be circulated; the mountain would not come to the reader, and therefore the reader, like Mohammed, must go to the mountain. Clay tablets and columns or slabs of stone were also used. The Decalogue was written upon tablets of stone; the Athenian record, now known as the "Parian Chronicle," was engraved upon tablets of marble. These materials had the advantage of being movable. It was from columns of stone that Pythagoras and Plato derived their knowledge of Egyptian learning. Next we find inscriptions on thin plates of metal, and on the broad leaves of certain plants, and on sheets formed of woven textures, such as common linen. Egyptian ingenuity, however, did not fail to provide eventually a more suitable and cheaper material. From a kind of rush growing in the swamps adjacent to the Nile they detached the pellicle found between the flesh and the bark of the thick part of the stalk; and the strips so obtained were artificially united till the required breadth of surface was obtained. The sheets formed in this manner were pressed till perfectly flat, and then dried in the sun. A thin material of great toughness and tolerable whiteness, which could be written upon with ease and expedition, was thus produced. This substance was the well-known "papyrus." As copies on papyrus of the funereal ritual—also answering as certificates of character for the Supreme Judge of the dead—were inclosed in almost every mummy-case, the quantity consumed in this manner alone must have created a lively demand for the production of this material. After the advent of Greek domination in Asia and Egypt Grecian learning received the greatest aid in its dissemination from the general use of the finely-prepared Egyptian papyrus. Still, manuscripts written on this material were very expensive. Thus we read that Aristotle gave over three thousand dollars for a copy of the works of Speusippus, a disciple of Plato.

An attempt to interfere with the exportation of papyrus led to the use of parchment. The interference came from Ptolemy Philadelphus, who became jealous of the celebrity enjoyed by Eumenes, King of Pergamus, as a rival patron of literature. Eumenes, cut off from the papyrus, resorted to sheep-skin, which had indeed been used before, but was now improved and brought to such perfection that the loss of the Egyptian paper was scarcely regretted. As the term papyrus gives us our modern word for paper, so the *biblion*—a paper prepared by the Greeks from the bark of trees—gives us the modern word for *bible* or *book*. These books were at first rolled up, like our maps; hence the word "volume," properly a "roll."

The Assyrians were content with soft slabs of clay as a writing material. These, after having been written upon, were hardened by baking, and stowed away in record chambers, the aggregate bulk becoming enormous, and their numbers, if we are to believe the statements of ancient authors, being almost fabulous. The writings thus accumulated must have been as cumbrous as the iron money imposed by Lycurgus upon the Spartans. Still the Assyrians came nearer to the printing-press than did the Egyptians, inasmuch as they discovered and practiced a method of rapidly multiplying their writings. This was effected by engraved seals, consisting of the well-known cylinders, from

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which any number of impressions could be taken.

Leaves are used as writing material even at this time by the barbarous nations of Asia. The method of writing adopted by the Cingalese is very ingenious. They first with some sharp-pointed metal scratch the characters upon palm leaf, and then rub over the written surface with a sort of lampblack, and the result is a manuscript which, as regards durability, equals, if it does not surpass, those produced by any other method.

The Greeks and Romans, while they depended upon papyrus and parchment as materials for the permanent preservation of their writings, used other substances for more temporary purposes. If they had had slates they would have used them, but they found a substitute for these in their wax tablets, which were simply portable slabs of a convenient size, thinly coated over with wax. The instrument used for writing upon these was the *stylus*, the point of which served as a pen, while the other end, made broad and smooth, was used for erasing the writing when corrections were necessary. Thus Horace, when he wishes to hint that an author wrote without sufficient painstaking, says he ought to invert his *stylus* more frequently. From this use of the *stylus* comes our English word "style."

As the materials for writing changed there was also corresponding progress made in the instruments used. The sharp flint which had to be used for graving on stone gave place at length to the reed pen, the hair brush, and eventually the quill pen. Clemens of Alexandria (A.D. 180) mentions both "feather" and "reed" as used for writing in his time.

We have traced these stages in the progress of writing as preliminary to the question which we are now about to ask and answer. Why did not the ancients, with all their culture, have the Printing-Press? The material preparation for the introduction of the press was complete. There was paper, there was ink, and there was demand for publication. The use of papyrus and parchment had an important effect upon intellectual advancement. It not only led to the collection of the Homeric poems, and their reduction to a regular written text, but also to the establishment of extensive libraries, like those founded by the Ptolemies and by Pisistratus and Polycrates. To the same cause may be attributed the fact that Alexandria and Athens became great and active centres of learning.

But was there a sufficient quantity of paper for the purposes of extensive publication? Here it must be remembered that the reading public, even in the best days of Roman civilization, consisted only of the wealthy classes. H. Noel Humphreys, in a recent work entitled A History of the Art of Printing—of which we have made the freest use in this article—has collected together a vast amount of information bearing upon the subject under consideration. It is evident that there was a scarcity of papyrus in the early part of the reign of Augustus, or, at all events, in the immediately preceding period, for *palimpsests* existed in the time of Horace, who tells us of old writings being effaced to give place to new matter. Cicero, also, praises his friend Trebatius for being so economical in writing to him on palimpsest papyrus, but wonders "what those writings could have been which were considered of less importance than a letter." Undoubtedly many valuable MSS. were effaced in this manner, some of which have been restored to us by a chemical process, which forces the dead writing to reappear as by a sort of resurrection. In some cases three different MSS. have been found upon the same papyrus, overlying each other like geological strata.

But whatever scarcity may have existed at the time alluded to, it was soon supplied by larger importation to meet the increased demand of the Sosii and other leading publishing houses in Rome. Indeed, the paper became so abundant that an inferior quality of it was used for ordinary mercantile purposes.

But the demand for publication is the most important element involved as preparatory to printing. Let us consider how the want was met, and why it did not involve the actual necessity of the Press.

How was the demand for publication supplied? Let us take the Greeks for example. Herodotus has come back from his tour in the East, and wishes to give his countrymen the results of his investigations. He does not find it necessary to go to them. All the ears which he desires to reach will be found at the Olympian Games. The publication of his works consists in his reading of them to the assembled intellect of Greece. And how were Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides published? In the Athenian theatre. In the same way Homer had been and was still being published through the recitations of the Rhapsodists.

Turning from Greece to Rome, about the earliest things which may be said to have been published were the Great Annals, kept by the Pontifex Maximus, and which were the sources of all early Roman history. These were versified by Attius, Ennius, and other poets. Cicero, in his "Orator," says that those of each year, having been finally collected by the Pontiff, were written upon a white tablet and placed in a room in his house accessible to the public. Here was an instance of a National Gazette or State Chronicle, communicated annually to the public by means of a written document, commendable for its brevity; but the public had to go to their newspaper—it did not come to them, and could only be seen at the Pontiff's "office," which thus became a sort of general reading-room. It must have been a meagre record; for Livy, in transcribing the annals for the years 390 and 391 (*ab urbe*), only found this statement worthy of notice, viz., that "in this and the following year a pestilence prevailed." Eclipses are, however, correctly and constantly stated in

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them, as in the Egyptian and Chinese records, which is a sort of guarantee for their general accuracy, as far as they go, notwithstanding the occasional insertion of supernatural events of a very extraordinary character. It was in this repertorium that Livy found those showers of blood and other similar phenomena which he never omitted an opportunity of repeating. From these annals, bald of real facts, but rich in supernatural wonders, Virgil drew the chief material for his Æneid, and Ovid for his Fasti.

But during the active period preceding the close of the republic the Roman people ceased to be satisfied with this annuary. Julius Cæsar, bidding for popularity in his first consulate (*ab urbe* 694), caused the proceedings of the Roman Senate to be published daily, aiming a heavy blow at the conservative Patrician interest. Suetonius relates that Cæsar and his coadjutor Bibulus were very active during their consulate in publishing reports of the daily Acts of the Senate, and further informs us that these reports were taken down by trained writers, who were called *tabularii*, being what we to-day should style "Reporters." These reporters were probably only rapid writers using the ordinary characters. Their reports were revised and edited by a Senator appointed for that purpose, before their exposure to the public eye. These reports, it appears, were circulated even in the distant provinces. Cicero introduced a system of "short-hand" reporting, called the Tyronean method, from Tyro, a freedman, who was one of Cicero's most expert writers. That systems of stenography came into general use for certain purposes, and that the methods were very effective, we may infer from a passage in Horace, who, when addressing a short-hand writer, says, "You write in such a manner that you will have no occasion in four whole years to ask for another sheet of parchment."

That not only the regular publication, but also the circulation of a diary containing the *Acta* of the Senate, and many other events of more or less interest, including even private matters, was established in Rome about the time of Cæsar, and most probably through his influence, there can be no doubt; and it would seem that such publication had much the form of a modern newspaper. Of this fact, among other evidences, there are the letters of Celius Rufus to Cicero, when the latter was in Asia. Celius was a dashing young man of fashion and luxurious idler, who wrote capital letters to his friend Cicero, filled with all the chit-chat of the great city, from the little political treacheries and the last private scandal down to the faulty training of the favorite gladiator, besides much interesting general information. In a letter of that kind he tells Cicero that he sends him this budget as a journal of Roman matters, and that he is indebted for some of his facts to the compilations of Chrestes, who would seem to have been an editor on the staff of the Romal Diurnal, or possibly the publisher of a separate compilation of light gossip. Cicero, having received from Celius an account of the scandalous affair of Ocella, replies: "I find nothing about it in the *Acta*"—evidently showing that he regularly received the *Acta*, in which he expected to find all gossip and scandal of that kind alluded to. Writing from Laodicea to his friend Atticus, Cicero says: "I have the *Acta* of the city up to the Nones of March;" and writing from Rome to Cornificius: "Of course they send you the *Acta*." The copies of the *Acta* thus circulated, if only copied day by day by the freedmen or educated slaves in the families of public men, and sent regularly to their friends, were very near to what we call newspapers, with the exception of being *written*, instead of *printed*.

That Roman books were occasionally more abundant than the popular demand required is proved by the existence of Roman proverbs regarding the uses to which surplus copies might be put, in "wrapping up butter, or lining trunks." It is certain, at any rate, that books were more plentiful in Roman than in Medieval times, owing, probably, to the greater intellectual activity in the great centres of Roman civilization. Already, in the reign of Augustus, and probably a century earlier, the "publishing business" had become an extensive and lucrative branch of Roman commerce; and Atticus, Dorus, and Trypho, whose names are well known to classic readers as the Longmans, Murrays, and Simpkins of their day, may be supposed to have issued what we should call "large editions" of their authors' works. It may, indeed, be fairly inferred, from numberless passages scattered through the various classes of ancient literature still extant, that Roman authors addressed an immense public. With the exception of the city of Rome itself, it was doubtless rather a widely-spread than a densely-numerous public; and it was to the vastly extensive influence of Roman authorship, considered from this point of view, that Ovid and Propertius, in all probability, alluded when they spoke of their works being known all over the world—as when Ovid in his Tristia threatens to make his plaint heard "as far as the earth extends." Martial exclaims: "Every one has me in his pocket, every one has me in his hand."

These books were extraordinarily cheap too. Thus Martial tells us that the first book of his Epigrams sold for six sestertii, or less than one English shilling, and in elegant binding could be had for about three shillings. Speaking of binding, it must be remembered that these books, as we style them, were parchment rolls, and the "elegant binding" referred to by Martial indicates the external case, which in this instance was double vellum, with finely-carved knobs for the rollers. Sometimes a portrait of the author was added. The book-shops of the Argiletum and the Vicus Scandalarius displayed their wares in the most inviting shapes; and the columns of their tabernæ were covered with

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finely-emblazoned notices of the last works of the favorite poet.

It has been urged by a modern writer, M. Gereau, that books thus copied by hand were cheaper to Roman purchasers than those furnished by the press are to modern book-buyers. It must, however, be remembered that the six sestertii for which a copy of a book of Martial's Epigrams was sold represents in its purchasing power a very much larger sum than it does when translated into English money according to the usual standard. Certainly books were not so plentiful then as now. Nevertheless, Roman writers were both numerous and voluminous. Dionysius of Halicarnassus speaks of "thousands" of writers on the subject of Roman history alone. As to the precise numbers of any popular works executed in manuscript we may form some judgment from the fact that Augustus confiscated above 2000 copies of the pseudo-Sibylline books; and works of a more popular character must have been issued to a much larger extent. Regulus, according to Pliny, caused a thousand copies of his oration on the death of his son to be made for circulation in the provinces alone, independently, it would seem, of the number executed for the city.

These works, thus gotten up, were probably as correct as our printed ones. The boasted productions of our printing-press are not always free from errors, and sometimes very ludicrous ones, as when the well-known line of a recent English poet,

"Like dew-drops upon fresh-blown roses,"

was made, by the awkward change of a single letter, to read,

"Like dew-drops upon fresh-blown *noses*;"

or in the laughable mistake that occurred not very long ago in a ponderous volume of Sir Archibald Alison's stately history, where, in describing the pall-bearers at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the fourth being Sir Peregrine Maitland, that personage, by a temporary association of ideas in the mind of the compositor, was transformed into Sir Peregrine Pickle, and so it stands in a certain number of copies to the present day. It would not be strange, therefore, if, in works copied from dictation, we find similar and equally ridiculous blunders. Thus, for many generations—in fact, until Dindorf discovered and corrected the mistake—a certain passage in Pausanias was made to say that the sibyl's mother was a goddess, but that her father was a *whale-eater*, *πατρὸς δὲ κητοφάγοιο*. Up to Dindorf's time nobody bothered himself as to how this funny old gentleman's larder was supplied. But Dindorf, inferring that an antithesis was intended between the mother, who, as not being mortal, was not an eater of bread, and the human father, supplied the correct reading, *σιτοφαγοιο*, or bread-eater.

But we return to the question, *Why, when the demand for publication was so great, was there no Printing-Press?*

The answer to this question discloses the bane of ancient civilization, and the primary cause of its ruin. This bane was the system of slavery. Capital owned labor; therefore labor was cheap, and was without dignity. While Lucullus dined upon rarities costing thousands of dollars in the case of a single meal, his clients were simply slaves. The only cost involved in the production of a book was the sustenance of the servile writers and embellishers. Publication was carried on just as a Southern plantation was worked ten years ago. And the same reasons which prevented the introduction of modern improvements in our Slave States prevented the introduction of the Printing-Press as an organ of ancient civilization.

Atticus, a Roman bibliophilist, trained a large number of slaves to the especial duty of transcribing alone. "Let us imagine," says Mr. Humphreys, "such a staff of trained slaves at work for a publisher instead of a private collector, in which case, a number of copies of the same book being required, the work might be carried on still more advantageously. It may be supposed, for example, that 5 readers were each separately reading to 100 trained writers in different apartments; by which means 500 copies of a short poem, or small book of poems, could be produced in one day; each rapid writer being able, in less than 12 hours, to produce a poem equal in extent to Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,' and its accompanying poems. The cost of a poem so produced would be almost as small as a similar work produced by the boasted powers of the Press, before the modern appliance of steam-power, as may be approximately in this way: The food of a slave was, one Roman pound of a kind of common corn, with a small modicum of wine; to which must be added the due portion of the monthly sextarius of oil, and one modius of salt. Such were the rations allowed by Horace to his slaves. The sustenance of a slave on this allowance would not cost much more than a *sestertius* and a half per day, which may be roughly calculated as equivalent to five cents of our money. To this must be added the value of the *charta* or papyrus, perhaps another sestertius, if of the common kind; so that with the finishing and rolling the cost price of the 'book' would be about twelve cents." Thus slave-labor was the Printing-Press of the Romans, and a very effective one it was too.

If the ancients had had our modern system of labor they would have not left to us the invention of even the steam-locomotive and the telegraph. The elevation of the laboring classes would not only have given Imperial Rome these modern inventions, but would have saved her from final ruin.

The ancient system of slavery was continued in medieval times under the name of feudalism; and from the downfall of feudalism and the inauguration of a new and thoroughly revolutionized system of political economy our modern

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progress has its date. Thus the reflection is forced upon us, even from the history of the art of Printing, that national progress as well as national integrity mainly depends not upon the point to which individual wealth or culture may reach, but upon the elevation of the masses through the dignity of labor.

MRS. POLLY HAND.

AS I go to and fro about my business I sometimes find myself indulging, figuratively speaking, in all sorts of speculations. They concern the people between whom and myself there is constant contact—the people of whom I see so much and know so little; the folks in cars and on landing-places, on boats and in stages, on stairways and on bridges; the old men and the popinjays; the old women and the butterflies; and the dear children. Between any one of these and myself, at any moment, the most momentous acquaintance may begin. I have my days of blind men, of humpbacks, of cripples, when I seem to see nothing and nobody else, because the world appears to be made up of them; many momentous acquaintanceships between these and myself *have* begun.

If these persons all have a history—and which one of them has not?—would it not be worth something to know it? What am I saying? I know very well that each one of us has a history. That we are all free agents, and yet the subjects, if not the victims, of influences which are unforeseen, undesired, uncontrollable, apparently all-powerful. Why should we ask for other or for greater mysteries than our own lives afford? Explain to me how, aching as I did to do my duty by Lucy Ward, unable to see clearly how it could be done, I was helped in the matter by the old lady who came down from Lewis County to have her eyes operated on by a skillful oculist. The explanation, it seems, you prefer to have me make. But *I*, bless you!—I can only give the facts.

Why, after I had taken my seat one day in one of the avenue cars, did the little old lady who had walked pretty well up toward the door stumble as she came near me and almost tumble into my lap? The car was already crowded, and if she had *not* stumbled I should probably not have noticed her. Was it ordained from the beginning that she should trip just there, and that I should say "Sit here," and that the gentleman who sat next me should at the same moment say the same thing, and that we should then forthwith make room for her between us? Marcus Aurelius and St. Paul would probably agree that it was.

She sat down in the seat thus offered her, and said, looking at me, "I don't see very well."

"It is easy enough to trip on that matting," I answered; "it seems to me it was designed for a trap." She gave me a half-suppressed smile at that, and seemed surprised that a citizen should grumble; for by this time, though a stranger, as I inferred, she had perceived how graciously, even how complacently, people in the city accepted all sorts of nuisances; and how gratefully they even recognized the right of the tax-gatherer to all his gatherings.

"I came from Lewis County," she said. "I came down here to see a doctor for my eyes. It's the first time I was ever East."

"Then you have a great deal to see," said I; "this big city is full of sights, you'll find."

"Oh, I don't care for sights!" she answered. "If I can only get my eyes back I shall go right home. It costs a sight of money to live here. And I couldn't be hired to stay in such a racket if it wasn't for my eyes. The doctor says he can help me. But it will take time. I shall have to stay here, you know, six weeks at least, and it will cost me—I don't know as you'll believe it, but it 'll cost me five hundred dollars. That is true."

"That is a good deal of money."

"Yes it is."

"But then a body's eyes are worth more than any amount of money. If the doctor can give them back to you you'll gladly pay him."

"So I've thought away off in Lewis County many's the time. I ought to have come a year ago; but then, though I had the feeling, I couldn't make up my mind to spend so much. Besides, we hadn't it handy."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, I am now. My daughter and her husband, they came with me. They staid till last night, and then they had to go. I'm feeling dreadful lonesome about it. But they're going to send down their son Abram to stay with me. Abram Hand is a nice boy. His mother married her cousin of the same name—I'm talking as if you knew already that my name was Hand. I shouldn't need to tell a great many folks in Lewis County what my name was. But here it's hard telling t'other from he. I am getting about though, back and forth, pretty easy. But it comes over one terrible strange like to think of being alone in such a place."

Had I not felt it often enough myself to be able to say "Yes" to that, with all my heart?

"If I should take a carriage every time it would come to more'n the doctor's bill. Besides, I should be lonesomer. I like to be among folks, even if they be strange."

I am sure I must have looked the sympathy I felt, for she went on, "Horses' feed comes higher in the city here than it does on a farm, I reckon." Here, evidently, was one who would find excuse for the wretch even who should pick her pocket while getting out of a car! For a while she now sat quietly looking around her, quite at home. She was a comely little woman, neat as a pin, and plain as a Quaker in her garb. It would be a good thing to know that in the back-ground of every household now in sight was an antecedent so clean, so wholesome, and so honest.

"Are we near Thirtieth Street?" she asked, suddenly looking up at the conductor, who was

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passing along, but evidently expecting that I would answer her question.

"We haven't come to Fourth yet," I answered.

The gentleman who sat next her here motioned the conductor to stop the car.

"Move further into the corner, and make yourself comfortable. You have a long way to go yet," I said.

"How far do you go?" she asked.

"To Central Park. Have you been there?"

"No; but the doctor told me I must, after he had cured me. My eyes are badly cataracted, he said. I had to pay him five dollars down before he'd even look at them. I never saw any thing like that. It was worth the five dollars to have him say outright what was the matter. 'Twasn't guess-work with him. And a great deal more to hear him speak out so prompt that he could help. I was told it would cost a sight. An old gentleman, he is a preacher of the Gospel in Lewis County, he paid over eight hundred for having his eyes helped. And he told me, though I knew it afore, that there wa'n't any amount of money he wouldn't pay, if it was the last cent he had, to git back his eyesight again."

"How old are you? Excuse me for asking."

"I am sixty-eight years old."

"And you haven't seen enough of this world yet!"

"Never shall, as long as my Heavenly Father lets me live. It's a good world," said she. "I've done my stent in it. I don't know's you know any thing about such work's I've done. But you don't look so dreadful free and easy as some, neither."

"You are right," said I; "I'm a worker, thank God!"

That was the one thing I needed to say. She sat back in her corner from that moment as much at her ease as she had ever felt in any chimney-corner of Lewis County.

"I've dried a thousand bushels of apples this season," said she.

I was on the point of saying, "Oh no, I guess not," when a glance at her face checked me—if she wasn't to be believed on her mere word, nobody on earth was.

"That 'll go a long way toward paying for my eyes," she continued. "If I only git thirty cents a bushel it 'll pay more than half. We have had a wonderful year for apples. I declare when I used to go into the orchard and look round with my poor eyes it seemed as if there was no end to 'em. We shall have a great many barrels first-class to sell, besides. You would think it almost a miracle, the yield we had, if you knew how scarce apples were in Lewis County this year."

"It took a great many to make a thousand bushels of dried ones, I'm sure."

"I did more than any of 'em at it. Beat 'em all. I had more at stake, I told 'em. I was working for my eyes! Up before daylight sometimes, and at it all day. It seems to me as if I wouldn't grumble if I never saw another apple. My old man didn't like it much. He said, two months ago, 'Polly, take the money and go.' But I tell you I wasn't going to have Marianne looking sour at me, and thinking her father was throwing away his money."

"Marianne isn't your daughter, then?"

"No; the children are all Mr. Hand's first wife's. But they couldn't be kinder to me if they was my own. I've seen own children not so kind, by half. Only, Marianne she knows how hard money comes, and—but when she knew what I was working so for she turned in and helped me; and you never saw such a smart creetur for throwing off work as Marianne is. Nothing would do in the end but I must take the money from her—that made me feel bad, for Marianne is a hard worker, and has laid up a good deal of money, and I had got into the way of thinking she was pretty close. But I've been thinking since I came away that it wasn't such a bad fault to save what you've earned as to throw away what you haven't earned. Where I'm staying there's young ladies dressed up in silks and velvets every day, like what I expected queens would wear, and I don't know how they afford it. Their folks look as if they was bothered to death about money."

"I have no doubt they are," I said; and it must have been the way I said it that made Mrs. Polly Hand look up at me with a confidence which I felt as an honor.

"One of them as good as told me so," said she.

"I dare say a great many of them would tell you so if you happened to be near enough. It is a great deal to have a sensible person to complain to when things come to a pass that they can't be endured any longer."

"Yes," she acquiesced. "I was sitting in the parlor last night; it was dark in the room when he came in with his girl. She is a young lady. And right after came her mother. The girl was a-teasing for some jewelry she had seen in a shop, near as I could judge. There's a difference, ain't there, in the price of such things 'cording to where you buy?"

"Oh yes; certainly. At a fashionable shop they will let you pay double what other dealers would ask you."

"For the same thing?"

"The very same."

"I couldn't think it was so, somehow, though it seemed to mean that, too. The young lady had a friend, and she had been buying a set of pearls, and she wanted a set just like. Well, her father told her he knew a place where he could get them for seventy-five dollars less, and just as good. They cost one hundred and seventy-five, the ones she wanted. Do girls give sums like that for such things, really?"

I told her I was afraid that even in these days, when so many people were out of employ-

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ment, and suffering actually from hunger and nakedness, it was no uncommon thing for girls whose fathers were clerks on a small salary to ask for just such costly gifts. Indeed, the price she had spoken of was paltry in comparison with the sums which were paid for mere ornaments by persons who had no right to wear such things, and whose honesty in wearing them might just as fairly be questioned as that of a poor seamstress might be who should so adorn herself while starving on the pay she got for her slop-work.

"I thought I'd ask somebody. Somehow I couldn't believe it," said Mrs. Hand. "What seemed curious, too, the young lady's mother seemed to be backing of her. I tell you when I sat there and heard 'em go on I felt as if I must speak out—right out. But then pretty quick they lighted them—the gas—and the young lady went to the piano and began to play, and her mother sat down by her, and the gentleman he came toward the window; and when I've seen my man looking as he did—I haven't more'n once or twice in forty year, bless the Lord!—I've felt as I must try to get the load off his back any how. When he seen me there he came right up to me and began to talk pleasant; but after a while he said, 'I should like to get away into the country with my family. The city is the ruination of young folks. There don't seem to be nothing for 'em to do, and if there was I don't know's they'd do it. But they won't hear to it. And I don't know but the time's past when any good would come of the change.' Those were his very words. I knew he was thinking about that jewelry. But I think she'll have it."

"Yes, and out of the up-town shop," said I. "Men are kind sometimes when they might better run the risk of seeming cruel. It would be a great deal better to let that girl cry a week or two, if she would only cry this selfishness out of her, and be able to see in the end that her father had too much principle, too true a sense of a man's duty, to indulge her in a thing he could not afford. Somebody, you know, has got to be cheated in the end—it may not be the jeweler, but *somebody*—for an extravagance like that."

The old lady laid her hand on my arm, as if in the very joy of her heart, to find that her suspicions of justice and duty in this case were not country notions of which she had reason only to be ashamed.

"Twenty-eighth Street!" cried the conductor.

"There!" said the little lady, with a start, and she began to draw her gloves down around the wrists. What would I not have given to see those hands which had pared a thousand bushels of apples that season that she, in her sixty-eighth year, might buy back her waning sight, and behold again, clear-eyed, the world so fair to her!

"You are going alone," said I. "Would you like to have me walk down the street with you to the doctor's house?"

"If you *would!* This is the first time I have come alone."

"Thirtieth Street!" said the conductor, in response to my signal, and we two, made friends I am sure for life during that half-hour's ride, walked out. Does the Lord, who beholds all things, wonder that we go lonely and forlorn when the riches of his own coining lie about us dishonored by our neglect? so ignorant that we know not when He has answered our prayers!

As we walked along this true heart out of Lewis County explained more fully to me of the things which had for her so deep an interest.

"My husband would 'a come with me," she said, "but there's the shop, you know, and the farm to be carried on; and Marianne she don't live at home with us—it's only across the road, though, to be sure. But Mr. Hand has to look after the boy and the girl. She is one we had brought to our very door by a gentleman who was finding homes for homeless children in the West. There is one place I want to go to, and that's the Home for the Friendless, if ever I get my sight back good. Huldah is such a good girl, and she would be so pleased. It would be like visiting her father and mother."

Either because of the agitation occasioned by our approach to the doctor's house, or because she had now explained her position to New York through one of its citizens, and therefore felt at her ease, Mrs. Hand said no more.

We went into the doctor's office. He was a man of great skill, and he gave a good report of the case. I saw the patient on the car again after treatment, started for her lodgings down town. Good luck attend you! I thought. God bless you! I reflected still more seriously as I went on to the Park; for she had helped me through one of the dreariest of passages.

I would not say to Lucy Ward outright that at the rate she was going on her husband would be a bankrupt, and a dishonest bankrupt, before two years could roll around. People do not like to hear such things—somehow it does little good to say them. They usually credit you with all sorts of impossible motives if you do say them. Proper self-regard will restrain such utterance.

I would, instead, tell Lucy about the simple-hearted Lewis County woman whom I met in an avenue car. She would laugh, of course, and not half believe that all the talk had actually passed between two strangers in a ride of half an hour; but perhaps that passage about the pearls among those pitiful people, which had so impressed a truthful, honest nature, would produce an effect. It might somehow compel a question as to what all these costly shows were worth. Sometime when she saw Ward, as I had seen him, in a state of excitement little short of insanity, he had been buying and selling at such a rate all day in that den of gamblers they dignify by the name of—well, no matter—she would remember that people far beneath her were tormenting themselves in

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precisely the same way for triumphs which she would have deemed contemptible, and would arrive at a just estimate of the value of all this display, which costs so much, and which means so much—to the devil; and she would draw him from the edge of the pit, instead of driving him on madly into it. It would not be so difficult for Lucy to draw Ward back. His heart was not really in all this vanity. She could do almost any thing with him.

And as I thought of this more and more I could not doubt that it had been ordained I should go to the Park that day, and on the way discover that which should enrich three lives.

Well, in that belief I told Lucy the story. But the potion was too mild. It was no antidote to the active poison which was in her veins.

I shed some tears when I thought of my folly, hoping so much of "simples" as remedial agents in so desperate a case.

Those two went on, just as you see hundreds of young men and young women going on around you, till they came to the end foreseen—the only possible end—dishonorable bankruptcy.

But after that, perhaps it was a year after, Lucy came to me one day, and said:

"It is rather late to own it, but that old lady you were telling about, whose eyes were so 'badly cataracted,' you remember—"

"I never shall forget her, you may depend," said I, making haste to speak, for I saw that she had only stopped and laughed because she was doubting how to go on. "I feel as if my own eyesight had been better ever since I saw her."

"That is it! So do I. And she has fairly haunted me besides. Do you know I have felt two or three times that I must go on a pilgrimage to Lewis County—just to see her! Oh—yes—and I wanted to tell *you* that George says he shall be able to pay his debts if he lives two years, and I don't mean to cost him a cent in that time, if God gives me health. Do you know I perfectly hate that girl who tormented her father so about those pearls!"

That is all.

DUELS AND DUELISTS.

By T. B. THORPE.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago in the Southwest it was difficult to find one's self in a group of six or eight prominent citizens without soon learning that one or more of them had been an actor in a duel. We have certainly met as many as five persons at a small wedding-party who had thus distinguished themselves, and the coincidence was not thought of except by myself. There were many reasons for this. The country at that time was newly settled and very prosperous. The enterprising, the adventurous, the unscrupulous, all came together on the same level, and soon acquired comparative independence. There were none of the restraints peculiar to long-settled countries. The very necessities of these frontiersmen made them physically brave and reckless. The law laid a light hand upon crime; the lowest order of its development, such as robbery and theft, was punished by Lynch-law, or the criminal escaped. The disagreements among those who held positions as gentlemen, if leading to open rupture, were settled in a street fight or according to the code of the duelist. This "code" unquestionably had its restraining influences; and the fear of its penalties kept within the bounds of good conduct many a man who would otherwise have been an extortioner or a profligate in the community.

It is not our present purpose to add a page to the volumes that have been written in denunciation of the code, for even where dueling has been most popular there has never been any organized voice in its defense. Our object is to notice some of its characteristic developments, and mark the varied phases the custom assumes in different localities and among different peoples.

My first impressions, from casual personal association, regarding gentlemen who had "killed their man," were that the responsibility they had taken upon themselves sat lightly on their consciences; and I began to read the remorseful scenes depicted of the horror-stricken Macbeth and Gloster as the mere chimeras of the poet's brain. It seemed to me that many of the most pleasant people in the community were those who had shed blood. There was a growing consciousness on my part of an irresponsibility in the matter contrary to the teachings of revelation or the assertions of poets and historians; and with this blunting of the keen susceptibilities of the value of life came the consequent indifference to its sacrifice. As time wore on, however, my eyes were gradually opened, and at last I came to the old and most correct conclusion, that the curse of Heaven followed those who had killed their brother in the field.

One of my earliest and kindest friends was Judge D——. He was naturally of a pleasant and social disposition, and exceedingly sympathetic with every one in suffering. He was liberal with his means to the poor; and in the epidemics which periodically devastated the country of its unacclimated population he was the first and last at the bedside of the sufferer, acting the part of a Good Samaritan. At times, however, without any apparent cause, he would fall into moody fits, answering you abstractedly; and when in these humors he shunned the accustomed excitements of the community. Several years before I met him the Judge had commenced the practice of law, and formed the centre of a group of village attorneys, all of whom were natives of the Southern States. Practice was then lucrative, easy-going, and about as much conducted on social as on legal principles. In the midst of this pleasant community there appeared one day a

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tall, raw-boned Yankee — a man with every characteristic of the New Englander roughcast and defined. He was critically educated in his profession, sharp by nature in its practice, and determined to succeed. With this idea he obtained an office within an hour after his arrival, and in another hour he had his books on a deal table and was ready for business. The whole thing was looked upon as a good joke, and the live Yankee was quite popular, from the fact that he afforded groundwork for so many witticisms and pleasant jests. Of all these things, together with entire social ostracism, he seemed unconscious. While his successful rivals were amusing themselves at the country tavern with hard drinking and tenpins, he was buried up in his legal studies. The example which he set was, however, not without effect; he first got one poor client and then another, and attended to his legal duties with such perseverance and untiring energy that he began to be troublesome, by giving his associates more trouble and thus forcing them to be industrious; even the judge complained of the unnecessary labor his researches gave the Court. There were certain grave citizens who had business matters to be looked after, and who were willing to sacrifice their prejudices to the prospect of gain; and seeing in the ungainly Yankee a safe and industrious counselor they gave him their business, in spite of his personal unpopularity both with the people and the bar. As might have been expected it was soon discovered that if any real serious law was wanted the Yankee was retained.

The revolution thus created was looked upon with disgust. The necessity of putting him down became apparent. The result was, that after trying every possible petty annoyance in vain, it was gravely decided in a secret meeting of the sufferers that if the Yankee lawyer was permitted to go on unchecked he would soon be on one side or the other of every important case brought in the judicial district. He must therefore, if possible, be disposed of, and presuming that from his early education he was opposed to dueling, it was decided to involve him in some personal difficulty which would demand a challenge, and presuming he would refuse to fight, they might then post him on the court-house door for cowardice, and thus destroy his character and professional business. After the plot was matured the conspirators placed their names in a hat and drew them out with the understanding that they should in rotation, if necessary, challenge the Yankee intruder, and persist in this until their diabolical plot was carried into execution.

It was the misfortune of my friend the Judge to be at the head of the list; young, ardent, and urged on by a thoughtless crowd and an overwhelming public opinion, he the next day rudely insulted before the court his selected victim. The natural manliness of the Yankee rebelled at its grossness, and he resented it instantly by knocking his antagonist down. The plot succeeded better than was anticipated, a blow had been given, this filled the Judge with demoniac fury, the challenge was sent, the Yankee accepted it, and the party met on the field. At the first fire the New Englander fell shot through the heart; his body was unceremoniously buried in a fence-corner near where he was sacrificed; his friends at home probably never heard of his untimely fate; and except for a passing tradition he was supposed to be no more.

Such was the adventure of the Judge when a young man; and it is no doubt true that so obtuse was his feelings at the time, and so clearly was he inspired with the idea of correctness of conduct, that at the moment he had no idea or even suspicion that he had done wrong. But as time wore on, and his associates and supporters in that duel died or moved away, the event began to lacerate his conscience. Under this pernicious influence his health gradually failed; but it was a long time before he lost the power of keeping up the exterior of a happy and contented man.

One of his peculiarities was to take an intense dislike to any one who had seen him in one of his moments of remorseful suffering; he fairly hated such persons, and made them feel that it was dangerous to be near him. I was at the time of my adventure unacquainted with the cause of the "perilous stuff" that poisoned his heart. I had noticed his fits of abstraction, but saw in them nothing inconsistent, as he was a man of delicate health and of a capricious disposition.

When Mr. Clay was running for the Presidency the Judge and myself set off on a straggling political tour. It was fine weather, the people were excited, the political contest was vigorously but generously conducted, and although men differed in politics, it did not affect their friendly personal relations. In our meanderings through the backwoods we were one night put to sleep together in a small room of a log-cabin. After lying side by side some time discussing the events of the day I fell into a profound sleep, but was finally awakened by hearing my companion breathing heavily. By the aid of the moonlight struggling through the chinks of the logs I saw his face was pale and distracted, while his mouth was drawn aside with the feeling of the intensest agony. A smothering sensation seemed predominant, as if suffocation was threatened. Alarmed for the result I seized him by the shoulder and woke him up. "Barnes!" exclaimed the Judge, gazing wildly and wickedly in my face—"Barnes, why do you pursue me thus? Haven't you had your revenge? Haven't you slept quietly these ten years, while I have been lashed with a whip of scorpions all the while?"

I again shook him by the shoulder and said, "Judge, wake up, you are dreaming!" In another instant his fine eye grew intelligent with recognition, but it was a dreadful look he gave me — a look of despairing sorrow, of wounded pride, anger, and maliciousness, as

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he comprehended that I knew his weakness, and that he stood unveiled, a trembling, stricken victim of an outraged conscience.

A fearful sensation gradually stole over me. I felt that a great gulf had been created between us. I knew the Judge's proud spirit; his contempt of danger, his insanity, indeed, when his self-esteem was injured; and I had most unhappily seen his soul naked, cringing, and blasted; I had been an unwilling witness to the interior of a whited sepulchre.

The next day the gentlemen of our party hinted darkly that the Judge, from his wan face and distracted air, must have had one of his "fits." When it was understood that I had occupied the same room I was informed of the misfortune that I had suffered, and I was told that I had better be cautious and circumspect in the Judge's presence, for if he perceived by word or look that I had discovered his secret I had a dangerous enemy for life.

I lived in this way a year; sometimes the Judge would be very sociable with me, and would treat me with all the unreserve of an old friend; at other times he would be cold and forbidding, or, if conversational, I could see he was cross-questioning me in various ways to get at my real thoughts. On one of these occasions he took down Shakspeare and read some passages from "Macbeth," and asked me what I thought of such highly-wrought pictures of the stings of conscience. I evaded making any answer, and he dropped the subject. Soon after this he was buried in the bosom of his family; it was given out as usual in such cases that he had had a nervous attack. The blinds were all down, and a dreadful silence appeared to rest on the dwelling. A clergyman in the neighborhood made frequent visits, and occupied much time in offering prayer and giving consolation. While recovering from this unusually prolonged attack he sent for me, and pointed me to a chair by his bedside. He thanked me for the manner I had treated his conduct on the night we occupied the little room in the log-cabin. He frankly confessed the cause of his emotions, and detailed to me the incidents I have related of his duel.

He told me he went upon the field without the slightest idea of the possibility of any serious consequences. That he had been from his youth up acquainted with persons who had "killed their man in a duel," and he had not the slightest suspicion from their conduct that they looked back with any regret; indeed he thought a duelist's reputation was the passport to worldly success. That with these vague and undefined notions of right and wrong he had killed his victim, professedly to revenge an insult which he voluntarily and premeditatedly gave. "Oh," said the Judge, finally, dropping exhausted upon his pillow—"oh, that I could even for an hour bring that man to life, that I might for so short a while take this weight off my soul! Think, Sir, how he has haunted me—sat at my table, been my companion in my office, leered at me when arguing a case at the bar, crowded me out of my seat on the bench, walked with me when in the streets with my children and wife. Oh, Heaven, what will be the end!"

A day or two afterward the Judge was in the streets; he affected the nonchalance of a man at peace with himself. His loud, but now to me affected, laugh told the superficial observer that he was a happy man; and the aspiring youth who witnessed his manner, and had a a taste for the admiration of being concerned in a duel, quoted the Judge as an example of how lightly the consequences sit upon the conscience; and so to the end he mocked the world, making fools believe there was no punishment for slaying a man in a duel.

Having given an illustration of the misery that follows a fatal duel, the suffering that precedes a bloodless one becomes interesting. We have the secret history of the facts of the preliminaries of the remarkable duel that took place between Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay. Certainly two men more richly endowed by nature never lived, and their concession to the terrible exactions of the dueling code show how almost impossible it is to rise above them. Both gentlemen possessed in the highest degree moral courage; their whole public life affirms this. They differed in political sentiments, and in the mental struggle for supremacy the irritable and eccentric Virginian, unaccustomed to defeat, displayed the conscious weakness of his cause by descending to personal defamation, and to impugning Mr. Clay's honesty of purpose. In the bitter partisanship of the times Mr. Clay's enemies applauded these attacks, and thus encouraged they were continued by Mr. Randolph, until Mr. Clay found further forbearance impossible. It has been, I think, very justly held by high authorities that the seconds in a duel are more to blame than the principals. They negotiate the preliminaries of the meeting, they coolly load the pistols, they labor under no excitement, are not suffering from feelings of wounded honor; yet it is they who put the instruments of destruction in the hands of persons who are laboring under the intensest mental irritation and physical excitement. Gentlemen of no ordinary social and political position were the seconds of Mr. Randolph; each individual had character enough to have been a peace-maker without the possibility of having his motives impugned. The night before the duel Mr. Randolph's mind was evidently filled with a sense of uneasiness, not of personal danger, but with a suspicion that he had without cause provoked the quarrel. Under this excitement he sent for his second—his adviser and early and dearest friend. He answered the summons, and found Mr. Randolph in a "calm and confiding mood," who opened the conversation with these pathetic words:

"I am determined to receive without returning Mr. Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head. I will not

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make his wife a widow or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests upon my bosom, there is not in the wide world a person to pay this tribute to mine." And overcome by his feelings he bent his head upon his hand and gave vent to tears.

Here was true manliness breaking through the trammels of the duelist's code; it was godlike nature speaking out and rebelling under a barbarous superstition. But while Mr. Randolph was thus melted, thus humanized, his second, his adviser, this "friend of his youth," did not dream of conciliation; he never suggested that possibly Mr. Randolph had been wrong in offering "his enormous and unprovoked insults" upon Mr. Clay, and that now, when passion had subsided and calm reason had assumed its sway, there was a greater and more noble satisfaction to be given than could be tendered on the field. That Mr. Randolph could, without compromising himself as a man, frankly acknowledge the injustice he had rendered the "Great Statesman of the West," and thus not only do an act on which Heaven would smile, but also set an example that would be healthful against the practice of dueling for all coming time.*

Fortunately Mr. Clay's bullet missed its mark, and Mr. Randolph fired in the air. Instantly Mr. Clay stepped forward, and with great emotion said, "I trust in God, my dear Sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred I would not harm you for a thousand worlds."

Of what practical effect was this duel? It decided no question of fact touching the honor of either party; it changed no one's opinion respecting the truth or falsehood of Mr. Randolph's charges against Mr. Clay; on the contrary, the question at issue remained just where it was before the duel took place, and so must remain to the end of time.

Familiarity with danger breeds contempt of it; and it is this rule that finally makes the bravado. The history of our frontiers affords many instances of men who were for long years desperadoes, and who defied all the laws, human and divine, with seeming impunity; and yet there are examples where individuals raised in the lap of luxury and refinement, and of polished education, inexperienced in the use of deadly weapons, have been suddenly brought in contact with these outlaws, and conquered them on their own fields and in their own bloody and inhuman way. A remarkable instance of this is remembered where a descendant of General Philip Schuyler, who some thirty years ago, while traveling in the Southwest, was set upon by one of these inhuman fiends. The man's name was Gamble; he had committed innumerable murders, and defied arrest or punishment. He had been repeatedly warned by the constituted authorities of his State, declared an outlaw, and a large reward was then offered for his arrest. Schuyler was a stranger, and at the time was waiting at the village tavern for the mail-stage. To loiter away the time, he was with a number of the villagers sitting at a table amusing himself with conversation and indulging at the same time in fits of laughter. Suddenly the party was interrupted by a yell almost as loud as a steam-whistle, which noise was followed by a volley of braggadocio epithets and the general inquiry, "What the people round the table were making all that noise about?"

The parties in the locality turned pale as they recognized the redoubtable Gamble, for they saw there was mischief in his frenzied eye. The outlaw, having delivered himself of the opinion that every man present was a sneak and a coward, ended with deliberately discharging a mouthful of tobacco-spittle upon the polished boot of Schuyler, who was the only person in the room who could, by external appearance, be pronounced a gentleman. The rude men who witnessed this congratulated themselves that the blow had fallen upon a helpless traveler, and that in the skirmishing and catastrophe that must follow they could make their escape.

To Schuyler this insult was electrical, and, rising with indignation, he demanded of Gamble (of whose history at the time he knew nothing),

"Did you intentionally spit upon my boot?"

Gamble was speechless with rage and astonishment, and as soon as he could recover the use of his tongue he thundered out,

"Yes! and I'll do the same for your face next time;" but before he could carry his disgusting threat into execution Schuyler struck the outlaw such a blow in the chest that the ruffian went reeling against the side of the wall. In another instant the parties closed with each other, and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued, in which each party attempted in vain to use their knives. The spectators formed a ring, and looked as coolly on as if it had been a dog-fight. If Gamble was killed, they got clear of the terror of the vicinity; if the stranger, what difference did it make to them? The fight continued, without seeming damage, until both parties separated for a moment from exhaustion; but as they were about to renew the contest the landlord interfered, and suggested that both men be shut up in a dark room, each armed with a revolver and bowie-knife, and be thus left in a quiet way to fight it out "like gentlemen."

The proposition was received with cheers, and Gamble especially indorsed the proposition. Schuyler was silent, but showed himself to be as resolute and fearless as a tiger. When

* Unfortunately the second did nothing of this: he seemed to have not the slightest idea that Mr. Randolph, though entirely in the wrong, could give any other satisfaction to the man he had injured except at the pistol's mouth. Who can believe, after reading Mr. Randolph's pathetic words, that he would not have met Mr. Clay at that very time, if his second had suggested it, and made such concessions as would have done justice to both, and relieve the world of the example of two such great men meeting in mortal combat?

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the duelists were placed on the opposite sides of the room by the landlord, and as he was about to disappear, the bravo said:

"Major, have a julep ready for me in fifteen minutes." Schuyler said:

"If I fall, you will find on my person a silver watch and thirty dollars in New York money; bury me decently, and keep what remains above necessary expenses for your trouble."

The landlord then retired and locked the door, the bar-room spectators hanging round the outside, speculating on the result, or betting drinks and small sums of money to back up their opinions. Not a person in that crowd believed that Schuyler stood the slightest possible chance of escaping with his life. These frontiersmen could not believe that a delicately-built, gentlemanly man, with effeminate face and fair hands, could be equal to such an encounter.

Many seconds elapsed before any noise was heard; then followed quick reports of the pistols. It was evident that a deadly struggle was going on, and one of the party seemed to have fallen on the floor. Again a scuffle ensued, and another body fell.

The persons in the bar-room now joined those up stairs, and, headed by the landlord, the "den" was opened. A terrible sight of blood met the eyes of these men. Gamble was already dead, and Schuyler lay on the floor insensible from loss of blood.

Nothing could exceed the care that was bestowed upon Schuyler by his now enthusiastic frontier admirers. They sat by his bedside and watched him as their child. In a few weeks he was perfectly restored to health, and the people the country round came to thank him for his prowess. It is further stated that, by the advice of his friend the landlord, who refused all remuneration for his hospitality, Schuyler went to the capital of the State and obtained not only the reward set upon the outlaw's life, but also was the recipient of a complimentary dinner from the Governor and other high officials. He even had lucrative and honorable inducements held out to settle permanently in the community. But his experiences in the backwoods were not agreeable, and he returned to his native New York, considering its dangers and temptations preferable to a life in the pine forests of the South.

In this terrible contest Schuyler fell on the first fire of Gamble's pistol. The outlaw repeated his shots until he believed Schuyler was dead. Stooping over his victim to ascertain the truth of his supposition he was thrown off his guard, when Schuyler concentrated all his energies and dealt a mortal blow.

This same thing occurred in a celebrated duel which many years previously took place on a Mississippi River sand-bar then just above the city of Natchez. Mr. Bowie, who gave his name to the dreaded frontier knife, was one of the principals. On the ground a misunderstanding occurred, and a general fight ensued. Mr. Bowie was shot down, and was left for the moment unnoticed, and was supposed to be dead. Conceiving it probable that his antagonist would come along to dispatch him, he closed his eyes and remained perfectly motionless. As he anticipated, he received the visit. His enemy stooped over his prostrate body, and, to satisfy himself that Bowie was positively dead, reached down his hand to touch Bowie's forehead. In an instant Bowie's gigantic arms enveloped his antagonist's neck, and as quick as thought the wretched man fell dead across the prostrate form of the invincible frontiersman.

As sanguinary as have been our frontier duels the majority of people will be somewhat surprised to learn that nothing has ever occurred in the wilds of America as thoroughly lawless as are found recorded of European society three centuries ago. Turning to the old times' chronicles we read thus:

"A certain Italian gentleman of a mighty, able, strong, and vigorous body, by nature fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and in the gladiatory art so superlatively expert and dextrous that all the most skillful masters of fencing of all Italy (which in matter of choice professors in that faculty needed never yet to yield to any nation in the world), bethinking himself how, after a great conquest of reputation, he might by such means be suddenly enriched, he projected a course of exchanging the blunt to sharp, and the foils into tucks, and in this resolution, providing a purse full of gold, he traveled along the most especial and considerable parts of Spain, France, the Low Countries, Germany, Poland, Hungary, Greece, Italy, and other places wherever was the greatest probability of encountering with the eagerest and most atrocious duelists. And immediately after his arrival at any city or town that gave apparent likelihood of some one or other champion that would enter the lists and cope with him, he boldly challenged them with sound of trumpet in the chief market-place. At last, returning homeward to his own country loaded with honor and wealth, or rather with the spoil of the gold and reputation of those foreigners with whom he contended, he repaired to the city of Mantua, where the Duke, according to courtesy usually bestowed on him by other princes, gave him a protection and safeguard of his person.

"Having accomplished all this, he published several papers disclosing his designs; he battered on all the chief gates and pillars of the town, and gave all men to understand that his purpose was to challenge in single combat with the rapier any whomsoever of that city or country that durst be so bold as to fight with him. His challenge was not long unanswered, for it so happened that at that very time there were three noted duellists of such highly cried-up valor that all the bravoes of Mantua were content to give way to their domineering, and because of their former victories in the field all three in becoming state lived together at the court of the Duke. The pounding on the gates, the publications, that blowing of trumpets, and bragging generally of the new-comer roused the professional ire of these three heroes, and they as in duty bound agreed severally to fight this new champion, thereby obtain his money, increase their own glory, and put the intruder out of the way. The idlers and courtiers of the city took great interest in the affair, and lined the barriers with their persons. The contest began by the sound of trumpets, and in three successive fights, coming off in the space of fourteen days, these champions of the honor of Mantua bit the dust."

In the mean time the conquering hero is represented as marching about the streets of Mantua for weeks together without any opposition or contestment, like another Romulus or Mar-

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cellus, in triumph. "It is difficult to imagine," says the chronicle, "the lamentable spectacles the city presented, the courtiers and people casting down their faces for shame, not knowing what course to take for the reparation of their honor."

At this critical moment in the history of Mantua the "Admirable Crichton" arrived, and he is represented as being neither able to eat nor drink till he first sent a challenge to the conqueror, appealing to him to repair, with his best sword in his hand, at nine o'clock in the morning of the next day, in presence of the whole court, and in the same place where he had killed "the other three," to show that in the court of Mantua there were as valiant men as he.

The challenge was accepted, and there gathered together the Duke, the Duchess, with all the noblemen, ladies, magnificoes, and all the choicest of both men, women, and maids of the city. The combatants, dressed in shirts and drawers, and without any other apparel, took their places, their rapiers of exact equal length being handed to them by the Duke. At the proper signal, a shot from a great piece of ordnance, the two combatants made their approach to one another. For a while Crichton acted entirely on the defensive, the ladies soon becoming charmed with the sweetness of his countenance, and correspondingly disgusted with the sternness of the other's aspect.

The old chronicles give the exact details of the fight, and dwell at length upon the dexterity and quickness of Crichton, who evidently depended on science to overcome brutal force. Each successive advantage is hailed with joy by the ladies, whose bright eyes flash encouragement upon the champion of Mantua; and as Crichton gains one advantage after another over his rude and vaunting foe—as he forces his rapier with mathematical precision into the breast, arms, and belly of his antagonist, and seems disposed to slowly and by piecemeal render him helpless to the finishing stroke—the sweet Duchess, the fair women, and innocent maids of Mantua wave their jeweled hands and flash encouragement from their sweet eyes; the conquered at last giving up the ghost, ghastly and gory, comforting himself that he could not have died by the hands of a braver man.

A distinguished officer in the American navy, who was in command off the mouth of the Rio Grande at the time General Taylor occupied Matamoros, gave me an illustrative anecdote of the duel as it was understood by the officers of the British navy at the close of our war of 1812. Soon after peace had been declared between Great Britain and the United States, and while both sides were chafing under the idea that the war had been fruitless of any good results, my informant found himself on board of a small United States brig in the harbor of Calais, which was at the time crowded with ships of the largest size belonging to England, France, and Spain, which vessels made the petty affair under the Stars and Stripes look more than naturally insignificant by comparison. The opportunity of making disparaging allusions against the United States Navy was freely indulged in, and the few American officers who ventured ashore had to stand a great deal of implied insult. One evening Lieutenant Guest, a Tennesseean by birth, went ashore, and entering the most fashionable coffee-house, found it crowded with gayly-dressed navy and army officers of every first-class nation, and Guest felt that his plain blue undress looked very poor beside his richly gold-laced and gayly-plumed rivals; in fact he felt that he was personally as insignificant in appearance as his vessel was in the naval display in the harbor.

After looking carefully around and finding no table entirely vacant, he discovered an empty chair which brought him opposite a British officer. There was a general buz in the room as Guest took his seat; a sort of feeling evidently prevailed that something exciting might happen from the unexpected meeting. Guest felt that every eye was upon him, but he affected the utmost indifference, and coolly lighted a cigar, and ordering a cup of coffee, seemed to be engaged with curling the fragrant tobacco smoke about his disdainfully curled-up nose. The Englishman was made to feel from the outside pressure that he was bound to distinguish himself, and this idea on his part was more and more intensified as the officers of the different nationalities present turned their expectant eyes upon him. Guest sipped his coffee in silence, but he was finally interrupted with the question:

"I presume you are an officer on board of the American brig in the harbor?"

"I am," returned Guest, in a bland manner.

"I am glad I have had the pleasure of meeting you," continued the Englishman, "for I have for a long time been anxious to ask some intelligent American officer what he thought would probably be the result to his country should it again go to war with England."

"I have not the slightest idea," returned Guest, very deliberately lighting another cigar; "I am only a naval officer, and not a statesman."

"But," continued the questioner, pushing his point with a pertinacity that occasioned a sensation among the lookers-on—"but you have some opinion on the subject?"

The spectators now began to gather round the table and suspend conversation.

"I have an opinion," said Guest, finally; "a very decided opinion, indeed; but I am not obliged to give it."

Here the spectators looked at the Englishman with a sort of commiserating look which nettled him, and he returned to the charge by saying, rather tartly, "he should like to hear what his opinion was."

"If you insist upon it," said Guest, "I will oblige you, though I do not think this is a time or place for political discussion."

"Let's have the opinion, nevertheless," urged the Englishman, affecting a yawn.

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"Well," said Guest, "if your country and mine ever get into another war it has been decided by my Government at Washington to send a sloop-load of powder over to your country, dig a hole in the middle of it, and then set the powder on fire; and my opinion is that the explosion will blow your boasted British isle out of the water. And now," continued Guest, rising, "since you have gotten hold of a state secret perhaps you want the authority; so here's my card," and Guest placed it upon the table.

"And there's mine," said the Englishman, suddenly becoming very serious and very red in the face.

There was a suppressed murmur through the entire room, and here and there could be heard sounds indicative of sarcastic laughter, amidst which Guest left the saloon, the spectators falling back so as not to oppose his progress.

On reaching his vessel Guest found Lieutenant Hove, the officer in charge, and remarking that he was very much fatigued, he said he would turn in at once, and added, as if parenthetically, "If you get a letter addressed to me in the course of the morning open it and make all the necessary arrangements without consulting me. Good-night."

It was noon ere Guest made his appearance on deck, and he then learned with surprise that no letter had been received, and he found it very difficult to explain the reason. It was certainly impossible that his jest could be construed into any thing less than an intended insult. The day wore on without incident until toward sundown, when a boat was seen putting off from the English admiral's flag-ship. It was gay with streamers, and had a number of officers on board who seemed to be in unusually good spirits. The boat in its circuit made a sort of visit to almost every ship in the harbor, and, after attracting unusual attention, pulled straight to the American brig, when a note was sent up addressed to Lieutenant Guest, U.S.N., and, without waiting for an answer, moved away.

It was with unusual interest that the officer addressed opened the note, but its contents filled him with surprise and astonishment. It was written on official note-paper, and from the flag-ship of the British fleet; the object was to request Lieutenant Guest, and such of his friends as he might select, to honor with their presence a social dinner party to be given the next day on board of His Majesty's ship the *Thunderer*.

As this was the first act of courtesy that had taken place between the representatives of the two great rival nations, and as it was so cordially and so informally worded, the whole thing was shrouded in mystery. It is hardly necessary to say that Lieutenant Guest and his friends at the proper time repaired on board of the *Thunderer*, and, after spending an hour or two on deck in pleasant chit-chat, they were invited to a splendid repast, at the conclusion of which complimentary toasts were given to the American navy, and the hope expressed that nations of the same parentage, speaking the same language, might never be at war with each other again.

Though the American officers were thus treated, and though all formality was dispensed with, still they felt that this hospitality had something to do with Lieutenant Guest's affair at the coffee-house; for in the moments of the greatest hilarity there was an evident restraint that was not common at a convivial party of professional sailors. The dinner ended the guests proceeded to the deck of the ship, and were there greeted, as if by accident, with the usual ceremony that pertains to the reading of an official document addressed to the fleet. Courtesy required that Lieutenant Guest and his friends should listen with respect, and their surprise may be imagined when they heard the finding of a court-martial upon the case of —— ——, officer in His Majesty's service, who, for wantonly provoking an insult in a public house, and before and in the presence of innumerable witnesses, and then for refusing to properly resent the same, is hereby cashiered from His Majesty's service. The instant the reading was ended the usual bustle on board of a man-of-war commenced, and the British officers, more kindly ceremonious than ever, bade adieu to the American officers; and so ended this romantic adventure, founded upon the then accepted laws of dueling.

It is a melancholy fact, probably, that the brilliant legal genius of S. S. Prentiss will be forgotten when reminiscences of him will be remembered. Prentiss was a New Englander, and probably had by education as great a horror of dueling as any man living; but when he went South he found that public opinion favored the code, and as he intended to succeed, he was not going to embarrass himself with any popular odium. He found it easier to fight a duel than to be annoyed by a questionable public opinion. As hundreds of others have done, he discovered moral to be a more difficult kind of courage than mere physical bravery. In the splendor of his early career he was surrounded by the associations subsequently designated as "the flush times" of Mississippi. Vicksburg, his chosen residence, was then in the height of its unparalleled prosperity. No city in the South ever rose to wealth and importance and refinement as rapidly; and the consequence was it gave an eccentric, reckless, and novel character to its population. The prominent citizens were about equally divided between the best representative men of the North and the South, the former giving solidity and order to all business enterprises; the latter inspiring society with a kind of "reckless chivalry" and devil-may-care spirit that was as positive as it was novel. The failure to have a note discounted at a bank was often treated as a personal insult. We knew of one gentleman who attacked another in the street for refusing his promise to pay without an indorsement.

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In the midst of the excitement of prosperity the citizens would hold public meetings and vote equal sums for the building of a church and a theatre. At one of these popular assemblies some one suggested that a ferry-boat was needed, and thereupon an appropriation was provided, and in due time the boat was completed. It was a gay time when the little craft came down the river from its birth-place at Pittsburg, covered with flags, and announcing its arrival by peals of petty artillery that echoed far and wide against the high bluffs, and then died away over the lowlands in the west. The excitement of welcome over, it was discovered for the first time that there was no town on the Arkansas shore opposite to run the boat to, and its usefulness promised to be a failure. The proprietor, however, was not easily put down. The Arkansas shore opposite was then the great dueling-place for Mississippians and high-spirited people of the adjoining States; and as soon as it was known that they could be so pleasantly conveyed to the ground the spot became more cherished than ever. A bull or bear fight had none of the charms that seemed to cluster about these human combats; and if the parties engaged happened to be popular editors, or gentlemen of large political reputation, enthusiasm knew no bounds. Prentiss, in his wildly humorous way, used to declare that the ferry-boatman provoked duels to enrich his exchequer, and that he had large placards printed in blank, to be filled up and posted about the streets when necessary; but this was unquestionably an exaggeration. A pending duel was often announced, and this was advertisement enough; nor was it necessary to take any especial pains to find combatants. If the general market was dull, the rival editors of the city were pitted against each other, their daily editorials always being personal enough to afford the basis of a pretty quarrel.

The present generation of active men can not remember what a painful, and almost awful interest these combats excited away from their active centre; nor will the injury they did, and the misrepresentation they caused to be made of Southern society, ever be fully appreciated. Yet there was nothing in them that does not afford a parallel among the records and doings of excitable Irishmen who thirty years earlier made Dublin and Galway so famous for the dueling codes. It was not uncommon in Ireland for difficulties growing out of legal arguments to be decided by pistols; as yet we have no recollection of ever hearing of a Southern court that adjourned to witness the fight. Yet Curran, when unknown to fame, provoked the ire of one Walsh, who was a great favorite with the mob, and all the members of the bar except the judge went out to see the "sport." The principals were conducted to a ten-acre inclosure surrounded by a hedge, from behind which the legal spectators, along with the idlers of the entire village population, peeped, and encouraged the combatants after their peculiar fashion.

Prentiss was as witty as Curran, and just as reckless. He was the idol of a crowd, the members of which were never tired of singing his praises. How could he escape personal difficulties, when it was seldom a dinner party could be kept up until a late hour without ending in an affair of honor? Of dueling, when he first commenced his career at Vicksburg, he spoke with unreserved censure or keen sarcasm. His remarks were considered pardonable because they came from a New Englander, but they finally got up the impression he would not fight—that his early education would paralyze his natural courage. It was under this impression he was drawn into his first difficulty; but he came out of it so gallantly, displayed so much physical courage, such daring recklessness, that he annihilated the plotters against him, and did this without the ordeal of a combat.

But when the political excitement of the times of 1838 came on he got involved in a duel with Governor Foote, who was his social equal, and met that gentleman on the field. The affair created but little excitement; but when a second duel was announced there was a sort of dramatic concentration of public sentiment that gave the affair the greatest possible interest. From the time the meeting was agreed upon Prentiss amused himself with a continued volley of witticisms at his antagonist's expense. He was at one and the same time the most blood-thirsty and the most jocular of principals, and he so managed to tickle the public taste that no duel was ever fought in the Southwest more remarkable for its peculiarities.

Governor Foote was a most courageous man, but it was proverbial that while he would stand up and be fired at without the slightest hesitation, yet he was said to be such a poor shot that "he couldn't hit a barn-door at ten paces." Prentiss had no great practice with a pistol; he had never fired one until a man grown; yet by his extraordinary muscular power a weapon in his hand was as firmly held as if screwed in a vice.

The wisdom of having a ferry-boat at Vicksburg was now fully justified in the excitement of this duel, for nothing could exceed the holiday gayety that prevailed among the crowds as they precipitated themselves on the Arkansas shore. Prentiss treated the matter in the same spirit with the spectators, and his repartees were passed like electrical currents from mouth to mouth. It was a grand spectacle, and nothing more. After he was placed on the ground he heard a twig of a tree break over his head, and looking up observed a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy belonging to one of his neighbors. The opportunity for a jest did not escape him.

"Get down, my little man," said he, "for Governor Foote is a poor shot, and you may get wounded with his pistol."

What must have been Governor Foote's feelings as he heard this allusion to his want of skill can well be imagined.

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It was a miracle of excellent surgery that Governor Foote was not killed, Prentiss's ball making sad havoc in his person; and it is safe to say that if death had ensued the naturally susceptible tendencies of Mr. Prentiss's nature would have driven him mad.

And what a picture is this of civilization! the moralist may exclaim; and yet there was nothing really in all this extraordinary or unprecedented. O'Connell fought his celebrated duel in the county of Kildare, about twelve miles distant from Dublin. The place was "*well chosen for spectators*," being near the foot of a hill, from which many thousands could and did behold the proceedings without crowding or interruption. The antagonist of O'Connell fell mortally wounded, and a loud and cruel yell went forth from the valley, and was sent back again from the hills, while its echoes were prolonged from field to field; the pang occasioned by these shouts far surpassed the anguish occasioned by the dying man's wound. O'Connell was victorious, and his victim, after a few hours of suffering, slept quietly in the grave; but it was a secret from the world how quiet was O'Connell's conscience. Have we not some inkling, however, that all was not peace, when we find him long years afterward sacrificing an immense sum, as a reward of his professional pursuits, to hurry away to a distant part of Ireland to act as a volunteer counsel to defend the legal rights of the lonely and impoverished widow of the man he killed?

Thirteen years after Mr. Prentiss fought Governor Foote he found himself enriched with a wife and children, and no one seemed more happy than he in his domestic circle. For language used before a court while attending to his professional duties he received a challenge. The sacred home responsibilities under which he was placed gave a new phase to the circumstance; yet, while suffering the most intolerable agony, he could not refuse to fight. He reasoned with himself, regretted the necessity, contemplated with agony the possibility of leaving his family unprotected, yet he could not resist the temptation. He finally wrought himself up with the idea that he must fight for his wife and children, and he conceived that his mortal suffering was a trial of his faith through his religious teachings. Mr. Prentiss, while he was thus walking in the "valley and shadow of death," was to the world calm, dispassionate, and often playfully witty. Yet he writes that the two weeks previous to the contemplated meeting "he did nothing but pray, weep, and read the Bible—that he was worn away to a perfect shadow, and tottered like an old man." What a melancholy picture! what a terrible fascination!

This fear of public opinion has seldom indeed been resisted. Mr. Prentiss's confessions of remorseful suffering, which we have quoted because they have been authentically published to the world, are no doubt characteristic of those of every man who has been reared to look upon dueling as a crime, while the remorse which we think always follows the shedding of blood in a duel is universal, whatever may have been the early education. We have the record of one distinguished gentleman who had the moral courage to refuse a challenge, and the affair is doubly interesting from the character of the parties engaged.

In the year 1856 the Hon. T. B. Hill, Presidential elector, in the height of a political discussion, spoke of the Hon. Alexander Stephens (subsequently Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy) "as having betrayed the Whig party, and of having acted worse toward it than Iscariot by abusing it afterward." Words personally more harmless, it seems, could not have been uttered; yet Mr. Stephens took offense, and opened a detailed correspondence. No understanding was effected, and Mr. Stephens, according to the practice of the duello, posted Mr. Hill as a coward. Now this occurred in Georgia, where the public sentiment was in favor of dueling; both the parties were Southern men, and had Southern men for constituents, and yet Mr. Hill, more courageous than Mr. Prentiss, accepted the direful consequences; and instead of seeking redress with pistols, was content to make an appeal to the intelligent and good in vindication of his conduct. His letter is a fine specimen of logic, and in a few words, and in a better manner than we have ever before seen, disposes of the subject. In his reply to Mr. Stephens he says:

"You say that my letter, both in tone and manner, is personally offensive in itself, and without specifying any thing you designate as offensive you proceed to ask of me 'that satisfaction which is usual between gentlemen in such cases.' It might be some satisfaction for you to shoot at me, though I should entertain no great fear of being hit; but candor requires me to say, with my present feelings, I could not deliberately shoot at you, and for many reasons—a few only of which I will now give.

"I might possibly kill you; and though you may not consider your life valuable, yet to take it would be a great annoyance to me ever afterward. The ceaseless accusations of my conscience that I was a *murderer* would be the bane of all my future happiness.

"If the invitation to mortal combat is intended as a mere formal occasion to exchange a few harmless shots, and then have an adjustment, I can only say that I never engage in farces, or make feigned issues. If I could be made conscious that I had done you injustice I should deem it a duty to repair it, and should not wait first to be shot at. If you did me injustice I met the *occasion* with the *remedy*, and it does seem made a shot which produced a *wider* if not *deeper* sore than any within the power of powder and ball to produce.

"Now, Sir (as I always speak plainly), I will only add that I know of nothing which has occurred between you and me which could authorize or justify a duel; and while I have never at any time had an insult offered me, nor an aggression attempted, I shall yet know how to meet and repel any that may be offered by any gentleman who may presume upon this refusal or otherwise."

This correspondence occurred more than twelve years ago, and was at the time the subject of a vast amount of newspaper controversy throughout the country. It is no doubt true

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that the thinking, solid men of Georgia, as a general thing, approved of Mr. Hill's conduct, and yet there is reason to believe it injured that gentleman's availability as a candidate for office, though it did not affect his social standing or professional career.

Those who made Mr. Lincoln's acquaintance after he came to Washington as Chief Magistrate, and were personally cognizant of his remarkable goodness of heart and his unusually kind feelings, are surprised to learn that such a man had gravely accepted a challenge and gone out to fight a duel. The occasion was made memorable, of course, by Mr. Lincoln's humor. Under the most trying circumstances this quality of his mind seemed to predominate; and it was, after all, this rare quality that sustained his spirit through the dark days of his administration, and kept him cheerful and hopeful while all around him were sad and despondent.

It has been the custom of historians of Illinois to say that in 1820 was fought the first and last duel in that State. There were circumstances connected with it that display unusual characteristics, and gave a practical example of the predominancy of the New England element that largely made up the original settlers of the State, and also showing how healthful is the example of making a bad thing odious. Two obscure men, named respectively Stewart and Bennett, quarreled, and their friends, for the sake of a joke, agreed upon a sham duel. Stewart was in the secret, but Bennett, in the hopes that he would be made ridiculous, was left to understand the thing was earnest. The duel was fought with rifles loaded with blank cartridges. When placed on the ground Bennett, from certain things he witnessed, conceived the idea they were playing a trick upon him, and, unobserved by his seconds, dropped a ball in his weapon. The word fire was given, and Stewart fell dead, whereupon Bennett made his escape. Two years afterward he was arrested, brought back to Illinois, and tried for murder. Public opinion was against the barbarous practice, and Bennett was convicted and sentenced to be hung. The Governor of the State refused to pardon the criminal, and he was executed. The result was that dueling was unpopular in Illinois—there were associations about it that were any thing but respectable—and it fell into disuse. And yet, with this historical fact before Mr. Lincoln, he seemed to have lacked the moral courage to treat a challenge with contempt, and accepted its requirements and agreed to fight with dragoon swords.

On the ground, which was on the Missouri side of the Illinois river, he mentioned to his second that the spot was most appropriately selected, as it was in sight of the Penitentiary. There was evidently in his mind a clear idea that he was engaged in a criminal transaction. His second was fortunately a man of equal humor with Mr. Lincoln, and managed to so mar the actual meeting with preliminaries and qualifications, and the unusual height of Mr. Lincoln compared with his antagonist, who was a short man, made it so difficult to get an equal length of arm, that all parties at last conceived that the whole thing was ridiculous, and it was amicably settled; and, as is generally the case, there was no real cause for a quarrel.

The attentive reading of the records of duels leaves the mind entirely satisfied that there are no rules to be induced that imperatively govern such encounters. Decatur, the most valiant man of his day, fell under the fire of his inferior in courage and reputation. D'Esterre was a professed duelist, yet he was slain by O'Connell, who had on a former occasion, contrary to the Galway rules, accepted, without exchanging shots, a reconciliation on the field. Alexander Hamilton had passed through the dangers of a long war with a reputation untarnished; he was a vestryman of his chosen church, an active Christian gentleman, the head of a large family circle; he was known to be an enemy of the duello; and yet with such a history, and living in a community that discountenanced dueling, he yielded to its demands and lost his life. It is beyond a doubt true that every man who has fought and killed another in a duel suffers more or less remorse of conscience, though we have examples where such feelings are hidden from the world. We believe that General Jackson never openly displayed any regret for slaying his man; how he felt in his closet was only known to his Maker. As a rule all great soldiers, at least of modern times, have discouraged dueling; but their example or opinions of the matter are of questionable value. They are above the necessity of being tried. Washington affords the noblest example the world ever gave in this matter. He denounced dueling, and pardoned a blow and made acknowledgment that he deserved it as a just punishment for an offered insult. All his companions in arms accepted his views, with the exception of Mad Anthony Wayne. He recognized the code by aiding the officers engaged in affairs of honor to leave and enter the lines without the password.

Success in personal combats depends upon physical peculiarities. The accomplished and apparently effeminate gentleman is often, as in Schuyler's case, competent at a moment's notice to the display of the coolest and most determined physical courage.

Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, who killed Mr. Cilley, said it required a higher order of courage *to refuse* than to fight a duel. And suffering under the remorse which followed his experience, he did not hesitate to say that if he was ever involved in a similar difficulty he hoped he would be enabled to exercise that nobler species of courage that accorded with moral obligations, rather than act from fear of public opinion. The courage that fights a duel and that which sustains the soldier in the field are of an entirely different character. When the late rebellion broke out our Southern cities were filled with professed and celebrated duel-

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ists. Their admirers expected from them brilliant deeds in war; we have no knowledge of their success.

Dueling, from beginning to end, judged by the tests of practical merit, or by the inspiration of Christ's teachings, seems to be without a single redeeming character. Its hold upon the sympathy of mankind is strange and incomprehensible, and can only be accounted for on the principle that there is a leaven of the savage in our nature that can neither be regulated by reason nor subdued by that dread admonition, "Thou shalt not kill." The incomprehensibleness of the fascination of dueling has excited the speculation of the greatest minds. Sir Francis Bacon is confounded with the speculation. He says, touching the causes of it, "The first motive, no doubt, is a false and erroneous imagination of honor and credit; and therefore the king, in his last proclamation, doth aptly and excellently call them *bewitching duels*. For if one judge of it truly, it is *no better than sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men that have great minds* with a false show; a kind of *satanical illusion* and apparition of honor against religion, against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and valliantest nations."

It is honorable to our Government that it has for nearly twenty years officially and legally condemned dueling, and holds the violator of the law strictly accountable for his conduct. Documents of more political importance have emanated from the Department of State at Washington than the one which deprived the duelist diplomatic of his office, but no one was ever more thoroughly approved by the good people of the country than the following:

"SIR,—It is a matter of public notoriety, and as is believed unquestionable, that you have been a principal party to a duel near this city. By this step you have violated the act of Congress approved February 20, 1839, entitled 'An act to prohibit the giving or accepting within this District of Columbia a challenge to fight a duel, and for other purposes.' This proceeding on your part is the more to be regretted and the more unaccountable as your military experience must have made you familiar with the twenty-fifth article of war, which prohibits any officer or soldier sending or accepting a challenge to fight a duel upon pain of being cashiered. The President, therefore, entertaining the opinion that under the circumstances the offense on your part above referred to against the law renders it unbecoming that you shall any longer represent the United States as their Minister to Costa Rica, has deemed it advisable to nominate to the Senate a successor to you in that character. In his message making the nomination he has set forward his reason therefor. If, however, you should deem it advisable to leave Costa Rica before your successor shall arrive, the accompanying sealed letter to the President of that republic announcing your recall will enable you to do so with propriety. In that event you will commit the archives of the legation to the custody of some respectable citizen of the United States. Yours, etc.,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

That the duel has been taken advantage of for the purposes of gross wrong is apparent, but that its terrors have had a conservative influence in newly settled countries there can not be a doubt. It is also true that American duels have gained an exaggerated importance by being subjected to unusual newspaper publication, and by their too frequently sanguinary ending. This fatal characteristic is more owing to the earnestness of American life, and the familiarity of our people from their youth up with deadly weapons, than to any blood-thirstiness or unusual cruelty of character. Reviewing the whole ground calmly and dispassionately we can come to no other conclusion than that American national development is not regardless of human life, and that its sanguinary history bears a favorable comparison with older, more highly cultivated, and more pretentious civilizations.

THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON.

THE entrances into our capital city are, so far as Nature is concerned, rather sublime than otherwise. From the north you cross the lovely coterie of the Schuylkill arches, and ride for miles and miles, with the Delaware traveling as fleetly in all its silver by your side; you thunder through the mighty mile-long bridge of the Susquehanna, and creep across the low lattices that span the two broad Gunpowders, and where not so much as a hand-rail lies between you and the full tide of the rapid river; long ere you reach the place the vast dome of the Capitol rises like a second sky in cloudy whiteness above you. From the west, on the other hand, you come down over the tremendous trestle-work of the Blue Ridge region, with all the wildness of lofty mountain scenery rising around. And from the south your only entrance is over the great Potomac, that here, two hundred and eighty-five miles from its estuary, is as broad as most other rivers are when they touch the sea. There is something very deceitful about this river, which, two miles above, runs a narrow stream between hills scarcely a stone's-throw from bank to bank, and which here, as if aware of the duty devolving upon it to support the national dignity and character, suddenly widens into a basin of more than a mile's span, and rolls on its great torrent as if the so-far-distant sea were close at hand, deep calling unto deep and bidding it to hasten.

The Potomac is also in itself the chief thoroughfare of the District; it can never be a perfectly beautiful one, for its waters are turbid, and its banks of red and yellow rain-scored clay can not be overgrown and shadowed, since trees and vines seem to have a standing objection to soil that slides away from under them. Yet, when one from the Long Bridge looks up at the broad lagoon, with the heights of Arlington and of Georgetown framing its reflections of sunset under a wide and open sky, a more charming scene than it makes can scarcely be pictured. A drive over this same bridge, that has echoed to the tramp of armies, is one of the notable excursions of the place. Can there be many livelier experiences than to sit

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behind a spirited horse, which dances from side to side of the bridge with its low buttresses, while a shrieking, panting train of the Alexandria Railway runs the length of the mile close beside you? There is another water-way in the city, known as the Tiber; and still another, the Canal—one crawling and atrocious stench, breeding disease along its edge for every inch of its slimy way, not more a civic than, in view of foreign residents, an international nuisance.

The stranger's first experience of Washington makes him think of it as only a vast and unfinished sort of bivouac left all at loose ends. Six months of existence there, and he looks back at it as at any large-natured thing—a generous place, where streets the size of other cities' squares, with the lavish sky that one is allowed above them, are only typical of the liberality of life and thought within its boundaries.

Nothing is more singular than the way in which this city is laid out. Those who regard the location as a shrewd land speculation of the careful Father of his Country laugh at its wasteful width of avenue. But to others it seems as if the grandeur of the American idea, of the continent, and of its freedom, had been consulted even here. There is a legend that a Frenchman designed it in conjunction with President Washington, at that time when all the country was overrun with French notions, and French notions dealt largely in mobs and barricades. A form of government in which mobs and barricades and street warfare would play but a subordinate part was an impossible idea for a Frenchman to entertain and develop; thus laying out the city in princely avenues, at the interval of every square he ran streets across them at an acute angle, so that there should not be a single street which, were a barricade erected there, could not be commanded by a cross-fire from an avenue.

For many years Washington has been content with the magnificence of its public buildings, and has endured its shabby and inconvenient private dwellings as one of the inevitable conditions of life. Filthy little negro-shanties squatted between the best houses that there were, and one of the most-used approaches to the white splendor of the Capitol to-day is through rows of squalid hovels. But since the beginning of the war and the infusion of bustle and energy into the still routine, and perhaps the influx of Northern capital, the city has begun to undergo a change in this respect; mansions worthy of being Senatorial residences are slowly rising and filling the gaps of vacant lots, and occupying the previous places of the ten-foot sheds that blotted every street; and if the good work goes on, in a dozen years it will be a very different place in relation to the pride and pleasure and comfort of daily life—it will be the change between the beggar-maid and the queen of King Cophetua.

Other things, however, than elegant houses came in with the new régime: the army of soldiers was followed by an army of rats, as the case has been in other countries; and it is no unusual circumstance on any evening to have one of these unsightly creatures, of nearly the size of its natural enemy, a black-and-tan terrier—for they turn up their whiskers at cats—stroll along the pavement by your side for the length of a square, and disappear as composedly into an alley-way as if it were the paying tenant; while frequently, when they are done with them, their carcasses decorate the sidewalks till the kindly dust and mud cover them from sight. If a horse falls he is apt to be taken away in the night, after lying all day on the spot where he expired; but such small game as cats and rats Nature is expected to take care of for herself. On these same sidewalks, thus sometimes ornamented, few words can be wasted; they are very wide, and paved with brick, and that after a novel fashion, the city corporation paving one-half the width and leaving the rest for the owners of houses to do, which in most instances remains undone. The limits of the city are so extended, its resources so small, and the floating population using the sidewalks so numerous, that so much of them as happens to be paved is in a sad condition with broken bricks, stolen bricks, and bricks heaved by frost into every possible direction, making the most lamentable pitfalls; and where on a dark night, with one lamp twinkling as far before you as a star, and the ray of the last one behind you long since lost in distance, an unwary or unacquainted man, or one with a brick in his hat, stands as good a chance of breaking his neck as the most blood-thirsty advocate of capital punishment could desire; while a drive out upon Fourteenth Street, the fashionable Corso, diving and dumping into holes and hollows, is something undertaken only at the risk of life. The faults of paving and lighting, however, are to be laid as much at the door of Congress as at that of the city government; for while most cities are supposed to be equal to their own needs, and to receive as much as they give, this one is a star exception, for its chief population is transient, and of the kind that, though making free use, of course, of every thing, yields no revenue at all; and at the same time the large scale of the place, being ordered to correspond with the national scale, makes the expenses of keeping all in repair what no city under the sun could meet with equal means, and a burden of which the nation ought to bear a part equal to what it would bear if government paid a tax upon all its property in the place.

Why the streets of Washington, which are all mapped out on straight lines, generally happen to be crooked, is a mystery as yet unexplained, though it may possibly be due to the early and unauthorized encroachments of builders. The inhabitants claim that there is one straight street, some of them quoting H Street as the example, whence it is supposed arose the phrase, as straight as H; but as H Street plainly pursues a winding way under their very eyes there is no need to contradict them, though one may

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admit that H Street, being the charmed centre of the aristocracy, ought to be straight if it is not.

Pennsylvania Avenue, however, is the chief boast of the city, extending from the Capitol to the Georgetown bridge, and always undergoing some ditch-like sort of repair in the way of draining and piping. It is a capricious sort of thoroughfare, having a manner of appearing and disappearing entirely peculiar to itself; and whichever way you traverse it, either in the direction of the Capitol or in that of the White House, your course is always called "up." You are a new-comer, and you go out some fine morning in search of one of the small numbers of Pennsylvania Avenue that lie, let us say, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. You reach Fifteenth Street, and suddenly Pennsylvania Avenue disappears. You look back along the splendid street—not splendid because of its buildings or ornaments, where a sign-board, as often as any other way, is slung on a rope that dangles from the inside of a shut window which secures it at that side, and from the swinging bough of a tree to which it is knotted at the other—but splendid because of the precision and breadth of line upon which it is drawn, and because of its two distinguishing points—at one extremity the dome of the Capitol in the midst of a bluish haze of distance, rising in always overpowering beauty and lying as lightly on the heavens as if it were a floating cloud; at the other the gleaming façade of the Treasury, as perfect a specimen of art as was ever overlaid by the sunshine of the Ægean or of ancient Italy—you look back along this unrivaled street and turn and find it as it was before, like the bridge and river of Mirza's dream, vanished from sight. Before you are the granite posts and iron gates of the Treasury ground, locked or not, on either hand runs Fifteenth Street, but Pennsylvania Avenue is nowhere. Will it ever enter your unassisted head to conjecture that it dips down into the earth at this place, in the freak of some precious stratum, runs through the cellar of the White House, and comes into upper air again a little farther on? Gail Hamilton laughs at the houses of Boston, which have such a *penchant* for standing in the middle of the street, but they certainly need no better precedent than the example set by the house of the President of the country.

A portion of the city known as the Agricultural Gardens, and commencing with Pennsylvania Avenue, but diverging toward the island on which the Smithsonian Institute stands, will be, in a few years, when the shrubbery and forest trees are more grown, a perfectly delightful spot, stretching from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, and ornamented with every resource of the horticultural art. Here the great government green-houses lift their crystal domes over immense cocoa-palms and fruit-laden banana-trees, as beautiful as bubbles, with all the colors of their blossoms shining through the glass, and rich in even rarer plants than the Bird of Paradise flower or the Espiritu Santo. The guardian genius of the parterres seems to be an enormous white cockatoo, with a canary-colored crest, who glares at you silently, and is the only living thing you meet on your way through the fragrant alleys of acacia and coffee and pomegranate. These open gardens, extending nearly the length of the denser part of the city, are to be a charming ramble by-and-by; and the property on the opposite side, should the canal ever be deepened and reformed, will then become priceless. The Washington Monument, at which their greenery comes to an end, still raises its unfinished shaft of marble into the air; the funds for its further erection are exhausted; and wherever you go a little model of it as it should be presents itself and a glass money-box to your notice; in the glass money-box various fossil currency-notes have reposed undisturbed and undiminished for a length of time. If every one who passed them dropped in a single penny, the obelisk would soon pierce the central blue in all the completion of its design. It is, however, a dangerous thing to give, for one person, who dropped in the chance change of twenty-three cents, has experienced ever since a Peabody-like sense of endowment, feeling an undefined sort of ownership—since to those twenty-three cents, more than to any thing else, must the completion of the Monument stand indebted. Ranged around the truncated shaft, and not inconsistent with its present appearance, are the Southern Liberties, peopled with creatures so happy and so neat that you can only wonder at them; the light dresses and ruffled skirts of the women do not look as if by any possibility they could have come out of the shanties behind; their rocking-chairs are on the pavement, they are gossiping, smoking, and singing, and their pickaninnies are toddling round in such an innumerable quantity that it seems as if they must have grown up like the blades of grass between the bricks.

But if the Monument itself stands incomplete, there are other and finished magnificences of architecture in the city, sufficient to be the pride of a people. Not to speak of the castellated Smithsonian, the ugly Agricultural Department now building, or the monstrosity of the present State Department, there are the Treasury, Patent, and Post Offices, which are three almost perfect things. To pause on the crest of a rising street and look back at the lovely colonnade of the Treasury, with the severe Doric stateliness and ornate Corinthian grace of the other two on either side, and then turning a corner and coming suddenly into sight of the long and lustrous lines of the Capitol, one can well believe that no other city affords a parallel cluster of such light and superb splendor. The Capitol itself, though not all it ought to be, is yet a marvelously noble structure. Its dome domineers over all the upper town; and when at night, during late sessions of Congress, it blazes a mass of light from top to bottom, one can hardly imagine a more picturesque scene,

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with its outlines, its shadowy suggestions, and its half-appalling beauty. Within, sometimes, on a dark day, when a shower comes up, and the electrical apparatus is used to light the legislative chambers, where one is then quite unable to read, the mild radiance is seen skimming over the ground-glass roof of the halls, through which it sheds itself downward like daylight, swiftly stealing along from burner to burner till all are lit—so softly, yet so flashingly, that the beholder believes at once in mermaids and mermen, and knows exactly how it must seem in the bottom of the ocean to look up and see a sunbeam go glancing across the top of the waves. The silent way in which the light springs into being suggests countless sublime ideas; and meanwhile the sense of luxury and of secluded comfort of those beneath that lambent ray can only be increased when they hear the winds roaring upon the roofs like the ocean itself, and the thunders echoing in the dome as if among the Alps.

Washington is always full of surprises, and never exhausted. When you look down at it from a height you are at a loss to say to what all the hitherto unseen minarets, for instance, belong—whether to Jewish synagogues or to some collection of Mohammedan mosques, that may have planted themselves privately there. You see, also, houses set deep in charming gardens that you never dreamed of. In the winter you imagine that its summer season must be a desert of dreariness for the want of trees; in the summer it seems to be a very bower of bliss—ivy, that the frost never dares to injure, climbs over churches and dwellings, and covers them with masses of shining verdure; fountains play, birds warble, fragrance is wafted every where; and when, in a March evening, your Northern friends are all housed from some great whirling snow-storm, you stroll along luxuriating in the delightful atmosphere, and come suddenly upon a white deutzia-bush laden with its blossoms—a sort of sweet and charming ghost of the long-since dead and gone winter.

There is a perfect pantheon of statuary in these same streets, and the most of it worse than worthless. The Capitol rejoices in some of the poorest; and opposite the main entrance Washington stands wrapped in a sheet, the inhabitants say, as if just issuing from the bath, and pointing to the Patent-Office for his clothes, which are preserved there in glass cases. Lately a column crowned with an effigy of Mr. Lincoln was erected with much pomp—a piece of workmanship utterly poor and barren; and the horses prancing over precipices and scattered round the squares would go a good way toward filling a regiment of Black-horse Cavalry. Nature is obliged sometimes to come to the rescue of these specimens; and she has been seen, in a purple winter twilight, thickening the air with flying snow-flakes, and wildly tossing the bare boughs around, that she might give the equestrian statue in Lafayette Square a grandeur of dimness and transfiguration that it never knew before.

The city is so large, such an assemblage of spaces, every thing is so far apart, that there is no one centre where people may congregate and get the news. It is, in many respects, like a great rambling village, and in none more so than in the fact that while you might presume that the important and ever-present affairs of State would absorb its conversational interest, there is yet plenty of room for the small gossip of private affairs. Still, if persons do not care to enter the social life, there is no place where they can live in more unquestioned freedom and enjoyment. Although every waif of society seems to turn up here, like straws in a whirlpool, it is, in spite of that, the place of the world in which to escape observation: a thousand people may parade the Avenue, it does not look as if there were more than ten there; the music of a band dies at the length of one of the great lonely squares; the celebration of emancipation—when an endless black cloud streams through the town, here the throngs that compose it frolicking in exuberance and effervescence that know no bounds, and there marching serious and stately with the burden of great thoughts and the difference between what they were yesterday and what they are to-day—passes as a shadow does; a mob would be lost to sight in the midst of its fury; and there are in truth but three times when the place actually seems alive—one at the early dawn, when people flock to market, the chief portion of which, like the city itself, is all outdoors, and the chief building of which is only a low, half-finished, whitewashed shed, where, within, the thrifty Germans demand good prices for good wares, and without the colored people, who have driven in from the Seventh Street suburbs with their wretched mules, sell you armfuls of rosy flowering-almond-boughs, still wet with morning dew, for five cents; another in the afternoon, when Congress rises, and the beauties of the land are seen, in gorgeous array which neither Solomon nor the lilies of the field themselves have equaled, floating along beside the captains of armies and the arbiters of national destinies, who, for the nonce, have smoothed their frowning fronts, and look as innocent as ever Hercules did with his distaff; you might see one of the fair beings now, if this pen were a painter's pencil, who, in her dress and overdress of grass-green silk, with the grass-green lace upon her yellow hair, with her eyes "as dark as darkest pansies," and the damask blushes deepening in the dimples round her perfect mouth, looked like a living impersonation of all the loveliness of June. The only other time when Washington seems to be peopled less sparsely than Petræa in the wilderness is on the Wednesday and Saturday sunsets, when the Marine Band plays alternately in the President's grounds and in Lafayette Square, and every one in all the town makes it a point to saunter in the vicinity. Children are tumbling in the trodden grass that sends up its pungent smell, or are climbing the flights of stairs in the rear of the White House,

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and clustering round the President, who has come out to greet them; lovely ladies move along to the music; and all our magnates have left the Capitol, sitting on its terraces where the turf is purple with violets on this spring day, and are present as if at a dress-parade. Not far away the Potomac winds in silver curves, and the "sacred soil" lies rosily reddening in the late day; overhead the laburnum-trees are shaking down their gold, the Judas-trees are rising in pink flushes, lofty boughs covered with a purple blossom shed abroad an intoxicating fragrance; and all around the music soars in strains that transform the whole scene out of the actual and into the ideal. At such times, and in the soft succeeding summer night, Washington seems a region of delight; we believe nothing at all of the frightful legends told concerning the umbrellas that are held down instead of up as the days advance, because the heat of the pavement is so much more scorching than that of the sky, and laugh at those people who can not tell when it has been raining because the blistered bricks send back the shower in steam before it could wet them. We remember the pleasures of the place long after we forget its discomforts; when we leave it we love it; we look forward to the fabulous beauty it shall wear in the course of fifty years, and we feel that if ever jealousy, avarice, or expediency transfers the seat of government from its magnificently designed streets and the costly edifices that rise here in all their sunshine-loving Gothic beauty, and there in stately Greek lend classic shades from summer suns, half of our patriotic pride and prestige as a people will be lost forever.

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

V.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

THERE is a prevalent impression in the United States that the number of newspaper readers there, in proportion to the population, is much greater than in England. This impression I believe to be altogether mistaken. Statistics may indorse it; but the time has gone by, in this age of splendid financiering, when any body credits the maxim that "figures do not lie." English travelers in America mention as an astonishing incident that even the hack-drivers of America are seen reading the daily papers, forgetful of the fact that cabmen in England are to be observed, during leisure intervals, consulting the same sources of information. The provincial press of England is far in advance of that of America, both in matter and manner, and is quite as generally circulated. If in some cases the subscription-list of some American newspapers exceeds that of the corresponding class of journals in England, it must be remembered that in England papers are often hired by the readers at so much an hour, and are consequently perused by thousands of persons whose names do not appear on the lists of subscribers. In America nine out of every ten individuals read the papers; and, according to my observation, the average is little, if any, less in England.

In every point but one the superiority of the English press to the American can not be denied. Indeed, we had better readily admit it. No newspaper in America can rival the best English journals in typographical appearance —that is to say, in the excellence of its material and the clearness of its type. Neither can the American papers bear comparison with the English in the style of their editorials, and the grammatical perfection of their foreign and local reports. A slipshod style, expressing slipshod thoughts, is the prevailing characteristic of the American press; while in England the editorials, the foreign correspondence, and the local reports are composed by gentlemen who at least understand the art of writing the language correctly. There are exceptions to these rules in both countries, as I shall presently point out; but the rules are the same, nevertheless. No journal in the United States prints leaders —editorials we call them—like those in the best English papers; and no American journal has yet been able to secure correspondents like Russell and Kingston, or local reporters like Woods and Turner, except in extraordinary instances. Even in these extraordinary instances the press-writers of America have not been allowed that pomp of type and position which the London editors cheerfully accord to their more favored brethren; and their productions, printed in small type and hidden in unfrequented portions of the paper, are no more appreciated than the microscopic beauty of the butterfly compared to the gorgeous plumage of the peacock. Finally, various circumstances have combined to render the newspapers of England actually cheaper than those of America. You can purchase most of the London daily journals for a penny—two cents; while the New York journals of the same rank cost four cents—two-pence English. Thus, by a singular change of fortune, the American newspapers are now dearer than those of England, although the cheapness of the American press had no small share in the reduction and ultimate abolition of the stamp-duty in England.

The one point in regard to which I claim superiority for the American press is enterprise. The American papers give the news in bad type, upon poor paper, and often in the worst possible form; but they give it, and they give it by telegraph, and they give it at the earliest possible moment. The English journals, on the contrary, are lamentably deficient in news. Take away the telegrams of Mr. Reuter and the Parliamentary reports, and the real news furnished by a London paper may be summed up in a couple of sentences. The London journals are also deficient in individuality. They are perfectly satisfied to reprint such local news as they publish from other papers. The *Times* would not quote from the *News*, but it constant-

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ly quotes from the *Express*, which is merely an evening edition of the *News*; and all the morning journals consider the *Pall Mall Gazette* fair game, and crib its contents without an apology. Any one who reads all the London journals day after day will soon learn that, barring the editorials, nine-tenths of their literary contents are precisely the same, and consist chiefly of parliamentary, market, and financial reports, Reuter's telegrams, and sporting news. Now, as regards Reuter's telegrams, the American press would be afraid to depend for its information upon an outside association, which might be honorable or dishonorable; which might furnish or withhold such information as it pleased; which might or might not seek to influence the stock-market through the most influential journals, and which, in all that it does, is as independent of the press as the press ought to be independent of it. The telegrams for the American press come from the agents of an association composed of the newspapers themselves; but no first-class American journal will trust implicitly even to this source of information. It has its own special correspondents, who are instructed to telegraph as freely as if the Associated Press did not exist; and thus a constant check is kept upon the journalistic combination. If Mr. Reuter's integrity were not equal to his ability, he could at any moment revolutionize the stock-markets in England, and for two days completely delude the British public, and the London press would unconsciously assist such a fraud, instead of preventing it. In America a swindle of this character would be impossible, because the press carefully guards its own interests as well as those of the public, and refuses to be hoaxed even by a forged Presidential proclamation, although it be written upon telegraphic paper, and has every other mark of authenticity.

As examples of the lack of enterprise of the British press, take the foreign and the Continental news which appears in the papers. The impeachment trial at Washington has excited more public interest in England than any event which has occurred since the accession of Napoleon to the throne of France; but what London newspaper except the *Times* had a special dispatch concerning it? And to what did the single special dispatch of the *Times* amount? To less than a dozen words, costing at the utmost about five pounds! Why, if the Queen of England had been upon her trial instead of the President of the United States, the American journals would have been filled with telegraphic news of the progress of the case, the evidence for and against her Majesty, and the popular speculations and prejudices concerning the verdict. During the impeachment furor thousands of other newspaper readers turned, as I did, to the telegraphic columns of the London press, only to be disappointed by some such dispatch as this: "America—The Australasian has arrived out." Or take the recent war in Abyssinia. No other London journal except the *Times* sent its correspondent instructions to telegraph the news; and the result was that the entire press of England would have been satisfied to publish simultaneously the official dispatches to the War Office, had not the correspondent of the New York *Herald* obliged them with copies of the telegrams which he had received from the advance brigade of General Napier's gallant army. Or consider the local news. If Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Bright, or Mr. Disraeli, or Lord Stanley deliver an important speech in any part of England you may happen to read a report of it in the next morning's papers; but how is that report obtained? Not through the enterprise of the press, but as a speculation on the part of the telegraph companies, who furnish it at so many pence per line to such journals as choose to print it. The reporter is not at all responsible to the press. He might make a fortune by misrepresenting the sentiments of the Premier or the Foreign Secretary, if he were sufficiently shrewd and dishonest; the papers have no guarantee of his capability or his honesty, although they all print his news. In America no such risk is incurred by the newspapers. Again, Washington is about ten hours' distance from New York by rail, as Paris is ten hours' distance from London; but almost all the Washington correspondence of the New York journals comes by telegraph, while the Paris correspondence of the London journals comes by mail, in spite of the fact that less than the amount now paid to Paris correspondents would give the English papers all the news and gossip of the French capital telegraphically, and in time for the next morning's issue. In a word, the difference between the American and the English press in regard to enterprise is precisely the difference between the telegraph and the railroad.

At a public dinner not very long ago Dr. Russell, the famous correspondent of the *Times*, complained of telegraphic reports on the ground that they were merely skeleton narratives, utterly incomprehensible until the mail accounts came to hand to give them flesh and blood. The simile is powerful, and, so far as concerns the English press, it is true. But Dr. Russell has only to turn to the American papers to find reports as particular and as imaginative as his own telegraphed in full to the leading journals. For instance, the progress of the Prince of Wales in Canada and the United States was reported by telegraph to the New York journals, and these reports crossed the ocean and were reprinted in the London journals weeks in advance of the letters of the special correspondents, who were sent out from England at a considerable expense to describe the Transatlantic reception of his Royal Highness. This was before the oceanic cable was laid; but the ignominious defeat of the English journalists might have been avoided by a prompt employment of the telegraphic facilities then in existence. Later still the British public were entirely deprived of special news from America in regard to the late

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civil war, although that war concerned them almost as nearly as if Great Britain had been one of the combatants. Since the Atlantic cable has been in operation we have seen the opening of the Paris Exhibition fully chronicled in the New York papers of the following morning, while the London journals were content to wait two days for complete reports. We have seen full accounts of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, at Pesth, and of the canonization of numerous saints by the Pope, at Rome, published in the New York papers three days in advance of the London journals. We have seen full descriptions of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius printed in New York a week before the London editors heard that the volcano was once more vomiting flame and smoke. We have seen the futile Garibaldian invasion of the Papal territories reported day by day through the cable to the New York press, while all the London journals, except the *Telegraph* and *News*, were without correspondents at the chief points of interest, and the correspondents of these papers wrote by mail instead of sending their news by lightning. Hundreds of other instances might be cited did not these suffice. The truth is, that in America the press has created the inland telegraph lines, and the American press now makes the Atlantic cable remunerative; while in England the press never employs the wires when it can make use of the mail, and contributes an insignificant trifle toward the support of the sub-Atlantic miracle. Upon these points statistics are, I own, most trustworthy and decisive.

In every country there are two or three journals which are regarded by foreigners as representative organs. They are not always the best papers nor the most widely-circulated papers; but there is a something about them characteristic of the nation and its institutions. Not to multiply illustrations, which will at once occur to every reader, I may mention that England would not be itself without the *Times*. There are many thousands of Englishmen who never read it, just as there are many thousands of Americans who never read the New York *Herald;* but it is universally accepted as the exponent of British public opinion, even when it sets that public opinion most at defiance, as I think it did during the recent American civil war and the still more recent Garibaldian invasion. The general rule of newspapers is that their influence secures a large circulation, and this large circulation brings them a corresponding amount of advertising. The *Times* is a remarkable exception to this rule. In circulation it is surpassed by several journals, in influence by few, in advertisements by none. Its London rivals in enterprise are the *Telegraph* and the *News;* but it crushes them daily by appearing with a quadruple sheet of advertisements, in spite of their lower rates and more popular subscriptions. It has almost every requisite of a good newspaper except the news, and almost every requisite of a good advertising medium except a large circulation. Its real specialty is its typographical perfection; its professed specialty is its editorials, scarcely one of which you can read carefully without detecting a fearful blunder in grammar, rhetoric, or fact; its popular specialty is its almost verbatim reports of the debates in Parliament, which uniformly eclipse those of the other journals, that expunge all Disraeli's sarcasms when they represent Liberal principles, and all Gladstone's arguments when they advocate Conservative politics. The *Times* depends upon Reuter's telegrams for its foreign news, upon the previous evening's papers for its local news, and upon extensive clippings for its general news; but its political news, derived from private and social sources, is always wonderfully accurate. All through the debates upon the Reform Bill I noticed that, while the Government organs were repeatedly misinformed as to the policy of Mr. Disraeli, and the Liberal organs were very wide of the mark as to the course chosen by Mr. Gladstone, the editorial prognostications of the *Times* were invariably verified by the Parliamentary leaders. In fact, a careful reader has only to peruse the leaders in the *Times* to be fully informed of the political news in England. In this regard that journal is the only one that has been able to combine complete independence with reliable information. But, so far as foreign politics are concerned, it is impossible to trust a newspaper which represented the Confederates as successful in the American war, declared Garibaldi the conqueror of Rome, and persistently represents Napoleon as insecurely seated upon the throne of France.

Whatever it may have been in the past, the *Times*, under its present management, is a close corporation, in which nepotism is the rule, and to which outside talent has no access. Its conductors distinctly avow that they are determined to make each department a specialty under the charge of writers technically educated—a policy which would absolutely abolish the profession of a journalist if it could be carried into effect. But the *Times* violates its own ideas by its own appointments—*e. g.*, it allows Mr. Tom Taylor to write its art criticisms, though he is not a painter; and Mr. John Oxenford to write its dramatic criticisms, though he is not an actor. It assumes the greatest possible mystery in regard to its editorial writers, although they are sufficiently well-known to have their portraits paraded in the satirical papers, and prides itself upon a correspondence which is too tardy for news and too soon for prophecy, and which might as well be written up in the office from the files of foreign journals. It never corrects an error, and never apologizes for an injustice, and is therefore the best-hated newspaper in the world. Its forte is Napoleonic, and consists in putting forth its great strength upon great occasions; but it could always be beaten on its own ground, and off its own ground, if other London journals

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would but employ the telegraph properly. Its receipts are enormous, and its expenditures economically lavish and generously mean. Its internal organization is a model for all other newspapers in the world, since it provides its *employés* with substantial reasons to remain in its service, and takes every possible precaution against interruption in its business. One of its chief attractions is its amateur correspondence. But it is so ignorant of the first principles of journalism, that, although the reputed speeches of Mr. Murphy, the anti-popish lecturer, have been discussed for weeks in its columns by numerous letter-writers, it has not yet had the tact to send a phonographic reporter to take down Mr. Murphy's speeches word for word, and thus end all controversy—a plan which would have been suggested to an American editor at once. In its faults, as in its virtues, I consider the London *Times* unique; and because it is generally conceded to be the most distinguished newspaper in the world, and because all writers, no matter what they may say publicly, are privately anxious for the honor of contributing to its pages, it seems amply worthy of the space occupied in criticising it. More than this: I find it feared in England to an extent incomprehensible in the United States. Politicians live in dread of it, although they know that its opinions are as variable as the weather-cock. Artists, authors, singers, and actors shudder before it, although they know that its criticisms may be tempered by social influences, by judicious flattery, by *apropos* engagements for a concert, or by well-paid offers to revise successful plays; and *attachés* of other newspapers so tremble when its name is mentioned as to sink their voices to a whisper, frightened lest the very walls have ears. Only after a visit to England can any American understand the surprise of the cockney prisoner in the play, when the threat of writing to the *Times* produced no effect upon the brigands his captors, and the boldness of my English publishers in venturing to print what I have written.

Foremost among the competitors with the *Times* is the *Telegraph*, which has a magnificent circulation, and would have an equal influence if it were more moderate in its utterances, and if it would make use more freely of the invention from which it derives its name. The *Telegraph*, like the New York *Ledger*, is a fine illustration of the benefits of unlimited advertising. No dead-wall in London is without its sign-board, no fence is without its announcement of unparalleled circulation. Most of the American newspapers are content to advertise in their own columns alone; but few of the London journals, except the *Times* and *Post*, disdain to take advantage of the publicity of posters. The *Telegraph* keeps up a steady rivalry with the *Times* in its news, and rises to fresh efforts every time it is beaten. Its peculiarity and its principal fault is an exaggeration of tone. Every good thing is the best in creation, and every bad thing is the worst in the world, with the *Telegraph*. Its special correspondence is in such a vein that it is all attributed to Mr. Sala, although that gentleman can hardly be in five places at once; and it kindly maintains a Paris correspondent in order that the other papers may make fun of him. Its leaders are apparently written under the stimulus of a reward of a gold medal for the person who shall commence farthest away from his subject, take the longest time in reaching it, and employ the greatest number of words in expressing his ideas. The consequence is, that the *Telegraph's* editorial essays differ as distinctly from editorials proper as a clergyman's sermons differ from the harangues of a professional exhorter. To invoke the Muses in the most classical style before describing a dog-fight, or to picture a steeple-chase between the planets as a preliminary to an account of the Premier's appearance at a country fair, is nothing to a writer for the *Telegraph;* while for inappropriate piety and gushing sentimentalism this newspaper has not its equal. None of its contributors, like one of the editors of the New York *World*, seems able to do himself justice in less than a column and a half. But when this is good-naturedly said, all is said on that side of the question. Accustomed as Americans are to short, pithy leaders, too often grossly expressed and couched in very bad English, they are very ready to laugh at the long and pleonastic editorials in the London papers; but none can fail to do justice to the consistent Liberalism of the *Telegraph*, to its summary of the debates in Parliament, which conveys a better idea of the proceedings than the most elaborate reports, and to its earnest efforts to obtain the news in spite of many disadvantages, difficulties, and disappointments, and to give it to the public at the lowest possible price. But if this paper, or any other London journal, would add to its contents a brief abstract of the news of the day, such as is published in the American papers, it would considerably increase its attractions to business men, who, in England as in America, have little time to sift a few grains of intelligence out of numerous bushels of words.

Looking at the London daily papers *en masse* you will find that the majority of their contents are exactly alike, after making due allowances for peculiarities of style and editorial differences of opinion. The keen competition for news so observable in the American papers is almost unknown in England. You will rarely find any important intelligence in one newspaper which is not published in all the others; and if you do, it is ten to one that the special news is contradicted the next day. In fashionable intelligence, however, the *Post* is far in advance of its contemporaries, and is really the only journal worth consulting for this kind of news. Why it should be so I can not explain, since the same intelligence is easily obtainable by all the papers; but the *Post* gets it first and pays for it handsomely, and the other journals are satisfied to copy it the morning afterward. The

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ridiculous "Court Journal," chronicling that the Queen rode, drove, or walked in or out of the Home Park, is still regularly published in all the London papers, and the movements of the other members of the royal family are recorded with the same exactitude; but not a single paper has the spirit to inform us what the royal family had for dinner, and how much they ate, or what time they went to bed, and how they slept. Even the *Post* is deficient in this respect. The *News* was the official and popular organ of the Liberal party before the establishment of the *Telegraph*, and is now about to seek to regain this position by reducing its price from threepence to one penny. In tone this journal closely resembles the New York *Times*—its Liberalism has a Conservative element, its opposition is gentlemanly, its manner is genial. The *attachés* of the *News* state that all of them are possessed of private fortunes, and work rather for the love of the profession than for the pecuniary rewards. I sincerely hope that this statement may be true without a solitary exception; in which case we may place the *News* among the curiosities of journalism. Its proprietors have certainly a right to rank first among newspaper editors, for they have repeatedly divided among their *employés* a large portion of the profits of the paper. The foreign correspondence of the *News* was once unrivaled; I am sorry to learn that it has been recently reorganized. Upon American affairs, while the *Times* has no opinion at all, and the *Telegraph* none that it knows of, the *News* has always advocated the doctrines of the Republican party, and was the only London journal thoroughly right from the beginning to the end of the late American civil war. The *Star* is an exact reproduction of the New York *Tribune*, or the *Tribune* is an exact reproduction of the London *Star*, whichever way you may please to phrase it. Whatever the *Tribune* says about American politics the *Star* accepts as Gospel; whatever the *Star* says about English politics the *Tribune* accepts as rather truer than the Gospel, of which it has, on the whole, not too high an opinion. Each regards the other as the only real exponent of national sentiment, praises John Bright and Charles Sumner as the greatest statesmen in their respective countries, condemns Mr. Disraeli and President Johnson as the most outrageous villains unhung, and does all this in the same authoritative, dictatorial, violent, and vituperative style. Need I say more to present both journals to the minds of my English and American readers?*

There are a few more London daily papers which deserve notice. The *Advertiser* is a journal which is probably without a parallel. It is published by the Licensed Victualers' Association, yields its proprietors a handsome profit, prints as much news and is as large as most of the other papers, and is chiefly remarkable for its inveterate hostility to the Emperor Napoleon. That sovereign must tremble whenever he happens to read the *Advertiser*. Hardly a day passes without its ignominiously dethroning him, and either condemning him to banishment or decapitation, just as the editor chances to be in a good or bad humor after dinner. Barring the fact that, after a while, you indignantly wonder why a monarch so persistently kicked out still holds on to his crown so obstinately, there is much pleasant reading to be found in the *Advertiser*, and the editor is never afraid to tell you so frankly and emphatically. The *Herald* and the *Standard* is the organ of the Tory party. It is the same paper with a double name and a double issue—a journalistic Siamese twins, or a newspaper colt with two heads, or a press Orator Puff. The two papers are published at the same office, and their contents are the same, with the exception of the editorials, which differ in words but not in ideas. The *Herald* is a small paper, sold at three-pence for the benefit of those old fogies who do not like either the size or the price of the *Standard*, which is a large paper sold for a penny. The *Standard* claims to be the largest journal in the world, and to have the largest circulation; and I have no reason to doubt its assertions. Indeed, the more I travel in Great Britain the more I believe in the unequaled circulation of the *Standard*. This is the paper to which Manhattan wrote those notorious letters during the American war, in which he described the grass growing in the streets of New York, and the green apples roasting upon the trees in New Jersey, and the Confederates driving the Yankees to their native dens at the point of the bayonet. This romancer, the lineal descendant of Munchausen, is still considered an authority by many people in England; and you may often hear him gravely quoted upon American affairs. We can afford to laugh at all this now, although there was a time when it caused us no slight anger, which poor Joe Scoville was the first to deprecate when he was brought before the authorities in New York. It is not singular that the double-barreled Conservative organ should have been wrong concerning the events of the American war; but it is strange that the Tory leaders should so constantly mislead it concerning home politics. What is the use of being an organ unless political leaders will set the time which is to be played? The *Herald* and *Standard*, although it steadily defends the Conservative cause, is rarely correct in its predictions as to Mr. Disraeli's policy, and was especially wide of the mark during the Reform Bill troubles. Surely this can be altered and amended now. The *Standard*, *Star*, and *News* publish evening editions, enriched with miscellaneous essays; the *Times* publishes a second edition at noon; but the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Globe*, and the *Glow-worm* are the legitimate afternoon papers of London. The *Glow-worm* is printed as a programme for some of the theatres and music-halls; the *Globe* is a

* The author here rivals the style he deprecates. We reproduce without adopting his opinions.—Ed.

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Conservative journal, pert, trenchant, and more lively than any of its contemporaries; and the *Pall Mall Gazette* ranks as the best evening journal printed in the English language, not only for the copiousness of its information, but for the admirable essays and reviews which it contains, and the dainty elegance of its type and paper. There is no journal in America which can be compared to it; and although I am not certain that it circulates very extensively, I do know that its approbation is more prized, and its disapprobation more dreaded, by the literary, artistic, and political aspirants of England than the praise and blame of any other daily paper except the *Times*, with which journal the *Pall Mall Gazette* often unfortunately sympathizes in its cockney views of current events.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OVID'S Metamorphoses is not a book in which the young people of this day are usually drilled in their Latin at school. But the Easy Chair was fortunate in its greener days in having a teacher who liked Ovid, and who carried his boys through those pleasant stories. Indeed, there is probably no Latin class-book more delightfully remembered by the young scholar grown older; for it is pure story-telling, and the young brain is not taxed with the author's reflections, nor perplexed with the politics and history and geography which must be regarded in reading most of the other books. Or was it not the charm of the book but the fondness and enthusiasm of the teacher which led the youthful file of students through the difficult passages, as Ichabod Crane's ferule helped the Dutch younglings of Sleepy Hollow over the tall words? However it be, the name of Ovid has a kindly sound in the ears of those who were boys in the years of which we speak, and went to Magister Thomas's school beyond the Mooshausuc.

Among those tales of the old Roman poet there is an airy delicacy in that of Ceyx and Halcyone; and the Easy Chair does not forget the pleased surprise with which it came upon the fact that Halcyone gave her lovely name to the exceptionally soft and exquisite days, when

> "Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
> And over it softly her warm ear lays,"

as Lowell says in Sir Launfal. No name could so perfectly describe them as the word halcyon. It is a word of pearl purity; a word expressing a charm so rare that we must hesitate before using it, feeling that few days in a year can be so called. Halcyon days—what serene loveliness they imply! What a mellow but not oppressive ripeness and warmth and color, as of June roses in their dewy prime! Do they suggest to you the breath of orange blossoms blown out upon Naples Bay from the *piano di Sorrento*, or the liquid notes of flutes on some happy Italian morning? Halcyon days! There was a husband, who, with his hand lined with gold, sought the world over for many years to find pearls of uniform size, form, and perfection to string a necklace for his wife. Might he not have found them, and have hung it round her neck sooner than most men or women would find enough halcyon days for a rosary of remembrance? Most of us, indeed, are surprised by that felicitous inner and outer harmony that makes the halcyon day. "Why, only think! I met a butterfly as I came through the field," said honest John Cockney; and we have a similar emotion when we meet one of the days that seems "a winged blossom of the air."

Yet the rosary could soon be strung if every Easy Chair could meet in every month two such days as were known lately to the present writer. What a delicious defiance they were of this grim, grinding, remorselessly busy town! All the greedy factories hum'd and ha'd with their ceaseless toil. The white steam puffed from a thousand pipes, like the spray of that eternal plunge of Niagara which neither rests nor stays. New York was all hot brick and bald stone and vile stench and squalid cellar and splendid avenue and crowd, roar, oath, benevolence, and crime; but from that balcony, sweet with spicy roses, looking at the dark green, noble hills sheering to the broad placid water, marking the shifting glory of the sky, hearing the bobolink and again the wood-thrush, or in the evening seeing the twinkling, remote, mysterious lights, below and around; catching the low trembling beat of paddles upon the water, or, later, the steady solid dash of a woodland brook tumbling and singing to the river, or leaving the rose balcony and rolling along shadowy roads with glimpses of river far away, and perfect lawns, and noble trees, until standing in the Library, with its carved old black walnut chimney-front and all its curious and unique treasures, gathered by taste and knowledge from all the world, it looked out from the three windows in the rounded side, a different and exquisite June picture framed by each, then moving on to that simple palace in the spacious pleasure-ground where, within and without, all is grace and care and beauty, and every climate and every climate's most precious floral darling are tenderly and delicately prisoned so that all the world pays homage at that sylvan court, the Easy Chair laughed the surly city to scorn, and humming, like Sir Lancelot, an idle tune, lapsed into Arcadia and dreams.

Probably it is not generally known that Arcadia is less than three hours' distance from the City Hall. Probably at that palace of all civic virtue the name Arcadia is unheard, or there is but a vague and glimmering fancy of it as a limbo of ease to be reached through some gate labeled city office. Sometimes the grandees of that palace have been seen, like the boys of Arab magicians, so attentively regarding the palms of their hands that the simple traveler has fancied that they saw treasure there, or were looking to see if treasure would not appear there. Poor fellows! he sighs as he passes on, they ask an alms to help them reach Arcadia!

Nor does its name appear upon the advertisements of railroads and steamboats. Every day, at all hours, and in all directions, the steam con-

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veyance whirls and snorts by water or by land. To Flushing, to Long Branch, to the Shrewsbury River, to Coney Island, to Newport, to Saratoga, to Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, to Quogue and Tillietudlem, but never a train nor a boat for Arcadia. The Easy Chair met the young Virgil on a pleasant morning. He had his traveling-bag and umbrella. He was hasting rapidly along. So young, so debonair—it was evident to a shrewd Easy Chair whither young Virgil was going, and it whispered to him, as it smiled good-morning:

"At last, eh?"

"How, at last?" asked Virgil the young and bright.

"Why, you are off at last."

"Yes—good-by."

"For Arcadia?"

"Arcadia! No; for Punkapaug."

The Easy Chair had lost what it supposed a sure chance of discovering where Arcadia really was. It could not discover at any of the ticket offices. None of the affable and gentlemanly clerks of hotels could tell it. It dived for lunch into a cellar, and as it tranquilly lifted the sparkling lager, its neighbor at the next table, a wheezy beer barrel in spectacles, began to recite to his companions, as he touched their glasses with his own, "Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren!" But the Easy Chair, as it looked, could only feel that the bard had emigrated in his earliest infancy.

There are two philosophies of Arcadia and of the Arcadian way. One is, that whoever seeks will find; the other, that it comes without observation. If you try to be happy, says one sage, you will be merely miserable. What you don't care enough to have to try for, you will certainly miss, says another. "Happiness, our being's end and aim," sings one didactic troubadour. "Pooh! pooh!" sneers Thomas, the dyspeptic: "Go along with your happiness! Do you know what my grandmother's smoke-jack said in the chimney? It said, 'Once I was hap-hap-happy, and now I am mee-serable!' Attend to your business, and drat happiness."

Whether there be, after all, any essential difference between these philosophies is doubtful. But certainly the Easy Chairs generally find that the kingdom, when it does come, comes without observation. This Easy Chair surely did not take a ticket for Arcadia, but rather for Punkapaug. Yet when the train stopped—or the gangplank was put out, for you can go by land or water—it did surely stop at Arcadia. The name was not, indeed, called by the conductor. It was not printed over the door of the station. Upon the whole the carriages were not Arcadian. The odors were not even of Araby. The good old worky-day world had its good old worky-day aspect. It was like the wood that grew around the enchanted cave. They were familiar trees; the rock was a familiar, mossy rock; fairy-land was a hundred thousand million miles away—but only breathe the word softly—whisper but open sesame, and beside the splendor that would suddenly flash upon you the Green Vaults of Dresden were as worthless dross.

Good, but impatient, friend and reader, do not keep jogging this arm, and saying that the Easy Chair undertook to tell you of Arcadia and of halcyon days. Reflect a moment. When you have been entranced for a whole evening by the Beethoven symphony, or the melodious spell of Mozart, or the intense and pensive passion of Chopin—why do you merely say how beautiful it was? Why do you not describe the beauty? And you, bright Virgil, young and debonair, why do you say only that Estella has fair hair and dark eyes and cheeks like the inner, creamy hue of shells and a lovely figure, and is, in fact, beyond words? Simply because she is so; because words halt and fall when they try to express her.

And so, dear Xtopher, was it Florence or Capri or Rome, was it the summer Mediterranean, or earlier days beneath the South Beacon that came fluttering back, our birds of balm, and made our halcyon weather? The sense of the city, of the restless round of work, of the hard aspect of duty and rough necessity disappeared upon that rose-hung balcony, and, as the young, white fingers struck the piano-keys, and the fresh maidenly voice rang out in Fesca's *Liebesbotschaft*, or in the *Lasciar mi piangar* of Handel, and your tenderly accompanying flute or mellow voice, in rich pathetic chords, joined in harmonious, the Easy Chair could but listen and listen, and hear:

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

* * * * * * *

"Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep?"

Whoever escaped from Arcadia gave a very vague account of his experience, and old Rip Van Winkle was but a sorry witness to the experience of his long nap. Yet what dreams he must have dreamed! The children who go with the gnomes tell no stories when they reappear, and Hylas and the mariners who listened to the Lorelei returned no more. Such is the fate of those who are drawn in a summer day by birds of balm, like Venus in her chariot by doves. Their beaming faces tell, but their tongues are dumb. It is much for a man if such days are possible. There are those who can no more go to Arcadia than elephants can dance, and therefore they do not believe in it. They are contemptuously incredulous, like those who have no ear for music, and who hear the raptures of music lovers. Have they, after all, a kind of Arcadia of their own? Do those who do not enjoy music have the loss made up to them in some way? No; it is an irreparable loss. They may not know it; indeed they are spared the pang of conscious deprivation. But they are human, and this is within the range of human emotions. They are travelers, and Arcadia is the happy isle over which the Halcyons' brood; and yet no wind will ever blow them thither; in vain they strain and tack; in vain, becalmed, they whistle for the breeze. Not even the ghostly outline on the air rewards their vain endeavor. The mariners returning, with the enchanted light upon their faces, pass these hapless voyagers who can not even smell the spicy air of the charmed coast which those mariners still breathe;

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and nothing remains but sturdy denial and lofty contempt.

"And what, pray, have you brought back from Arcady?" asks the bland trader who hath wealth of wares. "You tell us you have been to the gold coast and the ivory. Mighty well; and now produce your gold and prove your words." Was it then only water in a sparkling sunlight in which the traveler dipped his hands, and thought that he was gathering sands of gold? For scarcely more has the Arcadian traveler to show, until often, long after the traders have doubted, and laughed, and pulled down their barns to build greater, that traveler flowers into song or picture, like a Night-blooming Cereus, like a Century Plant, and the whole world hearing the song and seeing the picture, can doubt his voyage no longer and believes in Arcady.

Indeed, it is not far away like Prester John's country, but wherever the Halcyon days surprise you, it is there. You who read these lines, you perhaps are just quitting it—or even now you see the birds approaching. How many in these summer days will sit upon our rosy balcony, Lisetta, and not know that it is the same! How many will wonder what strange retreat the Easy Chair has found, when they are in the very act of finding it!

"The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all."

A COURTEOUS correspondent takes the Easy Chair to task for something that it said in the month of June about the Protestant Church. The contrast, he insists, between the Catholic Church and the Protestant, as including all the sects, does not exist. The various Protestant churches can not constitute one church because they have no intercommunion; and he says that this want which the Easy Chair makes a reproach to the Protestant sects is a necessary consequence of their existence. The courteous correspondent proceeds to declare that each Protestant Church, whether Methodist or Baptist or whatever, is in as perfect communion with itself every where as the Roman Catholic; and that in this respect, consequently, the Roman Catholic has no advantage or superiority, except in point of numbers. As a further necessary consequence, it is plain that the Roman Church is no more Catholic in any essential sense than the Methodist or Baptist.

This is certainly a fair statement if it be true, as our correspondent implies, that the member of an Australian Baptist Church, for instance, is, by that fact, equally a member of the same church in Europe and America. But there is one very striking difference between the Baptist Church—which we take merely as an example—and the Roman Catholic Church. There is in the latter no inner and outer body; no distinction between the habitual congregation and "the church," or the body of communicants, as in the evangelical churches. There are a great many persons who go regularly to the Presbyterian Church who are not acknowledged members of the church as every individual of a Roman Catholic congregation is a Romanist. The distinction between "Christians" and "world's people" is peculiar to the Reformed Churches, and indicates, of course, a seriously different theory of a church from that of the Roman Catholics. Still for the esoteric membership of an evangelical church, as stated by our correspondent, it is as true to say that it is Catholic as of the Church of Rome. For those who "belong to the Church" the term Methodist Catholic, or Presbyterian Catholic, or Baptist Catholic is as proper as the term Roman Catholic. It means simply that body of Christian believers all over the world who agree in their religious views, and accept the same ecclesiastical forms.

But of this no sensible Chair, easy or uneasy, will complain. It was of something else that this Chair spoke in June. The protest against Rome is the assertion of the right of private judgment. It is the human soul refusing to acknowledge the binding authority of other human souls, many or few, whether claiming to be especially inspired or not. Protestantism is the permanent declaration of religious independence. It is individualism in the highest sense. The evidence of this truth, of course, is the existence of the sects, which are only expanded individuals. Now if John Wesley and John Calvin and William Ellery Channing and George Fox and Emanuel Swedenborg meet in a room to exchange views upon religious subjects, to read and interpret the Bible, and to seek practical means to a good life—in other words, to help each other to love and to serve God and man, they begin by agreeing upon one point, namely, that no soul can bind another; that every man must read the Bible for himself, and abide by his honest judgment. Then what is the inevitable logical next point? That individuals must of necessity differ in their views of religious truth, which is not of a nature to be subjected to scientific proof to the senses. And then, as a corollary of these two agreements, that nobody shall claim that his view is necessarily the true and essential view which not to hold is to be cast into hell fire. The man of the five who should make this claim ought to be cast incontinently out of the window—supposing it were only upon the first story, with a soft green lawn, or even cocks of new-mown hay, underneath. But when John Calvin falls to pommeling John Wesley, and George Fox and Emanuel Swedenborg tell William Ellery Channing that he is an infidel and a destroyer of souls, they are merely the enemy in disguise. They wear the colors of Protestant private judgment, but they do the work of the Inquisition.

So in regard to the Tyng trial, of which the Easy Chair has formerly spoken. It can not, of course, complain that those who lay stress upon gown and bands should insist upon gown and bands; but it may fairly complain that in the presence of a great ecclesiastical organization which denies the right of private judgment, the asserters of private judgment should fall into hot differences about gown and bands. And while that unhandsome brawl continues, here is Mr. Stuart excommunicated from his Church because he sings hymns instead of psalms! Now, if any body of persons prefer to sing psalms let them do so, and may Heaven send them sweet voices! But does not the stopping to banish Brother Stuart for singing hymns privately with his—let us merely imagine—slender baritone, seem to imply just a suspicion of undue regard for the extremely non-essential ecclesiastical fringes? Let those of us who like gold lace upon our cuffs march together in one regiment, and make as

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brave a show as we can. But when we are in the battle and the business in hand is victory, can we afford to order the Prince of Parma, or Prince Maurice, or Marlborough, or Frederick the Great, or Washington, or Grant, or the most nameless soldier who really fights, to the rear because they happen to have silver lace or no lace at all? If we are haberdashers, and milliners, and ecclesiastical Beau Nashes, very well: drum that laceless vagabond out of the lines. But if we are earnest soldiers, heartily fighting, we shall not stop to see if a soldier's cuff is laced, but whether his hand is strong, and his eye sure, and his heart steady.

The Easy Chair, in using the term Protestant Church, used it strictly in its primitive sense of assembly. By the Protestant Church it understands that body of religious believers who hold to the absolute right of private judgment as opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, which does not acknowledge that right. The division of this body into sects is inevitable. It is the result of the principle itself. The sects differ from each other upon points of doctrine and of ecclesiastical organization. But deeper than all the differences that divide them is the fundamental principle that unites them. They may disagree about sprinkling and immersion, but if they are truly Protestant they agree that one mind has the same right to find sprinkling scriptural that another has to find nothing but immersion the authoritative rite. The priests of the Roman Church may smile at the contests of that of Geneva with that of England, and some trenchant wit may raise a laugh of ridicule by his Comedy of Convocation. But the Protestant Doctors furnish the weapons with which they are smitten. They distrust their own logical position, and they therefore can not successfully defend it.

Let us meditate more closely the story of the young David so often closely meditated, and so constantly "improved." One youth, one fresh, self-trusting mind, against the mere brute force of size and numbers is the attitude of perfect religious liberty against the towering ecclesiastical denial of individual judgment. Let John Wesley, and John Calvin, and William Ellery Channing, and Emanuel Swedenborg, and George Fox join hands and hearts, not expecting to think exactly alike upon all points, especially about laces and gowns and bands, but resolved that each will defend the other in his honest thought. Then there may be five hundred Protestant churches as Catholic as that of Rome, and no more harmful to each other and to their common cause than five hundred regiments of the same army.

The movement originated in New York for the formation of a National Institute has been welcomed with peculiar favor. The truth is, that no people better understand the value of organization, of which Mr. Bryant, the Chairman of the preliminary meeting, spoke so well; and there is evidently a determination among the class of persons who are most interested that the plan shall have at least a fair trial.

The best indication is the kind of expectation which is expressed in regard to the Institute. Nobody supposes that it is to be the egg from which that much-prophesied and long-delayed "American Literature" is suddenly to emerge; but that it will be an extremely valuable assistance to every earnest student in the country by organizing the particular public opinion to which he appeals. There seems to be in some quarters an instinctive hostility to every thing bearing the name of academy, as if there were some people who really supposed that some other people imagined that an academy could do what can only be done by genius and scholarship. Nothing of this kind need be feared. Genius and scholarship may be helped by an Institute, precisely as all original force and talent are by association and organization, but they will not be created by it. The smart couplet of Piron is not a conclusion of the whole matter:

> "Here lies Piron, who was nothing—
> Not even an Academician."

Racine, Corneille, Arago, Cousin, Michelet, Lamartine, Mignet, Rossini, Vernet, Comte, Scribe, and Thiers were or are Academicians, and perhaps they are as illustrious as Piron, who was, possibly, not an Academician because he was not a worthy peer of such men. Of course the clubs and the cafés must laugh at a voluntary association for mere intellectual improvement. Pasquin is the chartered joker.

There is the similar feeling that an academy or an institute is a kind of hospital for foundered incapables: an attempt to reverse or defy the judgment of the public by an exclusive mutual admiration. Is the latter found to be the difficulty with the brethren of the brush or of the lyre when they form academies? Is Thackeray's Smee, R.A., perpetually blowing the trumpet of Dobb, R.A.? Is the eminent composer Jones always applauding the last work of the distinguished Smith? Alas! such is the Easy Chair's fatal experience that it has distinctly heard Blank, Senior, National Academician, deride the picture of Blank, Junior, Associate, as a wretched botch.

"Hold!" cries the Anti-Academician and Anti-Instituter. "Don't you feel the sting of your own examples? Isn't it the inevitable tendency of academies to make Smee, or Sir Martin Archer Shee, President, and to stimulate quarrels between Smith, N.A., and Jones, A.?"

Hold again, retorts the Easy Chair; take whichever side you please, but you really can not be upon both sides. If an Academy tends to mere mutual admiration, don't say that it stimulates quarrels. "It is very hard," said a luminous sage, "to convey to others ideas which we ourselves are not possessèd of; for in so doing we are very apt to communicate impressions which it is very difficult to eradicate them." If Sir Martin was President of the Academy, so was Sir Joshua; and, we repeat, if Piron was not an Academician, Arago was.

There is one thing which it is very practicable for such an Institute as is projected to do. It will furnish a recognized and visible audience to scholars who need exactly that excitement to produce the most learned and valuable papers. There is a great deal of learning and ability in the country which an Institute will bring to a focus. It gives opportunity, publicity, and honor to faithful diligence and trained talent, as a skillful editor does who sends to the most accomplished hand to write the particular article he desires. He sends, indeed, the honorarium also —and praisèd be his name! But scholars are men who love study, and when you give them an

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honorable and acknowledged opportunity, and the recognized approval of their peers, you give them the very capital of well-grounded reputation which causes the intelligent editor to send the liberal check.

Moreover, it is a public recognition of the dignity of intellectual pursuits from those who follow them. It is the assertion that there is something besides money, or a success measurable by dollars, that commands the highest respect. It is the declaration of the intellectual class that it will be felt as a power, as an army, and not as a guerrilla force. No Institute can dethrone the public as the final judge of popular excellence; but an Academy of which Agassiz is chief will probably give a sounder opinion upon the true scientific position of an aspirant, than the Lyceum audience that applauds his "captivating" method of making science easy; while on the other hand, an Academy that frowns upon Shakespeare while all the audiences of all the land cheer and weep, will be the butt against which Shakespeare will direct the world's laughter. The scholarly class have not less good sense than their fellow-citizens, and they will show it in the development of the National Institute.

Literary Notices.

A Treatise on Meteorology, by ELIAS LOOMIS. The word "meteor," which has come in common use to designate shooting-stars, aerolites, and the like, was originally applied to all natural phenomena occurring within the limits of our atmosphere. Writers on Natural Philosophy have restored the ancient sense of the word; hence Meteorology as now used is that branch of science which treats of the constitution of the air; its weight, temperature, moisture, and movements; dew, fog, rain, frost, snow, and hail; tornadoes, hurricanes, and water-spouts; thunder, lightning, and tempests; auroras, rainbows, and mirages; aerolites, shooting-stars, and fire-balls. The accomplished Professor of Natural History and Astronomy in Yale College has undertaken to mould together in compact and scientific form the immense mass of materials which have during years been gathered by thousands of observers in every quarter of the globe, and which have heretofore been scattered through isolated memoirs and reports, in many languages, and therefore practically inaccessible to scholars, not to say to the public. The result is that for the first time in our language certainly, and as far as we know in any other, we have a complete Treatise on Meteorology, embodying substantially all that is now known of the atmosphere, and of the great movements which take place within it. Professor Loomis has in this work fairly placed Meteorology among the Natural Sciences, side by side with Chemistry, Geology, and Astronomy. Like these it is a science to which we must expect that perpetual additions will be made. This volume sets forth the state of the science of Meteorology as it now stands, as the result of the combined observations of centuries. Nothing can be more certain than that the courses of "liberal study" laid down in the rules of our colleges must be changed. The Classics and abstract Mathematics must give way to a considerable extent to the Living Languages and to the Natural Sciences. So widely has the domain of human knowledge extended that no one person can be expected to master every field; and it will not long answer to force every student to devote quite half of the seven years of academical and collegiate life to the acquisition of just enough Latin and Greek to enable him to read a part of Virgil and Cicero, of Homer and Demosthenes; and another third to acquire a little Algebra and a little Geometry. The Classics and Mathematics are well in their places; the few who have a strong bent in that direction should be encouraged to pursue that bent; and the result will be that we shall have "scholars" in the old and technical use of that term—men who can read, and if need be write, in the tongues of Livy and Xenophon, or master the problems involved in the Conic Sections and Fluxions. But another, and we are sure a quite larger class of students will devote themselves to the study of Physical Sciences. To master fully any one of these demands some acquaintance with all the others; but each will choose for his own special department the one to which he is led by circumstances or natural inclination. Among these Natural Sciences must hereafter be counted that of Meteorology—the science of our atmosphere, and of the phenomena which therein occur. The Treatise of Professor Loomis furnishes an admirable means of instruction, and we imagine that it will soon be found among the text-books of our High Schools, Academies, and Colleges. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, by JOHN FOSTER KIRKE. It is not a little remarkable that several of the most notable works upon European history written within the present generation have been produced by American writers. Prescott led the way in his Ferdinand and Isabella, following it up in his Philip II. His Conquest of Mexico and of Peru are also European rather than American, since, while the theatre of action is mainly in the New World, the chief actors were Europeans. Ticknor's Spanish Literature is confessedly the most complete work of the kind in any language. Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, and History of the United Netherlands, which are really one work, is beyond question the foremost historical work of the age. Should Mr. Godwin ever complete his History of France, we venture to predict that it will dispute the palm with that of Henri Martin. Mr. Kirke has fairly won a title to be ranked with his illustrious predecessors. The third and concluding volume of his history narrates the events in the history of the three closing years (1474–1477) of the reign of the Great Duke —King in all save name—of Burgundy. Within this period come the three great battles of Granson, Morat, and Nancy, in all of which the Swiss infantry routed the Burgundian cavalry, the most famous in Europe, and thereby established the fact that footmen, and not horsemen, were to be for generations the main arm of warfare. At Granson, with inferior numbers, the infantry sustained the onslaught of the cavalry, and scattered them as a north wind scatters the

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smoke. At Morat, with equal numbers, they struck the hostile lines obliquely, shattering and crushing them into fragments. At Nancy, with superior force, they utterly overwhelmed the foe. In the fierce mêlée Charles disappeared. Three days after, upon the spot where the fight had been fiercest, a body was found in the bottom of a frozen ditch, naked, gashed with wounds, and mutilated by wolves or dogs. By certain marks it was identified as that of the Great Duke, the "terror of France." Yet so loth were his subjects to believe that he could have come to such an end that the wildest reports were circulated and believed. He had been discovered, it was said, hidden for the time in the forest, or in a religious house, whence in due time he would reappear. For years goods were bought and sold, payment to be made when Charles came back. The body was buried with solemn pomp before the high altar of the Church of St. George at Nancy, the spot where he had been invested with the sovereignty of Lorraine, which he had won by his sword. Three-quarters of a century later his great-grand-daughters, the regents of the Netherlands and Lorraine, sought and gained permission to remove the remains to Bruges, where, in the Church of Our Lady, were deposited all that was left of the foremost man of his times. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.)

M. JEAN MACÉ must be a charming Professor in a girls' school. We have before spoken of his delightful *Home Fairy Tales*, which we are inclined to consider the best of their class which have been written of late years. We have now from him, admirably rendered into English, two volumes of quite different character: *The History of a Mouthful of Bread*, and *The Servants of the Stomach*. These are really treatises upon physiology and hygiene, thrown into an attractive form. We can not wonder that the "History of a Mouthful of Bread," *Histoire d'une Bouchée du Pain*, has been adopted by the University Commission of Paris as one of their prize-books. It takes a morsel of food from the moment when it is conveyed by the hand to the mouth, and follows it during its whole course through the system, showing how it is tested by the tongue, cut and ground by the teeth, engorged by the throat, treated by the stomach, liver, heart, and lungs, aided by the atmosphere, and so passes through the whole frame, depositing at each stage something necessary for the supply and development of every part, and carrying away in its course the matters already used up; and thus, by the coordinate processes of supply and withdrawal, building up and maintaining the visible body which is the dwelling-place of the invisible soul. In "The Servants of the Stomach," *Les Serviteurs d'Estomac*, the same general idea is still further elaborated. These servants are the Bones, Muscles, Nerves, and Brain, together with that mysterious something which, for want of a better name, we call Electricity. To show how all these—master and servants—work together in building up, or rather in making manifest, that being which we call "I," is the purpose of these two books, to which will soon be added a third, "The History of the Senses and Thought," which will complete a series of treatises upon physiology, in which the facts of science are clothed in a form so attractive that they will be read with pleasure. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

In the School-Room, by JOHN S. HART. In this neat volume the veteran Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School has comprised thirty brief essays on the Philosophy of Teaching, designed to place before the younger members of the profession the results of what the author has himself learned, and learned by teaching. The first essay asks the question "What is Teaching?" to which the answer is that it is "causing any one to know." The last essay inquires, "What is Education?" the definition being, "developing in due order and proportion whatever is good and desirable in human nature." The intervening essays take a wide range over the field of inquiry among professional teachers. Those who are endeavoring to master the business—which we trust will soon come to be regarded as the profession—of education, can not fail to derive practical advantage from the observations of one who has most successfully made it the work of his life. (Published by Eldredge and Brother.)

The Spanish Conquest in America, by ARTHUR HELPS. The fourth and concluding volume of this work, of which the preceding portions appeared some years since, is now published. The subject is one of great interest. Two hundred years ago one might safely have predicted that the Spanish branch of the Latin race would be the possessors of America; that the New World discovered by Columbus had by him been given to Castile and Leon. For three generations before the English had fairly gained a footing on the American Continent the Spaniards possessed more than half of its habitable surface. Cortéz conquered Mexico a hundred years, lacking one, before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock. The Spanish settlement at St. Augustine is more than fourscore years older than that Dutch settlement which we now call New York. The Spaniards had founded great cities and built magnificent churches in America three-quarters of a century before the first axe was laid to a tree in any part of what now constitutes the domain of the United States, saving only that which we have won from men of Spanish descent. The history of the Spanish Conquest of America ends just where the history of what, for want of a better term, we may call that of the Saxon Conquest begins—at the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1650 the Spaniards fairly held all America south of the Mississippi, while the English posts to the north of that line had just got strength enough to be assured that they could hold their own against the Indians, and had not reached a hundred miles beyond the ocean or some navigable water. At this point Mr. Helps closes his history. He has done his work more than passably well. He has fairly brought into historical order a great series of transactions, the records of which have lain scattered through many scores of volumes. He has just failed in making a great history. As it stands, it is the best that we have or are likely to have at present. For a better we must await the advent of the "coming man," of whom, in a brief note, almost at the close of his work, Mr. Helps thus speaks: "I look forward with hope to some historian arising who, devoting his life to the history of the New World, will make all other histories that have been written upon this subject appear poor and fragmentary." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 26th of June. The month affords few events which require especial notice. Pending the assemblage of the Democratic Convention, which is to meet at New York on the 4th of July, for laying down the principles to be adopted by the party and nominating its candidates for President and Vice-President, political speculation has been mainly directed toward canvassing the availability of the various candidates.

In Congress the main serious work of the House of Representatives has been devoted to the drawing up of the Tax Bill, the leading provisions of which have been agreed upon. The most important change thus far made is the reduction of the tax upon distilled spirits from two dollars to fifty cents a gallon.——A committee of the House has been engaged in investigating certain allegations that corrupt means had been employed to secure the acquittal of the President upon the articles of impeachment. They have presented only a partial report; but from this it would appear that they have not succeeded in finding proof to establish the charge.

The Senate has had before it several important nominations made by the President. That of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Senator from Maryland, as Minister to Great Britain, in place of Mr. Charles F. Adams, who had tendered his resignation, was unanimously confirmed.——For the mission to Austria, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Motley, several nominations have been made, none of which were confirmed by the Senate.——Mr. Stanbery, who resigned the office of Attorney-General in order to act as counsel for the President in the impeachment, was nominated for re-appointment, but the nomination was not confirmed. The President then nominated Mr. Evarts, who had also acted as his counsel; final action has not as yet been taken upon this nomination.——Mr. E. A. Rollins, Commissioner of Taxation, has sent in a letter of resignation, in which he charges that the admitted frauds and inefficiency in that department are to be attributed to the acts of the Administration in appointing and retaining, for partisan purposes, incapable and dishonest men to execute the laws.

The "Eight Hour Labor Bill" has passed both Houses. It provides that "Eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, mechanics, and workmen now employed, or who may hereafter be employed, by or on behalf of the Government of the United States."

The separate bills for the admission to representation in Congress of Arkansas, and of the five States of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, and South Carolina, passed both Houses, in substance as noted in our last Record, (where, however, by a clerical error, the name of Alabama was substituted for Arkansas in the separate bill.) Both bills were returned by the President without his signature, and both were passed by more than the required majority of two-thirds, and are now laws. In his veto of the Arkansas bill (June 20) the President gave in detail his objections. They are in substance the same as heretofore presented by him against the reconstruction scheme of Congress. He could not, he says, "consent to a bill which is based upon the assumption either that by an act of rebellion of a portion of its people the State of Arkansas seceded from the Union, or that Congress may at its pleasure expel or exclude a State from the Union, or interrupt its relations with the Government by arbitrarily depriving it of representation in the House of Representatives. If Arkansas is not a State in the Union, this bill does not admit it as a State into the Union. If, on the other hand, Arkansas is a State in the Union, no legislation is necessary to declare it entitled to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union. All that is now necessary to restore Arkansas in all its constitutional relations to the Government is a decision by each House upon the eligibility of those who, presenting their credentials, claim seats in the respective Houses of Congress." The President objects, as unconstitutional, to the provision of the bill which prescribes that the Constitution shall never be so amended as to deprive of the right to vote any person who by the present Constitution is entitled to the right of suffrage. He objects also to the test oath of the Constitution of the State, in which every voter swears, "I accept the civil and political equality of all men, and agree not to attempt to deprive any person or persons, on account of race, color, or previous condition, of any political, civil, or religious right, privilege, or immunity enjoyed by any other class of men." He affirms that a very large proportion, if not a very large majority, of the electors in all the States "do not believe in or accept the practical equality of Indians, Mongolians, or negroes with the race to which they belong."—In vetoing the "omnibus bill" for the admission of the other States (June 24) the President refers to his message in respect to Arkansas. This bill passed the House, over the veto, by a vote of 105 to 30, and the Senate by 25 to 8; the vote on the Arkansas bill having been nearly the same.

On the 22d Messrs. M'Donald and Rice, Senators-elect from Arkansas, appeared and were sworn in. In the House the claims of Messrs. Boles, Hinds, and Root, Representatives-elect, were referred to the Committee on Elections, who having next day reported in their favor, the report was accepted by a vote of 101 to 27, and they were sworn in. All the Democratic members of the House, 45 in number, entered a solemn protest against "the recognized presence of three persons on the floor of the House from the State of Arkansas, sent here by military force acting under a brigadier-general of the army, but nevertheless claiming to be members of this Congress, and to share with us, the Representatives of free States, in the imposition of taxes and customs and other laws upon our people.....Counseling and advising all friends of popular government to submit to this force and violence upon our Constitution and our people only until at the ballot-box, operating through the elections, this great wrong can be put right. There is," they say, "no Government but Constitutional Government, and hence all bayonet-made, all Congress-imposed Constitutions, are of no weight, authority, or sanction, save that enforced by arms. We protest against going into the now proposed copartnership of military dictators and negroes in the administration of this Government."

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Editor's Drawer.

THE readers of the Drawer may be interested to know what we suppose must be conceded as a fact, that the regular monthly edition of *Harper's Magazine* is larger than the combined circulation of all the principal monthly magazines published in England. Our authority for this statement is the London correspondent of the *American Publisher and Bookseller*, who, writing about the inordinate multiplication of cheap magazines, and speaking apparently the opinions of Paternoster Row, whence he dates, gives some statements that will unsettle many preconceived beliefs. Many, he says, do not pay directly, but it is considered the correct thing for publishers of any importance to have their own magazine, which serves as a good advertising medium. "Take, for instance," he continues, "the *Cornhill*, which but lately had a circulation of 80,000, and is now generally supposed to be 35,000, but in 'The Row' it is spoken of as not selling over 18,000 copies; *Macmillan*, supposed circulation 18,000, we in 'The Row' say about 7500; *Belgravia*, edited by Miss Braddon, began with over 36,000, in 'The Row' we put it down at 18,500; *London Society* is increasing, and sells over 20,000; *Temple Bar*, supposed circulation 20,000, we in 'The Row' say not over 13,000; *Blackwood's Magazine* sells about 7500; *Saint Pauls*, edited by Anthony Trollope, our latest and most promising in contents, began with 50,000, but does not now sell more than half that number; *Tinsley's Magazine*, containing a story by Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, does not sell 10,000 per month;" and so on. By adding up these figures, it appears that the aggregate circulation of these magazines is 119,000. The regular monthly circulation of *Harper's Magazine* exceeds that.

IF the Drawer has an especial fondness for the people of any one State over those of another it is for the people of Connecticut; and it is for the purpose of repelling aspersion that we print, but refuse to give credence to, the following statement, copied from the will of Lewis Morris, recorded in 1760 in the Surrogate's office of New York, liber xxiii. page 426:

"It is my wish that my son Gouverneur shall have the best education that can be furnished him in England or America; but my express will and directions are that under no circumstances shall he be sent to the Colony of Connecticut for that purpose, lest in his youth he should imbibe that low craft and cunning so incident to the people of that country, and which are so interwoven in their constitution that all their wit can not conceal it from the world, though many of them, under the sanctified garb of religion, have attempted to impose themselves upon the world for honest men!"

SOMETIMES there comes to us a good Yankee story from abroad. This trifle, from an English provincial paper received by a late steamer, we present "neat as imported:"

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, 999 snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him?" asked the Yankee, suddenly; "did you see him yourself?" "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. *That was me!*"

MANY of the best things that find their way into the Drawer come from the huts and tents of miners scattered throughout the auriferous hills and ravines of Nevada, Colorado, and California. As an instance of the true poetic afflatus from that style of person nothing could be more characteristic than the following dog-eat-doggerel ballad, for which the public may consider themselves under obligations to the *Journal of Mining*:

There was a man, Jim Green by name,
He struck a ledge and staked a claim,
Then came to town by the overland 'bus,
And corraled a scientific cuss.

"Professor, I should like to sport
An assay and a swell report;
I want you to crack up my rock,
And take your dividend in stock."

The swell report was quickly done;
The ledge it was a fissure one,
Quite well defined; and the ore it run
At the rate of a thousand dollars a ton.

* * * * * * *

He mounted all his handsome things—
Two California diamond rings—
And a nugget breast-pin on his shirt
Shed golden lustre o'er the dirt.

He landed and to Wall Street went,
And there he found a nice old gent;
So Jim laid out to do his best,
And talked him till he couldn't rest.

"You ha'n't no notion how great," says he,
"Our mineral resources be:
Jest one per cent. of what we get
Will pay this whole damn National debt.

"There ain't a better cow to milk
Than a first-class mine (that ain't a bilk);
She'll give you quartz"—and here he cussed—
"If that ain't level, then bust my crust."

* * * * * * *

In thirty days the thing was done;
And when Jim figgred what he'd won,
He felt as cheap as a Yankee clock—
Ten whisky-straights and the rest in stock!

* * * * * * *

There was a board of rich trustees
(A stock donation to each of these),
And they sold the shares, on terms to please,
To twenty widows and ten D.D.'s.

* * * * * * *

When Jim Green's turn to sell came round
There was nary buyer to be found,
And the Treasurer kindly did advise
To hold his stock till it should rise.

As time eloped they failed to get
The process for the sulphuret,
And ere they solved that fatal doubt
The blasted ledge had petered out!

The trustees all did abdicate;
The clergy preached man's lost estate;
The Treasurer took a foreign tour;
The widows—Heaven protect the poor!

Jim Green upon a marble white,
His name and this, "Dead Broke," did write;
Then lay down in an onion-bed,
And pulled the tombstone over his head.

Do any of the numerous clerical readers of the Drawer happen to know a brother, very learned,

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fond of a good dinner, and who is called a good table-talker, from the fact that he generally strives to do all the talking? He had had it all to himself on one occasion until the end of dinner, when another guest, a clergyman, who wanted his innings, managed to break in very cleverly. Of course he was asked to return thanks. So he said, "Grant, etc., that these creatures which, etc.—and grant, which, Professor, I only do for the sake of argument, that the metaphysical, etc." Having thus taken the lead he kept it.

THE Drawer commends to the perusal of editors of the religious press the following:

On the tomb of Sir Henry Wotton, in the chapel at Eton, is this inscription: "Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor: *Disputandi pruritus Ecclesiæ scabies.*"—"Here lies the author of this sentence: *The itch of disputation is the scab of the Church.*"

AT a Circuit lately held in the Eighth District of this State an action of ejectment was tried "by the Court without a jury." The suit was brought to recover possession of a cemetery. The plaintiff was an incorporated religious society, and the defendant, as it appeared, was a practicing physician. On the part of the plaintiff it was claimed that the defendant, as one of a committee appointed by the church, had purchased the ground for the use of the society, but afterward, falling out with the brethren, had taken the title in his own name, and claimed to keep the premises himself; while the defendant insisted that he had bought the cemetery in his own right, and after his relations to the society had ceased. The Court, after hearing the proofs and arguments, proceeded to state the grounds of his decision, and ordered judgment for the plaintiff. Whereupon the defendant's counsel arose and asked the Court to state *more fully* the reasons for the decision. "Certainly," said his Honor; "but as you have heard what I have said, I have but two additional reasons to give: *One is, that the church seem to need a cemetery; and the other, that the doctor has failed to show that his practice is sufficiently large to require him to keep a burying-ground of his own!*" The learned counsel surrendered.

A GENTLEMAN who is rather given to story-telling relates the following:

When I was a young man I spent several years at the South, residing for a while at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to court to get excused.

On my name being called I informed his Honor, the Judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

"Where do you reside?" inquired the Judge.

"I am stopping for the time being at Port Hudson."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?"

"I take my meals there, but have rooms in another part of the town where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the Judge; "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you name who had not *dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder!* The Court does not excuse you."

THE Rev. Dr. Ide, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and the Rev, Mark Trafton, now of Providence, Rhode Island, both tell a good story, and they tell it alike, too—which is doubtless due to the fact that they are both clergymen, the former a Baptist and the latter a Methodist:

Some years ago Mr. Trafton was pastor of a Methodist Church in Springfield. It so happened that, at the close of a revival in his church, a number of the converts wished to receive baptism by immersion. Dr. Ide, willing in the exercise of a catholic spirit to save Brother Trafton from the exposure and chill of immersing in the river, sent him a message to the effect that, as he himself was going to immerse on the same day, he could have the use of his baptistery; and, indeed, if it would be any accommodation to Brother Trafton, he, Dr. Ide, would oblige him by immersing all the candidates. But Brother Trafton, bent on fulfilling his whole office to his flock, as a good shepherd should do, declined, saying: "Tell Dr. Ide that *I can wash my own sheep!*"

THE marriage question, viewed from the pecunious view-point, has become the topic of so many ink-shedders abroad as well as at home, that the following, purporting to be "A Modern Bachelor's Soliloquy," in Hamlet's style, may be regarded as in season:

To *wed*, or not to *wed*?—that is the question—
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to banish
The tempting visions of domestic comfort,
Or to lead some damsel of our times to the altar,
And, by marriage, end them? To wed—to doubt
No more; and by that act to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand well-planned tricks
Of enterprising mothers!—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To wed—to enrich
The tradesmen, and to feed bad servants!
To wed, perchance a spendthrift!—ay, there's the rub:
For to what sort of wife we may be mated
When we have shuffled off our bachelorhood,
Must give us pause—There's the respect
That makes celibacy of so much practice:
For who would bear the impatient thirst for bliss,
The yearnings for some gentle confidant,
The amatory frenzies of one's loneliness,
The loss of buttons and of large joints of meat,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare Wedding-ring? Who would lodgings bear,
To groan and sweat under extortionate landladies,
But that the dread of helpless and expensive wives—
Those prodigies of modern training—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than hazard being thus ta'en in and done for?
Thus women do make cowards of us all;
And thus the hopeful heart of many a bachelor
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprisers of good will and spirit
With this regard from marriage turn away,
And lose the name of Husband.

EZEKIEL STEELE, one of the institutions of the Mexican frontier, is a live Yankee, who runs a cotton factory near the city of Monterey; a thorough Union man, with the American flag always hanging in his bedroom, and one of the most hospitable of beings, as can be attested by hundreds of Americans, who, when broken down in Mexico, have made his house their home. During the rebellion a Marylander, a secessionist and a very pious man, staid with Steele at his house, and usually on going to bed said his pray-

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ers. Steele going into the bedroom one night, and finding the guest on his knees, asked, in his impetuous way, "What are you doing?—praying? No use in secessionists like you praying to God! He don't care about such chaps as you! Just come into my room; kneel down before the old flag; *sing sixteen verses of Yankee Doodle*, and you'll be all right!" Whether this change in the devotional programme was acceded to and Y. D. chanted, our informant stateth not.

Among the attendants at a certain camp-meeting in the interior of this State was a rather green-looking widower, who, from his devotion to any of the fair sex that would allow it, was evidently intent on supplying the place of his lost companion. He seemed particularly pleased with a weak-minded spinster, Miss Abby ——, who, as her time was getting short, felt flattered by his attention. One night, after the services had closed and the congregation dispersed, a meditative minister had a turn given to his reflections by the following colloquy between the loving couple, who, as usual, were enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête* in front of an adjacent tent:

"Yours is a strange name, Miss Abby; I never heard it before. Where did you get it?"

"Why!" responded the maiden, in a tone of astonishment, "did you never hear of 'Abba, Father?' I got it from him!"

A San Francisco correspondent, inspired by the anecdote related in the April Drawer of the Etna Insurance Company, sends a companion item: The Etna and the Phenix companies are represented at most points on the Pacific coast; and both companies recently distributed a liberal quantity of their lithographs—the former representing the burning of Colt's Armory; the latter a view of Main Street, Hartford, during the excitement incident to an alarm of fire. The agent at Jackson, California, having received a supply, hung one of each in his office, and notified friends that others were ready for distribution. On the following day an Irishman, a great dog-fancier, called to see the cards. The Etna's he pronounced to be excellent. After scrutinizing the Phenix's a few minutes, the agent asked how he liked it, to which Mat replied:

"Sure, Sir, I'm insured in the Phaynix; the picture is a nate one, but it's not complate."

"Why, Mat, what's the matter with it?"

"Matter? Well, sure, the street's very nice and wide, and there's a fine old stump of a church on the right; but did you ever see so much fuss and bother, and so many people running to a fire, without *a bit of a dog or two around?*"

The agent assented to the astuteness of the observation, and admitted that the eternal fitness of things required "a bit of a dog or two" to be thrown in to give it *vraisemblance*.

During the winter of 1864–'65, when the armies under General Grant were encamped before Petersburg and Richmond, it was the custom of the commissaries to keep a supply of whisky, which was occasionally issued to the soldiers, and more than occasionally sold to such officers and civilian attachés of the army as might consider a "wee drop o' the ardent" provocative of health or comfort. General Ord succeeding to the command of the Army of the James, thought he saw indications that the sales of "commissary"—as the whisky was called—were quite too extensive for the good of the camp, and therefore issued his "whisky order," forbidding commissaries to sell more than one quart of the stuff to any one person during any one month.

There was, of course, the utmost consternation at this cutting off of the supply; but the order fell with its most paralyzing effect upon M——, the well-known "adjective" correspondent of a great New York journal.

"What! Sirs," exclaimed M——, to a group of sympathizing shoulder-straps, "attempt to run a first-class New York newspaper upon one poor, pitiful, infinitesimal quart of whisky diluted through an entire, elongated month! The General must be made to understand it can't be done!"

The General wouldn't understand, and for a time the order remained in force. It so happened, however, that a few days afterward a party of Congressmen arrived on a visit to the lines, and were the guests of the General. One evening an entertainment was provided for them in the General's quarters, to which a number of officers and head-quarters attachés were invited. M—— was present, and to his intense satisfaction saw that an indefinite quantity of "whisky punch" had been provided by the General's caterer, and was being most liberally consumed by his guests. After the greater portion of the gallons of punch had disappeared, M—— rose in his place for information.

"General Ord, I am not inquisitive, but, if not impertinent, I would wish to be informed of the exact inroad this evening's entertainment has made upon *your quart of whisky for the current month!*"

Every army attaché saw the joke, which had the double effect of setting the table in a roar and of abrogating the whisky order next day.

A correspondent in Iroquois County, Illinois, alludes to a teacher of the divine art of music in that locality who occasionally indulges too deeply in the flowing bowl. On retiring from a recent festivity, with a view of presenting his manly form again in his own house, he became leg-weary before half the distance thereto was accomplished, and, yielding to the potent influence of the spirits he had been worshiping or imbibing, rolled quietly into the corner of a fence and fell asleep. Just at dawn a bull in the vicinity commenced to bellow, which awoke our friend, who raised himself upon his elbow, and, rubbing his eyes, exclaimed—dreaming, of course, that some member of his class was exercising his vocal organ—"I say, you have flatted your A, and it won't do!"

The following having been got off by a newspaper man is adjudged to be worthy of being put up in the monthly preserves of the Drawer:

The diverting Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says that they are very hard on him in that city touching game suppers, and that he is now happy to announce that, in consequence of a trade in birds between France and Russia, you can now have your *rôtis* in or out of season. The other night he met a French *gourmand* who, reflecting on this immense advantage,

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said: "Do you know, Pierre, you have relieved my mind of a great weight? I have a dinner on Friday week, and was in despair about the *rôtis*. I really am quite sorry," he added, after a pause, "that I killed that Russian at the Alma."

GENERAL BUTLER is a notable *raconteur*, and is particularly clever when telling any thing in which his own name occurs, whether the hit be at or by him. While he was in command in New Orleans a native Louisianian was observed one day by a wag reading a staring placard on a wall in a public street, "*Buy your shirts at Moody's.*" The reader inquired of the wag what that meant. "Oh!" said the joker, in a solemn tone; "that is one of the edicts of the tyrannical Butler." The Louisianian remarked, "But I don't want any shirts." "Well," said wag, "you'd better buy a few; it is the safest course to comply with the order, for Butler is a perfect despot, you know." So the frightened Creole sought out Moody, and bought a quarter dozen shirts. In due time a Paris paper arrived in New Orleans in which the facts were narrated, as proving that Butler was both tyrannical and mean, using his power to compel citizens to buy shirts of one Moody, who was undoubtedly his partner!

MANY years ago one Reuben Hart was in attendance at a camp-meeting in Ohio. In company with a few others he was standing in rear of the tents where the cooking was going on. He happened to lean against one of the tents so heavily that it annoyed an unregenerate person inside to that extent that the latter thrust through a fork with such violence that it penetrated the hip of Hart, causing the blood to flow. Being a quick-tempered saint, Hart turned at once, seized the tent, dragged it down, and threw it into the fire. Great excitement! In the rush and confusion to arrest the malefactor there was a general upheaval of pots, plates, pans, and other utensils deemed desirable in a camp-meeting *cuisine*. But he was arrested, taken before Squire Halloway, tried, and fined ten dollars. After the conclusion of the "Oyer and Terminer," the Squire, a zealous Methodist, thinking that perhaps a moral power might be brought to bear upon the culprit, engaged in earnest prayer in his behalf, fervently beseeching "that the prisoner might be enabled to pay his fine; but more especially, O Lord, may he be enabled to *pay the costs!*"

THE subject of bills being one of universal interest, impels a lady correspondent to say that a friend of hers, who bore the somewhat unusual name of *Crowe*, was once annoyed that a magazine should continue to come to her address long after she had notified the publisher that she wished it discontinued. After nearly two years had elapsed the bill arrived, but addressed to Mrs. *Crane*, instead of Crowe. The mistake was discussed, when a visitor remarked that he supposed "the publishers thought, from the *length* of the bill, it must belong to a Crane!"

"THE teacher of a country school," continues the same correspondent, "once purchased at my brother's store Artemus Ward's book as a prize to be awarded in his school. The pupil who received it was a young man, to whom the teacher remarked that if he wished some other book he could exchange it. A few days afterward the youth came to the store and asked to have it exchanged. 'Don't you like it?' said my brother. 'Well,' said he, 'the *readin'* is tolerable good, but the *spellin' ain't right!*'"

THERE lived some years ago in Pennsylvania an itinerant preacher of the Gospel named Gruber, well known throughout a large portion of the State. On one occasion, while riding on horseback to fulfill an appointment, he met a young man, somewhat self-conceited, who had been elected Justice of the Peace, and who accosted him with, "Ah, Parson, you don't follow in the footsteps of your Master; he rode on an ass." "Yaas," replied the preacher, "but here in Bennsylvany deay dakes all de chack-asses to make Squires of!"

SOME years ago, on the trial, in Western New York, of an action against a railroad company for an injury whereby the plaintiff had lost a leg, the Court, in granting a motion to dismiss the complaint, concluded his remarks by saying that the case appeared to be one of "*damnum absque injuria.*"

"What does that mean?" said the plaintiff's counsel (who was wholly ignorant of the Latin of the law), leaning back to Counselor D——, who was sitting at the bar.

"That?" said the counselor, "why, that means *a d——d absence of injury.*"

The counsel sprung to his feet. "Your Honor," said he, "has wholly misunderstood the facts of this case. My client has lost his leg! And I think if a railroad train had run over your Honor, and cut off your right leg above the knee, you'd be the last man to talk of '*a d——d absence of injury!*'"

A NAVAL officer, writing from "Off Cape St. Lucas," gives an anecdote of one who during the war was a great favorite with the North Atlantic squadron, a thorough seaman, navigator, and gentleman, somewhat erratic, perhaps, but enthusiastic, and excellent company. On one occasion, while ashore in Newbern, he visited a lady who was somewhat aristocratic in her pretensions. The lady engaged him in conversation, and in the hearing of several became quite eloquent about "blue blood." "Now you, my dear Mr. ——," said she, "must be of our set. Let me see; ah, yes! your family are from the Surry Berkley side, I presume. Was your grandfather General ——?" "No, Madam," was the reply. "But your father; he—" "Madam," said our tar, "you are quite wrong; my father was hung, and my mother was a washer-woman!" Further genealogical inquiry scarcely seemed to be demanded.

IN the State of Panama, before the yearly unions of the Assembly take place, political parties generally meet to consider among themselves such matters as they intend to bring before the Legislature. At one of the late meetings a gentleman who had lived for some time in the United States, and is a great admirer of its institutions, maintained that by adopting these institutions, without delay, this country would immediately be

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on a level with the Great Republic; or, in other words, by following the North Americans we would be one of the most civilized people in the world. We extract from the proceedings of the meeting Mr. S——'s reply to the gentleman's assertions:

"Mr. President, in proposing that we adopt North American institutions, in order that we may rank among the most civilized nations in the world, our friend is merely repeating a vulgarism against which I do most solemnly protest. We are represented as an uncivilized people; but, Sir, if to do what the North Americans have done is to be civilized, then *we are* civilized. If to have done it before them is to be ahead of them, then we are at the head of civilization. For what do the North Americans boast of? They have but recently abolished slavery; we abolished it long ago. They have just proclaimed the equality of the races, and are trying to hold up the negro; we have proclaimed that equality, and held up the negro, long ago. They have just finished their first civil war, rendered money scarce, and made a paper dollar not worth a dollar; we have had dozens of civil wars, rendered money scarce, and made a dollar not worth a dollar long ago. They are beginning to tear up their Constitution, impeach their President, and set up a Dictator; we have done all this long ago. *They, at last, are going to the devil as fast as they can; we have gone to the devil long ago!*"

The argument could not be refuted, and the meeting broke up.

The anecdotes of Ex-President Houston in the March Number of the Drawer remind a correspondent of a scene that occurred in the city of Houston in the summer of 1861. "I was wending my way," says he, "from the Old Capitol down Main Street, when I learned that 'Old Sam' had just come up from his plantation at the mouth of Cedar Bayou, and stopped at the Fannin House. Never having seen him I went there. He was seated on the veranda, surrounded by a crowd, who were listening eagerly to all he said. As I came up some one asked, 'Well, Governor, what do you think of Wigfall?' (then a Senator in the Confederate Congress, and Brigadier-General commanding the First Texas Brigade in Virginia, and very popular with Texans, notwithstanding the enmity between him and Houston.) 'Wigfall,' said Old Sam, 'why, Wigfall has always been a good deal of a puppy, and if he continues on in his present course he will eventually become a good deal of a dog!' And that passed current in Houston as a good style of anecdote."

In the neighboring province of New Jersey, not many miles distant, reside two gentlemen, near neighbors and bosom friends; one a clergyman, Dr. B——, the other a "gentleman of means" named Wilson; both being passionately fond of music, and the latter devoting many of his leisure hours to the study of the violin. One fine afternoon our clerical friend was in his study, deeply engaged in writing, when there came along one of those good-for-nothing little Italian players, who planted himself under his study window and, much to his annoyance, commenced scraping away on a squeaky fiddle. After trying in vain for about fifteen minutes to collect his scattered thoughts, the Doctor descended to the piazza in front of the house, and said to the boy: "Look here, sonny, you go over and play a while for Mr. Wilson. Here is ten cents. He lives in that big white house over yonder. He plays the violin and likes music better than I do." "Well," said the boy, taking the "stamp," "I would, but he just gave me ten cents to come over and play for you!"

So much has of late found its way into the papers about the great proposed rowing-match between our Cambridge collegians and the collegians of Cambridge, England, that a poet of the monarchical country has thought proper to vent his spleen upon all such idle contests in rhymes following, to wit:

Of all the manias that are,
Of great or lesser badness,
Not one, it seems, is on a par
With the athletic madness.

Our old ideas of worst and best
Were not long to continue;
The one great test is depth of chest,
And sin is saved by sinew.

Of remedy for all this ill
There seemingly is no trace;
While sober prints their pages fill
With sermons on the boat-race.

And though it freeze like Polar breeze,
Or burn like Bengal Chutnee,
A crowd of men one always sees
Along the bank at Putney.

Say, shall we feed on beef and bread,
Or cocoa sold by nice Epps?
Burn all the books we ever read,
And cultivate our biceps?

Say, shall our parsons strive and try
In all athletic tussels;
Sinking the Christianity,
Retaining but the muscles.

E'en now some horrible abyss
We may be on the brink of—
Some dire destructive precipice
That's hideous to think of.

Soon all the offices of State—
The richest and the greatest—
May go to him who puts the weight
Or throws the hammer straightest.

The Church and Bar, perhaps, will be
(With all their funds and places)
Made prizes for proficiency
In jumps and hurdle-races.

Bishops, be warned! or else some day,
If you do not take care, I
Foresee that you will wish to say
"*Nolo episcopari.*"

Oh! shade of Blackstone! 'tis a thought
That makes one's blood to curdle—
That to the Bench one should be brought
Like this, upon a hurdle!

The danger's of immense extent!
Our armor, let us don it;
And force the startled Parliament
To legislate upon it.

We give three more neat anecdotes from Mr. Jay's book of what he has "seen, heard, and known," about the legal profession in England:

Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, was the last man but one who resided in Rolls House; he dined alone, attended by one servant, who was expected to anticipate all his master's requirements, Sir William rarely uttering a word during the meal. His allowance of wine was a bottle of Madeira at dinner, and a bottle of port after it. On one occasion, when the favorite dish of

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a leg of pork was put on the table, the servant quickly observed from his master's countenance that there was something wrong, and knew that he could not hope to hear from Sir William what it was he wanted. Suddenly he thought of the Madeira, and placed the decanter before Sir William, who immediately seized it and flung it into the grate, exclaiming, "Mustard, you fool!"

A punning joke is given by Mr. Jay, in allusion to an attorney of diminutive stature named Else, who bore rather a shady character. Meeting Mr. Jekyll once, he said, "Sir, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel—have you done so?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said that you were *little Else!*" To this Mr. Jay adds: "I was one day walking with my father in Bath, when we met two attorneys, who were partners, and whose names were Evill and Else. Mr. Else being a very little man, my father said, 'There goes *Evil and little Else!*'"

The County Court system has never found favor with attorneys, and Mr. Jay comes down heavily upon the kind of justice meted out in these courts. "I attended one day at a County Court," he says, "upon professional business, and was about taking my seat, when a tall court-keeper, wearing a black gown, who happened to know me, thus addressed me: 'Mr. Jay, may I beg of you to give up that seat, for a gentleman who comes here every day the court sits always pays me for the seat!' 'How is that?' I said. He replied, 'The gentleman declares that he is tired of comedies and farces at a theatre, and that to his mind there is nothing in the shape of amusement and fun equal to the proceedings of a County Court trial.'"

Not as possessing any particular wit, but as showing the readiness of army officers in inventing expedients to meet pressing emergencies, we give the following: "An order had been received at the head-quarters of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry to re-enlist the men for three years. The Colonel's quarters being in town, the ordinary routine duties devolved upon Major L——, who formed the regiment into a hollow square, and waited the Colonel's arrival to read the order. Lieutenant D—— was a minister as well as Lieutenant of Co. —. The Major becoming very impatient at the dilatoriness of the Colonel, bethought himself of an expedient to keep the men from grumbling by calling out in a loud voice, 'Lieutenant D——, will you please lead in prayer?' adding, *sotto voce*, 'Darn it, we must do *something* to occupy the time!' Before the termination of the supplicatory effort the Colonel arrived, and the re-enlistment was consummated."

A new definition of the difference between a Churchman and Dissenter has just come to us from over sea. The old definition of the butler is well known: "High Churchmen drink the most, and Low Churchmen eat the most." But the butler is not responsible for the following: "A clergyman was talking with his church-warden the other day on the mighty difference between the Church and Dissent. 'Ah, yes,' returned the church-warden; 'whenever I goes to market, I soon find out the difference between Churchmen and Dissenters among my customers.' 'And what is the difference?' inquired the expectant pastor. 'Why, Sir, if they're Dissenters they lie; and if they're Churchmen they swear.'"

Mr. Payne Collier delivered recently in London a lecture, said to have been quite clever, on the origin and progress of street-ballad-singing, embracing a period of about 200 years, from the invention of printing to the Restoration. One of these ballads is so quaint and humorous as to be worthy of being reproduced for the delectation of the readers of the Drawer:

A wealthy old father had three grown-up sons,
Two of them steady, the youngest was wild:
He drank and he gamed, and was thought but a dunce,
A care and a cose to his sire from a child.

The father was dying: the sons were called in,
And the old man addressed them one after the other,
Saying, "Tom, you are eldest, and always have been
A dutiful son—so has Edward, your brother:

"But as for you, Richard—however, no more;
I am worse at the sight of you, there as you stand—
You will find by my will, Tom, that I've given o'er
To you, as my heir, all my houses and land.

"To my second son, Edward, my money I've given,
My furniture, carriages, horses, and pelf."
"Alas, my dear father!" they both cried, "By Heaven,
We hope you may live to enjoy it yourself!"

Then turning to Richard, the old father said,
In a voice from his suffering beginning to falter:
"You are not forgotten; you'll find, when I'm dead,
I have left you a shilling to purchase a halter.

"You were born for my sorrow as well as your mother's;
The price of a rope is the whole of your wealth."
"Alas, Sir!" cried Dick, in the tone of his brothers,
"*God grant you may live to enjoy it yourself!*"

From Miss Murray's entertaining book, recently published in London, giving anecdotes of many famous people whom she remembered, is the following of Lord and Lady Eldon, whose parsimonious habits have been the subject of a thousand tales. "I remember," says Miss Murray, "an amusing story which was told me as an instance of this. At the conclusion of a week's visit in a large house, Lady Scott came down to her hostess, her arms extended, carrying a huge number of towels. 'Madam, look here,' she said, 'I think it my duty to make you aware of the extravagance of your house-maids. Day after day I have locked up useless towels that have been put into mine and Sir John's rooms; yet they are always replaced. Look at all this linen, ma'am—towel upon towel, and during all this week one has served us both!'" Another droll story is told of Lord Eldon. It happened once that Lord Eldon and the Archbishop of Canterbury dined with the King. The former became rather communicative and merry over his port. At last he said: "It is a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop and your Majesty's Lord Chancellor both married their wives clandestinely. I had some excuse, for Bessie Surtees was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle; but Mrs. Sutton was always the same pumpkin-faced thing she is at present." The King was much amused, and told the story to the Princesses. Among the odds and ends now lying in Miss Murray's memory is a story told her by one of Lord Eldon's daughters, that Lady Eldon and herself had only one bonnet between them.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ICE BOWL.—SILVER.

SILVER AND SILVER PLATE.

SILVER is an admirable product of nature. In London once a grain of silver was beaten out so thin that it covered ninety-eight square inches. This experiment proved that silver is more malleable than gold, for a grain of gold has never been spread over more than seventy-five square inches. If eleven hundred of those films of silver had been laid one upon another, they would have formed a sheet about as thick as the paper upon which these words are printed. If it had been required to form a pile of them one inch high, about three hundred and twenty thousand leaves would have been necessary. Now three hundred and twenty thousand sheets of good thick printing-paper would make a stack as high as an ordinary church-steeple. If we desired to make a pile of those thinnest leaves of silver as high as that, we should require four or five hundred millions of them. It was the opinion of those who conducted this experiment that even these inconceivably thin silvery films could be beaten out still thinner if more delicate means could be devised for doing the work, for when the implements employed could effect nothing further the malleability of the metal did not seem to be near exhaustion.

Tested in another way, silver shows the fineness of its temper, and a slight superiority over gold. When mechanics desire to ascertain the tensile strength of a material, they get a slow, steady pull upon a bar of it one inch square, and note how many pounds that bar will bear before being pulled apart. There is a beautiful machine for the purpose, which consists of a series of levers so arranged that half a pound placed upon the first lever pulls five thousand pounds upon the bar to be tested. It has been found that an inch bar of cast lead breaks at 860 pounds, while the same thickness of oak wood will sustain before breaking 17,300 pounds, and locust 20,000 pounds. An inch bar of cast gold will sustain twenty-two thousand pounds, but a similar bar of cast silver will not break until it has been subjected to a strain of forty-one thousand five hundred pounds. Thus silver is not greatly inferior in strength to the best cast iron, an inch bar of which sustains 59,000 pounds. The best wrought iron, however, will support a weight of eighty-four thou-

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sand pounds; and steel has been made of such astonishing tenacity that an inch bar of it has lifted one hundred and fifty thousand pounds before breaking.

It is a curious thing, however, that a mixture of two metals is stronger than either of its ingredients; and here gold has a slight advantage over silver. An inch bar composed of five ounces of silver and one ounce of copper breaks at forty-eight thousand five hundred pounds; but one made of the same proportions of gold and copper will hold until a fifty thousand pound pull is brought to bear upon it.

Of the eight metals now ranked as precious, namely, gold, silver, platinum, iridium, rhodium, palladium, ruthenium, and osmium, each possesses some quality or qualities which render it uniquely valuable for some purposes; but silver is the one which unites in itself the greatest number of useful properties with very great beauty. Few of us have ever seen a gold dinner service. I never did; but I saw once the large gold communion vessels of a cathedral, and I remember thinking at the time that if silver were fifteen times dearer than gold, instead of gold being fifteen times more costly than silver, we should all feel that silver was by far the more beautiful metal.

The appearance of a dinner-table set with silver for a large party is so exceedingly splendid that we can hardly wonder that fashion has adopted this metal for her own. Nothing conveys a more vivid impression of royal magnificence and imperial state. The snowy table-cloth, the brilliant flowers, the great multitude of objects of burnished metal glittering and gorgeous under the gas-light, make up a scene which to unaccustomed eyes is literally one of enchantment. Human nature, perhaps, never appears in a more attractive light than when a brave company of men thoroughly groomed, and of fair women elegantly attired, seat themselves at such a table to enjoy one another's society while partaking of a refined repast. If the act of taking sustenance proves them to be akin to the beasts of the field, the beautiful manner in which that act is performed appears almost to exalt them above mankind. Show me the way people dine, and I will tell you their rank among civilized beings. It is a duty we owe ourselves and one another to glorify and refine eating and drinking, so as to place an infinite distance between ourselves and the brutes, even at the moment when we are enjoying a pleasure which we have in common with them.

This duty, however, is one which we are not likely to neglect in the United States, where the taste for every form of elegant ornamentation grows as rapidly as our means increase of indulging it. Few readers, probably, will be prepared for the statement that, even now, at this early period of our history, there is more solid silver plate owned in the United States than in any other country in the world. Such is, at least, the opinion of some of the largest dealers in the article, and notably that of the President of the Gorham Silver Manufacturing Company, who has traveled extensively in foreign lands for the sole purpose of studying the trade in silver-ware. Traveled readers will find it difficult to agree with him; for, at the mention of the subject, there will flash upon their memories the spacious side-boards of Europe covered with clumsy and ponderous vessels of silver, under which a side-board of taste might very properly "groan."

There are houses in Europe which exhibit more than a hundred thousand ounces of silver plate to the awe-struck minds of men. But Europe is a gross deceiver. It heaps up great masses of precious or pleasant things here and there, and then cries out, Behold our abundance! But the roving American citizen, accustomed to the universal plenty of his own country, says to himself, What matters it if a thousand men have parks, while thirty millions have not gardens? The palaces and castles of a country are but a mockery and a shame so long as its people dwell in huts. Let no country vaunt its great collections of massive plate so long as not one bride in fifty possesses so much as a silver tea-spoon, nor one child in a thousand a silver mug. The wealthiest country in Europe is Great Britain; but even there, if all the silver, jewels, watches, and trinkets were divided equally among the people, each individual would have but four pounds' worth! In France, where the great mass of the population never see gold or silver except in the form of money, the average is said to be something less than a quarter of this sum. In the United States there are no means of ascertaining the quantity of existing precious objects, but it is the deliberate opinion of those who are most conversant with the subject that we possess, and have in daily use, more silver-ware than any other people. There are few families among us so poor as not to have a few ounces of silver plate, and forlorn indeed must be the bride who does not receive upon her wedding-day some articles made of this beautiful metal. The lavish manner in which we are accustomed to give away silver-ware at our silver weddings is well known. There was a silver wedding some time ago in Massachusetts, at which about sixteen thousand ounces of silver were presented. We are all very ready to give to those who do not need our gifts. When the golden wedding of Commodore Vanderbilt was celebrated a few years ago, there were more than a hundred articles of gold given to the venerable pair.

It is, therefore, not so surprising that we should be excelling all nations both in the excellence and the beauty of our plate. Indeed, it may be laid down as a rule that whatever branch of manufacture can be profitably carried on in the United States on a great scale, we shall beat the world in it. Excellence is becoming more and more a *necessity* to the American manufacturer. It is one of the laws of trade, to which the exceptions are only apparent, that the greater the amount of business done,

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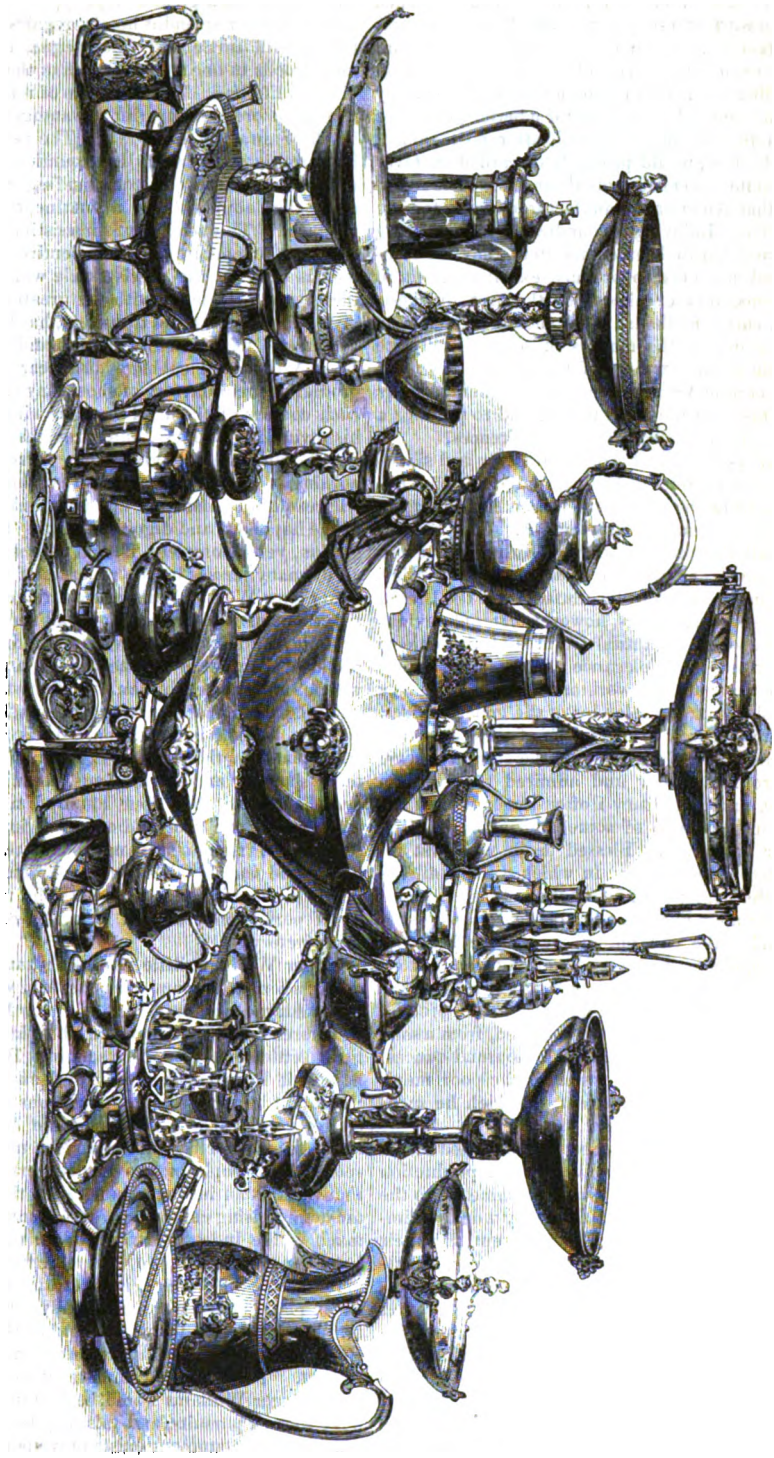


TABLE SERVICE—SILVER.

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the better it is done. The point of competition now in the United States is not cheapness, but excellence; and the volume of business is such as to warrant the expenditure of immense sums of money for even comparatively unimportant improvements. Any of our leading men, in leading branches of production, would eagerly give thousands of dollars for a better process or an improved material, and, after possessing it thirty days, would promptly discard it in favor of an improvement more desirable. The secret is, that American manufacturers work for the million. Enjoying a boundless field, and being surrounded by keen competitors, they are compelled not only to produce excellence, but to produce that excellence by the best, quickest, and surest methods. We should all naturally suppose that the makers of solid silver plate would be the servants of the wealthy few; but democratic America compels even them to study the tastes of the great public, and to practice a certain compliance with its preferences.

Of the beauty of American silver and silver-plated ware our readers can judge, in some degree, from the specimens presented to them in the accompanying illustrations. The articles are all the products of the Gorham Company of Providence, who have taken the lead in improving this branch of manufacture in the United States. Engravings, however, can only exhibit one of the beautiful features of the objects portrayed—their elegance of form. To appreciate the enduring workmanship, the brilliancy of color, and the splendor of the general effect, the reader may avail himself of those free museums and galleries of art, the shop-windows, where first I saw and admired the Gorham ware, and where now I often linger to note the curious elegance of some alluring novelty of their producing. Blessed be he who first invented shop-windows, in which we can all enjoy the triumphs of ingenuity and taste without taking upon ourselves the charge of possessing them! We can not all own these beautiful things, nor even visit the humming manufactory at Providence, where four hundred men sit assiduous, in light, clean, and airy shops, producing articles, silver and silver-plated, from a salt-spoon to a "testimonial" of a thousand ounces. The shop-window, however, is the poor man's art-gallery and plate-closet, of which he owns every thing but the key.

To speak of the progress in the United States of the various arts involved in the production of silver plate without giving prominence to the Gorham Manufacturing Company would be impossible, for that progress is essentially their work. Their establishment, too, is a representative one. What they have done in silver, other Americans have done and are doing in other materials. During the last thirty years the industry of the country has been emerging from the condition represented by the word *shop* to the height and amplitude indicated by the word *manufactory*. Every thing is getting to be done on the grand scale. The solitary peddler, trudging along over the hills with his pack, has given place to the alert, accomplished Agent, who represents a great Company, travels in the cars, lodges in splendid hotels, regales his customer with turtle and Champagne, and sells more goods in one transaction than the peddler did in a lifetime. Whole streets of retail stores vanish before the superior advantages offered by the Stewart of the town. The petty, anxious proprietors in twenty-five counties are gradually merged into one commanding establishment that supplies half a continent with its products. This tendency is irresistible; it will continue to operate until the entire work of man is done on the precise scale which unites the greatest efficiency with the greatest economy. The process, the transition, has its inconveniences; nay, it has its anguish and its tragedy. A thousand cobblers disappear that one prodigious manufactory of shoes may exist, and each cobbler of them all watches with dismay his dwindling business, and struggles hard before he can consent to give it up. Nevertheless, nothing is more certain than that the change will result in an immense and universal increase of the happiness and dignity of man. This revolution, yet incomplete, is well represented in all its many phases by the progress of the Gorham Silver Works, from one man tinkering out silver spoons in a corner of a small shop, to the present manufactory, wherein hundreds of men produce silver-ware by the aid of machinery which multiplies each man's productive power, and increases his ability to produce uniform excellence beyond computation. It is a literal truth that four thousand men, working in scattered shops by ancient methods, could not accomplish more than four hundred men who work under one roof and one direction, aided by modern machinery; nor could the ware hammered out by these scattered mechanics bear a moment's comparison with the uniformity of perfection produced by a well-regulated manufactory.

Roger Williams little thought what he was doing when, after wandering fourteen weeks in the wilderness in mid-winter, "not knowing what bread or bed did mean," he planted his little settlement upon Narragansett Bay, and named it Providence, "desiring," as he said, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience." His bones lie buried in the heart of the city, but not a stone marks the spot. The people of Providence perhaps feel that there is an incongruity between the stern, uncompromising character of their founder and much of the industry carried on in the town. Providence is getting to be the centre of the manufacture of jewelry, gold chains, trinkets, silver plate, plated ware, and many other pretty, pleasant things, for which neither the early Puritan nor the early Baptist entertained much respect. The projected monument to the rigorous Roger Williams would be a standing rebuke to such pursuits, and this may be the reason why the monument exists only upon paper.

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Providence, however, fell into this agreeable line of business naturally enough. In old times, when Rhode Island had a thriving commerce with Africa (buying slaves in Guinea with New England rum, selling them to the West Indies for molasses, and bringing home that molasses to be converted into rum), parcels of gold dust used frequently to find their way to Newport and Providence. Much of this gold dust was melted and hammered into the form of solid gold beads. There were no savings-banks then, and yet there was surplus money to be saved. Our race has never been much addicted to burying money, and so the custom grew for the industrious girls of New England to invest their savings in these beads of Guinea gold, which they could wear round their necks, and thus exhibit to young men a shining proof of their economical habits. In remote parts of New England old ladies may still be occasionally met who possess a string of those heavy beads, earned by years of self-denial, and made from the gold gained in this infernal commerce. Gold chains were also made of the Guinea gold dust in Providence soon after the Revolutionary War, and by the year 1800 the making of gold beads and chains was one of the established industries of the town. The business has gone on increasing and varying until there are now about seventy-five manufacturers of jewelry and trinkets there. The making of silver-ware is of more recent origin, but it grew directly out of the manufacture of jewelry.

Again we have to commend the industrious girls of old New England, for it was their improved idea of investing money which compelled Jabez Gorham, manufacturing jeweler, of Providence, to begin the making of silver-ware. Gold beads and chains, considered in the light of a savings-bank, are not without their advantages; but toward 1830 the best of the girls had grown superior to such a primitive style of investment, which paid no interest and slowly consumed the principal.

Jabez Gorham had been for many a year a successful manufacturer of jewelry; but business was dull with him in 1831. His peddlers had been buying fewer gold beads of late, fewer yards of gold chain, and a smaller supply of gold rings and pins than usual. Lowell and other manufacturing towns were beginning to afford the farmers' daughters more money than they had ever had before; but they were becoming indifferent to the charms of jewelry, and were placing their hopes of future happiness more upon the possession of silver spoons. The peddlers, therefore, ever watchful of the changing fancies of their customers, constantly increased their stock of spoons, and lessened that of the more brilliant but less serviceable articles. A Yankee is seldom at a loss in a conjuncture of this nature. Honest Jabez Gorham said to his peddlers: "Very well; if it is spoons you want, I can make spoons as well as the Boston people." And so saying he drove off to Boston, forty miles distant, brought home with him a young man who knew how to make silver spoons, and established the business in a corner of his jewelry-shop.

Rude in the extreme were the processes of manufacture then. They used to take a bar of silver, heat it in a common blacksmith's fire, roll it to the proper thickness by a windlass, and then hammer it into shape by main strength, very much as a blacksmith would forge a horse-shoe. Each spoon, in the course of manufacture, had to be made hot nine times. Two men, by exceedingly hard and sometimes violent exertion, could make in a day two dozen of their rough tea-spoons, no two of which were alike in shape or weight. But they answered the purpose intended; they were approved by the girls of the farm and the factory, who liked them none the less from observing that the girl who had provided herself with a set of silver spoons, in addition to an ample stock of clothes, was the least likely to wait long for a beau. The young men of that day, it seems, had a quality in common with the celebrated Oxford horse, which was so strong that he could "draw an inference."

In this simple way was founded the famous Silver Works, which have grown in thirty-six years to be by far the most extensive and complete in the world. From spoons Jabez Gorham advanced to fruit-knives, butter-knives, thimbles, napkin-rings, and silver combs—the only articles commonly made by American silversmiths thirty years ago. Silver forks were then scarcely known in the United States. They had been an article of luxury among the nobility of France for a century or more, and had been introduced from that country into England; but in the United States, as recently as 1835, their use was confined to persons who possessed considerable wealth. They were not common at that time in any but the best hotels, and not one person in ten had ever seen them used.

The small shop of thirty years ago has become a grand manufactory, filled with ingenious machinery. Only men who have personally wrought such a change as this can form an idea of the amount of thought which it absorbs. A system had to be created from the beginning. The object was to apply steam and modern labor-saving devices to the performance of a kind of work which for thousands of years had been done slowly and by hand. The Company wanted to strike out a table-spoon by a blow or two, polish it by steam, and yet produce a better spoon than the unassisted hand of man ever formed. They wished to make the steam engine take bars and sheets of silver and convert them into a dinner service fit for an emperor or a poet, with only the interposition of human muscles in the parts of the work which are purely artistic—the designing, embossing, and engraving. They desired to stamp out a silver fork, form a mug, roll up a napkin-ring, and shape a pitcher as rapidly and certainly as articles are made of tin and iron. From walking

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TEA SET.—SILVER.

over the factory as it exists to-day, no one can tell what it has cost to do this, because nine-tenths of the work of creating a new system is rejected and put out of sight forever. Beau Brummell only wore one cravat, but his servant carried off, we are told, an armful of "failures." This Magazine may only contain a score of articles; but in order to select that small number, the editor had to examine and consider four hundred. The spoon-making machinery in these works was ten years in reaching its present efficiency, and now that it is all but perfect, it looks to a visitor as though it must have worked just so from the start. In such an establishment, too, there is much that does not catch the eye at all. There are, for example, in this manufactory eight or nine distinct systems of pipes—the veins, arteries, and air-passages of the industrial system. There are pipes running through all the forty rooms which convey the "dead steam" which warms them. There are tin pipes for the whispering of messages and orders. There are pipes for the "live" steam which heats some of the liquids employed. There are pipes for the pure rain-water needed in many processes. There are pipes for hard water used for all the common purposes. There are pipes for carrying to the basement the water containing particles of gold or silver. There are pipes for the gas which lights the building; and, finally, there are pipes for the "wind" which is used in blowing some of the furnaces to the great heat which is occasionally required. A visitor would as little observe these pipe systems as we ordinarily do those in the bodies of living creatures. When a new wing is added, it is no slight effort of mechanical ingenuity to place the new rooms in connection with the pipe systems of the main edifice.

The Company, however, during the formation of the new establishment, did not delay to attempt the higher branches of their business. It was a great day for them when they exhibited in Providence their first silver tea set. The design and the wax models were executed for them in New York. It was the old Chinese pattern, with chased scenes representing the culture of tea and coffee. From their total want of all proper facilities for such work it was hammered out with great labor and expense. Nevertheless, they were amply rewarded—not, indeed, in money, but in glory. When it was exhibited at a fair in Providence, as the first work of the kind ever executed in Rhode Island, it excited the highest admiration, and readily found a purchaser at seven hundred dollars. Their triumph, however, was short-lived, for the designer, not holding in awe these unknown men of Providence, dishonorably sold the same design to a New York silversmith; so that when next a member of the Company was in Broadway he was horrified to see a fac-simile of their tea set in a shop-window, and to hear the Company charged with piracy. There is still much fraud similar to this practiced in all countries. The Gorham Company, who never yet borrowed nor imitated a pattern, have frequently seen their own designs servilely copied in Sheffield ware, and offered for sale in our cities in competition with their own. They have also seen in Britannia metal, covered with the merest film of silver, articles which they had originated in solid silver only a few weeks before. There is little chance of redress in this species of plunder, and they are frequently obliged to content themselves with the reflection that imitation is the sincerest flattery.

In the manufacture of silver-ware the first operation is, of course, to buy the silver. Wall Street is the usual source of supply. Occasionally, however, a long-hoarded treasure will find its way to the melting-pot from remote and

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TEA SET.—PLATED.

unexpected quarters. The vicissitudes of life sometimes consign to the crucible a quantity of the clumsy "old plate" which people used to cherish with so much pride; and many persons now deliberately exchange their ancient implements and vessels for the elegant creations of modern taste. Recently the Gorham Company received from Ogdensburg, in the State of New York, a bag of silver coins for melting, which had been the secret hoard of a miser for forty years, and was found to contain three thousand dollars' worth of the precious metal. There were coins of every country and of every denomination, a few of which were of considerable value as specimens. The poor man had counted these rough, dull coins, no doubt, a thousand times, and hugged them to his heart as his dear treasure and sure resource in time of need. Useless to him, they found their way at last to the melting-room, to be converted into forms of beauty, and adorn the tables of more generous spirits. Generally, however, it is to Wall Street or its vicinity that the makers of silver-ware resort for their daily supply of the precious metals. In these times, when the price of gold and silver changes every minute or two, and sometimes more than once in a minute, no one buys a large quantity in advance. There are often in course of treatment, in the various apartments of the Gorham factory, as much as three tons of silver; but it is only necessary to start one or two thousand ounces every morning on their progress through the establishment in order to keep every department in full activity. The entire consumption of silver in the arts throughout the world is estimated at one hundred thousand ounces for each working-day.

Three precious commodities have to be purchased by this Company. One is silver coin, which is the staple material of their ware. Usually the standard of purity for silver plate is the same as that of the silver coin of the country in which the plate is made. American and French silver coin being nine hundred parts silver to one hundred parts copper, the genuine plate of those countries has conformed to that standard. English coin is nine hundred and twenty-five parts silver to seventy-five parts copper, and, consequently, English plate, when it is honestly made, is of that degree of purity. To this standard has been applied, for six hundred and seventy years, the word now so familiar, and yet so pregnant with meaning—*Sterling*. The derivation of this word was formerly supposed to be lost in the haze of antiquity, but it is now known to be only an abbreviated form of *Easterling*. The correctness of this derivation becomes apparent from several passages in ancient historians. The following, from Camden, suffices of itself: "In the time of King Richard the First, monie coined in the east parts of Germanie began to be of especiall request in England for the puritie thereof, and was called *Easterling* monie, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called *Easterlings*; and shortly after, some of that countrie, skillful in mint matters and alloies, were sent for into this realme to bring the coine to perfection; which since that time was called of them *sterling*, for *Easterling*." This is conclusive. Sterling plate is really no better, except in pecuniary value, than coin plate; nevertheless, the Gorham Company, whose fundamental principle of action is, and ever has been, to produce the absolutely *best* silver-ware made in the world, have now adopted the sterling standard, and guarantee all their plate to contain nine hundred and twenty-five parts in a thousand of pure silver.

Hence the necessity for purchasing something besides the daily supply of coin. Coin being the form in which silver is usually bought for manufacturing purposes, the Company are obliged to buy a certain quantity of pure silver for the purpose of raising the standard to sterling, which is usually brought to New York in the form of small, rough, silver bricks. These are marked by the assayer .998, or .999, and very rarely .999½. Perfectly pure silver is scarcely ever sold in the market, nor indeed is it required for any of the purposes of business. Besides the daily supply of silver, silversmiths must also have a certain quantity of gold for

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daily consumption. Almost all fine silver plate is now lined with gold, and there is an occasional demand for small articles of solid gold plate, such as pocket communion vessels, salt-cellars, snuff-boxes, medals, and other testimonial pieces. I saw myself, at the Gorham Works, at Providence, the other day, a testimonial in course of manufacture which contained three or four pounds of gold, upon which an artist had been working steadily for seven months.

All these precious articles—silver coin, pure silver, and gold—are sold by the coin and bullion dealers of Wall Street. Like other commodities, they are sometimes scarce, sometimes abundant, and occasionally superabundant. The time has been when silversmiths could not buy in all New York five hundred dollars' worth of silver, and they had to run about Chatham Street hunting up little lots of dimes and half-dimes that used to be displayed in the windows of lottery shops. Generally, however, large kegs of Mexican dollars are to be seen in the vaults or behind the counters of the dealers in bullion, as numerous as kegs of nails in a hardware store. The price is not so much affected either by scarcity or by abundance as is the case with other articles. The present price of silver coin is one dollar nineteen cents and a fraction, in gold, per ounce; but during the last four years it has never been lower than one dollar sixteen cents, nor higher than one dollar twenty-four cents. The average price of pure silver is not far from one dollar thirty-five cents, in gold, per ounce.

The purchase of these precious metals is accomplished with Gold-Room celerity. The purchaser strolls into the region of the money-changers, looks in at brokers' offices as he goes by, and, with scarcely any expenditure of breath, learns the state of the bullion market. As to the price of gold, no words are necessary nowadays to ascertain its momentary changes; for every broker's office is provided with a gold-clock or indicator, which is connected with the telegraphic apparatus in the Gold-Room. The moment a transaction in gold has occurred at a price different from the last quotation, the operator communicates the new price by a click or two to every indicator in the street, and to every important business centre in the country. As the price frequently changes that operator is kept pretty busy, and the news from the Gold-Room is running over the wires continually. The buyer of silver, therefore, when he is informed that silver is nineteen and three-quarters (*i.e.* $1 19¾, in gold, per ounce), has but to glance at the gold indicator in order to complete his information. It often happens that while he is making the calculation with his lead-pencil, before drawing his check, the indicator announces that gold is a point higher or lower. I saw, myself, the other day, twenty-five hundred ounces of silver bought at half past two, which, at a quarter to three, had increased in nominal or paper value ten dollars.

These bullion and coin dépôts in Wall Street are interesting to the unaccustomed visitor. There is something respectable, if not impressive, about a long row of large, smooth kegs of Mexican or Peruvian dollars rough from the mint. It is pleasing to behold a line of young gentlemen doing what the king did in his counting-house at the hour when the queen was eating bread and honey in the parlor. It produces a certain effect upon the mind when you kick against something hard and heavy upon the floor of a vault, and find, on picking it up, that it is a large gold brick covered with stamped letters and figures, from which you learn that it is worth two or three thousand dollars. Nor is it less gratifying to see a little wall of smaller silver bricks, marked .999 fine. Highly interesting, also, is it to observe little trays full of doubloons, half-doubloons, and various other kinds of gold coin, which we read of in sea-novels but rarely handle. Most interesting of all is it to see great heaps of the small silver coin of the country, long lost to sight, to memory dear. I ventured to ask the great King of the Bullion Dealers—one of those mighty men who buy half a million of gold with a wink, and sell it again with a nod—I say I took courage to ask this potentate what had become of all the small silver coin which we used to have in circulation, but which children six years of age have never seen. "Where," said I, "are the



BUTTER DISH.—SILVER.

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dimes and half-dimes and quarters at this moment? The silver-smiths melt only dollars and half-dollars. Where, then, have the small coins gone?" He replied that a large quantity of them had found their way to Canada; more still to the West Indies and South America; but that there is still a large amount of it in this country, performing the office of a savings-bank to ignorant and timid people. A proof of this is that parcels of it frequently come into "the street" from distant points. I saw, myself, that day ten thousand dollars' worth in one heap, which had just arrived from the country, and was about to be shipped to Havana, where it would then be used to advantage.

When you have bought a quantity of silver in Wall Street the next thing is to get it carried home. There are two hundred and eight pounds in twenty-five hundred ounces. We must have a cart. All the bullion and coin of Wall Street is carried about the streets in common, open carts, precisely such as are used in carrying ordinary merchandise. For twenty-two years past one carman, John C. Barkley, best known in the street as "Honest John," whose three carts stand at the busy corner of Wall and Broad streets, has done the carting for the bullion dealers and bankers of the city, any of whom would trust him in their vaults with treasure uncounted. Tall, robust, and ruddy, Honest John has in his countenance precisely the expression which we should expect to see in the face of one who for so many years has borne so honorable a name. He began in the street twenty-seven years ago, and, after his fifth year, he became the established carman of the coin and bullion men. It is his carts that go to the California steamers and convey their kegs of gold to the vaults to which they are consigned. His carts assist to restore the financial balance between the two continents by conveying gold to and from the Cunard steamers in Jersey City. He has occasionally carried for short distances, down hill, a million dollars in gold, which weighs two tons; but his opinion is that seven hundred thousand dollars is about as much as a humane man will ever permit his horse to draw over these rough pavements for any considerable distance. On a busy day he will have as many as twenty loads of precious metals. A load of gold, when it goes across the town, is usually accompanied by a clerk of the house to which it belongs; but it often happens that Honest John is quite alone when he has as much gold on his cart as a horse can draw. For such service he gets higher compensation than when he carries an office-desk or a load of printing-paper; and, indeed, he has the air of a man who could show a little gold and silver of his own if there were occasion.

The silver being safely delivered by Honest John, and transported by express to Providence, it begins its tortuous and noisy course through the manufactory. Its exact weight is first recorded, as well as the degree of purity which it is supposed to possess. But in this establishment the character of no silver is taken upon trust; not even that which bears upon its face the stamp of the United States Mint. The consequences of an error are too serious to be risked. With every piece of silver sold by this Company a written guarantee, in legal form, is given, by which the Company binds itself, in case the silver is not of sterling purity, to refund the price, and yet allow the purchaser to keep the article. The utmost care, therefore, is taken, and must be taken, to guard against the possibility of the metal falling below the standard. Not merely the character of the establishment depends upon it, but its existence. So complete and certain is the system, however, that, during the entire period which has elapsed since the formation of this Company, not a piece of plate under the standard guaranteed has ever left the factory. This is a good deal to say of a business which has sent forth many millions of dollars' worth of silver-ware. It is, nevertheless, as true of this establishment as of the Mint at Philadelphia, and for the same reason.

Never but once was the Gorham plate called in question. One morning, several years ago, a letter reached the manufactory from a great firm of jewelers, informing them that a certain tea-pot, bearing the Gorham stamp, had been proved to be seriously below the standard. An engraver, it seems, had saved the silver chips cut from the tea-pot by the tool, and had them assayed. He reported to his employers, as the result of the assay, that the silver was eight-thousandths below the standard guaranteed by the Company, and this report led to the writing of the letter just mentioned. The Company were in consternation! If one piece was wrong many must be. If fraud had been committed upon them it must have been committed upon system, and concealed with consummate art. The works were instantly stopped. Filings of finished plate, as well as from pieces in various stages of manufacture, were most scrupulously assayed. Every thing was correct, and even *more* than correct; for this Company have always used the additional precaution of making their silver-ware a little above the guaranteed standard. Still puzzled, though less alarmed than before, they wrote to their correspondents, asking them to cut a piece out of the middle of the tea-pot, to divide it into three equal portions, to send one to them, assay one themselves, and have the third assayed at the Mint. The result of each of these assays completely restored the character of the tea-pot; for each of them proved the silver to be of a higher standard of purity than it had claimed to be. The house apologized for the error of their engraver most handsomely. He had probably been deceived by a few particles of base metal getting mixed with the silver cuttings.

The first thing done at the factory is to pick out the counterfeit coin. Before the war, when the coin consigned to the melting-pot had frequently formed part of the circulating medium, there used to be four or five counter-

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feits in almost every thousand silver coins. At present, when the dollars come directly from the mints of Mexico and Peru, a counterfeit is seldom found. Nevertheless, none of them are taken upon trust; but each coin is subjected to a process which twists it asunder, and then drops it upon the heap below. If it is false the fact is twice betrayed: first, by the manner in which it tears apart; and, secondly, by the ring when it strikes the mass of silver. When these broken coins are placed in the crucible to be melted, enough pure silver is added to bring the metal up to the standard of sterling, and, as before remarked, a little above it. To guard against possible errors in the Melting Room, once a week a small piece of silver is taken here and there from work in progress. Twice a month these pieces are melted together, and a portion of the resulting ingot is taken to the United States Assay Office in Wall Street, where it is assayed, and its degree of purity certified. This assaying is a very simple matter. A small portion of the silver is weighed with the utmost exactness possible; then the alloy, by an expeditious and easy process, is removed from it; after which the silver is weighed again. The weight it has lost shows, of course, the quantity of alloy with which it had been blended.

Melting silver is a nice operation. The broken coin and pure silver, from two hundred to four hundred ounces in weight, are put into a crucible, which is placed upon an anthracite fire subjected to a strong, natural draught. The difficulty is to pour off the liquid metal at the precisely best moment. If it is allowed to get too hot the silver will lose much of its malleability; it will become what the workmen call "puddingy;" it will not "work well," as they say; sometimes nothing can be done with it until it has been melted again. If, on the contrary, the silver is taken from the fire before it is hot enough it will crack and fly, and must be remelted. It is only when it has been poured off at the right instant that it becomes the tough, ductile, and malleable silver previously described. The melter judges only from the appearance of the metal, which, when it is just hot enough, assumes for a moment a certain cloudy aspect, easy to distinguish, but difficult to describe. Among the secrets of this nice operation there are some which the visitor might be disposed to class among the superstitions of the trade; but experience shows that they are not.

The liquid metal is run into one of two forms. If it is to be converted into spoons, forks, or other solid ware, it is cast into bars of the proper thickness; but if into hollow ware, it is run into sheets, or wide, thin bars, which are called "skillets." These are next taken into what is called the Flattening Room, where, between ponderous iron rollers, they are rolled to the thinness desired, and thus become the material out of which all the infinite variety of silver vessels are made.

It is surprising to see what a great number of curious operations are performed upon a fine piece of plate, from the time when the dull sheet of silver begins to assume its destined form to the happy hour when it graces a bride's trousseau, or shines resplendent upon her table. In this one manufactory there are carried on *twelve* distinct trades, to each of which boys are regularly apprenticed. It is a trade by itself (and a very good trade too) to make silver forks, spoons, and small table-ware. It is another to make the larger silver vessels. Chasing is, of course, a separate and most difficult branch. Embossing is a trade. Die-cutting, pattern-making, moulding, engraving, burnishing, plating, designing, polishing, and stamping, all are separate trades, to which boys are apprenticed. Let us look about for a moment among the forty rooms of this humming hive of industry, and observe what these skillful workmen are doing with so much steadiness and care.

The informing soul of all this beautiful labor dwells in the Designing Room. To perfect utility until it becomes elegance; to produce forms novel and pleasing, *because* they are perfectly convenient; to devise ornaments which shall truly harmonize with the object they are intended to adorn; always to keep a little in advance of the public taste, so as to educate while delighting it—these are the constant aims of the designer of an establishment like this. It is easy for an accomplished designer to produce articles many years in advance of the public demand. Occasionally the Gorham artists have amused themselves by chasing a vase in so exquisite a manner that upon twenty dollars' worth of silver there was several hundred dollars' worth of work; but, as yet, there are not, upon the whole continent of America, more than a dozen people who could be expected to purchase such a dainty product. The triumphs aimed at here are such as the whole silver-using public can appropriate. The most signal success of this kind ever achieved, perhaps, was the Gorham Company's well-known "Cottage Pattern" of forks and spoons, designed in a happy moment by a member of the Company some years ago. It is the perfection of elegance and the perfection of convenience happily combined. When the head of a celebrated house first saw this design, his experienced eye perceived at a glance all its merit, and after looking at it for some time in silence, he exclaimed with professional enthusiasm, "This is an inspiration!" Every profession, art, and trade, has its triumphs, which excite a feeling among its members which others can not always share. The public, however, has ratified the verdict of the trade in this instance; and in spite of the tempting novelties continually introduced, still manifests a preference for the cottage pattern. It is amusing to a person ignorant of their business to witness the delight with which a fortunate conception of this kind is hailed by those who are competent to judge of it. Such a spoon and fork,

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for example, as the Gorham Company's "Medallion Pattern," which has had a great run among persons fond of the original and peculiar, causes a stir and excitement in Maiden Lane when it is first exhibited. Its merits are canvassed like those of a new book when the first copies come from the bindery, or of a new picture when it is first hung upon the walls of the Academy. Its fate is soon determined. When the representatives of leading houses have examined it, they generally express their opinion of its merits by the number they order. When the pretty "Rosette" pattern was first shown, a few weeks ago, at the warerooms of this Company, a large dealer instantly gave eloquent utterance to his approval in words like these: "Send me forty dozen."

All the great American triumphs in silver have been of this kind. In truth, our millionaires and people of high fashion do not accumulate silver by the hundred-weight. Our Astors and Vanderbilts and Belmonts have enough for the purposes of elegant hospitality, and enough to make an inviting show upon their side-boards; and this is replenished or changed as novelties are introduced. The *great* market for silver, however, is, as before remarked, among the multitude of the thriving people of the country. Hence a tea service, to be successful, must be convenient, and must derive its chief beauty from the symmetry of its form. Few of us are yet disposed to have our tea-pots doubled in value by having a beautiful picture chased upon them of a scene in the tea country. For one person who will buy a highly-chased tea service at twelve hundred dollars, there are twenty who will yield to the allurements of a plainer set at four hundred and fifty to six hundred.



CASTER.—PLATED.

Upon being shown into the Designing Room of this establishment, the visitor is surprised to find himself in an apartment which has the appearance of a library. It is indeed well stored with books, and with illustrated works of the costliest description. All beauty is akin. A designer may get from an arch of the Cologne Cathedral an idea for the handle of a mustard-spoon, and infuse the spirit of a gorgeous mosque into the design for a caster. He may borrow from the gnarled branch of a brave old oak a crook for a pitcher-handle, and imitate the droop of a vine in the bend of its spout. Antique vases, the Elgin marbles, books of animals, birds, fishes, flowers, trees, portraits, pictures, statuary, architecture, and all other accumulations of grace and beauty, may be useful to those whose business it is to cover with grace and beauty the tables of mankind. It is interesting to walk about the warerooms and see how the whole realm of beauty has been despoiled for the decoration of human life. Every pretty leaf, tendril, bud, blossom; every arch, groin, and pinnacle; every pleasing bird, animal, and fish; every hideous monster and reptile; all that ancient art, tradition, and literature have of elegant, grotesque, or curious, as well as all that modern life has to suggest of striking and novel—here you behold it, in brilliant silver and burnished gold. Nor, with all this assistance, is it an easy thing to make a design which shall be at once delightful to the eye and convenient to the hand, easy to clean, and not too difficult to construct. No talent is rarer than this, and without it all the mechanical skill, the perfect integrity, and the courageous enterprise of the Company would not have sufficed to rear so vast and costly an establishment in one generation.

In walking about the other apartments of this interesting establishment the visitor is surprised most of all to see the ponderous engines elsewhere used in subduing common materials here employed in conquering the precious metals. There is a room in which salvers and other large objects are stamped into form by the fall of huge masses of iron weighing a ton and a half, the thump of which would shake the building from its propriety if there were not many feet of granite masonry under them, and piles under the masonry. In another apartment silver cups, napkin-rings, and "such small deer" are made. In another the large vessels,

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such as tea-pots, coffee-pots, ice-pitchers, are coming into shape upon lathes with admirable ease and rapidity. The chasers sit in other rooms in rows, each with a piece of plate under treatment, filled with hardened pitch to facilitate its ornamentation. This is one of the most interesting operations of all, and gives play to all degrees of skill, from the ordinary dexterity of an engraver up to the genius which executes such pictures as the Night and Morning of Thorwaldsen. Here are some of the artists of the establishment, a few of whom sit and work faithfully at their vocation, while they pine for the pleasant haunts of Paris or Germany which they have left. The first year in America is a hard one to these artists, and it occasionally happens that, completely subdued and overcome by homesickness, they suddenly take passage for their native land, from which they not unfrequently return, resume their place, and become domesticated among us. Generally, however, after pining and moping for a few months, they take root in the new soil, and bloom out into joyous American citizens.

The Polishing Rooms are full of noise and bustle. That gorgeous polish, the joy and the despair of housekeepers, is produced by soft wheels that revolve with inconceivable rapidity. Polishing, however, is not an operation, but a series of operations, each of which heightens the splendor of the surface.

The Modeling and Moulding Rooms, and those where the patient die-cutters sit, the rooms of the embossers, engravers, pattern-makers, burnishers, all detain the interested visitor. A curious place to visit is the extensive cellar, where all the dust, the sweepings, the ashes, and other refuse of the factory, is subjected to treatment by which the particles of silver are recovered. The sweepings are burned in a furnace, and the ashes are then ground to the finest powder, from which the silver is washed by a process similar to that employed at the mines. There is, after all, in an establishment like this, a large quantity of silver wasted and lost beyond recovery. The unavoidable waste in a factory of this magnitude would amount to about a hundred ounces a week; but the actual loss is always much greater. Every ounce of silver that is given out is weighed, and it is weighed again when it is brought in; so that a piece of plate, in its course from the Melting Room to the warehouse, is weighed many times, and its weight many times recorded. Nevertheless, when the precious metals go such a long and tedious journey as this, it is seldom that the whole quantity arrives at its destination.

The department of this manufactory which is apt to interest the stranger longest is that in which the silver is applied to the fine plated ware, introduced recently by this Company. Even in this land of abundance we can not all pay twelve thousand dollars for a dinner set with which to entertain a company of twenty-four persons; nor can we all have our tea and coffee handed about upon a silver salver worth a thousand dollars. Many of us have to think twice before purchasing a plain domestic tea set for five hundred dollars, and then go away without doing it. A solid silver ice-pitcher, which holds a gallon of water, and costs two hundred and fifty dollars, looks well upon a rosewood side-board; but a large number of our fellow-citizens can enjoy it only in imagination. When we have bought a few table-spoons and forks at sixty or seventy dollars a dozen, and established a silver mug for the baby, and a silver napkin-ring for father and mother, most of us think we have done enough for glory. Hence the Gorham Company have considerately added the department to their works in which a good thick surface of silver is applied to articles composed of metals more durable, though less brilliant. They do not offer the public that insensate trash, which looks more radiant than plate itself for a few weeks or months, and then rapidly fades away into shabbiest brass, or dents into manifest pewter. The ware here referred to would be excellent, and take a fine polish, without a coating of silver; and yet upon it is laid a silver surface which will last forty years. The



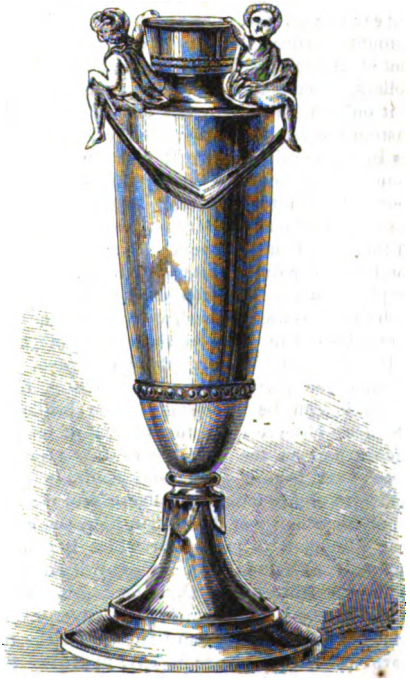
PITCHER.—SILVER.

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object is to produce plated ware which shall have all the splendor and durability of the best plate, at about one-fourth the cost. Thus a silver tea service, which in solid silver would be worth five or six hundred dollars, costs in this superior kind of plated ware from one to two hundred dollars. Of course the price limits the sale of this description of ware also; but the number of people in the United States who will not lumber up their shelves and side-boards with brass and pewter having only a "blush" of silver upon it, is always on the increase.

I do not wish to intimate that the manufacturers of the inferior plated ware fail to give their customers an equivalent for their money. If the silver is thin, the price is low. On a plated table-spoon it is rare to find more silver than enters into the composition of a five-cent piece, and it must be a large vessel indeed upon which a dollar's worth of silver is spread. But then the price dwindles as the precious metal diminishes, and the competition among rival makers always tends to keep the price very close to the real value of the article. It is the keenness of this competition which causes the silver to become ever thinner; and it is a curious fact that a very thin film of silver takes a rather better polish, and shows a finer surface, than a good thick plate, such as our Providence friends apply.

But we were speaking of the process. In old times—*i. e.*, thirty years ago—silver plating was a most laborious and difficult operation. A thin plate of silver was tied by wires to an



VASE.—SILVER.



GOBLET.—SILVER.

ingot of copper forty times its thickness, and the two were skillfully smelted together. Ponderous machinery gradually rolled the ingot into a sheet of the proper thickness, out of which the plated articles were made. The present method is as different as possible from this clumsy and Titanic process. The articles to be plated are first of all completely made and finished. A fine surface is put upon them, so that the nickel resembles silver before silver is applied to it. They are then suspended in a solution of silver, through which a powerful current of electricity is made to pass by a galvanic battery. Instantly the silver in solution begins to be deposited with the most beautiful smoothness and uniformity upon every part of the ware, both inside and outside, and continues to be deposited as long as the electric current flows. Here is the opportunity for deception. To place upon articles the proper thickness of silver is an operation requiring from three to seven hours. Nevertheless, a vessel of large size is completely coated with silver after remaining in the solution only three minutes, and the silver will be thick enough to admit of being burnished to the highest degree of brilliancy. The only objection to it is, that that brilliancy vanishes after a few days of ordinary usage. The Company have recently introduced an ingenious but simple apparatus which enables them to regulate the quantity of silver applied to the surface of articles to the fraction of a grain. This admirable device was purchased at the Paris Exposition of 1867. It reduces to absolute certainty what before was uncertain, and in which certainty was only approximated by a troublesome system of weighing.

Oddly enough, this new plated ware played a part in the "flurry" excited some time ago by

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the Bears of Wall Street in Pacific Mail Stock. Complete services of the Gorham plated goods were ordered for the new steamer *Japan*, belonging to this Company, and now plying between San Francisco and China. Before sending away the goods, Messrs. Tiffany and Co., through whom they were supplied, exhibited them in the windows of their store in Broadway, and a truly superb appearance they presented, filling all the four windows. This ware, indeed, is so exactly like solid plate in appearance that no silver-smith can perceive any difference. Soon one of the agents of the Pacific Mail Company came up town to beg Messrs. Tiffany to remove the gorgeous show from their windows, because the Bears, among other means of depressing the stock, were circulating the rumor that the Company were guilty of "the most reckless extravagance" in fitting up the new steamship, even going so far as to furnish the tables with solid silver plate. The services were accordingly removed, to the serious loss of the passers-by, who had much enjoyed the brilliant spectacle. The Bears were signally mistaken in supposing the purchase of this ware to be an extravagant outlay. On the contrary, it was the result of a closely calculating economy. China services would, indeed, have been reckless extravagance, and still more reckless would it have been to provide for a steamship the brazen trash usually styled plated ware, that would have worn into shabbiness in one voyage. It was found by actual experiment and comparison before the order was given by Messrs. Tiffany that the Gorham ware had upon its surface four and a half times as much silver as the English plate commonly sold in this market. The Gorham ware was selected solely because it was the cheapest for the purpose.

When we consider the great consumption of silver in the decorative arts, and the growing taste for silver plate in all its useful forms, we may naturally be apprehensive that the supply of this beautiful metal will prove inadequate to the future wants of mankind. There is little danger of it. New sources of supply are discovered faster than the old ones are exhausted. Potosi, which only began to be worked about the year 1550, has furnished thirteen hundred millions of ounces of silver. In Mexico there is one vein from which more than three million ounces have been taken, and another which has been worked six miles, and yielded annually for many years two hundred and eighty-six thousand *pounds* of silver. Give Mexico peace and suppress robbery on her highways, and she will dig you twenty-five million ounces per annum. In Norway they boast of having once brought out of a mine a mass of pure silver that weighed eight hundred and forty pounds; and there is a piece in one of the London museums, where it is kept as a specimen, that weighs three hundred pounds. The total annual product of this metal, leaving out that of China and India, is now estimated at eleven thousand tons! Compared with this enormous quantity the two thousand ounces melted daily at the Gorham silver works in Providence seem trifling indeed. Two thousand ounces a day, however, amounts to the respectable total of twenty-six tons a year.

In China and India, which are rich in silver, the metal still serves as a kind of savings-bank. The people there bury it against a rainy day. A recent traveler in China conjectures that, since the present rebellion began, the Chinese have buried five hundred million dollars' worth of coin, most of which is silver, and much of which will never be recovered. It seems just as natural for the inhabitants of Hindostan to bury a bag of silver in some out-of-the-way corner of a field as it is for a New York merchant, at half past two P.M., to send round his money and checks to the bank. It is buried in the deepest secrecy. "In India," says a noted traveler, "the Hindoos bury their money underground, often with such secrecy as not to trust their own children with the knowledge of it; and it is amazing what they will suffer rather than betray it. When their tyrants have tried all manner of corporal punishment upon them they threaten to defile them; but even that fails; for, resentment prevailing over love of life, they frequently rip up their bowels or poison themselves, and carry the secret to their graves. And the sums lost in this manner in some measure account why the silver of India does not increase, though there are such quantities continually coming into it and none going out." In India, too, silver is the metal usually employed in the decoration of the person. So universal is the custom in Hindostan of wearing ear-rings, rings, pins, and bracelets that the amount of silver thus absorbed has been estimated as high as fifteen hundred millions of dollars, or ten dollars for each inhabitant. Nor is it only in semi-barbarous countries that the custom prevails of burying the precious metals. As in France during the Revolution, so in all countries at times of civil commotion, timid people hasten to hide their treasures beyond the reach of the marauder and the tax-gatherer. In this way, doubtless, much silver was lost beyond recovery during our own civil war. The supply must needs be abundant to make good such ceaseless waste, as well as to furnish the vast quantities of the metal legitimately employed.

Besides being widely distributed over the earth, silver pervades many substances from which it can be extracted. The brilliancy which we observe upon the surface of lead is due in part to the presence of this precious metal. A ton of good lead contains from twelve to eighty ounces of silver; and if there is only the smaller of these quantities, there has been discovered a process by which it can be profitably extracted. In Great Britain they are now getting out of their lead seven hundred thousand ounces of pure silver every year, all of which used to be lost, and the removal of which, strange to say, improves the lead so palpably as to enhance its price. Chem-

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ists tell us, too, that the water of the ocean is so impregnated with silver that it pays to extract the precious metal from the copper sheathing of old ships. One experimenter has computed that the ocean holds in solution two million tons of silver.

Notwithstanding the additions made in modern times to the world's stock of gold, the supply of silver has always been more abundant.

In the year 1150 an ounce of gold would buy but nine ounces of silver. In Shakspeare's day an ounce of gold was worth eleven ounces of silver. At present we must give fifteen ounces of silver for one of gold. This gradual cheapening is the more remarkable because a large quantity of silver is so used every day that it can never be recovered.

There is now in circulation in the whole world an amount of coin equal in value to twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, upon which there is an annual loss by mere wear of thirty-eight millions of dollars; and the greater part of this irrecoverable loss is from the coin most carried and handled — silver. Millions of ounces also are spread in films and washes over buttons, buckles, harnesses, as well as upon articles supposed by an innocent public to be "plated." There is much "plated ware" sold in the United States which is coated so thinly with silver that the ware weighs a little *less* after the silver is put on than it did before. Ridiculous as this seems it is nevertheless true; for the impurities which must be removed from a metallic surface before silver can be applied to it outweigh the film of silver (twelve hundred times thinner than printing-paper) which is spread over it. There are scales in Wall Street which can weigh an infant's hair, and yet can not weigh the "blush" of silver, as the workmen happily style it, upon what is called "target-excursion plate," which is presented by generous Aldermen to their constituents in the merry month of October. Nevertheless a good many tons of silver are annually wasted upon trash of that kind, and in ware of somewhat higher grades.

But there is silver enough for the adornment of the tables of mankind for many an age to come. It seems as if nature had provided for her favorite, man, not only the amplest means of continuing his life, but inexhaustible stores of latent beauty for its decoration. I am aware that Goethe and other philosophers have expressed an aversion to the idea that the beautiful things of the earth were made for *us*. The German poet descants somewhere in his works, with disapproval, upon the line of Gray in which it is said that a flower which affords no delight to human senses *wastes* its sweetness on the desert air. The Duke of Argyle, in his "Reign of Law," intimates an opinion that the reason why so many objects are beautiful which the eye of man never beholds is, that the Creator of those objects contemplates with constant pleasure the beauty himself has made. I was reminded of this interesting conjecture while I was admiring the wonderfully beautiful tinting of the angel-fish that was boiled in his own tank at the burning of Barnum's Museum. I could not but ask myself why there should be such singular, such refined, such *purposed* beauty upon a creature formed to glide unnoticed in the green depths of tropical seas, and destined to be devoured at last by some most unappreciative monster of the deep, that would relish him quite as well "plain" as "colored." Philosophers find a mystery in this. Probably they will never be able to give a better explanation of it than the common belief of Christendom: That when the universe was planned it was foreseen that this earth would one day be densely peopled with an inquisitive, aspiring race, ever improving, who would love to surround themselves with beautiful objects. Hence beauty was stored away against the time when civilized man would need it. For many ages the huge mahogany-trees of Honduras existed before they furnished side-boards to man; but the time came at length when they began to accomplish this final purpose of their creation. And so the angel-fish visits us in this late age of the world to convey to artistic men a precious hint, and afford them an exquisite illustration of the combination of colors.

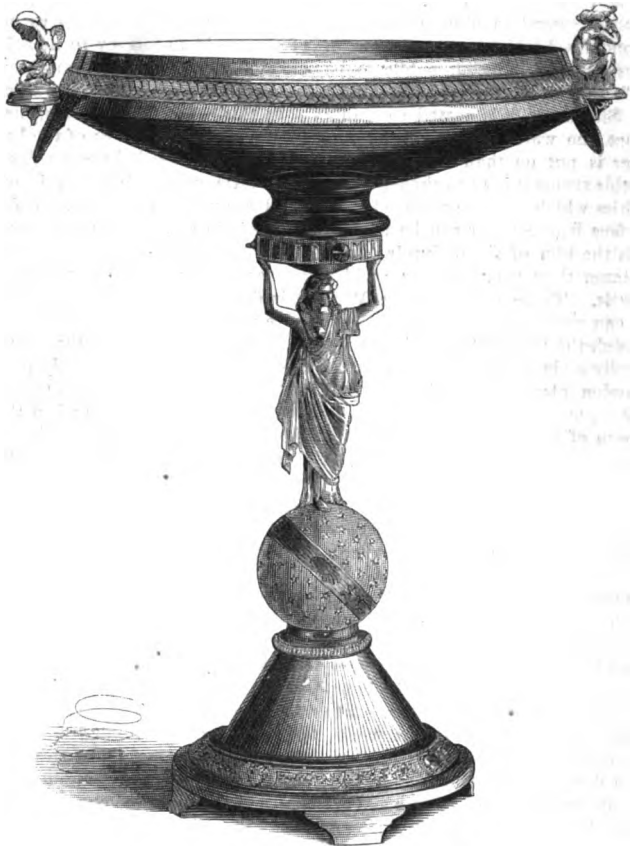
In this same America, too, are garnered up those exhaustless stores of the beautiful metals which will be needed for the decoration of the splendid human life which is one day to be lived upon this continent. Indeed, when we look within us and see what man is, loves, and wants, and then look about us and observe what this earth is, what it has upon it and within it, it is difficult to think that the earth and man were not made for one another; and especially when we discover that the amplest provision has been laid away not only for an advanced civilization, but for the most profuse and refined decoration of human life when the whole earth shall swarm with civilized beings.

But a truce to speculation. Let us remark, in conclusion, that these enterprising men of Rhode Island, in establishing and organizing this beautiful kind of industry in their native State, have rendered services to the nation which entitle them to such national recognition as may be afforded by the present notice. From time to time, as their business has expanded, they have brought from foreign lands artisans and artists to exercise and (what is of much more importance) to communicate their skill and knowledge in the United States. About ninety-five foreigners in all have crossed the ocean in compliance with their invitation, most of whom have remained among us, and are still in the employment of this Company. Thus the various arts involved in the production of fine silver plate and plated ware are firmly planted here, and could not but flourish though the Providence Company were destroyed. No solid silver plate is now imported into the United States—none whatever; the Gorham plate has utterly driven it from the American

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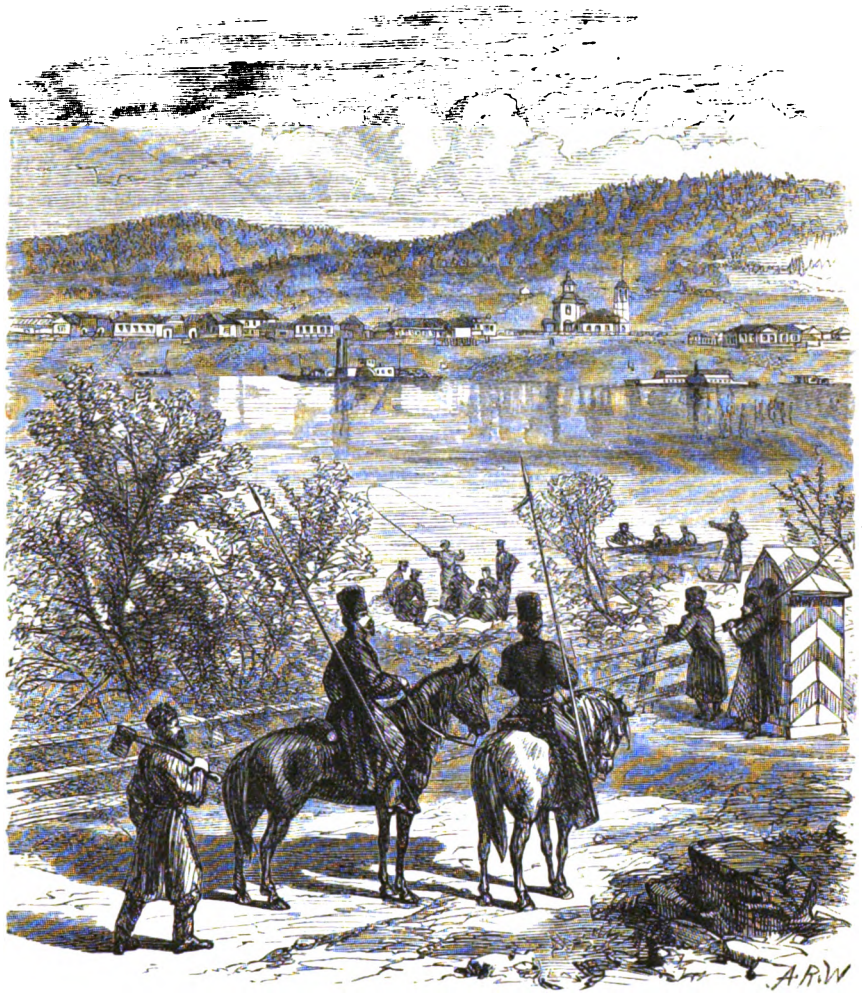
market. Nor is there any *plated ware* of *high* quality imported. Five years ago all the really serviceable plated ware—all that it was good economy to buy for household use—was brought here from Sheffield and Birmingham. The importation of such ware has now ceased, and nothing is imported except the cheaper kinds, which are only cheap in the imagination of the purchaser. The Gorham plated ware blocks the way, making it impossible for the foreign article of equal merit to be imported at a profit.

This beautiful ware has improved the public taste. Ten years ago the Providence makers dared not produce their best—dared not abandon the old forms endeared to the public by habit and protected by fashion. Many a time they were obliged to modify or lay aside a fine design only because the taste of the public was not "up to it"—it was too simple, too violent a departure from established patterns, or else it was "chased beyond the market." At present they find the public taste responsive to their own. Nothing now can be too elegant to be appreciated; and whatever the Designing Room at Providence approves wins prompt applause in the warerooms of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. With increase of wealth there must either come tasteless and barbaric pomp or there must come higher refinement, better education, and more elegant modes of living. We shall either spend our surplus money in pleasures that ennoble or in pleasures that debase. It was well, then, for the more prosperous people of the United States to convert a portion of the gold from California into silver from Providence, and it was well for those cunning men of Providence to make the vessels and utensils of our tables and side-boards so elegant and pleasing that they approach the rank of works of art much more nearly than many which figure in famous galleries and are supposed to adorn them.



CENTRE-PIECE.—SILVER.

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STRATENSK, SHILKA RIVER, EASTERN SIBERIA.

TRAVELING IN SIBERIA.

JUST at sunset of an October day I left the steamer at Stratensk, the head of navigation on the Shilka, one of the affluents of the Amoor. A crowd of soldiers, Cossacks, peasants, and dogs greeted us as we trod the narrow plank and ascended from the pebbly beach to the town. A low-roofed building in front of the landing-place was designated as the hotel, but there was no outward sign to indicate its character. We engaged a couple of Cossacks to carry our baggage, and, to insure their honesty, counted the pieces in their presence. It was delivered very promptly, and, after the porters had been paid for their service, we were ready to take our ease in our inn.

The rooms into which we were shown were commodious and well warmed; they had the river and the opposite shore in sight, and a loudly-crying baby in hearing. There were chairs, tables, and shelves in liberal supply, and for beds there were stuffed benches or sofas without backs. A Siberian traveler is expected to carry his own bed-clothing, and to arrange his couch just as pleases his fancy. In most cases I did not find the sofa much softer than the floor, and frequently it had the negative advantage of harboring a great many fleas. In the matter of beds Siberia is woefully deficient, even in the houses of the wealthier classes. When I left Nicolayevsk, Mr. Chase said to me, "Take an earnest look at my bed, for you will not see another till you arrive in Europe." Such a thing as a real wide honest four-poster I did not find between the mouth

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of the Amoor and the Ural Mountains. Sofas and small beds, something like hospital cots, were in general use in the sleeping apartments I entered; and some were so narrow that I occasionally rolled to the floor in attempting to turn over.

We ordered a supper of beef-steak and potatoes, with black bread and tea—the latter of our own preparation from the supply we carried. My companion was traveling as a courier, with important dispatches for Government, and we were obliged to make our stay very brief. At midnight we started on our westward journey, with our faces toward the Russian capital, more than five thousand miles away. It was the commencement of my land travel in Siberia.

The road westward from Stratensk lies along the left bank of the Shilka, while the town is built on the opposite shore. My companion, the Captain, engaged a Cossack to accompany us, and ordered him, as a preliminary step, to take our baggage to the river and prepare it to be ferried over. We followed in due time, but no ferry-boat was visible on our side of the stream. We could see the boat tied to the opposite bank, away in the distance; and, after all of us had shouted into a condition of hoarseness, some one of the Charons consented to wake. Then a light glimmered, two or three men bustled as actively as their sleepy heads and weary limbs would permit, oars splashed in the water, and the boat slowly approached us. In form something like a yawl, with high and sharp stern and bow, it widened greatly in the centre, where it supported a platform eight or ten feet square. Four stupid but amiable men, with shaggy beards and sheep-skin coats, managed (or mismanaged) the craft. They were long in coming to land, and longer in returning. They ended their voyage by depositing us, with our baggage, on a slope of broken rocks, where we were forced to clamber fifteen or twenty feet to the road above.

Horses and a vehicle were brought from the station, close at hand, and after a good deal of packing and arranging of baggage, so as to make room for all we had to carry, the postillion shouted "*gotovey!*" and we were off. Five thousand miles of autumn and winter road lay before me ere I could reach the land of railways, and behold the steamy breath of the locomotive. Five thousand miles of horse-flesh, of jolts, thumps, bruises, overturns, rain, snow, and wolves! Think of it, ye who shudder at a day's life in a stage-coach, or tremble as you trust your weak bodies to the mercies of Camden and Amboy. As I settled down into our furs and blankets, and yielded to the sensation of drowsiness, I seemed to look forward through a long vista of discomforts and dangers that faded in a perspective of Arctic storms, and was arched by a dim rainbow of hope in a cloud of drifting snow.

The great post-road of Siberia, as one travels westward, begins at Stratensk in summer, and at Nicolayevsk in winter. The summer route between those towns is by steam, sail, or row boats along the Amoor and Shilka, while the winter road follows their frozen surface. From Stratensk westward the line is fairly stocked with horses and carriages, so that travelers proceed with little delay. Every traveler must carry a *padaroshnia*, or road-pass, to entitle him to hire horses at the stations. Passes are issued by officials in the principal towns, and serve the double purpose of bringing a revenue to Government and restricting the movements of suspected individuals. The pass confers the right to hire horses and drivers, at certain fixed rates, which must be paid at every change of team. It also regulates the status of travelers, a very important matter in Russia. There are three grades of padaroshnia—the first for couriers and high officials, the second for ordinary officials, and the third for merchants and private citizens in general. The rule "first come first served" does not prevail on the Siberian post-road, but preference is regulated by the grade of the passport. Smith, bearing a third-rate pass, may be ready to leave a station. While the driver is arranging the harness along comes Jones (Captain or any thing else), with a padaroshnia of the second rank. If there are no spare horses at hand, the station-master take the team from unhappy Smith, and bestows it upon Jones. The latter departs rejoicing; but it is just possible the next station may see him share the same fate to accommodate a high official who can not be detained. Kissing may go by favor, but Siberian horses don't.

We left Stratensk in a "*telyaga*," a four-wheeled wagon about seven feet long and wide enough for two persons. Our baggage was arranged in a sort of bed in the bottom of the vehicle, and covered with our blankets and spare furs to smooth inequalities. We sat or reclined on this bed and tried to extract from it as much comfort as possible. To adapt themselves to the road the Siberians discard trunks, solid portmanteaus, and nearly every thing else that has sharp corners. In place of a trunk the traveler carries a "*chemadan*," an invention thoroughly Russian. It is made of soft leather, and is very long and wide in proportion to its thickness; it can be lashed so as to be nearly water-tight, and will accommodate itself very readily to the shape of its contents and the place where it is stowed. A small trunk which I brought from New York proved a positive encumbrance. It could not ride inside, and so we tied it behind the carriage, where it frequently worked loose and grated against the wheels. I subsequently exchanged it for a chemadan, and have reason to believe it was the first American trunk that ever reached the middle of Siberia.

The telyaga belonged to the station-master, and was changed with the horses and driver. In traveling with the post vehicles it is a great annoyance to change at every station. No matter what you carry, every thing must be transferred while fresh horses are being harnessed.

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A TARANTASS.

It is bad enough to be shifted about in the daytime, but at night, especially when it rains or snows, the nuisance is next to intolerable. To remedy this evil the Russians have contrived the "*tarantass*," a vehicle on the general plan of the telyaga but larger, better, stronger, and more respectable in every way. It has a hood like that of an American chaise, and is generally padded inside to break the force of sudden thumps. A boot in front can be buttoned to an apron that lets down from the hood, so that at night or in storms a traveler is very well protected. The telyaga has a hood and also a boot; but the system of ventilation is generally so thorough, that one would be about as well off in the open air. Tarantass and telyaga are mounted on strong poles, more or less elastic, and to give as much "spring" as possible the axles are placed from eight to twelve feet apart. A traveler, desiring to be comfortable, buys a tarantass at the beginning of a journey, and keeps it as long as he chooses.

During our short halt at Stratensk I endeavored to purchase a carriage; but the only one for sale was a rickety affair, very gouty in the springs, and having a general suggestion of *noli me tangere*. Its owner lowered his price so rapidly as to arouse my suspicions that the tarantass would break down very early, and so we concluded to trust to finding one on the road. At the first station from town we luckily procured one that we took to Nerchinsk, sixty miles further on. There I was able to charter a tarantass, which I agreed to deliver to a designated individual in the capital of Eastern Siberia.

Well, here we go. The road was long, as I have already said; it was wide, and it was deep. Heavy rains a few days before had softened it; a cold night had frozen it in some places, while in others the mud abounded in all its glory. It awakened recollections of my camp-life between Shiloh and Corinth, and the Arkansas campaign to Pea Ridge. They brought us three horses at first, and added a fourth before starting. The team was harnessed after the Russian manner—one horse between shafts with a yoke or bow over his neck, and the remainder abreast of him on either side. Up hill, down hill, and over dale, along the valley of the Shilka, we followed our road. The mud was worse in the hollows and along the plains than upon the hill-side; it was any where from nothing up to twenty-four inches deep, and had a very uneven foundation below it. Our little horses dragged us through very gallantly, being urged to their duty by the whip and voice of the driver. Whenever they lagged the Captain shouted "*poshol!*" (faster) very emphatically, and his order was communicated to the poor beasts by means of the lash.

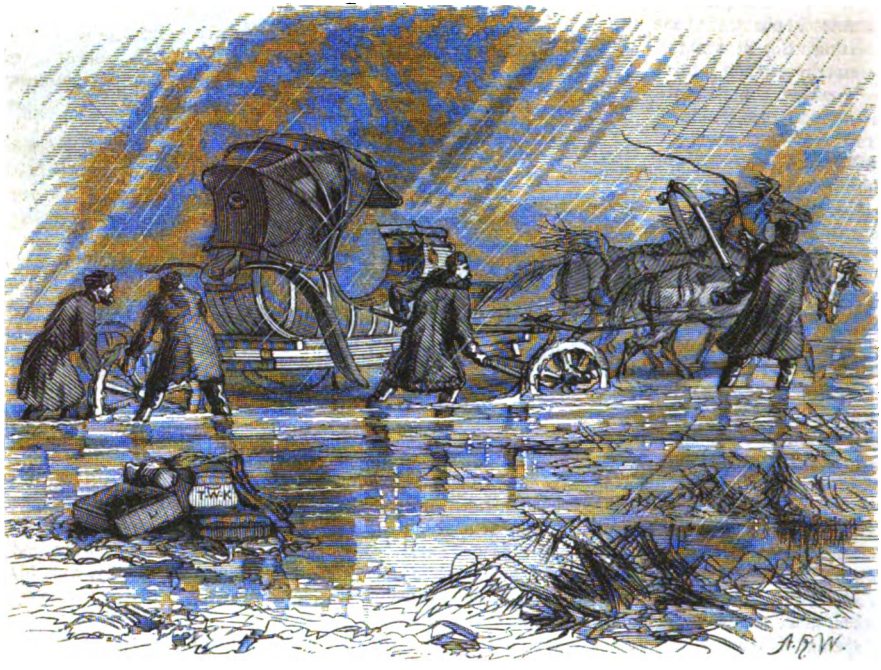
Before we were an hour on the road I learned the Russian words corresponding to our "go ahead," "hurry up," "drive on," and the like. To this day I do not know the Russian for "slower," or any thing of kindred import. I confined my lingual studies to what was needed by a traveler.

Some of our drivers were good, and displayed a knowledge of their business; while others were largely blessed with stupidity. We had slight mishaps, such as losing a wheel while descending a hill, and bringing the whole establishment to a very sudden halt; then we stuck in occasional mud-holes, and expended time, energy, and Russian imprecations in getting out. Once we were forced to unload every bit of baggage and pile it on the moist ground. We pulled, and lifted, and pulled again; the driver and our Cossack put their shoulders to the wheels, and covered themselves with mud; the Captain and I lifted with poles in a variety of ways; the horses pulled in a very irregular way; but all was of no avail. At last I hit upon a plan.

"Now, my dear Captain," I suggested, "put Cossack and driver at the wheels. You lift at the pole under the forward axle, and let me touch up the horses."

It was arranged; I had my way. When all was ready I plied the lash and astonished horses and Russians with specimens of vocal practice from American race-tracks. The Siberian team could not endure it, and in one minute after my commencement we were out of the depths and ready to reload the tarantass. With great skill the Cossack had placed our pillows and blankets on the wet ground, and piled heavy baggage above them. For this blunder

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GETTING OUT OF DIFFICULTY.

the Captain remonstrated with him in tones the reverse of gentle.

When the road had any suggestion of goodness we went along at a rapid rate. The carriage bounded fearfully, and at the end of the first hundred miles I had the worst headache I ever experienced. As before remarked, the Captain was traveling "*en courrier*," and his speed was altogether too much for my comfort. It soon became evident that he must drop me, and so we concluded to separate at the first provincial capital. We halted a few hours at Nerchinsk, a pretty town of four or five thousand inhabitants, and the first place in Siberia where I saw indications of wealth and long habitation. The settlements in the valley of the Amoor have an appearance of newness like those in Kansas or Iowa, none of them being more than twelve or fifteen years old. Nerchinsk was founded nearly two centuries ago, and the wealth of the region it supplies and controls is indicated in the character of its best houses. Here, more than five thousand miles from the capital, I found mansions that would be no discredit to the suburbs of New York. We dined at the house of a gold-miner, an old friend of my companion. The parlor into which we were ushered contained a profusion of elegant furniture, mirrors, paintings, and pictures, from European Russia away to the westward. And then the wine-cellar! "Would we have Johannisberg, Rudesheimer, Hockheimer, or Verzenay? Did we prefer Cliquot to Heidsick, or *Carte d'Or* to *Vin Imperial*?" Verily the Siberians make themselves comfortable—when they have the money to do so.

The district of Nerchinsk is famous in the criminal history of Russia, and many a man has trembled at its bare mention. Convicts sentenced to hard labor for life or long terms of years were formerly sent to its mines, about two hundred miles south of the town of Nerchinsk. Political prisoners under similar punishment likewise went there, some of them being placed with the convicts while others were kept at labor more nominal than real. Several conspirators against the Emperor Nicholas in 1825 were banished to these mines, where they remained about two years. At the end of that time they were employed in various ways elsewhere, none of their labor being long continued or severe.

The Shilka is formed by the union of the Onon and Ingodah, just as the Amoor commences at the junction of the Shilka and Argoon. On the morning after leaving Nerchinsk we were in the valley of the Ingodah, now on the alluvial meadows bordering the river, and now climbing or descending the mountains that push in sharp promontories from the principal chain. Sometimes we were hundreds of feet above the valley, and looked down on a charming landscape. The frosts had touched the foliferous trees, denuding their branches and spreading the autumnal leaves thick as those that strew the woods of Vallambrosa. Dark ridges covered with evergreen, pine, and spruce stretched in wavy lines among the mountains, and contrasted with the yellower forests that filled the

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hollows, and spread over many of the lower hills. Down below us lay the valley, revealing, through a carpet of darkly green and luxuriant grass, the river winding like a thread of silver and glistening in the clear sunlight. Here and there farms and villages dotted the meadows, and sometimes displayed an ambition to climb the gentler slopes. The season of harvest was nearly ended, and every farm-house had thrown up winter defenses of hay-stacks and piles of unthreshed grain. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep browsed lazily upon the herbage, or rested "to chew the cud of sweet content." Away in the back-ground the mountains were faint and indistinct through the hazy atmosphere, and forcibly reminded me of our Indian summer. Occasionally a stipple of snow was revealed through the yellow and brown tints of the autumn landscape, and foretold the coming of the long season of storms and frosts. As we wound along the wide roadway, ascending the hill at a rapid walk or dashing downward at the best speed of our horses, I found my attention constantly absorbed by the beautiful picture before me.

Siberian carriages, in their best condition, afford a good deal of torture to the lineal mile. At Chetah, the first provincial capital, I was ready to perform in the spirited drama, known as "Used Up," without the necessity of changing costume or feelings. Had I been rolled down hill in a hogshead, I think my sensations would have been little worse than on my ride to Chetah. The Captain left me to the care of the governor and subordinate officials, and never was a stranger more kindly received. The governor took me from the hotel to a room in his own house, and during my halt of four days I was vigorously dined, wined, and otherwise entertained. "Yankee Doodle"—the only American music attainable—was learned by the band within six hours of my arrival, and played at every convenient opportunity. The officers' club invited me to attend its weekly soirée, where music, dancing, reading, recitation, card-playing, and small talk were the means of entertainment. There was a great deal of tea-drinking during the entire evening, and the affair terminated a little past midnight in a very substantial supper. I never found a people that surpassed the Russians in their ability to consume and digest a hearty meal just before a very late bedtime.

From Chetah westward the road was more level and less muddy than that from Stratensk. Soon after leaving the town we passed a mountain ridge (the *Yablonoi Krebet*) that separates the waters flowing toward the Pacific from those that reach the Arctic Ocean. The ascent was so gradual that I hardly realized we were crossing a chain of mountains marked on the maps with a very deep shade. In justice to the mountains it is proper to add, that we traversed them in the night and kept the vehicle closed to exclude cold. I was asleep most of the time and so was my companion—an officer who happened to be going to a place I wished to visit. Under these circumstances I will not attempt a minute description of that part of the road; but I have the authority of others for calling the mountain pass an easy one.

The cold sensibly increased after passing the Yablonoi Mountains; we found the lakes frozen and the ground in many places covered with snow. Owing to climatic peculiarities very little snow falls in the vicinity of Chetah; and sometimes there is not enough to whiten the ground during the entire winter. The clouds rolling from the north expend most of their moisture upon the Yablonoi Mountains, retaining very little to drop on reaching the valley beyond. On the southern side the same phenomenon occurs with the clouds from that quarter, and thus the valley of the Ingodah is blessed with slight snows. In summer long storms of rain are of rare occurrence, and the chief reliance for moisture is upon thunder-showers that often pour out copious floods. Occasionally the Onon and Ingodah are suddenly filled in this way, overflowing their banks and causing much damage. At the breaking of the ice in spring the gorges and narrow channels of the rivers are sometimes filled, and cause the water to spread over large areas before the obstructions are removed.

West of the Yablonoi Mountains I found the dwellings of the Bouriats, the aboriginal inhabitants of this region. I met some of these natives at Chetah, but did not see them at home until after traversing the dividing chain. They are Mongols, descended from the very people among whom Genghis Khan was born and reared, and whose warriors marched under his victorious banners. They made a respectable stand against the Russians in the seventeenth century; but were ultimately overpowered. Since that time they have been quiet and faithful subjects of the Czar. They are Buddhists in religion, and receive their teachings from the Grand Lama at Thibet. The Russian priests have made earnest efforts to convert them, but without success. Two monasteries were founded among the Bouriats in the seventeenth century, and have been occupied ever since by zealous propagandists. The natives receive the priests very kindly, and show them many attentions, but appear quite contented with the religion they possess. Two English missionaries labored long in the same field, but never secured a single convert. At one time the Russian priests proposed baptizing the natives—*nolens, volens;* but the Government strictly forbade it. No nation in the Old World is more tolerant than Russia in matters of religion; and one cause of the rapid spread of Russian power in Asia is the inflexible rule of non-interference with local faith. Every well-meaning and unobjectionable form of worship is fully protected by laws and custom, and though the priests of the established Church may use every means of persuasion, they are strictly forbidden to employ

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A BOURIAT VILLAGE.

force. The church, the mosque, and the temple rise side by side in some of the cities of Russia, and are equally protected as their devotees assemble to worship the Deity in whom they believe.

The Mongol *yourt*, or habitation, is a light structure, corresponding to the wigwam of the American Indian and the hut of the wandering African. It consists of a frame-work of wood, covered with thick felt, the whole capable of being packed for transportation in a very short time. It is of circular shape, from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and less than six feet high. I never entered one where I could stand erect, except in the opening in the centre that permits the egress of smoke and heat. A fire in the middle of the yourt serves for cooking and heating purposes, and generally fills the interior of the apartment with smoke. Ophthalmia is prevalent among the Bouriats, and I was inclined to ascribe it to the character of the atmosphere where they dwelt. From their association with the Russians these natives have learned something of Western comforts. Sometimes I found them living in log-houses, and their villages were often made up of houses and yourts. Much of the way through their country they served us as drivers, and proved quite as dashing and energetic as their blue-eyed neighbors. They are skillful horsemen, and showed themselves quite at home in the saddle whenever their occupations required them to ride. They keep immense flocks of sheep, which we often saw grazing on the undulating steppe in charge of watchful shepherds.

Some of the Bouriat women are not devoid of beauty, but their lords are rarely covetous of the homage of outside barbarians. I heard much of a famous Bouriat belle, and had promised myself the pleasure of visiting her. We arrived at the station where she lived about two o'clock in the morning; the unseasonable hour and a big dog prevented my making a fashionable call.

At Verkne Udinsk we were ferried over the Selenga, a river which rises in the Mongolian steppe in Chinese Tartary, and after a tortuous course falls into Lake Baikal, whence its waters ultimately reach the Arctic Ocean. The river was full of floating ice, and the voyage across it had a spice of danger. The stream was expected to close very speedily, and it was just possible it might freeze during our traverse and leave us fastened midway between the banks. We loaded our tarantass on a ferry-boat, much like the one I described at Stratensk, and pushed out after a good deal of labor. The huge cakes ground against the sides of the boat, and seemed to have us pretty much at their mercy. The ferry-men had an inconvenient habit of crossing themselves just at the time when a vigorous effort was of greatest consequence. I should have been better satisfied had they waited until we reached the shore; but as we emerged from the ice and landed safely I have no cause for complaint.

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After passing this river I left the main road and turned south to Kiachta, on the frontier of the Chinese Empire. On this part of my way I met hundreds of Russian carts laden with tea from the north of China, on its way to European Russia. The carts—little, two-wheeled affairs, each drawn by a single horse and carrying eight or ten chests of tea—were in trains of different length. One driver managed four or five horses, and as he was generally asleep on one of his vehicles the horses had things about in their own way. The law requires that all post vehicles—*i. e.*, carriages of any kind drawn by post-horses—shall have the whole road. When the caravan horses heard the bells which indicated our character they generally turned aside of their own will, as they very well knew that neglect to do so would incur punishment from our driver's lash. Quite often our postillion brought his whip very heavily upon the slumbering drivers if they happened in his reach. It is a privilege that belongs to his position to thrash delinquent inferiors, and I presume its exercise is some consolation for the kicks and cuffs he may have received from those who commanded him.

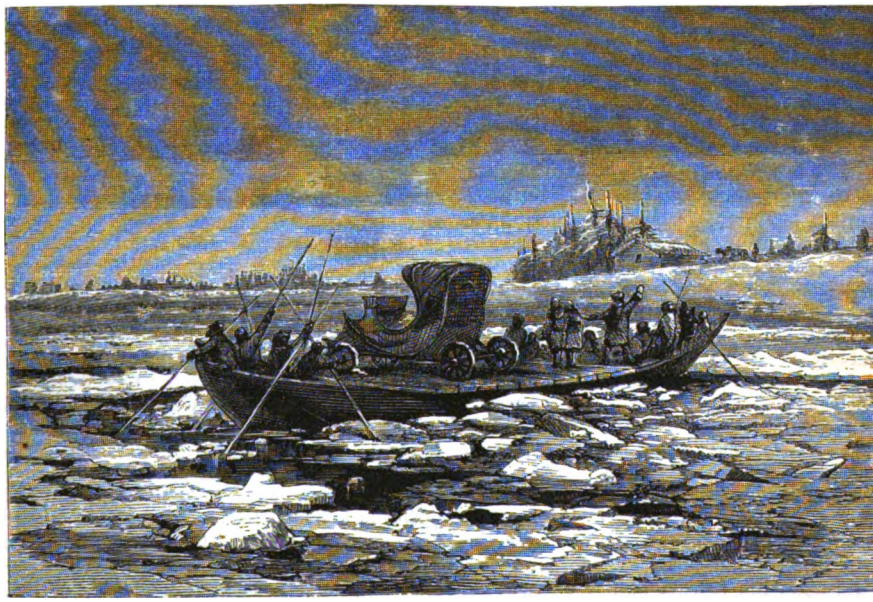
We reached Kiachta late in the evening, and as there was no hotel we applied to the Chief of Police for lodgings. This is our reason for so doing:

In many Siberian towns there are no hotels, as the amount of travel is not large. A certain number of lodgings is registered at police head-quarters, and must be always ready for occupation. Those who have friends drive to their houses, and are always hospitably received, but strangers without introduction apply at the official bureau and are promptly quartered.

A soldier conducted us to the designated house, and after rapping a long time we roused the master, who came down in a single garment that fluttered in the cold north wind while he stood in the doorway. Soon as the baggage was unloaded we ordered a little supper, and warmed ourselves with numerous cups of most excellent tea. The samovar steamed merrily as we thawed our frosty faces and drew comfort from the beverage that cheers, with a flavoring drop or two of the one that inebriates. In the morning we were ready to make the acquaintance of the town and its inhabitants.

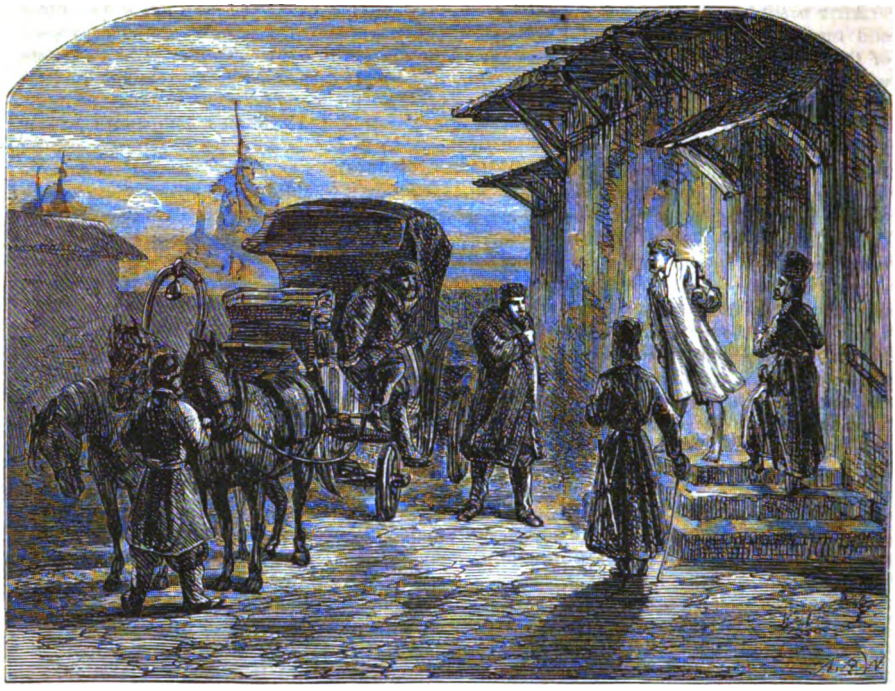
Kiachta is a neat little town, thoroughly Russian in all its features; houses, people, furniture, carriages, and every detail of daily life are fashioned after the models of St. Petersburg and Moscow. On entering from the north the traveler passes a gateway painted with the imperial colors; as he emerges at the south he finds above him a high arch, whence the double-headed eagle of Russia looks frowningly down. Beyond this arch is a strip of neutral ground a hundred yards in width, and along its southern boundary rise the walls of Maimaichin. A screen of brick-work conceals a ponderous gate, open during the daytime and firmly closed at night. Pass beyond this gate and you find yourself at once in the empire of China. Maimaichin is no less thoroughly Chinese than is Kiachta Russian. For a hundred and forty years the civilizations of the East and West have stood thus face to face. Each has preserved its distinctive features unchanged through all this time, but the constant intercourse between the two people has not been without effect.

By a treaty between the governments Kiachta and Maimaichin were founded in 1728 to



CROSSING THE SELENGA

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FINDING LODGINGS AT KIACHTA.

facilitate commerce between Russia and China. They were to be held exclusively for trading purposes; no military forces could be maintained there by either party; none but merchants with their families and employés, and a small police force could reside there, and at Kiachta no stranger was allowed to remain overnight. At Maimaichin the Chinese forbade the residence of women, and to this day it is a town where none but masculine humanity can dwell. Russian ladies occasionally visit Maimaichin to satisfy curiosity, and indulge the feminine taste for shopping; but the only Celestials they meet there are of the sterner sex. Of late years the Russians have become less rigid in their regulations, and at present Kiachta is open to strangers of every class who are inclined to pay it a visit.

About three miles north of Kiachta the Russians have a larger town (Troitskosavsk), which is the official residence and the general centre of business. A military force is kept there, and a great many persons, directly or indirectly connected with Government, reside in the municipal limits. Kiachta is said to have a population of about a thousand, while Troitskosavsk is four or five times as large. At a distance the name of Kiachta is alone used. I recorded in my journal the incidents of a week's stay "at Kiachta," though I had lodgings in the other town, and spent the greater part of my time there.

I made daily visits to Maimaichin, calling, on the first occasion, upon the "*Sargoochay*," or Governor, and subsequently upon several merchants. The Governor received me very kindly, and introduced me to some of his officials. We should have become very intimate in a short time had it not been for the difficulties of conversation. What I thought in my own language I uttered in French to the Russian Chief of Police who accompanied me. The sentiment was translated to a Russian-Mongol interpreter, who repeated it to a Mongol-Chinese interpreter in a respectful position at the Sargoochay's side. When they reached their destination my words had literally passed through four tongues! It is possible they were greatly confused, and I know from some replies I received that ideas were considerably mixed. On one visit I exhibited some photographs of natural and other curiosities in America; among them were the falls of the Yosemite Valley in California. I have a suspicion that the interpretations made the cascades of an average height of about five miles, while the Big Trees of Mariposa were described as mere shrubs and walking-sticks. The pictures were regarded with great attention, and it was one of the few occasions in my life where I have seen Chinamen display astonishment.

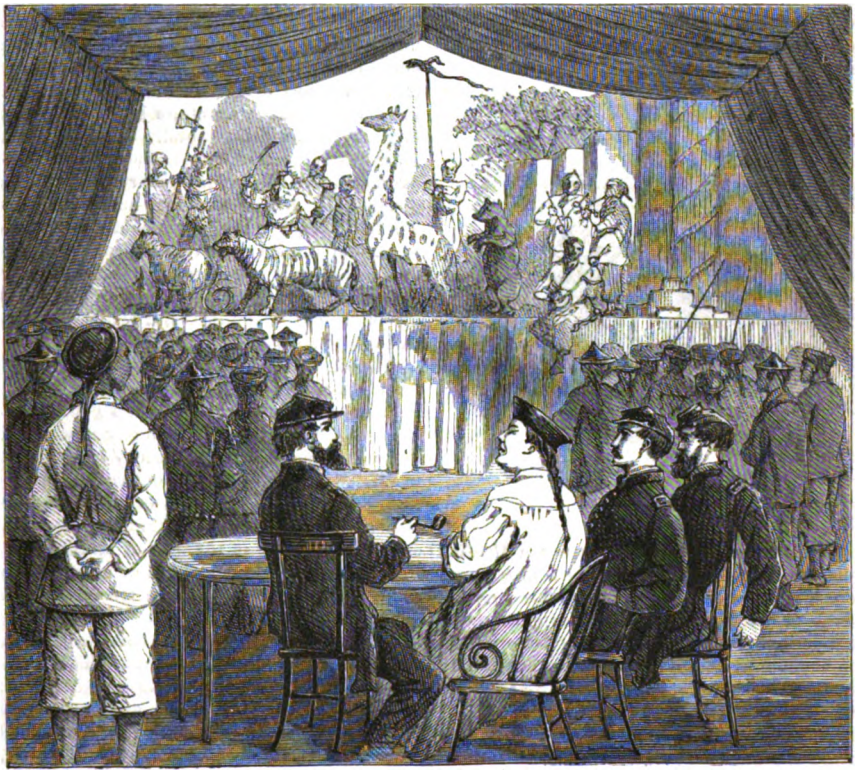
We drank tea and Champagne—of which the Chinese appear quite fond—and smoked and talked in a fragmentary way. I was shown through the Temple and the Court of Justice, and taken to the various other lions of the city—not a very large number, it is true, but all interesting to a novice. At my departure his

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Excellency begged the illustrious stranger to honor him at dinner and a theatrical entertainment two days later—an invitation which the I. S. accepted with thanks.

At the dinner every body appeared in his best clothes, the Governor in a suit of fine silk, topped with a Chinese hat that bore the button indicating the wearer's rank. The staff-officers wore silk uniforms—some black, some gray, and some a combination of the two colors, with the addition of blue. The soldiers outside—or those I took to be such—had swords or small canes; but I did not see any armed with muskets or matchlocks. Our salutations were made in the European manner with polite hand-shaking and deferential bows; but the Chinese did not condescend to remove their hats. The dinner was not elaborate, though it consisted of a great many dishes of mysterious preparation. Somehow they generally had pork or duck as a basis; but for aught I know to the contrary, the fine hashes and minced pies may have contained puppies and rats with a puss or two mixed in for seasoning. Roast-pig was cut in little bits, each of them just a mouthful, and the crisp skin when smoking hot was really delicious. Each guest had a saucer of *soy* or vinegar into which he dipped his food before swallowing it. Out of deference to our customs we had Russian forks and spoons with our Chinese chop-sticks, and could use either without offending our host. Sam-shoo, or Chinese rice-wine was served hot in little cups about as large as a thimble. I think it could safely be compared to the whisky that made the historic Bowery boy feel as if a torch-light procession was promenading down his throat. Champagne and tea were more to our taste; and the intervals of feeding were filled with smoke and a renewal of our polyglot conversation.

Dinner over, the Governor (who had been seated with his legs crossed in Eastern fashion) gave the signal to rise, and then led the way to the theatre. It was not the theatrical "season," and I was told that the performance was specially arranged for my entertainment. The stage was at one side or end of an open court-yard, and faced a pavilion of blue cloth, where seats and a table were placed for our accommodation. Between us and the stage the yard was filled with people, but as we entered the Mongol policemen cleared a wide path through the centre of the crowd, and kept it open during the performance. The table was set with bowls of sweetmeats, and the servants kept our cups constantly supplied with hot tea. Of course we smoked, and, as a matter of familiarity, the Governor exchanged pipes with me for a few minutes. I found his tobacco of the most inoffensive weakness, and the fact that a single



THEATRE AT MAIMAICHIN.

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whiff exhausted the bowl detracted somewhat from its value. A grim old Celestial occupied the office of pipe-filler, and acquitted himself very creditably. His Excellency was very soon more than satisfied with my meerschaum; though he attempted to manifest great delight at his experience, I fancied I saw an expression of disgust revealing itself through his smiles.

The entertainment was very fair—of its kind—but, as I was not thoroughly conversant with the language of Northern China, I failed to understand some portions of the dialogue. The first piece was a farce, which I followed very fairly through its situations and pantomime; the second and concluding portion was evidently designed to represent the power of man or the Chinese deities—I am not certain which—over the beasts of the forest. There was a procession of mock animals, including a bear, a tiger, a leopard, and other carnivorous comforts. They were not very well made up, especially the tiger, whose mask fell off during the performance, and revealed the smooth head of a Chinaman. The beasts marched once around the stage, and were followed by some elaborately-attired actors, who closed the exercises by standing above the crouching beasts and delivering speeches in monotonous tones. During the play the crowd in the yard stared at me much more than at the stage, and led me to suspect that I was the principal object of interest. It is proper to add that the performance took place early in the afternoon, and that the temperature was considerably below the freezing point.



THE TIGER.

The day before this occurrence a Russian gentleman asked me to dine with him on my return from Maimaichin. I expressed doubts of my ability to endure two feasts in the same day, but he promptly replied, "Oh, there is no doubt about it; you can dine with the Sargoochay at one o'clock, and come to my house at three. I shall expect you."

I found the Chinese dinner more gratifying to the eye than to the appetite, and was quite prepared to sit down at the designated hour before the well-laden table of my Russian friend.

The merchants at Kiachta have become very wealthy in the Chinese trade, and most of their fortunes are counted by millions. Their houses are magnificently furnished, and they have all luxuries that money can procure. I encountered no people more hospitable than they in all my journey; they kept me constantly engaged during my stay, and were very urgent that I should make a longer visit. My recollection of their hospitality will forever be associated with the opening of Champagne bottles—an amusement which seemed always in order, like a motion to adjourn. Champagne is the great beverage of wealthy Siberians, and they are careful to have the very best qualities and quantities.

From Kiachta I returned nearly two hundred miles on my road, and then followed the valley of the Selenga to the eastern shore of Lake Baikal. I crossed this lake on a steamer that tossed at times as if on the open ocean, but landed me safely after a voyage of twelve hours. All that portion of Siberia east of Lake Baikal is a free port, so that the first Russian custom-house I encountered was at the steamer's dock. A ride of forty miles carried me to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and the antipodes of New York. Our entry was made under an arched gateway, originally erected as a triumphal honor to General Mouravieff on his return from the conquest of the Amoor. A policeman met us near this entrance, and directed me to lodgings which his chief had already secured for me; they were in the bachelor quarters of a young officer who lived very much at his ease, and had the entire second-floor of a large house at his disposal. The arrival at Irkutsk was the end of my tarantass ride, which extended, including the detour to Kiachta, a distance of nearly fourteen hundred miles. That the roads were rough, and the wooden springs of the carriage very inelastic, my sore and aching limbs gave ample testimony. A thorough steaming in a Russian bath removed all unpleasant sensations, and restored my accustomed activity.

Irkutsk, with a population of thirty thousand, has a charming situation in a bend of the Angara River, forty miles below the point where it issues from the lake. The city is well laid out, with just enough irregularity in its streets to render it picturesque without causing confusion. Being the residence of the Governor-General and a numerous Staff, it possesses great official importance in the eyes of all Siberians. Commercially, it is the centre of an extensive trade, and has amassed large fortunes for its merchants. All the teas from Northern China to European Russia pass through its markets and afford a large item of profit. The stores are numerous and well stocked with goods; milliners, tailors, and hatters display signs in French and Russian, the latter prevailing; and there is a liberal supply of bakers, boot-makers, and manufacturers of cigarettes. East of Lake

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A VIEW IN IRKUTSK, EASTERN SIBERIA.

Baikal the cigarettes of Irkutsk are considered faultless; but in that city the local manufacture is less popular than the brands of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Distance lends enchantment in Siberia no less than in Europe and America.

The city is well built, most houses being of wood, and the better class of stone or plastered brick. The Russians have but one word—*Kamen*—to designate stone or brick when used in building, so that one can not always be sure of the character of a plastered house without making special inquiry. The best houses are elaborately furnished, and when one treads their soft carpets, and looks at the various specimens of upholstery, it is difficult for him to believe that the nearest railway is almost four thousand miles away.

The gay season of the little capital was just commencing, and brought a rapid succession of balls, dinners, concerts, and other festivities. My time was monopolized nearly as much as at Kiachta, and the hospitality of the officers and citizens seemed unbounded. Mr. Fox and his companions upon the iron-clads had been feasted and otherwise entertained at St. Petersburg and Moscow; the presence of an American gave the citizens of Irkutsk an opportunity to show their good-will toward the people of the United States. Many of the Siberians had never seen one of my nationality, and I was often looked at with undisguised curiosity. "I am very glad to have met you," said a lady to me one day at dinner; "I have always wanted to look at an American, and you are the first I ever saw."

"What would you say," I asked, with solemn gravity, "if I told you that my countrymen are generally much larger than myself, and sometimes call me a dwarf?" (The editor of the Magazine will bear witness that I am six feet high at the least.)

"What a race of giants there must be in America, if you are a dwarf!" exclaimed my fair acquaintance. As she looked up to speak, she discovered a smile on the face of our *vis-a-vis*, which confirmed her suspicion that my remark was in jest.

The balls and dances were at private houses, or the club-rooms, according to circumstances. The dwellings of the wealthy citizens were large enough to accommodate a goodly-sized party without serious crowding; the dresses, dances, suppers, and small-talk were conducted in much the same manner as in New York or Boston. Fashions were from Paris, by way of St. Petersburg, and followed pretty closely the modes of the milliners along the Boulevards. Those who did not dance found plenty of entertainment in conversation, Champagne, cards, and cigarettes. The balls generally terminated when the small hours had grown to respectable numbers, and might have threatened sunrise had the city been farther from the North Pole. The concerts were at private houses on some evenings, and at the officers' club-rooms on others. We had vocal and instrumental music—chiefly the latter—from an excellent band, under the leadership of a Russian master; on several occasions a talented young officer in the Siberian service executed upon the piano pieces of his own composition. A theatre formerly existed at Irkutsk, but it was burned the year before my visit, and had not been rebuilt. A temporary theatre was in preparation, and I afterward

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learned that a season of drama commenced the week following my departure.

There is one social custom at Irkutsk that impressed me as particularly agreeable. Every family in society keeps open house in the evening, and receives visitors with charming informality. Tea is served at eight o'clock, and any acquaintance is perfectly free to call at that hour. Taking tea does not imply the solemnity of gathering the entire party around a table; on the contrary, each person sits pretty nearly where he pleases, and holds in his hand the cup and saucer which a servant has brought him. One of the ladies of the family presides at the samovar and tea-things in general, and nearly always a small group is formed around her. The rest of the company may be any where about the room or house; on a sofa two or three persons chat and sip their tea at odd intervals; here and there knots of one, two, or more are sitting, standing, or walking about; somebody is at the piano, and little parties are at the card-tables—each and all displaying an agreeable determination to be happy. The bachelor officers, and many young and old couples, used to be constant members of these unceremonious gatherings. When there was no ball or concert they were sure to have one or more tea-parties; it was generally whispered among the younger people during the day, "We will meet to-night at ——'s house," and somehow the designated family would have any where from ten to fifty visitors. The whole house was open, and all could wander through it at will. There was no constraint; every body felt at home, and generally did not go home until an hour or two past midnight. Those informal parties were among the pleasantest features of my stay at Irkutsk. The remembrance of them is always a delight, though saddened by the regret that the custom is confined to Russia.

When I left New York it was my intention to reach Irkutsk late in the autumn, and remain there until the snows had fallen, and the winter-roads were established. I carried out my programme to the letter; the sleighing season began ten days after my arrival, and in the fourth week of my visit the telegraph reported the road in good condition. I had a sleigh-ride of thirty-six hundred miles in prospect, and began preparations a week or two before the time fixed for departure. Cold weather on the road was prophesied by friends, and foretold by the thermometer, which varied from twenty degrees above zero to as many below. I ordered all sorts of fur garments, and kept a tailor's shop in active employment for several days, until my outfit was completed. When my treasures were piled in one of my rooms, they made a respectable show, and set me wondering how all could be crowded into one sleigh. They were about as follows:



THE AUTHOR—WITH COMPLIMENTS.

A sheep-skin coat—the skinny side out and the woolly side in, like Bryan O'Linn's. It descended below the knees, and buttoned closely from the waist upward.

A deer-skin coat—the hairy side out and the skinny side in. The Russians called it a *dehar*. It was large enough to take in a boy beside me; it touched the ground when I stood erect, and when I walked about it became a sweeping-machine. The collar was a foot wide, and the sleeves were six inches

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longer than my arms; they were an aggravating nuisance whenever I attempted to pick up any thing, and often, after several endeavors to grasp a small object, I found myself clinging to their fringed ends.

A fur cap, circular in shape and having lappets to cover the ears.

A pair of squirrel-skin socks, with the fur inside.

A pair of sheep-skin stockings, rising to the knee and having the wool inside.

A pair of boots, constructed of reindeer skin and extending upward as far as the bifurcation of my frame permitted. They had the hair outside and were soled with pieces of flexible rawhide.

A sheep-skin sleigh-robe, seven feet square and backed with heavy cloth. I believe a dozen skins were used in its composition.

To these trifles a lady friend added a nose-protector, made from a bit of sable fur. It is hardly necessary to remark that this article was more comfortable than ornamental; it was held in place by strings passing over the ears, and to a fanciful observer conveyed the suggestion that the wearer's mustache was going upward without regard to slavish custom.

And now behold me arrayed. My leathern boots are packed with my baggage, and I don the fur socks over my ordinary ones. Then the sheep-skin socks are put on, and over them the deer-skin boots; no cold can reach my feet through all this protection. Over my ordinary clothing I place the sheep-skin coat; then comes the cap, which I tie carefully under the chin, after arranging the nose-mitten, if I think it necessary. Last and greatest, with an effort that sets me puffing, I get somehow into the dehar and fasten it with a strap at the waist. Turning up the wide collar and bringing its ends together in front, I shelter my face from observation and more especially from the cold. According to the state of the weather I regulate the wearing of these luxuries; only in the severest days and nights do I dress in all of them. Sometimes I wear the sheep-skin coat without the dehar, or *vice versa*; sometimes the boots with the stockings, and sometimes without them. When wrapped in all my garments I find it no easy matter to get into the sleigh, and when once there the operation of turning over requires serious deliberation and more serious effort. It is my impression that a properly-arranged derrick would have been a convenient addition to my traveling gear.

During the last two days of my stay I made farewell visits to my numerous acquaintances, in compliance with the Russian custom. I arranged to travel with three friends—two ladies and a gentleman—who were going six hundred miles on my route, to a town where I expected to meet a gentleman on his way to St. Petersburg. The journey was to commence at the ladies' house, and when I was ready I drove there with my masculine friend. After a substantial dinner, in which twenty or more persons took an active part, the signal *pour partir* was given. All present seated themselves around the room and spent a few moments in silent prayer—the travelers asking a prosperous journey, and their friends imploring a speedy and safe return. On rising all who professed the religion of the Eastern Church bowed before the holy picture in the corner of the apartment and made the sign of the cross. This little ceremony is always observed by a true Russian when setting out upon a journey whether by land or sea.

From the house we were escorted by I don't know how many sleighs, filled with a gay party to conduct us to the first station. At the bank of the Angara I found about half the city's population gathered around the landing-place of the ferry-boat; the mayor and several prominent citizens formed a select group and evidently had some surprise in store for me. The ferry-boat was at the opposite shore; it was just dusk, and as I looked toward it I could see a very liberal decoration of banners and Chinese lanterns. One Russian and four American flags waved in the evening breeze, and were reflected in the still though swift waters that flowed beneath them. My national ensign, floating for the first time over the Angara, and thus unexpectedly brought to view, raised a lump in my throat, and inclined me to remove my cap and give a round of cheers. But as etiquette would not sanction such a proceeding on the part of a solitary individual I checked the enthusiasm, and earnestly thanked the gentlemen who arranged this parting surprise. It was a fitting termination to the unvarying courtesy and attention I received during a month's stay at Irkutsk. General Korsackoff, the energetic and much-loved governor-general of Eastern Siberia, set the example of hospitality on my arrival, and his subjects vied with each other in endeavors to follow it. In no other strange city that I ever visited, whether at home or abroad, have I encountered more genuine kindness, and there is no place in all the Old World of which I have a more pleasing remembrance.

Though the boat was of goodly size our party was large enough to require two trips to ferry us over. We dashed away to the westward; at the first station the sleighs discharged their living freight, and we entered the house to make our adieus. Baskets and boxes crept from some of the vehicles, the samovar—ever-present and ever-during brass—was soon at work, plates, cups, and glasses rattled merrily, Champagne foamed, and thus we uttered our farewells. We were nearly three hours at the station before all were ready to go. Then came the kisses; each gentleman kissed each lady's hand, and she at the same instant pressed her lips to his cheek. Mutual touches of the lips were reserved for those of like sex, women kissing women, and men kissing men. A final hand-shaking, as we stood by our sleighs, and fervent hopes of good fortune in this and all other journeys we might undertake, were the signals for our separation.

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FAREWELL TO IRKUTSK.

The drivers loosed their horses, that stood impatient and restless, while we took our places; the station and the group around it were lost in the darkness, and my long sleigh-ride was fairly begun.

For a few minutes I breathed the sharp and biting air, and then fell back among my furs and pillows and resigned myself to sleep. For several hours our route lay along the bank of the Angara, and the snow in the valley was neither thickly nor evenly spread. A dense fog rose from the river and sprinkled every solid thing with frost. In the morning I found our sleigh covered with little crystals except at the points of friction, and our horses gave but faint suggestions of their real color through their coats of congealed mist. Fences, houses, trees, and bushes were alike covered with frost-work, and the fantastic pictures which that Arctic nature painted were frequently possessed of wonderful beauty. On leaving the river we found the road greatly improved, and between the stations we dashed along a magnificent track at a speed that gave exhilaration to at least one of the travelers. The great pleasure of a sleigh-ride is to go rapidly. Four miles an hour may be good progress for a canal boat and quite satisfactory to the passengers, but a sleigh, on a winter road, must move twice as fast or be voted tiresome.

In winter travel in Siberia the general arrangement of stations, drivers, horses, and passports is the same as in summer. The sleighs that carry the mail are changed at the stations, but every traveler—with now and then an exception—has his own vehicle. Changing carriages is bad enough in summer and autumn; but in winter, with severe cold and when snow-storms prevail, it would be many more times a nuisance. Of the traveling sleighs there are several kinds, the best of them being the *vashok* and *kibitka*, named in the order of their value. The *vashok* is a contrivance shaped somewhat like a common hackney coach; it is about seven feet long, with doors at the sides, and is wide or narrow according to the taste of the builder. The driver sits on a box in front, and there is generally a sheltered place for a postillion. The *kibitka* is shaped much like the tarantass previously described, and though less inclosed, and consequently colder than the *vashok*, it possesses the great advantage of enabling its occupants to look ahead. Invalids and ladies generally take the *vashok*, but the other conveyance is preferred by the majority of masculine travelers. Throughout all the Russias the city of Kazan has the reputation of building the best carriages for country travel, whether on wheels or runners. A tarantass or sleigh from Kazan will command a higher price than one of the same apparent character constructed elsewhere.

I bought a Kazan sleigh, said to have traveled more than six thousand miles, and when I bade it farewell it had carried me thirty-six hundred. For aught I know to the contrary it was good for ten thousand more. The shafts and some of the upper work sustained occasional smashes of no serious character, but the running por-

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A VASHOK.

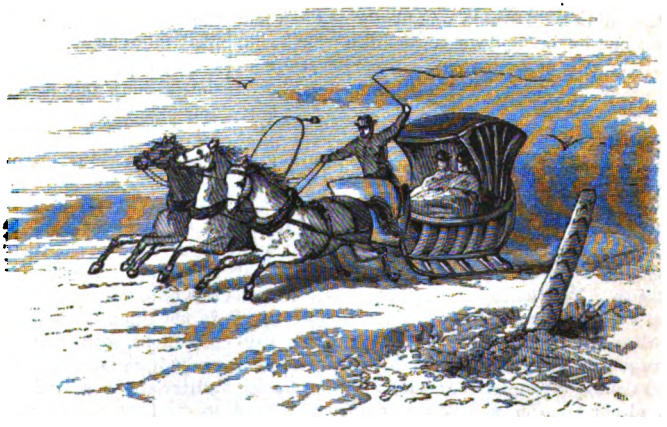
Winter is the best time for traveling in Siberia. In summer one has clouds of dust, flies, and mosquitoes to annoy him; roads are often rough; all the rivers must be forded or ferried; the corduroy track in swampy land is very objectionable; and the temperature renders it impossible to carry fresh provisions for more than one or two days. In winter the snow fills the hollows and smooths the road, while the frost blots out dust, flies, mosquitoes, fords, and ferries, and preserves one's edibles for any convenient time. If any readers of these pages ever undertake a journey through Northern Asia, I advise them to make the principal part of it in the cold season.

tion preserved its integrity through the whole journey, notwithstanding innumerable jolts and thumps that would have caused the utter dissolution of a fancy cutter of the Broadway pattern.

Our party had three sleighs; my masculine friend and myself occupied one vehicle, while the ladies had a vashok and a kibitka to accommodate themselves, two servants, and a great store of baggage and provisions. Verily we were not in light marching order. The supplies in the line of food and drink were enough for twice our number, and as good as they were abundant. Every thing that could be frozen was in a solid state. Soup was in cakes like small bricks, and our bag full of it reminded me of the days when I used to assist an amateur geologist in gathering specimens of metamorphic rocks. Roast beef looked like red granite, and was usually carved with an axe, while chickens and partridges resembled petrifactions from the Silurian period. When we dined on the second day out I brought a bottle of Champagne from my sleigh, and found it as hard as the heart of Nena Sahib. It stood half an hour in the hot room at the station before it thawed sufficiently to drip from the bottle. Delmonico in all his glory never produced better *Champagne frappé*. During the coldest days of the sleigh-ride a bottle of brandy used to make a very fair thermometer, as the liquid showed a tendency to crystallize, and the lower the temperature the more numerous were the crystals.

We fared sumptuously every day; I was well provisioned, but the ladies insisted upon supplying the table whenever we breakfasted or dined. The servants thawed out the provisions and prepared our meals with the facilities which the stations afforded. I have never at any railway dining-room in America found the food as palatable as at our way-side stopping-places. Our toilets were not according to the latest modes, and would have been sensational in Paris or New York; but nobody was fastidious, and we felt and acted more like a picnic party than would be expected of a quartette of winter travelers in Siberia.

We passed a great many trains of one-horse sleds, and received thumps innumerable as we dashed against them. Every sled or sleigh in Siberia has a stout pole sloping downward and



MY KAZAN KIBITKA.

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VALLEY OF THE YENESEI, KRASNOYARSK.

outward from the front of each runner. This pole, or fender, serves the double purpose of insuring against upsets when the vehicle tilts, and of diminishing the chance of injury from contact with whatever it meets. Often we smashed heavily against other sleighs, but the fenders crossed and parried like fencing foils, and prevented any serious damage. Once in a while a fender became broken, and in such case I made a rule to repair it as soon as possible. The trains of sleds going westward were chiefly laden with tea, while those bound to the East carried a varied supply of goods for the Siberian and Chinese markets. Theoretically they were required to give us all the road, but practically they didn't. If there was plenty of room and we met by daylight there was little trouble, but at night, or where the road was narrow, the concession was generally on our side.

At Krasnoyarsk, a thousand versts (six hundred and sixty-six miles) from Irkutsk, I left my three companions, and joined the gentleman I had arranged to meet. After a few days' delay at this town, which stands on a picturesque bluff overlooking the Yenesei River, and is the residence of several gold-miners of enormous fortune, we started on our Westward route. For the first thirty miles there was no snow, and we sent our sleighs ahead upon wheels, and followed with ourselves and baggage packed into telyagas. When we reached the snow we found the sleighs waiting for us, and our transfer was promptly effected. Our vehicles were loaded and unloaded upon the carts that carried them about as readily as a hackman would arrange a traveling trunk upon his carriage-rack. I learned that very little snow falls in the vicinity of Krasnoyarsk, though there is an abundance of it in the valley of the Yenesei, both above and below the town.

An Englishman is said to have arrived there once at the beginning of winter; thoroughly disgusted with bare ground, he concluded to stop until the snow appeared. Secluding himself at the hotel, he watched the sky and waited patiently for a storm. At the end of two months only a few flakes had fallen; and the son of Albion was preparing for a longer stay when he learned, by accident, that for six weeks the sleighing had been excellent from a point forty miles away.

Day and night, night and day, as we reached the stations, our first, and generally our only demand, was for horses and drivers. They usually came promptly, and I was a constant admirer of the unvarying amiability of the Russians when roused from a sound sleep and called to go into the unpitying cold of a Siberian winter. Rarely did I hear an expression of anger; and very patiently did those men perform their duties. Here and there a driver was obstinate; but, taken upon the average, I do not think there is a better-natured class of postillions, stable-boys, and horse-keepers generally in the whole world. They expected gratuities at the end of each drive, and I am free to say they generally deserved them. Money was pretty certain to secure high speed when

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CHANGING HORSES AT A SIBERIAN STATION.

the roads and horses were favorable; the offer of *na vodka*, or drink-money, was usually effectual, especially if the driver was young and ambitious. Ten or eleven miles an hour were not uncommon; twelve or thirteen were attainable at times; and once I held my watch—and almost my breath—to count twenty-one versts, or nearly fifteen miles in sixty minutes! The horses were tough, wiry little beasts of Tartar blood, with thick coats to protect them from cold, and possessing muscles capable of great endurance. They never wore blankets, and their stables were little better than fenced inclosures, with shaky roofs. An American horse would die in the first month of a Siberian winter if subjected to the treatment the native horses receive.

The long, slender whip of Europe and America is unknown in Siberia; the land of horses and of fast driving has not yet attained the refinement of the "cracker." The universal weapon of the driver is a handle two feet long, with a stout lash of rope or rawhide. Though it never snaps, it is capable of great execution and finds frequent and skillful use.

After passing Tomsk, three hundred miles from Krasnoyarsk, and next to Irkutsk the largest city in Siberia, we entered upon the great Baraba steppe, a thousand miles in width. Tomsk is an important commercial centre, and in summer it is reached by steamboats from Tumen on the western border of the steppe. Excluding a detour to the Altai Mountains, three hundred miles to the southward, we were a whole week in crossing this flat or gently-undulating region, where scanty birches were the principal trees, and tall grasses, pushing through the snow, told of the fertility of the soil in summer. Winter and summer fearful storms occur there, and render the steppe the great dread of travelers. Twice during our traverse we experienced high winds and densely falling snows, that blinded my unaccustomed eyes, and caused me to wonder at the apparent instinct of our drivers that prevented them utterly losing their way. Once, I shall never forget, the night-wind whirled the snow in eddying masses, and very often we wandered from our way. Losing the road, we stopped while our drivers walked in circles until they found it again and were able to proceed. Halts were frequent, and one of them was rendered interesting by the howling of wolves not very far away, and the possibility of being lunched upon before morning. But as we were not eaten, I can not positively describe the sensation of being devoured by those ferocious beasts.

As we approached the Ural Mountains the country lost its flat and monotonous character, and the landscape, or rather snowscape, became more broken. The hills were covered with forests of pine and fir, and the snows grew deeper. Towns and villages were larger and more thickly scattered, and beggars began to assail us at the stations. Along the steppe the population was very evenly distributed in villages whose inhabitants appeared to have abundance of food. Up to the time of Cath-

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LOST IN A SNOW-STORM.

erine II. the steppe was thinly inhabited; a governor of Siberia persuaded that empress to give him the entire draft of men in a single year instead of sending them to the army. He settled these men and their families in villages along the steppe, and from them the present population is mainly descended. Here and there I saw representatives of the Tartar and Kirghese tribes that held the country from the conquest of Genghis Khan down to the Russian subjugation, three centuries ago.

We halted two days at Ekaterineburg, where I rambled among the shops devoted to *bijouterie* of semi-precious stones, whose preparation occupies a considerable number of men. From a bewildering mass of topaz, amethyst, tournaline, crystal, malachite, and their kindred, I turned to the extensive *zavods*, or foundries of iron and copper, that abound in this region. Two miles from Ekaterineburg is the zavod of Verkne Issetskoi, where is manufactured most of the "Russia Sheet Iron," so familiar to American eyes in stove pipes and parlor stoves. Unfortunately I arrived there just at Christmas, the only period of the year when the foundries are at rest.

One cold night, with the stars twinkling above us, and our sleigh-runners singing over the crispy snow, we dashed out of this Uralian city. Twenty-four miles to the westward, where we ceased to ascend the mountains, our driver drew rein and spoke to my companion. As I raised my head the latter said to me, "There is the monument that marks the boundary."

"Where?"

"Between those trees on the right of the road."

I sprang from the sleigh, and waded through the snow to the foot of the monument. A plain shaft of granite, bearing in Russian characters, on opposite faces, the words EUROPE and ASIA, showed where one continent terminated and the other began. Sentimentally inclined, I stood with a foot in each continent, and attempted to muse on the novelty of my situation.

Frost was more powerful than romance, and I speedily retreated to my sleigh, to begin, from the crest of the Ural Mountains, the grand tour of Europe.



THE BOUNDARY.

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THE UNWELCOME GUESTS OF INSECTS.

[First Paper.]

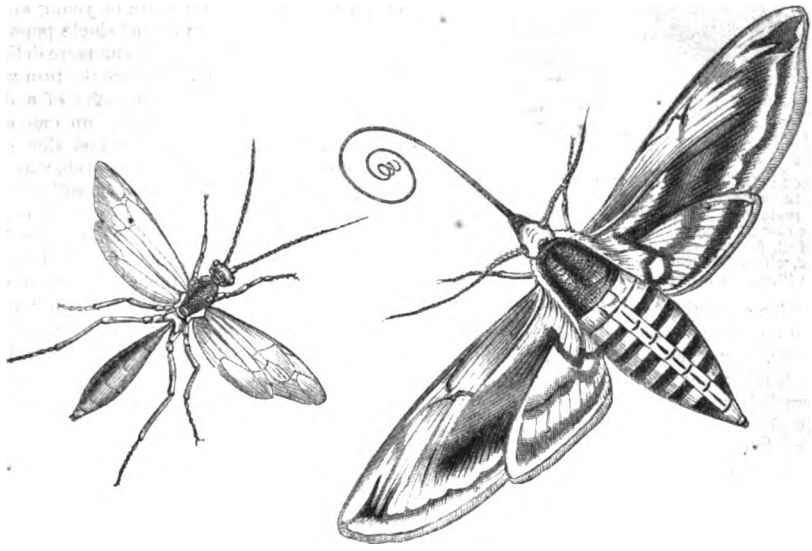


FIGURE 1.—Right-hand figure, *Sphinx ligustri*, the Privet Hawk-Moth of England, with its long tubular proboscis unrolled. (From Jardine.)—Left-hand figure, *Ichneumon atropos*, an Ichneumon which is parasitic upon both the Privet Moth and the Death's Head Moth (*Acherontia atropos*). (From Newport.)

SOME reader of this Magazine, interested in but knowing little of the manners and customs of Insects, may in the course of an early Spring ramble see hanging upon the twigs of a sassafras, wild cherry, or azalea tree some oval or fusiform objects (Fig. 2) of a light brown color, which on a closer examination prove to consist externally of one or two leaves rolled up lengthwise so as to form the outer layer of a strong silken cocoon, the fibres of which continue up around the stem and spread out over the twig, binding the two firmly together, and resisting any ordinary effort to separate them. There are half a dozen such cocoons, and you begin your Natural History studies for the year by cutting off the twigs and sitting down on a bank to look into them.

You first give each a shake, in order to be sure whether they contain any thing, and find that one is much lighter than the other five. Slitting this up, there is to be seen only a thin, brown, and wrinkled skin lying in a glazed cavity, at the bottom of which are some fragments of a dirty yellow color. A second shaking of the five heavy ones reveals that three of them seem to be properly secured within, while the other two rattle slightly, and even when held perfectly still to the ear sometimes give out a gentle rustling or scraping sound, which, since it betokens life, causes you to open one, but more circumspectly, and with the sharpest of your small blades, after first stripping off the looser outer coats of the cocoon. The cavity is nearly filled by an oddly-shaped oval body (Fig. 3), quite

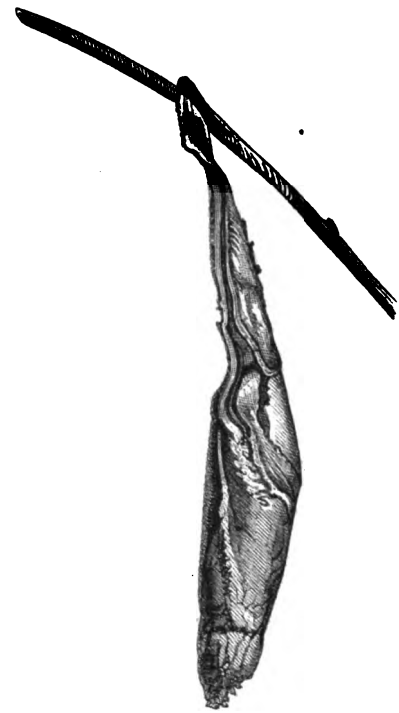


FIGURE 2.—Cocoon of *Attacus Prometheus*, attached to the twig by the silk which envelops the stem of the leaf within which it is formed. (From Nature.)

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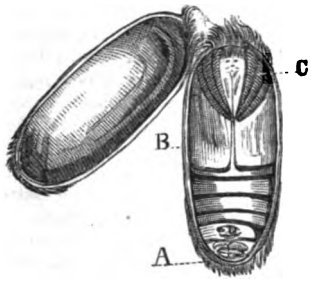


FIGURE 3.—Pupa of *Attacus Prometheus*, as seen from the ventral side, when the cocoon is laid open after removing the leaf and the outer layers of silk: A. the cast-off skin of the Caterpillar; B. the wings of the Moth folded over the breast; C. the feathery antennæ, which, like the wings, show something of their shape through the pupa skin.

dark along one side, but shading off to a light brown on the opposite side. Its lower end is tapering, and consists of rings, which move when it is touched or shaken; the upper region is rounded, and on the darker side comparatively plain; but the other three sides exhibit curious foldings and cross-marks. The lower end, too, is capped, or more properly perhaps, *shod* with the same dried and horny skin (Fig. 3, A) which lay in pieces at the bottom of the cocoon first opened.

Fearful of losing what you have found, you now go home, and are informed by one who has seen such cocoons before that it is the work of a large green caterpillar which in July and August fed upon the leaves of the trees, and toward the beginning of September secured a leaf to the twig with strong silk, and then placing itself upon its lower side, bound the edges together over its body. Within this outer case it spun several layers of silk, and glazed the interior with a smooth varnish. After a short rest it cast off its outer skin, which was crowded down to the lower end of the cavity (Fig. 3, A), and then assumed the form in which it was found, and which, from its resemblance to a mummy, is called *pupa*. Remaining in this state through the winter, in the following July it would again cast its skin and push its way through the looser silk at the upper end of the cocoon, expand its broad wings (B) and feathery antennæ (C), previously folded upon its breast, and at evening fly away as a large moth, the *Attacus Prometheus*, a description and figure of which you find on page 390 of the new edition of "Harris's Report on the Insects Injurious to Vegetation." The empty cocoon would remain hanging for several years; and this accounts for the condition of the one first opened, which, too, you now perceive, is bleached and weather-worn. The third cocoon presents the same appearances as the second; but the other three, though quite as heavy as these two, give out no sound when shaken, and when held to the ear no movement within can be perceived.

You begin to open one rather carelessly, and are alarmed by a whitish fluid following the first cut of your knife. Proceeding now more deliberately, you succeed in removing one side of the cocoon, and behold a most unexpected sight. You could be hardly more amazed if, after nine eggs had brought forth proper chickens, a tenth produced a score of young alligators; for in the place of your single pupa the cavity is packed full of smaller and more delicate cocoons (Fig. 4, B); and through the torn walls of one you see the crushed remains of a little white worm. Carefully slitting up one after another of the little sacks, you find that each contains a similar fleshy footless grub, which at first appears lifeless, but if touched will roll over and perhaps make an effort to wriggle out of the cocoon. They are from three to five eighths of an inch in length, rather flattened in the middle (Fig. 4, C), but tapering at each end, and have a little brownish head, which in nearly every case is pointed toward the upper end of the larger cocoon. Neither your friend nor your book afford you any direct information as to what these may be, so that, thrown again upon your own resources, you cut another cocoon right across the middle to gain a new view of its contents; and, your growing zeal for scientific discovery overcoming the instincts of humanity, you coolly pick out the poor worms, divided at various points of their length, and are amazed at the number of the little cocoons and the closeness with which they are packed (Fig. 5, A). Every bit of space is occupied, and the cells, though less regularly shaped, remind you

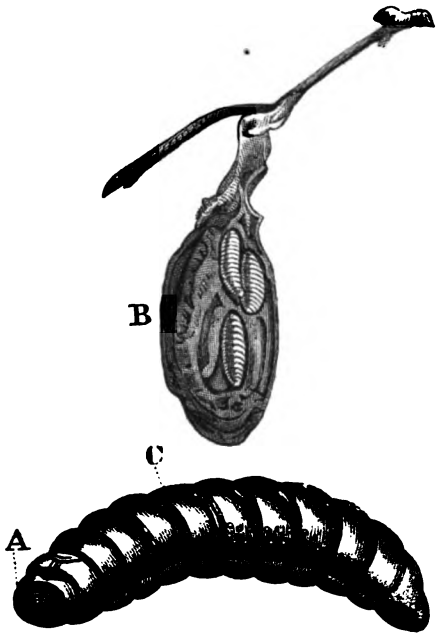


FIGURE 4.—B. cocoon of *Attacus Prometheus*, with one side removed so as to show the cavity occupied by a mass of Ichneumon cocoons; three of these are laid open so as to show the contained larvæ; C. one of the Ichneumon larvæ much enlarged; A. the head. (From Nature.)

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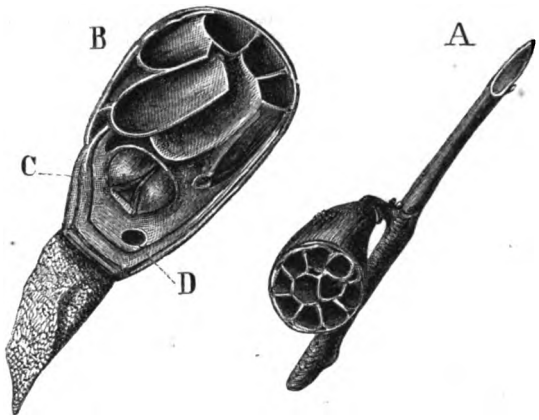


FIGURE 5.—A. cocoon of *Attacus Prometheus* cut across the middle, and the Ichneumon larvæ taken out of their cocoons, so as to show how closely they are packed; B. a longitudinal section of the lower half of the same, showing how the cocoons overlap each other and extend to the very bottom, so as to surround the old skin of the Caterpillar, of which the head only is seen, enlarged two diameters. (From Nature.)

of those in a honey-comb. Again dividing the lower half of the cocoon longitudinally you are more than ever surprised to find there, in its proper place and almost inclosed by the tips of the little cocoons, the very same bundle of caterpillars' old clothes which you had met with in the others (Fig. 5, C).

What does it all mean? Has the moth already escaped, or was this a last year's cocoon, and has it been taken possession of by the present occupants? But then how have they entered? For there is no opening whatever; and though the looser silk at the upper end of the cocoon would readily allow an insect to get *out*, the soft bodies of these worms would surely fail of getting *in*. Besides, what was there for them to eat after they were in? The same difficulty exists if you imagine them to have been originally introduced in the form of eggs. Evidently here *has been* a caterpillar, for this is its house, and here is its skin; but here are *now* twenty or thirty little white worms, which certainly look as if they belonged here, and intended to remain.

At this stage you may be inclined to drop the matter altogether as an inexplicable mystery of nature, or perhaps to surmise, with an old English entomologist under like circumstances, that when from any defect or weakness nature can not bring a caterpillar to a butterfly, in order that her aim may not be entirely defeated, she stops short and forms it into more imperfect animals.

But it is rather to be hoped that you will reserve your opinion, and be on the look-out for more cocoons, and will open one from time to time as the season advances. Some you find empty, some contain the single moth pupa, and others again the smaller cocoons. But early in July you meet with one in which you get a glimpse of color through the semi-transparent walls of the little cocoons. Each of them contains, not the worm, but a handsome fly, having four iridescent wings, six yellow legs, a pair of yellow feelers, black head, chest, and tip of tail; the rest of the abdomen being of a dull red color. But the flies, though decidedly more active, are not a whit better able than the worms to inform you how they came there; and their existence is only an additional complication of the relations between them and the caterpillar, which you still believe to have been the builder and first occupant of the cocoon.

My readers may now perhaps recollect that a somewhat similar series of facts was presented in the latter part of a paper entitled "Two Hundred Thousand Spiders," which appeared in this Magazine for March, 1867. But in the case there described not *one*, but *two* quite different kinds of flies were found in some of the cocoons which the spider (*Epeira riparia*) spins around her eggs. It was there stated that of four hundred such cocoons at least twenty-five, or one in sixteen, contained the more or less perfect remains of other than the original and lawful inhabitants; and also that the reconstruction of these remains, and a comparison of the few facts known with what information we already have as to the operations of other insects, warranted us in concluding, provisionally, that after the mother spider has laid her five hundred or more eggs, with a little cup above and below, has covered them up warmly with two or three soft and thick blankets, and has finally laid over the whole a smooth counterpane, all of the finest silk:—after all these precautions comes a four-winged ichneumon fly, which, having her own progeny to provide for, and knowing, by a wonderful instinct, that the contents of the spider's cocoon will furnish them with a luscious repast, pierces the outer coating, and deposits a dozen or so of eggs within its cavity. From these eggs are soon hatched little white worms, which devour the spider's eggs, and, if left to themselves, attain a length of half an inch, spin for themselves each a silken cocoon, undergo certain changes, and in time come forth as flies like the parent. But it seemed that rarely were they able to reach this last state; for while still in the condition of larvæ, and while feasting upon the eggs of the spider, a third party comes upon the scene—a still smaller four-winged fly, which, though but one-eighth of an inch in length, is nevertheless a mother, and, like the former, on the look-out for her children's food. She in her turn effects an entrance to the cocoon; pierces each of the revelers with a sharp instrument at the end of her body, and deposits under its skin fifteen or twenty minute eggs; from these proceed little white worms, which by degrees devour the flesh of their unwilling hosts, and

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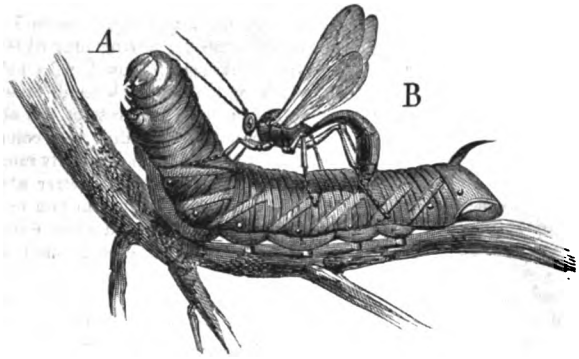


FIGURE 6.—B. *Ichneumon atropos* depositing an egg in the body of a larva of *Sphinx ligustri*, A.

finally, after the cocoons are made, destroy them altogether; they themselves undergoing metamorphosis, and coming forth as brilliantly colored *Chalcidians*. The result is that a cocoon which ought to contain only spiders may contain a dozen or so cocoons of the ichneumons, and each of these fifteen or twenty Chalcidians.

Now it must be borne in mind that, beyond the mere finding of the remains of the two flies, all this is purely conjectural. No one seems to have witnessed the proceedings of either of the three insects concerned in this complicated affair; and we have only what may be called circumstantial evidence as a basis for our conclusions.

But circumstantial evidence would amount to but little in human legal affairs without previous acquaintance with the nature of things and of men. The mere discovery in a lonely house of its owner shot through the heart; of another man holding a discharged pistol, but with a fractured skull; and of a third in the act of escaping from a window, a bag of gold in one hand and a bludgeon in the other—all this would hardly warrant us in concluding that the second had shot and robbed the first, and been himself struck down or spoiled by the third, but for our already knowing the effects of bludgeons and fire-arms upon the human body, and also what men will do for the sake of gold.

So with our insects. We should not have been able to infer from the mere facts related, that of the three, the first was a victim only, the second both an assailant and a victim, and the third an assailant only, but for the certainty that the smaller cocoons and the holes in the larger are neither normal appearances nor spontaneous productions, and that similar though not identical phenomena have resulted from what other insects have been seen to do for the sake of providing for their young.

A few illustrations of the several steps in the two cases already referred to, it is my purpose to describe in this and a following article.

In the selection of examples I have kept in view, *First*, the special purpose of presenting what may enable my readers to unravel some of the many intricate "chains of destruction" which they are likely to find during any summer's ramble; and, *Second*, the broader aim of every naturalist to interest others in one of the most wonderful and easily studied branches of Natural History. For these reasons I have chosen the examples from among the more striking and remarkable instances of *parasitism* among insects, without any especial reference to economical considerations; taking them too from Germany, England, or France, or even from the Holy Land, as well as from our own country.

In both the cases already alluded to the number of Unwelcome Guests was quite large; and as numbers are apt to confuse, let us now take a more simple illustration, and see if we were really justified in assuming that there is in an insect the faculty of selecting a proper living receptacle for its eggs, with the power and the instruments necessary for so depositing them that the young, when hatched, shall find food ready prepared for them.

Our first case comes from England. In Fig. 6, A represents a large caterpillar—green, with seven oblique stripes on each side, and a horn upon the last ring of the body. It was hatched from the egg in the Spring, and feeds upon the leaves of the privet, ash, or lilac trees. It grows rapidly, and casts its skin four or five times in order to accommodate its increasing bulk. In August it descends from the tree, crawls along the earth to a spot sufficiently soft, and burrows to a considerable depth. By twisting and turning its body it forms an oval cavity, which it lines with a glutinous fluid discharged from the mouth; it then casts its skin again, and assumes the form which is represented in Fig. 7, and which has the same mummy-like aspect already seen with the *Attacus;* but is larger, and has a curious process in front of the larger end, something like the handle of a pitcher (Fig. 7, F). Remaining in this dormitory during the Fall and Winter, in the following Spring it pushes its way upward to the surface, and burst-

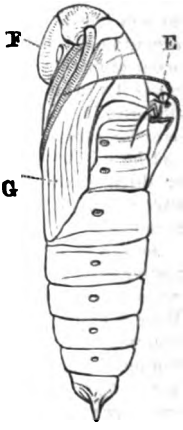


FIGURE 7.—Pupa of *Sphinx ligustri*, as seen from the side: F. the tongue-case; G. the folded wings; E. an Ichneumon which has died in the attempt to escape through the hole it has gnawed in the back of the pupa. (From Newport.)

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ing its pupa skin comes forth as a large and handsome Hawk-Moth, the *Sphinx ligustri* or Privet Hawk-Moth (Fig. 1), which flies about in the evening, sips honey from the flowers with a proboscis—which was before coiled up in the handle above-mentioned, but may now be unrolled to a great length—pairs, lays her eggs, and presently dies, leaving them to hatch and produce caterpillars as before. This is the regular course of things with this species; and the same is true of many others, though some do not enter the earth, but construct a sort of cocoon under fallen leaves.

What, then, would be your surprise if, having dug up in your garden one of these pupæ and kept it on a box of earth for the purpose of securing a perfect specimen of the moth, you should one day find a round hole in its back, and a great fly buzzing about your room (Fig. 1)! It does not in the least resemble your looked-for moth; for its wings, though four in number, are not covered with scales, but are smooth and transparent, with delicate veins; and it is very quick and spiteful in its motions. It looks on the whole sufficiently like a villainous wasp to render you very cautious in attempting a nearer acquaintance. Indeed, it is quite likely that any advance on your part would be met by an unfriendly thrust from a short but sharp dagger at the tip of its tail; and though the pain is not like that from a wasp's sting it is severe enough for the moment, and may arouse you to crush the offender. Or if you are then unwilling to sacrifice so fine a specimen, you may at a future time witness with grim satisfaction the struggles of one of these flies, which, having made the hole too small, fails in the effort to escape and so perishes miserably (Fig. 7, E).

But all this—pain or no pain, vengeance or no vengeance—brings us no answer to the old questions, which now come up for the third time: How came the stranger there? and what has become of the insect which the books and your former experience led you to expect?

This is *probably* the answer:

Some time in the preceding summer, when the caterpillar (Fig. 6, A) that became your pupa was feasting upon lilac leaves, and laying in a stock of fat that should support it through its long winter's fast, there alighted upon the same bush just such a fly as the one we have seen; in point of fact, it was that fly's mother. What a contrast it presents to the fat and lazy caterpillar! The latter hardly moves, and is so loth to change its position that it will stretch itself considerably in the effort to reach its food. But the former has life in every limb; its steps are short and quick; its delicate wings rise and fall, flashing in the sunlight; and its long feelers move in every direction with tremulous vibrations, examining each spot and seeming to guide it over the leaves. Suddenly it perceives the caterpillar; it stops for an instant, as if to select the point of attack; then, half-flying, half-leaping, plants itself right upon the broad back of the caterpillar (Fig. 6, B). The latter, roused at last from its lethargy, raises its head threateningly, spits from its mouth a brownish fluid, and writhes its body to and fro in the effort to dislodge the intruder, but all in vain. Raising its hind-body, and bringing the tip forward between the hinder legs, the fly plunges its sting into its victim; unheeding its contortions, the assassin holds the weapon for an instant buried in the flesh, then loosens its claws and flies away, perchance in search of another. The caterpillar soon forgets both the pain and the indignity, and presently feeds on as if nothing had happened.*

But though it no longer feels the wound the worst is yet to come. A minute dark spot may be all that remains as a token of the attack; but it has "that within which passes show." For that short dagger was no ordinary weapon, but a slender tube through which was shot a deadly missile—an egg, which like the shell sent into an enemy's camp, was destined to burst and work destruction. From the egg

* I repeat again, this is the *probable* answer to the question, How came the ichneumon larva inside the caterpillar? and the necessity for the qualification involves the acknowledgment that no one, so far as is known to the writer, has actually witnessed the *Ichneumon atropos* depositing her eggs; and that therefore, even in this, which was to be our typical case, we are thrown back upon inference. But inference is so unsafe a guide in Natural History that, as has been lately remarked by an eminent naturalist, "If you had seen four hundred and ninety-nine insects belonging to a group, all the members of which have the same general structure, do a certain thing in a certain way, and should then catch the five hundredth without having *seen* it perform this act, you would not be justified in assuming that it did it in the same way as the others."

This is indeed a strictly parallel case; for of the multitude of ichneumons all having a similar structure, the vast majority do employ their instruments of oviposition for both piercing the skin of their victim and for laying their eggs within; but yet a few species have positively been seen to simply attach their eggs *upon* the skin, leaving the little larvæ to make their own way in afterward; while in a few cases the larvæ never enter the body at all, but merely pierce the skin so as to suck the juices of their host. In addition to several European instances of this, the writer is informed by Mr. L. Trouvelot that he has seen an ichneumon so attach her eggs to the body of the caterpillar of the moth *Dryocampa stigma;* and moreover, that the ichneumon did not mount upon the caterpillar's back, but stationed itself by its side.

Now this being the case no one has a right to say, before he sees it, that one ichneumon proceeds like another; and the lack of such observation as to this step in the present case—damaging as it is to the smoothness of our narrative—is a very good illustration of the extreme difficulty one meets in trying to present the connected history of any insect, especially of those which spend a part of their lives within the bodies of others; for this renders their conditions of existence so various and complicated that almost every one offers some points which still remain undetermined. It illustrates, too, the temptation to which naturalists are constantly exposed when describing these matters of not drawing the line clearly between what is *known* and what is only *inferred*.

I trust that it is now quite apparent that the writer has resisted this temptation, and that the foregoing description of the proceedings of *Ichneumon atropos*, though it agrees with what has been observed of many species, and is therefore highly *probable*, is not yet to be accepted as the true one.

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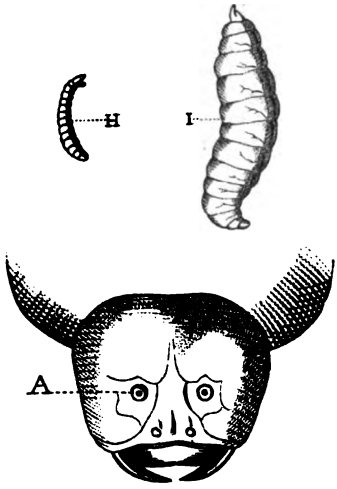


FIGURE 8.—H, I. Larva of *Ichneumon atropos* at two stages of growth, with the head and jaws of a fully-grown specimen much enlarged: A. the short antennæ; the eyes constitute the sides of the head. (From Newport.)

thus lodged beneath the skin of the caterpillar will hatch a little white footless worm (Fig. 8, H, I), having a pair of sharp jaws with which it tears its way through the rich fat of its unwilling host, growing rapidly and attaining at last a length of more than an inch.

But—strangest thing of all!—while this is going on within, the caterpillar makes no sign of pain, or is at most sometimes a trifle uneasy; but there is nothing to make you imagine that a great worm is gnawing at its vitals. You recall the hard fate of Prometheus bound to Mount Caucasus, where "Zeus's winged hound, the strong carnivorous eagle, battened deep upon his dusky liver," and begin to think the ancient fable no more incredible than this which happens now before your eyes. It does, indeed, sound almost like fable to say that if you open the caterpillar from the back, you will find no vital organ injured: neither stomach, nor heart, nor nervous cords, but simply a less amount of fat. The larva has carefully avoided all the essential organs and eaten only fat; so that the caterpillar not only is not killed but appears to suffer no pain, and feeds as heartily as ever. More than this: when the time comes for it to descend and enter the earth every thing takes place as usual; the larva (Fig. 9, A) lying snugly ensconced between the stomach (B) and the back of the caterpillar, with its head turned forward. So far all seems to be as usual. But toward the end of April the parasite, too, becomes a pupa; and in June, its now nearly exhausted host having worked its way partly to the surface in anticipation of its own final transformation, another change occurs. The perfect fly completes the destruction of its victim, and effects its own escape by eating a hole in the back of the pupa.

This is, in brief, the history, so far as is known, of a single species of moth and of its parasite. We ought now, for the benefit of the reader who is unfamiliar with the language of entomology, to define some of the terms thus far employed.

In the first place, the Sphinx belongs to the order *Lepidoptera* (Scaly-Winged), which includes all the butterflies, moths or millers, and hawk-moths. In the earlier or larva stage they are called caterpillars, and generally devour the leaves of various plants. The term *larva* applies also to the first stage, after hatching from the egg, of all insects. They are then generally more or less worm-like in form, and often much more voracious than in the two succeeding stages of *pupa* and *imago*. The pupa of the Lepidoptera is often called *chrysalis*. The *imago* is the fourth or last stage of an insect, when it generally has wings and is able to propagate its kind. This stage—the perfect insect—is the one referred to when no other is designated.



FIGURE 9.—Pupa of *Sphinx ligustri*, laid open from behind so as to show the position of the inclosed Ichneumon larva upon the stomach, A, and surrounded by the fat, C: D. is the large nervous ganglion, or brain, in the head.

Now the Ichneumon, likewise, is hatched from an egg—is first a worm-like *larva*, then a motionless *pupa*, and finally a winged and active *imago*; but this last is very different from the sphinx or the butterfly. It belongs, in fact, to an entirely different order, the *Hymenoptera* (Membrane-Winged), which includes also the bees, wasps, gall-flies, ants, etc., many of which are social insects, or in other ways display remarkable instincts; but by none of them are there manifested more astonishing and interesting traits of character, so to speak, than by the ichneumons, which, with the allied family of chalcidians, have been estimated to constitute one-twenty-sixth of all the known species of insects. They are all *parasites*—that is, they provide for themselves or their young at the expense of other insects; but they accomplish this in such manifold and diverse ways that scarcely any rules of procedure can be deduced from them; and almost every instance which is carefully observed presents some new feature either not existing elsewhere, or previously overlooked.

All the lepidoptera are vegetable feeders; all the ichneumons (and the chalcidians) are flesh-eaters, at least in their larval state; and they seem to be the natural enemies of the former: the two groups being, as it were, naturally adapted for each other, the one to furnish food for the other, just as mice are the natural prey of cats. It is probable that every species of butterfly or moth is subject to the attack of some such parasite at one period or another of

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its existence, either as larva, or pupa, or perhaps, as we shall see, as egg; some of the Unwelcome Guests seem to be quite exclusive in their attentions, others infest two or more different species; while, on the other hand, some species of caterpillars are attacked by but one, others by several species of parasite; though the same *individual* is very rarely appropriated by two parasites even of the same species.

Butterflies, also, are quite as liable as moths to the infestations of ichneumons; out of thirty specimens of the caterpillar of the English Cabbage Butterfly, which were exposed together, no less than twenty-five were stung by them.



FIGURE 10.—Chrysalis of an East Indian Butterfly, after the escape of two Ichneumons. (From Hope.)

Fig. 10 represents the chrysalis of an East Indian Butterfly (*Euploea*) after the escape of two chalcidians through the two holes upon its side; but from another of the same species there were produced no less than twenty-five of the parasites, which, small as they were, must have been in pretty close quarters during the last of their existence.

But let us now understand what is meant by this new term, *Parasitism*, and how it can be used in connection with "Unwelcome Guests;" for, however mean and detestable may be the trencher-friend who earns his welcome by flattery, and however injurious may be the moral effects of his companionship, the human parasite is surely not an "Unwelcome Guest." He comes under the guise of friendship, at least, and his entertainer is never an unwilling host; for otherwise the relation between them would cease. But among our insects the case must be very different; for it is not to be supposed that any creature, even a dull caterpillar, delights in being stabbed and made the receptacle of a dozen or more eggs, or even of a single one; or that it regards the worms hatched therefrom as other than unmitigated evils, any more than one of us would enjoy a lot of rats gnawing at his vitals.

It must be granted, then, that there are very essential differences between human parasites and the insects which are so called, and that the term really does the latter some injustice; for, as we shall find, the insect parasite is no deceiver; it is an open enemy, not a treacherous companion; its attacks are boldly made and without concealment; and the fatal wound is never given under cover of a caress. Indeed, I think it would be better if we could wholly discard the term parasite in reference to insects and other creatures, which, in more ways than any one can imagine, are appointed to live at the expense of other animals. But it has come into such universal use that, until a short and convenient word can be found to designate "Unwelcome Guests," we shall probably continue its use.

Mr. Newport states that he has found only a single fully-grown ichneumon larva in the pupa of *Sphinx ligustri*, but sometimes with it the dead body of a second partly developed, showing that two eggs may be deposited and may hatch, but that one only can reach maturity. It is not certain whether both eggs are laid by the same ichneumon or by two different ones; probably the former is the case, since it is not uncommon for such a provision to be made by insects against the possible destruction or non-productiveness of some eggs by laying more than can come to maturity; whereas, on the other hand, it has often been noticed that ichneumons carefully avoid depositing an egg in any larva which, as they by some means discover, has been already appropriated by another.

But many, especially of the smaller species, deposit numerous eggs in a single larva; and the parasites, in some cases, reach their full growth and undergo all their transformations within the body of the host, and do not escape until after the latter has become a chrysalis, as with those of the *Sphinx* and the *Attacus;* but others, while the larva is yet feeding, pierce its skin and come forth as fully-grown ichneumon larvæ, which then spin for themselves little cocoons, within which they undergo their appointed changes.

I well remember my amazement when, as a boy, I first witnessed this Minerva-like birth of ichneumons. The caterpillar was quite a large one, and was crawling along in a restless and uneasy manner which attracted my attention. All at once there appeared through the skin of the back a little dark speck, followed by a white worm-like body, which, after fully emerging, still retained a slight hold upon the skin; soon another made its escape at a different part; then a third and a fourth, and so on all over the back and sides of the caterpillar, which, as each pierced the skin, gave a convulsive start as though pricked with a pin. When they all, to the number of twenty or more, had made their escape, it was truly a comical sight. The poor caterpillar had lost nearly one-half of its bulk, and seemed scarcely alive; while all over its emaciated body hung this extraordinary progeny of white worms, which now began to spin, each for itself, little cocoons, and afterward to lose their hold of the foster-parent and fall to the earth. I am sorry that this specimen was not preserved; but



FIGURE 11.—A Caterpillar which remained attached to a twig after the escape of its parasites. (From Nature.)

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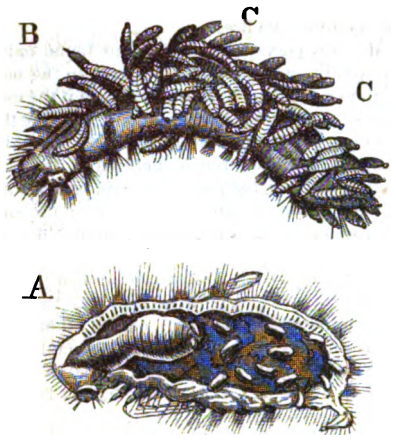


FIGURE 12.—A. a Caterpillar from which the right side has been removed so as to show the larva of a small Ichneumon (*Microgaster*) feeding upon its fat; B. another Caterpillar from which the Ichneumon larvæ have just escaped; C, C. some of the latter which have already spun their own cocoons, but remain attached to the skin of the Caterpillar. (From Ratzeburg.)

an idea of its appearance after the ichneumons had all fallen off may be had from the accompanying drawing (Fig. 11) of a caterpillar (species unknown to me) which Mr. P. Roetter, the artist who has drawn all the figures, found still firmly attached to a twig, which it no doubt clutched in its death-struggles as the parasites riddled its skin in coming forth: two of them even pierced the top of its head. There are more than thirty holes, perfectly circular, and quite evenly placed in the various segments; but they are not uncommon, and the accompanying figure from Ratzeburg (Fig. 12) shows the several steps of the operation with a German species. In both these, and I think in most other cases, each parasite spins its own cocoon separate from and independent of its brothers and sisters; but with some species, they all, as if by common consent, spin their cocoons together, either with perfect regularity upon the same plane, or irregularly grouped about a twig or stem of grass. In the specimen figured (Fig. 13) there are twelve cocoons of brilliant yellow silk, and from each the fly has escaped by cutting out a circular lid from one end, which now hangs loosely by the outer fibres.

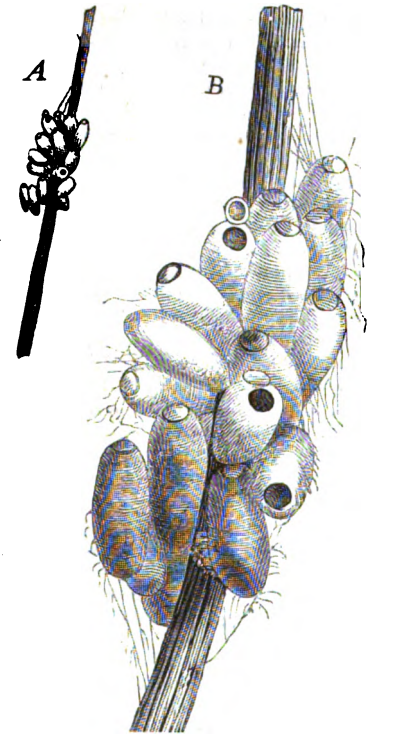


FIGURE 13.—Cocoons of some small species of parasite attached to a spire of grass: A. natural size; B. enlarged. (From Nature.)

These parasites are, as may be imagined, not very large, and in some of the instances mentioned they can only accomplish the destruction of the more bulky larva by being in considerable numbers. More than one hundred chalcidians have come from a single pupa. But small as they were, you will consider them as giants in comparison with those species which live and undergo all their metamorphoses within the *egg* itself of other insects; not a few cases are on record of one and even several minute ichneumons being produced from a butterfly's egg no larger than the head of a pin.

Fig. 14 represents one of these little parasites (*Teleas terebrans*) in the act of depositing its eggs within the eggs of a moth; and I add here a translation of the account which Ratzeburg, a German entomologist, gives of what he observed in this case, first reminding the reader that both the fly and the eggs are enlarged three or four times in each direction:

"Toward evening on the 2d of August, 1840, I discovered upon an exotic plum-tree in a wooded garden a ring-shaped cluster of eggs of the *Gastropacha neustria*, so freshly deposited that some hairs of the parent moth still adhered to them, and half a dozen individuals of *T. terebrans* running about them. By the aid of a magnifying glass I soon found among them a female which was boring. For about a quarter of an hour it remained in the position shown by the figure (Fig. 14), moving the antennæ and also the fore-legs, but using the hinder-legs for support, as it stood upon the edge of

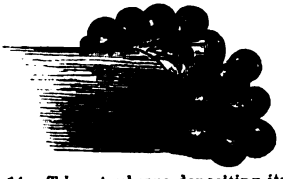


FIGURE 14.—*Teleas terebrans* depositing its eggs in an egg of a Moth, magnified three or four diameters. (From Ratzeburg.)

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the ring, the borer penetrating the side of an egg.

"A day or two afterward I found the insects still upon the eggs, and carefully observed their method of procedure. Rhythmically, like the slow beat of the pulse, the little creature pushed in the borer and drew it out, the front part of the body also moving forward and backward at the same time; now and then, too, it would spread its wings and quickly fold them again. While this was going on, others" [Ratzeburg does not clearly indicate whether they were of the same or of another species] "were running to and fro about the eggs, often touching them eagerly, as with fingers, with their outstretched and quivering antennæ, but this did not in the least disturb the one which was boring.

"I had supposed the moth-eggs to be soft; but on trying them with a knife I found them to be as hard as if frozen. It is almost incredible that so delicate an insect can, with its microscopic borer, pierce so hard a shell.

"On two succeeding occasions the same scene was presented; and on a fifth I found no less than eight females upon the eggs, and two of them performed the operation of boring before my eyes. It lasted for twenty-five minutes. During the first fifteen minutes the body was held quiet, but then commenced the movements already described. When the borer was drawn out it was rubbed quickly to and fro, right and left, upon the eggs, perhaps for the purpose of removing any fluid that might adhere to it. The orifice made by the borer was visible to the naked eye, but I could not detect any trace of moisture escaping through it."

Rose-bushes, peach and apple trees, willows, and some kinds of vegetables, are much infested by the *Aphides* (commonly called Plant-Lice), a family of hemipterous insects which pierce the leaves or the bark and pump out the sap by means of a sharp-pointed proboscis. Their general habits are thus graphically described by Harris:

"They seem to love society, and often herd together in dense masses, each one remaining fixed to the plant by means of its long tubular beak; and they rarely change their position until they have exhausted the place first attacked. The attitudes and manners of these little creatures are exceedingly amusing. When disturbed, like restive horses, they begin to kick and sprawl in the most ludicrous manner. They may be seen at times suspended by their beaks alone, and throwing up their legs as if in a high frolic, but too much engaged in sucking to withdraw their beaks.

"As they take in great quantities of sap, they would soon become gorged if they did not get rid of the superabundant fluid through the two little tubes or pores at the extremity of their bodies. When one of them gets running over full it seems to communicate its uneasy sensations by a kind of animal magnetism to the whole flock, upon which they all with one accord jerk upward their bodies and eject a shower of the honeyed fluid.

"We are often apprised of the presence of the aphides on plants growing in the open air by the ants ascending and descending the stems. By observing the motions of the latter, we soon ascertain that the sweet fluid discharged by the aphides is the occasion of these visits. The stems swarm with slim and hungry ants running upward, and others lazily descending, with their bellies swelled almost to bursting. When arrived in the immediate vicinity of the aphides they greedily wipe up the sweet fluid which has distilled from them; and when this fails, they station themselves among the aphides and catch the drops as they fall.

"The aphides do not seem the least annoyed by the ants, but live on the best possible terms with them; and, on the other hand, the ants, though unsparing of other insects weaker than themselves, upon which they frequently prey, treat the aphides with the utmost gentleness, caressing them with their antennæ, and apparently inviting them to give out the fluid by patting their sides. Nor are the aphides inattentive to these solicitations, when in a state to gratify the ants, for whose sake they not only seem to shorten the periods of the discharge but actually to yield the fluid when thus pressed. A single aphis has been known to give it, drop by drop, successively to a number of ants that were waiting anxiously to receive it. When the aphides cast their skins the ants instantly remove the latter, nor will they allow any dirt or rubbish to remain upon or about them. They even protect them from their enemies, and run about them in the hot sunshine to drive away the little ichneumon flies that are forever hovering near to deposit their eggs in their bodies."

On account of this relation between the ants and the aphides, the latter are sometimes called the "ants' cows." The former, however, can scarcely be considered parasites, for, as our author states, they appear to be on the best possible terms; and as, in this country, ants are rather our friends than our foes, we might incline to wish these little cattle the utmost prosperity and increase. But it is to be borne in mind that what the ants may gain we lose by the disfigurement and even destruction of our choicest plants; and so we shall be glad to know that there are appointed checks upon the increase of these insects which never allow what Reaumur calculates would otherwise occur: the production of six thousand millions of descendants from a single individual in five generations.

These checks are insects of various kinds, some of which may be alluded to hereafter; but those which we will first mention are some small species of ichneumons, which, after their usual manner, deposit eggs in the fat bodies of the defenseless aphides. In a case observed by Leuwenhoek, the aphis swells up after the hatching of the egg and appears smooth; soon separates itself from its companions, and takes its position on the *under* side of a leaf; after some days the inclosed grub pierces the belly

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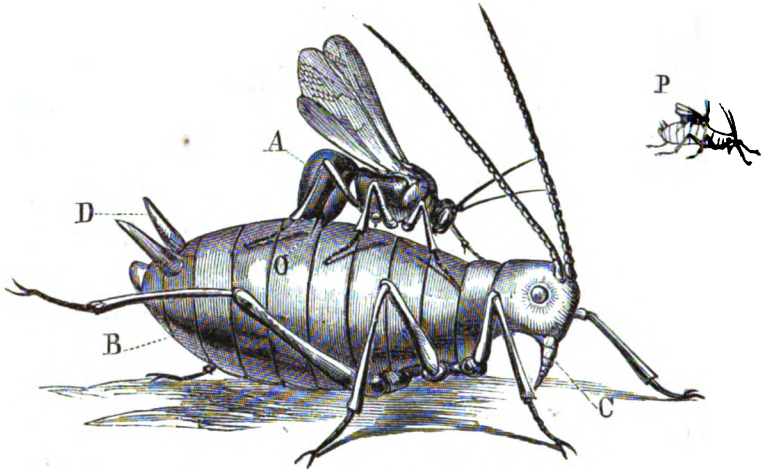


FIGURE 15.—*Allotria victrix*, A. depositing an egg in the body of a Rose Aphis, B; C. proboscis of the Aphis; D. the honey tubes; P. the same of natural size.

of the aphis and fastens the edges of the orifice to the leaf, upon which the aphis dies, and becomes white, so as to resemble a bead or pearl.

The proceedings of another aphis-destroyer are thus described by Westwood:

"On the 20th of June, 1833, I observed a small cynips (Fig. 15, A) in the act of depositing an egg in the body of an aphis considerably larger than itself (Fig. 15, B). So intently was it occupied that I was enabled to cut off the sprig, to carry it into my study, and to examine the insect when there with a lens of a quarter of an inch focus. On its withdrawing its ovipositor from the body of the aphis upon which it was at the time engaged in depositing an egg, it had not far to travel to find another nidus for the reception of another of the germs of its future progeny; since it took its station on the back of the aphis next to the one from which it had just dismounted. I observed that it invariably placed itself with its head looking toward the head of the aphis, even if it ascended in the contrary direction. When once mounted it kept its station as firmly as the most expert jockey could do, even upon the Tailor of Brentford's horse, since the unfortunate aphis, like that irritated animal, immediately commenced kicking and rearing, at least upon its fore-legs, jerking the extremity of its body about in all directions, and attempting to dislodge its enemy with its antennæ and legs, but in vain, the little creature carefully avoiding the blows of these limbs, and throwing its own antennæ over its back close upon its wings. At length, as though resigned to its fate, the unfortunate aphis ceased the struggle; and the victorious parasite, like the victorious god of old,

"'Hunc Deus arcitenens, et nunquam tallbus armis
Ante, nisi in damis, *capreis*que fugacibus usus;
Mille gravem telis, exhaustâ pene pharetra,
Perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.'

"The ovipositor was introduced into the back of the aphis in a perpendicular direction, until the body of the cynips touched that of the aphis, in which position it was retained about the space of a minute, and was then withdrawn. It then proceeded to another, pricking it in like manner, and so on until it had deposited all its eggs. I observed at least twenty or thirty aphides thus attacked while under my examination. A few of them, however, seemed not to regard the parasite nor to feel the wound; and I observed that, although in general it only pricked an aphis once, in one instance the operation was repeated four or five times on different parts of the body of the same aphis. Previously to mounting upon an aphis it applied the terminal joints of the antennæ to some part of the body of the latter, as the legs, antennæ, or generally the hinder part of the abdomen, thereby appearing to gain information whether it had been previously punctured or not."

The aphides seem aware of the presence of their enemy, since, although undisturbed by the motions of their neighbors, no sooner is one of them touched by the antennæ of the parasite than it sets off kicking and creeping out of the way as fast as it can, the parasite often following, overtaking, and mounting upon it. When this is the case with the larger-winged individuals (which are the nearly or fully grown females) the cynips, after a long and successful chase, is compelled to dismount, being unable, from the upright position of the wings, to reach the back of the insect with its ovipositor.

You may have noticed that this parasite of the aphis is not called an *Ichneumon*, but a *Cynips*; it is really, by its structure, a member of the great hymenopterous family of *Cynipidæ*, or gall-flies, some productions of which every one has seen in the shape of "oak-apples," or "puff-balls." The Cynipidæ are generally small, and have a short ovipositor, with which

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FIGURE 16.—A. gall of the *Quercus infectoria*, supposed to be the *Pomum Sodomiticum*, or Mad-Apple. Natural size, showing the peculiar mode of attachment to the twig, and also the round hole in one side through which the Cynips has escaped; B. the same cut open so as to show the little woody cell in the centre, where the Cynips larva lived and was transformed; C. *Cynips insana*, which produces these galls; D. Ichneumon (*Ephialtes Sodomiticus*) which is parasitic upon the Cynips.

they puncture the leaves or young shoots of various trees, especially the different kinds of oak, and deposit their eggs in the wounds so made. The bark or surface of the leaf swells up in consequence, and an excrescence is formed which is called a "gall," the egg meanwhile hatching into a little white grub, which occupies the centre, and excavates its cell as it increases in size.

Much might be written upon the appearance and habits of our own Gall-Flies; but as these insects, though undoubtedly injurious to the plants upon which they live, are not the parasites of insects, excepting in the case already referred to of the *Allotria* and the *Aphis*, I will mention only a single species, the galls of which have been supposed to be identical with the *Poma Sodomitica*, or "Dead Sea Apples," which are mentioned by several ancient historians as found in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea: these latter have also been called *Mala insana*, or "Mad-Apples," and are referred to by Moore as "Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye, but turn to ashes on the lips;" for they are fair and pleasantly colored without, but crumble to dust and bitter ashes when the thin crust is broken; in which respect they remind us of our own oak-apple or puff-ball, which is the most common as well as the largest of our domestic galls. Ink is made from the galls of a species of oak growing in the East.

By various commentators the Apples of Sodom have been supposed to be the productions of at least six different species of plants growing in the Holy Land; and it was in 1835 that Lambert, and soon after him Eliott and Westwood, gave it as their opinion that they were really the work of the Cynips figured here (Fig. 16, C).* But whether or no the objects under consideration are the true Apples of Sodom, they are certainly "galls," and very large and handsome ones too, and are furthermore remarkable in two respects: *first*, for their mode of attachment; the upper part of the gall growing up around the twig so as to clasp it as a pair of curved nippers; and, *second*, in the dispropor-

* A still later writer, however, is convinced that the Apples of Sodom are the fruits of a tree, the *Asclepias procera*, which resembles our common silk-weed in its structural characters. (Robinson's Biblical Researches in Palestine.)

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tion between the size of the gall itself and that of the insect which produces it.

One would suppose that even before the former had reached its full size the inclosed grub ought to be perfectly secure from external foes, but it is not so; for there is an enemy which has the power of reaching and destroying it in its fancied security; and this is, as you may already have conjectured, one of our busy-body acquaintances, the Ichneumons.

But even if the Ichneumon has the faculty of discovering or inferring the presence of a *Cynips* larva in the heart of the oak-apple, and even if she has a very strong desire to make of its fat body a home for her own young, how is she to attain her object?

Perhaps, remembering the jaws which enabled others of her kind to make their way out of the cocoons or chrysalids where they have been developed, you may first imagine that this one has only to eat its way into the gall, and so gain access to its victim; and in answer to the objection that any hole so made might allow the larva to fall out, or to be destroyed by cold or rain or other insects, so as to defeat its own object, you may be justified in suggesting that our ingenious Ichneumon will find some material for the effectual stopping of the hole. Now I will not, in view of the extraordinary devices which are daily adopted by insects in pursuit of their appointed ends, say that this is impossible, or even that it does not actually occur. But there is another and quite a different way, though none the less curious and interesting.

If you are to engage in a hand-to-hand fight, your weapon is either a short-sword or a fire-arm of limited range. Such a weapon is the short ovipositor of the Ichneumons hitherto described, and it really combines in itself the peculiarities of both the arms of human contrivance. But as men use the long-sword, the spear, or the musket in less close encounters, so our insects are provided with ovipositors of greater or less length in proportion to the space through which they must pass in order to reach the victim. What appear to be the three tails of the Ichneumon, figured here (Fig. 16, D), are really the borer and its two sheaths; the sharp point of the former is plunged into the gall while it is yet soft, and directed with unerring precision into the defenseless larva, whose apparently secure retreat is thus converted into a place of torment (at least humanly speaking), and finally serves as its tomb; while its destroyer, the parasite hatched from the egg thus skillfully deposited, feasts upon its flesh, and at last eats its way through the thick walls of the gall and emerges as an Ichneumon. This, the *Ephialtes Sodomiticus* (Fig. 16, D), is only one species of a large variety of Ichneumons, which are provided with more or less elongated ovipositors according to the distance which separates them from the concealed larvæ in which their instinct prompts them to deposit their eggs.

The appearance and habits of some of these will be spoken of in the next article.



THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO: 1817.

THE LAST YEARS OF KOSCIUSZKO.

AT Zuchwil, a quarter of an hour from Soleure, the capital of the Swiss canton of Soleure, there lies a humble village grave-yard, to which I invite the reader to accompany me to-day. Not that it is one of those magnificent cemeteries, such as *Père La Chaise* at Paris, or the grave-yards of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where we walk in a Pompeii of the most imposing mausoleums, and where amidst the multitude of splendid monuments we forget that we are treading the field of the dead; much less would it vie with one of those classical *Campi Santi* of Italy, where an ever-cloudless sky and the reflexes of the sea brighten even the gloomy shades of the cypresses. A plain little church, surrounded on all sides with graves, which are fringed with box and adorned with wild pinks, a few weeping-willows and elms, the whole encircled with a low wall, and all around luxuriant fruit trees and patriarchal thatched roofs, inclining reverentially toward the resting-place of the dead. Such is the grave-yard of Zuchwil. On the inner side of the wall there rises a tall monument, bearing the simple epitaph, "*Viscera Thaddei Kosciuszko.*" And underneath this monument rests the heart of the great hero of Poland, the victor of Dubienka.

The fifteenth of October last was the fiftieth anniversary of the day when Kosciuszko yielded up his noble spirit in the Swiss canton of Soleure. There the weary wanderer who had filled two continents with the glory of his heroic deeds had found a new home and a much

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KOSCIUSZKO: 1777.

longed-for resting-place. His remains, which, in accordance with his own wishes, were to repose in the soil of a free country, were conveyed to Cracow at the request of the people of Poland and of the Emperor Alexander, and buried in the venerable sepulchre of the kings of Poland. But his heart remained in the country where it had shown itself in the full lustre of its greatness and amiability; where the great captain who had struggled so valiantly for the liberties of mankind became a priest of humanity, and proved that, in fighting for the cause of mankind, he had not forgotten how to be kind, generous, and charitable toward individual men. In speaking of Kosciuszko we generally deal only with the ardent patriot, the sagacious strategist, the lion-hearted hero—in short, with the Kosciuszko of history. But at Soleure his memory lives in the hearts of the people like that of a legendary hero, such as the faithful Eckhardt, the friend of children and of the poor; and in mentioning Kosciuszko's name they do not think of the man with the flashing eyes and waving hair; of the soldier in his military costume; but of an old gentleman in a blue over-coat, with a red pink in his button-hole; of a kindly, white-haired head, with a genial smile playing on its lips; of the great benefactor of the country, who, on his black pony, visited as an angel of mercy and peace, with indefatigable energy and devotedness, the cabins of the lowly and poor.

To narrate the reminiscences connected with the last years of the great Pole, and which live partly in the mouth of the people, and partly are scattered here and there in books and newspapers, and to add some traits to the portrait of the historical Kosciuszko, is the object of the following pages.

In the bloody battle of Maciejowice (October 10, 1794), the Pharsalia of Poland, Kosciuszko's raw and insufficiently-armed troops had, despite the most heroic resistance, been defeated by Suwarrow's vastly superior forces. Kosciuszko himself, covered with wounds and exhausted with loss of blood, sank from his horse, exclaiming, despairingly, "*Finis Poloniæ!*" Taken prisoner by the Russians, he was, by order of the highly incensed Empress Catherine, sent to the fortified castle of Gregory Orloff, where he was to be confined for life as a Russian state prisoner. But when the Emperor Paul ascended the Russian throne the first step he took was an act of magnanimous clemency. Filled with chivalrous respect for the noble enemy of his country, he himself, accompanied by his two eldest sons, the Princes Alexander and Constantine, repaired to Kosciuszko's prison and announced to him that he would release him and those of his friends who had been taken prisoners with him. "*Je vous remets votre épée, mon Général,*" he added, "*en vous demandant votre parole de ne jamais vous en servir contre les Russes.*" At the same time he presented to him fifteen hundred serfs, and, in order to make him independent, the sum of twelve thousand rubles in cash.

No sooner had the Polish general recovered from his severe wounds than he sailed for the United States, where, as an American brigadier-general, he was received with high honors, and met once more his paternal friend, Washington. A diplomatic mission soon after took him to France, whose National Assembly had already, several years before, conferred on him the honorary citizenship of that country. As soon as he had discharged the duties of his mission to Paris he retired to the Chateau de Berville, in the environs of Fontainebleau, where his faithful friend, Zeltner, the embassador of Switzerland, received him in the most hospitable manner, and where he led a very quiet life, devoting himself exclusively to scientific studies and to the education of Zeltner's children. But when, after the great battle of Leipsic, the armies of the allies inundated France, and the turmoil of war penetrated even to his asylum, he left France, where he had passed fifteen years of happiness, went to Switzerland, and took up his abode at Soleure.

A short time previous to his departure he was to find out that the splendor of his name had not yet paled in the North. The Russian and Polish troops stationed in the environs of Fontainebleau treated the inhabitants with excessive rigor and brutality. Kosciuszko could no longer patiently witness these revolting scenes, and, on meeting in the vicinity of Berville several bands of these infuriated soldiers who were about to set fire to the humble huts of poor peasants, he galloped into their midst and shouted, in a thundering voice, "Stop, soldiers, stop! When I was still at the head of the brave soldiers of Poland none of them ever thought of pillage, and I should have rigorously punished the soldiers, and still more inexorably the officers, guilty of such outrages!"

"And who are you," cried the soldiers, "who arrogate to yourself the right of rebuking us in this manner?"

"I am Kosciuszko!"

At these words soldiers and officers threw

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down their arms. They knelt down before him, and, clasping his knees according to Sarmatian custom, and in token of repentance strewing dust on their heads, they implored his forgiveness.

Berville was spared, a guard of Cossacks was sent to the château, and the Emperor Alexander addressed to Kosciuszko an autograph letter, in which he invited him in flattering terms to visit him at Paris.

Soleure offered many attractions which rendered it desirable as a place of residence for Kosciuszko. A quiet, handsome little city, charmingly situated; on one side, the blue Jura with its blue pine forests and the picturesque outlines of its heights and summits; on the other, at a misty distance, the vast and majestic chain of the Swiss Alps; all around shady alleys of lindens, which have disappeared since then, and fragrant pine groves, beautiful meadows, and the most delightful views which a lover of nature can wish for. Nowhere was the beauty of the scenery marred by the smoking chimneys and repulsive-looking buildings of noisy factories. The city itself had only five thousand inhabitants; but it was the capital of a canton, and contained a gymnasium, and men of culture and refinement are always to be found at such places. The people of Soleure were always noted for their sprightliness and vivacity, and for the kindness and amiability with which they treated strangers visiting their city. But what, above all things, induced Kosciuszko to repair to Soleure was the fact that it was the birth-place of his beloved friend Zeltner, and that there lived there a brother of his, X. Zeltner, the *Alstatthalter*, who was only too happy to receive the old hero into his family.

Great was the sensation which the news of the arrival of the distinguished captain created at Soleure. The citizens rendered homage to him by waiting on him in a solemn procession, and the Council of State sent a committee of its members to Zeltner's house in order to pay its respects to Kosciuszko and offer him its services. But Kosciuszko modestly declined all distinctions which they were ready to confer upon him. In the family of his new host he had met with kindred souls, with an amiable and cultivated domestic circle, with enthusiasm for every thing noble, high-minded, and beautiful, and with the most cordial reception.

Enfeebled by his wounds and sufferings, and in need of tender nursing, Kosciuszko was not long in feeling at home in the midst of these kind-hearted people, and he made up his mind to settle permanently at Soleure. Old Mr. Zeltner's honest, simple-hearted bluntness, the quiet, sweet-tempered conduct of his wife, and the society of the merry little folks, were equally attractive for him; and the retired life which the family was leading, and which was enlivened only by the visits of a few old friends, was in consonance with his own inclinations. Even their simple burgher-like tone and their unassuming habits were in keeping with his character and taste. He had never been partial to outward pomp and splendor, and as at the time when he was Dictator of Poland, and the all-powerful *Naczelnik*, he had lived with soldierly simplicity, so he now took part in the simple repasts of the family, slept in a field-bed, and kept only one servant, a faithful old man, who was tenderly attached to him, and a pony for his excursions into the environs.

His life was regulated with military precision. He devoted several hours daily to scientific researches, geography and history being his favorite studies; but more time than to self-improvement he devoted to the instruction of Emily Zeltner, the twelve-year-old daughter of his friend. The pretty and gifted girl had conquered his heart from the very first, and as she on her part also soon became attached to the old man with the whole enthusiasm of an impulsive and sanguine nature, there arose between these two souls, notwithstanding the disparity of their years, a touching relationship which continued till the General's death. Kosciuszko insisted on instructing his young friend, and gave her every day lessons in geography and history, especially that of ancient Rome. Distinguished Poles who happened to be present at these lessons speak in their memoirs with profound emotion of the tender relationship between their idolized leader and "*sa chére petite amie.*" But also, apart from these lessons, Miss Zeltner was the favorite companion of Kosciuszko. He had always been a friend of children, and was exceedingly fond of the *naïveté* and ingenuousness of female character; and as he never took a walk without having his pockets full of sugar-plums, which he gave to the children who thronged around him jubilantly on the streets, so he made on all occasions valuable presents to Emily. It was for her sake that he arranged children's parties and balls, on which occasions he mingled with touching kind-heartedness with the young folks, joined in their sports, and jested and laughed with the children. Nay, so great was Emily's influence over her paternal friend that she finally became the mediatress between him and the world; she was overwhelmed with applications to present to him requests for alms, etc.

For the rest Kosciuszko led a very retired life at Soleure, associating only with a few well-tried friends—savans, merchants, and officers—who assembled every evening around his tea-table. He paid no visits of civility, and frowned down idle curiosity, which always dogs the steps of celebrated men. He liked to converse with peasants, mechanics, and laborers; for hours he would look on when the farmers were at work in the fields, inquire of them concerning their occupations, and listen to their explanations. At the famous stone quarries in the outskirts of Soleure he was also a frequent and very popular visitor, and it came not unfrequently to pass that he helped the workmen to hoist their heavy loads. His excursions into the environs were mostly made on horseback, and without any

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companions whatever. He avoided the highways, took lonely by-paths and forest roads, and repaired to the humble cabins of the villages lying on the lower slopes of the Jura, the lowly habitations of poor stone-masons and field-laborers. Wherever he knew of a needy family, of a poor patient distressed on his sick-bed by the pangs of want, he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, entered the cabin, and brought consolation and liberal gifts to the inmates. For this purpose he always had on his daily excursions in the saddle-bags of his horse a couple of bottles of generous old wine, which he presented to poor sufferers as an elixir of life and vigor. For long no one knew who was the tall, kind old gentleman, with the mild, beaming eyes, and the always open hand; for before the poor whom he visited had recovered from their surprise at his munificence he had already mounted his horse again, and was trotting toward the cabin of another poor man. Nor did he forget the beggars on the road, the traveling journeymen, and invalid soldiers, and never did he set out without having a handful of small coins in his pocket. His horse was so well aware of his master's habits that he stopped whenever he saw a poor fellow lying on the road-side or raising his eyes appealingly to Kosciuszko, and did not move until the customary alms had been bestowed upon him. Inasmuch as these excursions took place every day without regard to rain and snow-storms, the General was not long in familiarizing himself with the topography of the poor in a circuit of many miles around Soleure.

The winter of 1817 was very severe, and a famine, which broke out at the same time, added to the sufferings of the poor, and compelled even the wealthier classes to impose a great many privations upon themselves. The energetic benevolence which Kosciuszko displayed on this occasion excited general admiration and gratitude. With redoubled zeal he continued his excursions on horseback, distributed every day money among fifty poor persons, called upon the rich to contribute sums for charitable purposes, organized soup-houses, and was indefatigable in his humane labor. He sacrificed large sums to save from ruin deserving persons who had been impoverished without any fault of theirs. Hearing late in the night, one day, that two excellent families of the city, owing to a considerable debt, were to be driven from their homes in the course of a few days, he handed immediately the whole amount to Madame Zeltner, requesting her to send it to them that very night. "Do not delay sending the money to them," he added; "they should not be left for an instant a prey to such harrowing grief. And in case they should be asleep have them waked up, and they will sleep the better when ruin is no longer staring them in the face."

But nothing throws more light on the humane spirit of our hero than the following trait: In March, 1817, the authorities had conferred on a poor country parson, who had labored faithfully all his life long in one of the most impoverished parishes of the canton, a very lucrative living that he might pass the last years of his life in comfort and affluence. The appointment was accompanied by a letter, in which his services were acknowledged in the most flattering manner. But the noble old man was unwilling to leave his flock for the sake of his own comfort, and he thankfully declined the appointment. No sooner had Kosciuszko heard of this magnanimous act of self-abnegation than he set out in order to form the acquaintance of this genuine priest of Christ. When he arrived at the humble parsonage the preacher was shaving himself, and sent word to him that he could not receive his distinguished visitor under these circumstances. But Kosciuszko did not allow himself to be baffled. With youthful impetuosity he rushed into the room of the excellent country parson, embraced him with tears in his eyes, begged him to be his friend, and lavished proofs of his esteem upon him. Thenceforth the parsonage on the Jura became one of the points to which the General liked best to make excursions.

During the two years which Kosciuszko passed at Soleure he also made more extensive trips on horseback for the purpose of visiting the various parts of Switzerland. Thus he visited in the summer of 1816 the classical points of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons and the battle-field of Morat. When he studied there the details of those memorable struggles he called to mind the conflicts in which he himself had borne a leading part, and, deeply moved, he pressed his friend Zeltner's hand and murmured, "Ah, would to God another Hühnenberg had warned me at Maciejowice, and Poninsky had been as swift as Reding!"

Another trip took him to French Switzerland, where, at Yverdun, he visited the educational institution of that great teacher of youth, Pestalozzi. He passed there two days, assisted at the lessons, conversed with the greatest interest with the teachers and pupils, and stated that all he had seen and heard there had made a deep impression upon him. He occupied himself thenceforth with the plan of establishing in Poland schools and seminaries in accordance with the system founded by the great educator of Yverdun.

A short time prior to his death, two meetings, greetings, as it were, from his distant native country, were to shed a ray of light into his quiet existence. At one of the convents of Soleure there lived a Polish lady who had left her native country in consequence of its political calamities, and who had found an asylum in these cloistral walls. As soon as the General had heard of her presence at Soleure he visited her incognito, and kindly conversed with her in their mother-tongue. Suddenly, however the nun started as if awaking from a dream; her face kindled with enthusi-

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asm, and, reverentially drawing back a few steps, she exclaimed, "You are Kosciuszko! When I was a young girl I saw in Poland your portrait in the lockets which all the ladies wore on their breasts, and there can be on earth no other face in whose features so much majesty and magnanimity are blended as in those of the great *Naczelnik!*"

The second meeting was the visit which the Princess Lubomirska, one of the noblest ladies of Poland, paid him at Zeltner's house on her journey to Italy, and which, at his request, was prolonged for several weeks. Her great powers of conversation, her amiability, and sparkling gayety, shed a lustre of happiness over the last days of his life. For Kosciuszko was already in feeble health at the time, and, like the seers of antiquity, he saw that his career was drawing to a close. On taking leave of him, the princess promised Kosciuszko, who was profoundly moved, to repeat her visit next spring. But Kosciuszko shook his head mournfully and begged of her a souvenir of her visit. The princess soon after sent him from Lausanne a golden ring bearing the inscription, "*L'amitié à la vertu.*" But when the ring arrived at Soleure death had paralyzed for evermore the hand which it was to adorn!

Filled with forebodings of his approaching end, he also took that step which excited the admiration of all Europe, and by which he once more manifested the humane and enlightened spirit which always animated him: he freed all his serfs on his estate of Siechnowice. The memorable instrument, which was signed on the 2d of April, 1817, declared the serfs belonging to the above-named estate to be free citizens and proprietors of the soil which they had hitherto cultivated, and provided also that they should henceforth not pay any more taxes in money, kind, or labor to the lords of the manor. At the same time he bequeathed this estate to his niece, Catherine Estkowa, and her children.

In the fall of the same year a malignant epidemic of a typhoid character, probably brought on by the preceding famine, broke out at Soleure. It was to become fatal to the old General too. On the first of October the first symptoms of the disease made their appearance. With the calmness peculiar to him he made at once his will. The larger portion of his considerable fortune he bequeathed to the Zeltner family, and made, of course, the most liberal provision for his beloved Emily. The poor, the orphan asylum, and several other charitable institutions were remembered with his usual munificence; and he, moreover, handed a large sum in cash to his friend Amiet, a lawyer, for distribution among persons in straitened circumstances. He declared most emphatically that his funeral should be as simple as possible; but he wished that six poor men should carry his coffin to the grave. After making these dispositions Kosciuszko, heaving a sigh of relief, laid down his pen and exclaimed, "Now I am at ease again!" Although the symptoms of his disease seemed not to justify any serious apprehensions, and his intellect remained clear and unimpaired to the last, it was his firm conviction that he would die. He conversed calmly with his friend Zeltner, who scarcely left his bedside, on his past and on the future of Poland—a subject which engrossed his attention to the last.

Solemn and deeply affecting was the moment when Kosciuszko took leave of Zeltner and his family. All knelt down at the bedside of the beloved sufferer; he gave his blessing and addressed a word of love and consolation to each of them. Then, in accordance with the old custom, he caused his sword to be handed to him, gazed at it mournfully for a few moments, and laid it down by his side as if to intrust to it the custody of his ashes.

On the 15th of October, toward nightfall, his strength was rapidly decreasing, and all felt that the end was close at hand. All at once he raised himself up with a last spasmodic effort, held out his hands to Mr. and Madame Zeltner, greeted his Emily* with a sweet smile, and, heaving a gentle sigh, sank back. He was dead.

A *post-mortem* examination took place next day, and the remains were then embalmed. The body was covered all over with the traces of old wounds; several deep scars adorned his breast, and his skull was crossed with sabre-strokes. When the corpse was undressed the undertaker found on his breast a white handkerchief which he had worn there ever since his youth, and of the meaning of which few persons were aware. It was the last love-pledge which Louisa Sosnowska, daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, had given to him, and which he had worn on his heart for forty years past as a precious relic of his pure and only love. Forty years before, when the illustrious deceased had been but an obscure captain, he had wooed the young lady. But her haughty parents had scornfully rejected the poor young nobleman. An elopement was the consequence of this reply, and already the two lovers had escaped under cover of night and were close to the goal of their wishes when armed pursuers overtook them. Kosciuszko defended himself with lion-hearted courage, but he was overpowered and sank, severely wounded, to the ground. When he awoke to consciousness all that he found of his beloved was a handkerchief which she had dropped, and which was stained with his blood. He picked it up; it was the same handkerchief which was found after his death. It was on account of this unhappy love-affair that the young officer quitted the Polish service and devoted his sword to the deliverance of the American colonies. He never forgot Louisa Sosnowska, and always rejected the advice of his friends to marry another lady. Louisa, on her part, became, several years afterward, the wife of a

* Emily Zeltner afterward married Count Morosini, and still lives at Milan.

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distinguished Pole, but she always remained devoted in true friendship to her beloved Thaddeus.

The hero's funeral was simple and destitute of military pomp, but most impressive, owing to the universal sorrow and the large number of mourners to whom he had been a father, and who now followed his coffin with tears and lamentations. Six poor old men carried the coffin. The procession was headed by orphan children wearing mourning-scarfs and bearing flowers in their hands. The coffin was open that all Soleure might gaze once more at the dear features of the great and good man. Youths walked on either side, bearing, on black velvet cushions, Kosciuszko's sword, his hat, his *bâton*, the regalia of the Cincinnati, and laurel and oak wreaths. The remains were placed in a leaden coffin in the Church of the Jesuits, at Soleure, after the solemn service of the dead had been celebrated. The authorities then affixed their official seals to it, whereupon the leaden coffin was inclosed in a wooden one, and deposited in the vault of the church.

There was a loud burst of grief throughout Poland when the news came that her great leader was dead. It seemed intolerable to the nation that he should repose in foreign soil. The Emperor Alexander was requested, in the name of the people of Poland, to permit the burial of the remains of the idolized General in his native country. Alexander, who had repeatedly expressed his esteem and sympathy for Kosciuszko, granted the request with the utmost readiness. The authorities of Soleure acknowledged the claims of Poland: Kosciuszko's coffin was taken from its grave, and, accompanied by Prince Jablonowsky, Alexander's chamberlain, conveyed amidst imposing solemnities to Poland. But his heart had been placed in a metal box at the time the remains were embalmed, and it had been buried in the grave-yard of Zuchwil. "The heart of the Polish General throbbed for the whole world; let it, then, be accessible here to the veneration of all mankind." With these words Mr. Zeltner had refused to allow the Poles to remove Kosciuszko's heart.

PAROLE D'HONNEUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

MANY a blow fails of half its intended effect because it is given in a fury. If Miss Mollie Prater had struck with only a woman's ordinary strength at Captain Humphreys—if she had refused him on account of his personal insufficiencies, and not, as it were, *en masse*, because he was one of several millions of Yankees—she would have hurt him far worse than she did. In fact, the words which she uttered against his race, his government, and his uniform helped him. At times he was able to think that he did not want to marry such a spitfire of a rebel. Not always, however; there were hours when he could not help brooding over her conversion to loyalty and love; there were even hours when he would have resumed that pious labor could he have found a chance.

"I can't come here to tea any more," said Mollie to the M'Calls. "If I do you will lose your boarders. I have had it out with my Yankee, and I have given him the devil."

"Why, Mollie!" exclaimed both the girls, aghast at the vigorous phrase, while the mother started in visible disgust.

"Oh! there are times when nothing but swearing will express one's feelings," pursued Mollie, unabashed. "You don't know how wild I am. It is the only revenge that I have ever had on these people. And I fairly jumped at it. Oh! I am a Southerner, and I take it Prater fashion."

Then she narrated, with some equatorial exaggeration, the scene of the refusal, not even checking herself when Alec entered. When she left the room to put on her hat Grace, to whose thirteen-year-old mind this discomfiture of a Yankee was a dazzling triumph, and who in imagination was already spurning a Northern admirer of her own, broke out with, "Oh, wasn't it splendid, ma!"

"Yes, splendid for Captain Humphreys," answered Mrs. M'Call. "It will be easy for him to find a better woman and a truer lady than Mollie Prater."

"Why, ma!" protested Grace; but her mother took no further notice of her; the remark had been intended to influence Alec.

Alec, however, was under a spell. He had heard the condemnation of Mollie as he passed out of the room, but he had not even minded it so far as to reason upon it. How could he receive a prejudice against the magnificent creature whose black eyes flashed into his so confidently as she met him in the hall, and who had just refused his rival? He waited on her home in a state of elation, glad, flattered, feeling that he owed her a debt, and willing to pay it on the spot, if only he could have gone on paying it for life. He had known many finer women—and there were far finer in the little circle of his own family—and he was himself her moral and intellectual superior, yet she seemed to him worshipful. How many delusions there are! This earth passed itself off upon us for a long time as the centre of the universe. If we could see things in their naked truth, we should lose our spirits and "go into a decline."

Out of his admirable, absurd, dangerous hallucination Alec was saved by an adventure which seemed to him very cruel. As he was lounging with Hassy Few one morning in front of the new court-house, Captain Humphreys, whose head-quarters were in the old court-house, came across the street with an official envelope in his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish to speak to

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you confidentially. I must warn you that it is a matter which requires profound secrecy. Do you know a man named Leroy Prater—Doctor Leroy Prater?"

He looked specially, and with evident anxiety, at Alec as he pronounced this name, so formidable to both.

"Leroy Prater? What? in this district?" inquired Hassy Few. "No, I don't. Do you, Alec? You've hunted the ground all over."

"I never heard of such a person," returned the young fellow, after an instant of anxious recollection.

The Captain drew a sigh of relief as he continued, "There is such a man. He headed a band of outlaws in Western North Carolina during the last months of the war, and for a short time after the peace. Did you never hear of him?"

"Can't say as I ever did," rejoined Hassy. "Lord bless you, Cap'n! it took both eyes to see the plundering that went on under our own noses. We had Brown's raid here, and some of Wheeler's cavalry broke loose, and the Old Harry knows what all. As for hearing any thing from outside? Why, there were no mails and no travel. Every man staid behind his own tree, waiting for creation to bust and be done with it."

"And so you don't know any Praters in the district?" mused the Captain.

"Oh yes! lots of Praters; more Praters than there's any call for. And they are a mighty poor showing, the Brownville Praters. Praters won't do. I've no use for 'em. I could justify myself in popping at most any of our Praters. They're a low-flung set. But Leroy Prater? Doctor Leroy Prater? Why, Leroy *is* a North Carolina name; there 'tis. I guess the paper may be right, Cap'n. Leroys is thicker than snakes in Henderson County, North Carolina. But where's the man roosting now? Does it say?"

"He is reported as living in what is called the Old Ponder Mejunkin place."

"Old Ponder Mejunkin place! You don't say! Why, Alec, has young Ponder played out?"

"Oh yes; gone to Texas. Don't you remember that he shot Wils Tony, and skedaddled?"

"Exactly; there 'tis. So he did shoot Wils. There's been so many of these jokes played in the last year or so that a fellow can't remember them all. Well, there 'tis. Ponder has traveled, and this other chap has got his hole. By George! he must have squatted like a turkey, to stay unbeknown as he has. Well, are you going to get after him, Cap'n? You'll want a guide. I never was at the Old Ponder Mejunkin place; but they say it's the queerest spot to go for in the district. I guess Mac can take you to it, though."

"I never was there," responded Alec. "But I know about where the cross-road turns off that leads to it."

"I shall be obliged to request you to accompany me, then," said Humphreys.

"Very good," observed Alec, after a moment of hesitation, of which the Captain guessed the cause. "How shall you go?"

"I shall take three men, mounted and armed with pistols. It is twenty-five miles there. What time do you think we had best start? You know the ways of people hereabout better than I."

"We ought to leave by two o'clock. We must get within four or five miles of the place before it comes very dark, and then lie by till a little after midnight. We must be around the house at daybreak."

"That's so," said Few. "People are out before sun-up in the country, and such birds most especially. You ought to be harking at his do' befo' it's light enough for him to fire out of his windows. And my advice is, Cap'n, not to wear any very shiny shoulder-straps," concluded Hassy, who was as well reconstructed as a man might be who could not take the iron-clad oath.

"Thank you," laughed the officer. "I shall take your advice. I have been as much shot at as I want. Well, Mr. M'Call, suppose we meet at two o'clock at Keith's mill, on the Henderson Road, a mile or so from the village. By-the-way, let me see you alone a moment, if you please."

The two stepped a little to one side, and the officer put his hand on the civilian's arm.

"You have never been on United States duty before?" he whispered. "Are you perfectly willing to do it to the best of your ability? Can you trust yourself with it?"

"Captain, I have been a rebel, and a good rebel. I am now a citizen, and a good citizen. I have taken an oath to execute the laws; and what is more, I give you my word—word of a gentleman!"

It was spoken with a slight exaltation of manner, which was natural in a young man, and especially in a young man of the South.

"Thank you, Mr. M'Call. I confide in you entirely. Well, at Keith's mill."

As Alec walked home to prepare for his journey, and inform his mother in private of his contemplated absence, he meditated on the faint possibility that this Leroy Prater might be the father of Mollie. No, it could not be; he had heard her speak of him proudly as Colonel John Prater; he had never heard her allude to him otherwise than as residing in Georgia. He found the young lady with his sisters, for there were no lessons that day at the college.

"Good-morning," she said, gayly. "Is it holiday with you too? I don't believe you do any thing at that court-house but stand around the doorway."

"Do something naughty, and see how quick we would be after you," he answered. "Have you heard from home lately?"

"Yes; a letter last night; such an old letter! It seems as if it must have been written when I was a baby. I do wish this miserable

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government would hurry up and reconstruct us —at least the mails."

"I think the females need the most reconstructing," said Alec, punning out of a grave spirit. "How is your father doing with the plantation? Is he at home?"

"Yes. Nobody leaves Georgia who can live in it. That is just the trouble now—to live in it."

She looked at him steadily as she said this; she always looked thus at people who spoke of her father. Alec's eyes dropped under the glance, fond as he was of gazing into hers; but he left the room contented, believing that he might safely arrest Doctor Leroy Prater. "By Jove! she's the handsomest creature living," he thought. "Oh, for a chance to slave for her and not starve her!"

At two, mounted on the sheriff's gray horse, he found the Captain, a corporal, and three privates awaiting him at Keith's mill. The cavalcade immediately set off at a moderate trot on the Henderson Road, the two officials leading, and the soldiers following at a distance of some thirty paces. For several minutes there was no conversation beyond casual remarks about the weather, the landscape, etc. Humphreys and Alec respected and liked each other, and their intercourse would long since have been familiar, if not cordial, only that Mollie Prater had stood between them. At first the Carolinian had been dumb with jealousy, and then the Yankee. Although Humphreys had only seen Mollie at a distance since his refusal, he could not help knowing, in one way or another, that Alec frequently called on her; and he had begun to suspect that the young man was the true cause of his own discomfiture. Of course he suspected this only at times and among other suppositions; for a refused man has many whims, and changes his sore spot every hour. Of course, too, he had no intention of quarreling with Alec about the matter, for he was a gentleman at heart, and his disappointment had not bereft him of his common-sense. And now a dreadful possibility half drove the rejection out of his mind; now he feared that he had this girl's misery in his hand, rather than her happiness; and very soon reticence became impossible.

"Mr. M'Call," he said, "but for one thing I should have sent a lieutenant on this business. I wanted to make sure that this person should be arrested without receiving injury or insult. It has occurred to me that he might be the—a relative of Miss Prater."

"Exactly, Captain," responded Alec, who had cringed at hearing the name, just as Humphreys had cringed in pronouncing it. "But I have looked into that—cautiously, you know. She tells me that her father is in Georgia. She has just received a letter from him."

"Oh, thank you!" said Humphreys, with a deep breath of relief, like the sigh of a wearied man who throws himself down to rest. Both now had sufficient food for meditation to give them silence for half a mile.

"This fellow must be caught," resumed the officer. "We must take him, dead or alive. He has been an atrocious villain. It is proper, I think, to state to you what he is charged with. It seems that he and his gang committed depredations on people of all parties, though chiefly on Union men. He is said to have killed four or five persons with his own hands. He burned a farmer's house, with seven persons in it, including two women and three children. When they tried to break out he and his gang fired on them. Not one escaped—not even the baby. It seems incredible."

"I dare say he may have done it," said Alec, coolly. "Such things were done. All through the mountain region, where people were divided against each other from house to house, the war was savage. I'll tell you what I saw myself. When we occupied East Tennessee the commandant of the post where I was stationed had an application for assistance from Champ Ferguson. You have heard of Champ; he was one of *our* blackguards. It seems that a Jack Johnson, who was the captain of a Tory gang, had got the better of Champ in a fight and was hunting him. Champ came to us, said his house was burned, his family in the swamps, and his gang broke up; but he could get them together again if we would lend him a company. I was a lieutenant of cavalry then, and the commandant sent me on the service with thirty men. Champ picked up his people under our cover, and we had a big skirmish with Johnson and whipped him. Well, after the battle one of my men told me that our bushwhackers were going to murder their prisoners. I rode over to their camp to stop it; I thought that my order would be sufficient. But d—d if the scoundrels didn't hoot at me; they were more than a hundred strong, and I had only twenty-three men left. Yes, Sir; they just defied me. And I saw Champ himself take the six prisoners, one after the other, tied as they were—take each man by the beard or the collar and run a knife into him standing —run it in two or three times till he dropped. And three of them were old acquaintances of his, and he talked to them and called them by their christen names as he stabbed them. By Jove, Sir! it's true," asseverated Alec, scowling and clenching his fist over the recollection.

"But those fellows were not so much for either party as they were for themselves and against every body else," he resumed, after a brief silence. "When we got into Eastern Kentucky we thought that we were in a Confederate country, and that it would be perfectly safe to run about. But we soon took notice that if an officer left camp without an escort he didn't come back, True as you are born, Sir, we had to throw out pickets and use patrols just the same as in East Tennessee. I tell you that all that Alleghany country was full of trifling [worthless] fellows who bushwhacked every body that couldn't bushwhack them."

"What did Ponder Mejunkin shoot his man

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for?" inquired Humphreys, after another silence.

"There was an unpleasantness between them," said Alec. "I never heard what. I suppose that whisky was at the bottom of it, as it generally is of fights. But he took a curious way of doing it. He asked Wils to load the pistol for him, and then shot him with it as soon as he handed it back. Didn't say a word; just pulled trigger. I think that perhaps his idea was this: if Wils wanted to shoot him he'd give him a chance; if not, he'd take a crack himself."

Alec's experience as a deputy-sheriff enabled him to speak of such tragedies with a calmness which he could not have acquired merely as a soldier, or a "chivalrous Southron." The Captain marveled at this monotoned description of an "unpleasantness," and said to himself, "We have different vices in New England."

"No pursuit?" he inquired.

"Oh yes; the settlement turned out and hunted Ponder; but there was no law. It was right away after the surrender, and society was just lying loose."

The party slackened its pace after leaving Brownville five miles behind, and had plenty of leisure to notice the face of the country. It was a rolling landscape, not more than half cleared, the original forest deciduous, the new growth pines, bottoms of rich blackish earth, uplands of pulverous gray, the numerous streaks of old-field either barren red or brown with weeds. The frosts had blackened the rare patches of cotton, and the "fodder pulling" had stripped the enormous corn-field to bare stalks. Still the land was so fairly fertile that Humphreys wondered anew at the slatternly farm-houses, and at the rusty log-cabins, chinked with mud and destitute of window-glass. Of course he moralized about slavery, its deteriorating influence upon agriculture, etc., etc.

An occasional cart, buggy, or equestrian, all like those to be seen in Brownville, met the party. People stared, but bowed civilly, and perhaps said "Good-evening," for in that land evening begins at noon. One farmer in home-spun, with a very red face under his slouched hat, who appeared to be trying to drive both sides of a sapling, and had got fast locked, roared out, "Hullo! you going after Largent? Let me tell you you won't catch him with *your* stock. But if you do light on him, you'd better begin to shoot mighty sudden. He carries three revolvers, and that's half your fit-out."

"Nobody seems to suspect whom we are after," muttered the Captain.

"That's lucky," said Alec. "Such fellows generally have friends, or at least people who are scared of them, to give them warning."

"I have sent three parties after Largent without success," was Humphrey's next remark.

"I believe I could track him. And if I couldn't bring him in I could save him. Such cut-throats ought to be chased down by every decent citizen. They pretend to be hunting Tories and niggers, but what they really hurt is the South. They hurt its character," concluded Alec, superbly.

By sunset they were among spurs of the southern extension of the Alleghanies; rounded hills and ridges of monotonous outline, clothed thinly with stunted trees; gaps here and there showing the long blue bars of the parent range. Guided by Alec they left the road at the foot of a ridge, turned into a deep wooded hollow, and halted. It was the 23d of December, and although the day had been pleasantly warm the night was frosty.

"We are far enough from the road to risk a fire," suggested Alec. "If people notice it they will take us for North Carolina wagoners or Tennessee pig-drivers camping out."

There was a supper off the contents of haversacks, and then a partially successful attempt at sleep. At two in the morning Alec proposed to move forward. "We are still four miles from the cross-road," he said, "and after that there must be a mile or more to the house. We must be there before he can see to draw a bead on us, or get warning to take to the swamp."

To diminish the clatter of hoofs they advanced at a walk. The darkness and the silence gave the impression of a world of utter solitude. After what seemed an hour, during which they had perhaps gone three miles, Alec halted, and said, "Do you see that black lump —blacker than any thing else—off to the right? That is a cabin. I think we had better have that fellow out, and take him along with us. I don't feel at all sure of my running after we leave the high-road for the swamp."

He gave a long, tenor halloo, and repeated it three or four times. A hurricane of dogs responded, rushing down upon the party, and baying savagely. Presently there was a sound as of a door opening, and a voice from the black mass answered the halloo.

"Come on; he won't shoot now," said Alec, and rode up to the house with the Captain. A smouldering fire within gave just light enough to show them a human figure standing partially behind the door-post, with a gun so held in the right hand that it could be readily brought to an aim.

"It's all square," said Alec. "This is the post commandant, and I am the deputy-sheriff."

"Oh! how are you, Mr. Mac?" was the reply. "Captain, your sarvent. I reckoned you mought be bushwhackers. Git down and come in. Wait till I git somethin' light."

He set down his gun, blew at the fire a moment, and returned with a blazing pine-torch. He was a small, spare man, with an uncombed shock of long, straw-colored hair, a complexion like freckled putty, a dozen deep wrinkles on a face that was still young, an obsequious grin, and a crouching carriage. Evidently he was something between a poor farmer and a "low down creetur."

"Captain, your sarvent," he repeated, hum-

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ble, like all his class, to military power. "I'm powerful glad to see a Yankee at my house, I am. I was allays agin the war, and never owned no black uns. I was a Union man till I was forced in."

"We haven't come for *you*," said Alec, contemptuously, well knowing this stamp of loyalty. "You are all right, Mr. —— what's your name?"

"Scalf—Johnny Scalf. Don't you 'member?"

"Well, Mr. Scalf, all we want of you is to take us to the Old Ponder Mejunkin place."

A new alarm pinched Mr. Scalf's putty features at this demand; but after one anxious spasm he settled into a totally blank expression, as if no power on earth could make him remember the locality of the Old Ponder Mejunkin place.

"Oh, we don't want you to point out any body," continued Alec. "Just show us the house; that's all. The Government wants to buy it for a nigger school-house, perhaps. Nobody can go for you because you show us the house, don't you see? Nothing unneighborly in that."

"Wa'al, no gret," admitted Mr. Scalf, but still hesitated, evidently in much trouble.

"Come, get up your chunk of a pony," persisted Alec. "I saw you on one at the court-house last week."

"Wa'al, all right," assented Mr. Scalf, dropping the idea of denying that he had a horse. "You git ahead a piece, and I'll come after, like I fell in with ye."

The party moved on slowly, and was presently overtaken by Mr. Scalf on his chunk of a pony.

"How far is it to the swamp road?" demanded Alec.

"Better'n a mile, and then better'n a mile to the house," responded the guide. He was in a tremble with cold or terror, and his voice shook noticeably, although he spoke in a whisper.

"Is there a large family?" inquired the Captain. "More than one man?"

"Lord's sake! don't speak s' loud," implored Mr. Scalf; "folks lies out sometimes. Sometimes there's a large family, and sometimes not."

At the bottom of a black hollow the guide turned square to the right, and entered what was apparently a narrow lane fenced in on both sides from a dense forest. It was impossible to perceive more, or to see even this distinctly, but it was evident from the stumbling and sliding of the horses that the footing was uneven and miry. The party could only move in single file, and not a word was uttered. After what seemed an interminable walk they reached drier ground, where the road broadened and took a slope upward. Here the chunk of a pony halted until Humphreys and Alec came abreast of it.

"How far are we from the house now?" asked the latter, in a whisper.

"'Bout a quarter of a mile. You can't miss it. Nary another round yere, and the road butts right agin it," stated Mr. Scalf, who was clearly very anxious to take the back track.

"Very good," said the Captain. "Well, Sir, you can go; we are much obliged to you. By-the-way, you had better not speak of this for a day or two."

Alec laughed low and muttered, "He *never* will speak of it; dogs couldn't tear it out of him."

Twenty rods further brought them out of the swampy forest, and they became conscious of a clearing and a dark mass upon a low ridge.

"Dismount," directed the Captain. "Corporal, you will remain with the horses. If any body comes up the road halt him and hold him; don't fire, if you can help it; just hold him. Simson, you will go to the rear of the house, Hogan to the right, and Speed to the left. Take a large circuit, and be still about it; but don't let any one pass. If you hear a whistle close in."

The men silently vanished in the obscurity, while Humphreys and Alec advanced straight toward the house. Six or eight yards from the dark mass they were halted by a rude stone-wall, evidently the inclosure of a front yard.

"Very lucky," muttered the officer. "We can lie behind this till daybreak, and summon him when he comes out."

They waited for a few minutes, shivering with cold and the anxiety of watching.

"Captain, this won't do," whispered Alec. "I beg pardon for advising; but this won't work in our favor. We shall get so numbed that we sha'n't be able to handle our shooting-irons; and besides, these fellows always look before they step out, and a blue coat is the easiest thing in the world to see. He may open on us and save one or two, or perhaps raise a crowd of his own. Take my word for it, Captain, we had much better close in."

"You know this kind of thing best," was the answer; and in another minute they were on the steps of the house. They could make out that there was a veranda, the flooring rotten and loose; and by passing their hands along the clap-boarding they discovered two doorways. "Do you watch the other," said Humphreys, and commenced tapping gently on the right-hand door. Presently a girlish voice called, "Who's there?" immediately after which there was a movement within, the door opened an inch or two, and the same voice repeated, "Who's there?"

"Is Doctor Prater at home?" Humphreys asked.

"Tell him no," said a whisper inside, and the voice at the crack echoed, "No."

At the same moment Alec gave a sharp whistle and burst in the other door with a plunge of his heavy shoulder. As Humphreys rushed into the room thus unceremoniously opened, he drew a match, and by its flicker saw a tall man, undressed, groping toward a corner in which stood a fowling-piece.

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"Stand stock-still," said Alec, with his revolver aimed, and the man halted. A candle which Humphreys immediately lighted where it stood on a pine table showed that Doctor Leroy Prater was as white as a ghost. While the three glared at each other in the first moment of surprise, a tall woman sprang out of the bed which the man had left, threw the coverlet around her, leaped out upon the veranda, and uttered a long, piercing cry, which Humphreys afterward described as "a rebel yell," and Alec as "a keen whoop—you could have heard it a mile."

"There's no time to lose, Captain," said the young man. "Doctor, get on your things in a d—d hurry."

The woman rushed in and glared at them, looking like a spectre with her pale face and white drapery. She had piercing gray eyes, a mass of long, loose black hair, imperious aquiline features, and a sort of savage queenliness of manner, heightened no doubt by her wild excitement. She could not have been much over forty, and she was still a superb face and figure.

"Madame, you had better quit that noise," said Alec. "It may do harm to your own crowd."

Her only reply was another swift rush and piercing yell.

"Let her shout," muttered the Captain. "She is crazy with the surprise."

"I wouldn't care for her whoop if it hadn't been answered," growled Alec.

"Answered?"

"Yes; from the right; more than half a mile off. Oh, they heard it as well as I. But it's no use, Doctor: keep on dressing."

The young fellow seemed to grow and swell with pugnacity; his nostrils dilated as if scenting battle with defiant satisfaction.

By the time the prisoner had dressed the soldiers were in, and two of them led him arm in arm toward the horses. Thus far neither husband nor wife had spoken a distinguishable word; they seemed to be able to comprehend and manage the situation without language; it was as if they were practiced actors in such scenes. But as the man passed through the broken gate of his front yard he said, in a bass voice, which now at least was steady enough, "What does this all mean?"

"Doctor Leroy Prater is our man," responded Alec.

"That is my name, certainly. But still I think there must be some mistake. I am a quiet farmer, conscious of no crime—except poverty."

The voice had a cultivated intonation, and the pronunciation was that of an educated man.

"Move on, if you please, Sir," said Humphreys. "It will all be explained to you by the proper authorities."

On reaching the horses they beheld, by the gray glimmer of dawn, another man, standing quiet under the aim of the corporal's revolver.

"This fellow came out of the swamp, and I halted him," explained the soldier.

"Keep him there," directed the Captain. "When we have got ahead a little you can let him go, and follow us."

The Doctor was mounted behind the stoutest trooper, his arms passed around the man's body, and his hands bound together.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alec, as they emerged from the swampy lane upon the high-road. "We are all right. But that cross-cut was a beautiful place to bushwhack us in."

Daylight showed them that their prisoner was a man of fifty, tall and powerfully built, dressed in well-worn homespun, slouched hat of seedy black, long and careless iron-gray hair, haggard but massive aquiline features, stony-blue eyes, and an expression which was determined rather than brutal. He did not look like a desperado, but desperadoes seldom do look as they ought. Humphreys had a soldier's habit of not questioning prisoners, leaving that to superior authority; and as the Doctor chose to remain grimly silent, there was no conversation between captors and captive. The Scalf cabin was closed when they passed it, and there was no other house within miles of the Ponder Mejunkin place; and they were an hour on the road before they saw a human being. It was full "sun-up" when they were joined by an old farmer of the mountain type—a middle-sized, broad, thin, springy man, with a face full of wrinkles, and hardly a gray hair in his head—a man who seemed at once demure, resolute, conscientious, and merciless—a Cromwellian round-head, none the gentler for his birth in the "Dark Corner." Switching his lean, small horse alongside of Humphreys, who had fallen in rear of the cavalcade, he opened conversation in a slow, dour utterance, as hard as the grinding of a cart-wheel.

"Mornin', Colonel. Well—I'm right glad you've got that creetur. What ye goin' to do to him?"

"He is to be tried, I suppose."

"Tried! I was in hopes you was goin' to shute him," he answered, in his deliberate, cart-wheel fashion, meaning every word that he said. "What's the use of tryin' him, Colonel? I tell you he's guilty. That's Leroy Prater. He bushwhacked our people in Henderson County. He's one of the worst rebs on the face of the yeath. He's a heap worse, Colonel, nor rebs in general; why, he was turned out of *their* army for some low-down-ness. Thar ain't no sort of use in tryin' him. You'd better shute him right yere, and done with him. And, Colonel, I kin show ye a heap more that needs killin'," he concluded, with an air of solemn conviction.

"If he is such a bad fellow, why haven't you informed on him before?" said Humphreys, a little disgusted with this cantankerous counselor.

"Yes, and git myself burned out. Colonel, thar's a gang belongs to this man. You was powerful lucky to catch him without a fight.

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He's a nigh neighbor of mine, on'y three miles off, and I know what goes on at his place. Sometimes thar'll be eight or ten thar. Then next mornin' they're gone, and somebody misses stock. You was powerful lucky. He don't always stop at home. One night he's at home, and then he totes his blankets over the river. I'm a Union man, allays was one, Colonel; it's in our breed. My father fowt for his country in the old war, and I laid out in this, hunted by the rebs. I've showed your men through the lines. Colonel, jest believe *me;* you'd better shute him."

With this piece of Carlylean advice the old man departed.

The party had accomplished half their journey when a negro beckoned to Humphreys out of a field of young pines, and told him through the twelve-rail fence that Joly, the bushwhacker, had passed the night at his employer's house.

"D'no whar y'is now, boss," explained the freedman. "I'gits up mighty yairly this mor'n, and gits out into the old field, 'cos he's a mighty onsafe man to be with. Then I seed you a comin', and I 'lowed you was sont to fotch him. Ef you'll take round that ar track 'long the piny woods you'll come out behind the house, and then you kin shute him mebbe. Don't miss him, boss; he's mighty quick at firin'. And don't say nothin' 'bout me."

The temptation was irresistible. Joly, Largent, and Texas Brown were the three most illustrious bushwhackers of Western South Carolina; and if the arrest of one of them could be added to that of Doctor Leroy Prater, the day would indeed be a glorious one. Humphreys directed Alec and one of the privates to remain with the prisoner while he should lead the three other men on a circuit to flank the farm-house. The doctor was dismounted and laid upon the ground by the road-side. The soldier reclined at a little distance, holding his horse by the bridle. Alec fastened his beast to a sapling, seated himself with his back against a deserted hovel, which had evidently been a smithy, and waited. The negro had disappeared.

Alec, as we may suppose, had already glanced many times at the prisoner to see if he could discover in him any possibility of relationship with Mollie Prater. He now studied him anew; no resemblance, thank God! Presently he noticed that the soldier's lids had fallen, and that his breathing was that of slumber. Then he became conscious that want of sleep, the chill of the night, the long ride, and the warmth of the morning sun were soothing his own nerves as with an opiate. He sought to keep himself awake by thinking of Mollie Prater; but although that subject was interesting it was also lulling. In his reverie he seemed to hear her speaking pleasantly, to feel that she was comforting him after his long journey, to know that his head was drooping against her shoulder. It was a dream, and she awoke him from it. Starting up with a suspicion that he had dozed, he saw her coming toward him with a stealthy and hurried step, her Greek face as white as if it were that of a statue. In the road stood two horses, one with a side-saddle, the other mounted by a boy. The soldier was still unconscious, and the prisoner slept beside him.

"You have arrested my father," the girl whispered, seizing Alec by the arm and glaring into his face. "Cut him loose."

People comprehend quickly under such pressure: the whole magnitude and cruelty of the situation burst upon Alec; he had awakened numb and half blind with fatigue, but he understood every thing.

"*I* will," she muttered, drawing a penknife from her pocket and attempting to pass him.

One of the terrible features of this conversation was, that it was carried on in a whisper.

"Wait! I can't!" he gasped, with a parched throat, seizing her dress.

She raised the knife as if to strike him with it, and then, because he did not flinch, she turned to pleading.

"Oh, Alec! Don't send him to die! *My* father, Alec!"

"But perhaps he is not guilty."

"He *is*. He has done what they say. But it was not wrong, Alec. Don't you dare to look it! They were Tories—and he killed them for the good cause—the lost cause. Oh, tomorrow is Christmas, and we were all to be there! Oh, what a Christmas you are making for me, Alec!"

"Oh my God!" he sobbed, but still held her fast. Suddenly she put her arms around his, leaned her whole weight upon him, and kissed his lips. "Alec, I refused the other for your sake. I will be every thing that you wish. Only let me save him. There, lie down and sleep. You can say that you were asleep."

She had pushed him gently to the ground, behind the corner of the ruined smithy, where he could not see her father. Now she stepped away from him with a swift tread, holding the open knife in her hand, and watching the sleeping soldier with an eye which betokened danger for him if there should be no salvation for the prisoner. Alec was in an agony; he remembered his "word of a gentleman—word of honor;" all his chivalrous, ecstatic, Quixotic education of honor rushed upon him and reproached him; all the M'Calls of the past seemed to cry to him, "Word of honor!" Accidentally his hand touched his pistol, and with the swiftness of instinct he drew the trigger, sending the bullet into the ground near his feet. The prisoner opened his eyes, and the soldier started up, muttering "Fall in!" Mollie Prater turned, rushed back upon Alec, lifted him to his feet, and dragged him several paces with a strength which was like that of a maniac or of a wild beast.

"Oh you hound!" she gasped. "Curse you! curse you! curse you!"

The next instant she was on her horse, waving a speechless farewell to her father and riding swiftly homeward, probably with some vain hope of rescue.

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A minute later Humphreys returned from his unsuccessful search after Joly, and the journey toward Brownville was resumed.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Captain, dropping in the rear to place himself alongside of Alec. "You are perfectly white."

The young fellow, turning in his saddle, gazed so sternly and fixedly toward the rear that Humphreys looked that way also, and saw two equestrian figures rising a hill not far distant.

"Upon my honor—that is like Miss Prater," stammered the officer, already suspicious of something horrible. "Did she pass here?"

Alec rode a few steps in silence, and then mumbled, "It is her father. She wanted me to let him loose."

"*Her* father!" exclaimed the post commandant, becoming as white as his companion. "Oh my God! I wish he could escape."

Not in self-excuse—not to be heard by this Yankee who had seemed to reproach him—merely to steady his own soul—Alec muttered, "Word of a gentleman."

With a quick remembrance of duty and a complete comprehension of the young man's enthusiasm of honor, Humphreys leaned sidewise, seized Alec's hand, and said, "Yes, it *was* the word of a gentleman."

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Fifth.

I.

THERE never lived the guest of General Likens who could say that he or she ever rose in the morning, however early, and did not find Mrs. General Likens up before them. Uncle Simeon ought to know. He was an old man on the place that morning when she first arose as Mrs. General Likens. He can testify—only his evidence was not then legal—that he never rose but his mistress was awake before him, and Uncle Simeon woke early if ever man did. The General said that it was in order that she might begin talking, but he didn't mean it.

In the morning you had only to throw off the snowy sheets with the red-starred quilt on top, rise, and dress yourself, though the sun was far from up: it was no use trying to sleep. The bolster wrapped entirely around the head, so as to exclude the sound, has been tried repeatedly, but in vain, by guests hungry for more slumber. The step of Mrs. General Likens around and through and over the entire house; the voice of Mrs. General Likens coo-cheeing the poultry to their morning meal, ordering the servants in their duties; the very fact that she was so active and entirely wide-awake while you were in bed, stirred you up from under the heaviest covering, and out of the profoundest disposition to sleep. And when you issued forth, whatever was the hour, there was Mrs. General Likens to entertain you. Her neat gray dress, her snowy cap, with the frills standing up around it so stiffly, and giving such a wide-awake expression to her face; her kindly smile, her small, quick eyes, only less speaking than her lips; the full life of the old lady to the very tips of her mittened fingers, to the very points of her slippers—all made her a picture beyond the swiftest brush to delineate to the life. If Landseer ever succeeded with an eagle on the wing, he might try it; if Rosa Bonheur ever gave perfect satisfaction in a winning horse just reaching the post, she might make the attempt.

"I have read of those wonderful ladies entertaining saloons full of company," said John to herself that Monday morning, as she lay and listened. "I never met with any of them in their silks and diamonds; but I wonder if Mrs. General Likens is not a Madame Sévigné or a Madame Genlis in the woods—a sort of Mademoiselle Recamier in the rough, a Madame de Staël in the ore. Just imagine a splendid room, all grand with chandeliers, and paintings, and gorgeous ladies, and glittering generals; and then Mrs. General Likens, what she is by birth, only educated to it all, and dressed as richly as the best of them, animated by admiration and universal applause for every word she uttered: she would surpass the most wonderful of them all," continued John to herself, roused fairly out of her doze and her bed by the idea.

But John managed to forget her, too, when at last she sat down, as was her wont, with her Bible—her father's last gift. "Yes," said she to herself, as she finished the chapter and replaced the ribbon, "here is indeed the substance of one's experience, as Mrs. General Likens says, the grounds, and food, and strength of piety. Something exactly to suit one's own case, to cast some entirely new and encouraging light on it, in every chapter I read."

And she knelt softly beside her chair in prayer, animated and strengthened by and based upon the verses she has just read.

Do you believe God on his throne in heaven bends more attentively, more lovingly, over John the beloved disciple worshiping Him there than He does over this John worshiping Him on earth? If we dared ascribe degrees to God, He has a more active care for this fair child of his, yet among the brambles of the way, than for such as have safely entered their Father's house, and are set down there in eternal peace. It was with her as the child that clambered into his arms for a blessing when He sat by the wayside in journeying to and from Jerusalem—with a natural gladness she nestled herself as in his arms, and, with her lips to his ear, whispered things she breathed to no other being—sins, sorrows, fears, requests—her whole heart. And never did she draw nearer to her Friend than now, because never before had she so needed his aid. Girls of her age must have a confidante; some girl like themselves, to whom they can talk, and with whom they can have many a delicious laugh and more delicious cry; or to whom, when separated, they can write pages upon pages, crossed and recrossed. If no such con-

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fidante is to be had, a journal is the resource—the heart is written out on its pages.

But John had neither journal nor confidante. From birth she had been trained to make Jesus her friend, companion, confidant instead. The habit grew with her growth. When a mere child, she had hastened to her little room with the fragments of "Grandma," her dearly-beloved doll, and prayed for another, and it had been very much so ever since. Not more fully did she believe in the existence of Mr. Wall, the uncle, than she did in that of Jesus, and she loved and lived with this last Friend with an intimacy beyond comparison closer and warmer. Like a child toward her Saviour, even in fits of passion and alienation from Him, then returning to him repentant, clinging about his neck with sobs, and confessions, and promises of amendment. Far from perfect in any respect, such faith as she had was no more a merit of hers than the beating of her heart: guilty, and she well knew it, if she had less.

"I do wonder what I *would* be without Him," she said to herself, almost aloud, as she sat for a moment, after rising from her knees. "I can not imagine, I suppose, because it has always been so with me; a sort of feather tossed about by whatever breeze happens to blow—a straw on the current of things!"

Ah, lily, the same soft force that bends your white petals so modestly toward the earth binds the ponderous sun in its orbit; the sweet influence which holds you what you are held Saul from being, till death and so on forever, a blasphemous and blood-stained bully and ruffian. That grasp, softer than that of a babe yet strong as Jehovah, which holds you holds General Likens, smoking his morning pipe on the front piazza, from being a mere hornless, human ox, sordid and dumb—holds his wife from being a shrew, before whom Billingsgate would have fled appalled—holds Charles Wall from being a libertine and a liar—holds Mr. Merkes from hanging himself.

But the bell rings for prayers, and after prayers breakfast.

II.

"You must eat a good, hearty, traveler's breakfast, Miss John, for we have a good day's drive before us," says Charles, setting, as every preacher should, an example of his injunctions.

"Not ex-actly!" says the General, at the head of the table.

The young lady's eating or the journey? exclaim both visitors with their eyes.

"No journey for you to-day," the General explains.

"Oh, thank you!" says Charles. "But we are compelled to leave. I must be at home to-night."

"It is astonishing," the General soliloquizes aloud, pausing with a spareribb in his hand to do it, "how ministers do talk of home. It's always, 'Thank you, but I *must* get home!' They live in their home like a terrapin in his shell, poke out the head half an inch, and then jerk it back again! They won't mix with the people, won't live out in the world. When they do go among folks it's like a man bathing of a cold day: 'If I must, I must!' Souse! he goes into the water, then out again, and off in double-quick time. No wonder the people, except exactly their own church, stand off from them as far 's they do. Every time they preach only the same set of people, the old stand-bys an' their children the year round.

"Was that the way the Saviour did, I want to know?" continued the General, almost angrily. "No, he was right among people. Wise men from the East an' a crowd of shepherds come in to see, an' the like, from his very birth. Same all the time there at Nazareth, I'll warrant. At that wedding in Cana; talking with the woman at the well; staying with Martha, Mary, and Lazarus; eating and drinkin' with publicans and sinners; riding into Jerusalem with a crowd around; out on that mountain teaching, the people swarming close about him by thousands like bees! Now and then he was alone by himself in the desert, or up the mountain at night, when every body was asleep, at prayer; but, as a general rule, all his time from dawn till dark he lived right in the thick of the people. And most of our ministers!—look at them! The Master says, 'Go *out!* Go out quickly into the streets an' lanes of the city after the poor, maimed, halt, blind!' More than that: 'Go outside the city, into the highways an' hedges, an' compel them to come in.' And more than that: 'Go out into all the world, and preach the gospel to ev'ry creature.' And yet look at most o' our ministers—never really contented except by the fire in their study—door shut, book in hand, pipe perhaps in mouth, dyspepsy, most like, in stomach! Of course," added the General, after a pause, "some o' their time must be spent in prayer and study—close an' hard at that—but the main part ought to be out o' doors in the very centre of the people—at least seems so to me!" And the General resumed his spareribb, while his wife sat amazed at his unusual flow of speech.

"General Likens," says John, with merry eyes, "I was telling Mr. Wall, as we came from Hoppleton, that I would do great things for Theological Seminaries when I get rich; and one thing will be to have you appointed to the Professorship of Human Nature."

"Thank you, Miss; but if they could only get the right man—it wouldn't be from among the ministers, I'm afraid—next to the man that expounded Scripture to them he would be the teacher most needed. The Bible first, human nature next! I've seen a heap of ministers in my day coming fresh from the Seminary like goslings from the shell. I tell you it takes five years of good rubbing with the actual world to get their kinks and queerities out o' them. Some stay kinky all their lives!"

"And a part of this rubbing I am getting just at this moment," says Charles, good-humoredly, wincing a little. "And I will be glad to have it," he adds, cordially.

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"'Keep Charles as long as you please, but send back John—we can't live without her,'" added the General, reflectively, "was the last words your uncle said as I rode off. I remember it on account of that young Burleson."

"Young Burleson?" exclaimed Charles, looking up, while John did the exact reverse.

"Edward Burleson," continued the General, after draining his cup of coffee and carefully buttering a third biscuit while it was being refilled.

"You see, he drove up in a buggy," continued the General at last, "while your uncle and I was talking. Handsome fellow, bran-new buggy, splendid horse. 'Do I understand you, Mr. Wall, that Miss John is absent?' he asked, looking blank as you please. 'Yes, General,' says your uncle to me, 'you're the man to do it.' Rub him as much as you can; it will do him good;' and I rode off to catch up with you, and left them talking. You see, I had been in Hoppleton trading—do all our trading there."

"Exactly, entirely, jest so!" said Mrs. General Likens, who had been painfully silent, smiling over the rims of her spectacles at John, whose eyes were in her plate. "Excellent match; rich as cream, child. If he don't belong to the church, his father does. Ah, ha!" continued Mrs. General Likens, nodding to herself at her own information, understandingly and approvingly. "Exactly, yes!"

"And besides," continued the General, plodding along in his own path, "you remember a man sat right before you at church? dark complected, straight as a ramrod, tall, long black hair, plain clothes?"

"And who listened so to every word I uttered?" said Charles, to whom the question was addressed. "Yes, I remember him perfectly. I do not think he stirred an inch or turned his eyes aside an instant during the sermon—and the same at the second service."

"Learned that lying behind brush waiting hours to get a shot at wild turkeys!" interjected Mrs. General Likens.

"Remember I introduced him to you just as we left," said the General. "Remember he shook hands with you! I was watching an' laughing while I was untying the horses."

"But, General," said Charles, "he really ought to be told by some one; he actually hurt my hand, he gave it such a squeeze. I felt it for twenty minutes afterward as we rode along."

"Brown Bob Long!" ejaculated Mrs. General Likens. "I tell you he never got *my* hand in his but once—that day at the church, you remember, General. I do declare that man was the happiest human I ever saw in my life; the day he experienced religion, I mean. There was something deep, something solemn, kind of awful, in that man's joy that day. And he didn't say any thing—didn't talk at all; that astonished me most; only was so powerful happy. Brown Bob Long! I wouldn't have touched that man with a forty-foot pole up to that meetin'. 'Twas when your uncle was here, Mr. Wall; that same blessed meetin' James was converted. You see, I had heard—think 'twas Araminta Allen told me—one you saw at the spring with that brush, child—and I looked round in meeting, and sure enough a blind man could see it in his face. Brown Bob Long! I wouldn't have taken that hand of his with the kitchen tongs before; but soon as meetin' was over, I went right straight up to him. My eyes was running with tears, I was so glad on account of James. But when he took my hand in his, I tell you the tears came faster. You see he squeezed so! Had serious notion I'd have to poultice my hand. But I knew just what he needed—a good talk on the duties before him; and I *did* talk to him well. First to last he never said a word, only sat still as a stone, listenin' to me, with those coal-black eyes of his. I tell you that man's joy was awful to see!"

"But I wanted to tell Mr. Wall—" endeavored the General.

"One moment, General," said his wife. "Solemn as I was, I couldn't help watching to see that man shake hands with your uncle, Mr. Wall; if he squeezed mine so, he'll bring the blood with *his*, I says to myself. Well, when your uncle saw him coming—I do think he is the wisest man, in *little* things as well as great, I ever knew—when he saw him coming, he jest gave him both of his hands clasped like together. See? He couldn't squeeze so hard that way, and it was jest as cordial—more so! Talk of Saul of Tarsus!" continued Mrs. General Likens, with energy. "If ever a gambling, horse-racing, cursing, desperate, outrageous sinner was struck down on his way to Damascus, he's the man. 'I'll try; but God must do it all in me!' them were his very words to your uncle. I thought it a bad sign he had so little to say; but he's held out so far, any way."

"What I wanted to say," said the patient General, "was only this: He told me yesterday, Brown Bob, not to let you go till he came. He wants you to help him about something. Besides, he has something he wants to send to your uncle by you."

"Reminds me!" interrupted his wife. "Don't let me forget, child. I've fixed up a basket for you when you go. I was afraid I would forget, and fixed it up early this morning. I've put it on the fire-board there, all ready. Don't let me forget it! Talking of your uncle, Mr. Wall, reminds me of Hoppleton. Take off the things, Moll. Keep your seat, child. Yes, we'll excuse you gentlemen out on the piazza; General always smokes after breakfast—nigh all the time, for that matter. I wanted to ask you something about people there. You see, we lived a while in Hoppleton when we first moved out, till we could find a farm to suit; boarded at Moody's some months. And how's *he* doin'?

"And Josiah Evers too! Ah yes; taught school here once. 'And so you actually believe there is such a place as hell—*actually* be-

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lieve it!' he said to me after supper one Sunday night, smiling pityingly like. You see, Mr. Merkes had been preaching on the subject. 'Certainly I do,' says I; 'you don't think I doubt what the Bible says?'—'Certain it's in the Bible?' he said, smiling gently, as if he was talking with a willful child. I up and read him some of the passages in Scripture—you know them all—and Mr. Merkes's sermon had freshened me up in them. I felt real awful as I read them one after another as fast as I could hunt them up. All the time Josiah Evers sat leanin' back in his chair, hands together, turning one thumb over the other, smiling all the time amused like, patiently like, as if I was tryin' to prove the mŏon was made of green cheese. He didn't interrupt me once—kept on smilin' so superior. 'What have you to say to all them?' I said, when I had finished. 'Nothing at all, Madam,' says he. 'Nothing at all! and yet deny the plain doctrine?' 'Ah, Madam!' says he, heavin' a gentle sigh, a kind of patient melancholy on his face, 'it would take too long to explain to you.' 'But you can try,' says I; 'I ain't altogether a fool, though my opportunities have been small.' 'Well,' says he, 'there are a great many learned men in the world. Whole universities of them in Germany and at the North, men of profound learning, people who know infinitely more than any body in these parts, of course. These men,' says he, 'have thoroughly investigated the doctrine of a hell, an' find it all a mistake. Strange,' he went on saying to himself; 'same notion has prevailed in *every* nation; singular delusion. It's well enough to preach it to a certain class,' he went on to say; 'to your unfortunate negroes, Madam, for instance—it serves as a restraint upon the ignorant; only don't expect intelligent people to believe it,' he says, smiling.

"'But we were called off just then to our negro meeting. 'Uncle Simeon,' says I, near the close, 'do you believe in a hell?' 'Yes, Missis,' says he, 'an' in a heaven, too, bless de Lord!' 'But, Uncle Simeon,' says I, 'some people say they don't believe there's any such place as hell.' 'They lie, Missis!' says he, not raising his head from that stick of his. 'But how must we prove it to them?' says I. 'No use tryin' to prove it to them, Missis,' says Uncle Simeon; 'dey know it already in dere hearts *widout* de Bible; a thousan' times over an' over again *in* de Bible. No man can *help* believe it, Missis. If he say he don't he lies, an' he knows it—no use foolin' with sitch!' And that was all Uncle Simeon had to say. Josiah Evers he turned as red as his own hair, but went back to smiling again.

"Ah well, child, didn't we have it, we two, that night! Believe me, that man didn't believe in a word in the Bible. 'I accept,' says he, 'only those parts of the Bible my reason, my intellect, approves. I subject every thing else in the world,' says he, 'to my own judgment, and I do the same by the Bible.' And so on, for half an hour, that man talked. 'But you mistake in other things, why not in this?' I said to him, over and over again. 'True, Madam,' he says, 'the understanding may err; I may have occasionally erred myself, but the *heart* never mistakes. What the heart says is always so. What I *feel* to be true is invariably true. We always go by what we *feel*.' 'God forbid *I* should!' says I.

"Then it flashed upon me—you see, it was soon after his affair with Araminta Allen—'The heart is a safe and infallible guide, is it?' says I; 'we may always travel where our feelings lead us, safe and sure?' 'Yes, Ma'am,' says he; 'our intuitions never mislead.' 'How, then, did it happen so about Araminta?' I asked him, plump! Catch him? not exactly! Quick as a flash he says, 'The *heart* had nothing to do with that whatever, Ma'am. Love her, and that snuff-stick 'tween her lips? Faugh!' 'No, it was not *her*, it was her negroes you wanted,' says I, finishing his remark for him; 'I knew it.' To think that man should acknowledge *that* rather than give up his argument!"

But John endeavors to turn the torrent of talk by some question in regard to the General.

"Oh, as to the General," Mrs. General Likens makes answer, pouring her speech instantly that way, "he is an amazin' close observer, as well as a man of the strongest sort of sense. No wonder; he has all his time for it; he don't have to work now for a living. We've enough and to spare, thank the Lord! He don't care to speculate or try to get richer. Then I carry all the little matters on the place smoothly on for him; he has only field matters to look after. He hasn't any children, now James is gone, to worry about—great big boys to see after, or girls growin' up dressin' and followed up by their beaux. Nor any grandchildren, even, to climb about his knees, and pull his hair, and put their hands in his pockets—nothing to disturb him in the world. Besides, he has lived in the thick of people all his life. He's such an excellent listener, you see; it's amazin' how much he has heard from me, let alone other people, in the thirty years we've been married. He takes vast deal more interest in religious matters, since that blessed meeting especially, than in any thin' else. So he sets out there on the piazza, or by the fire, and reads his Bible and his religious newspaper, and smokes and thinks nigh all the time. Look here, child," went on Mrs. General Likens, as a sudden thought smote her; "was it our Mr. Merkes urged young Mr. Wall to come out here on this visit and preach for him?"

"No, Madam," said John, smiling as she spoke, "Mr. Wall asked Mr. Merkes, when he was last at our house, to ask his nephew to come. He afterward told his nephew he had a special reason for doing so."

"Jest as I thought!" exclaimed her companion, triumphantly. "I never knew Mr. Merkes ask a minister to come and preach for

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him in my life, except they were actually on the ground, you know. One day Mr. Merkes was here to see us. I saw him long before he got to the front gate, an' saw he looked bluer than usual, even. Says I, 'General'—the General was sitting in his chair smoking—'General, I'm goin' to try an experiment with Mr. Merkes.' You see, child, I was full of fun when I was a girl, dressin' up, dancin' all night when I had a chance, leading my beaux a time of it, a regular torn-down piece; the standing wonder to me is how I ever married such a man as the General there, so grave and solid. 'Well,' the General says, 'be perfectly respectful, Polly. Remember he is our pastor, whom we're bound to love and revere.' 'Never fear,' says I; 'I've no disposition' to do otherwise.' Mr. Merkes came in; we gave him hearty welcome. There he sat and talked for half an hour. I never saw him so low down in my life; nothing could cheer him. At last, 'Mr. Merkes,' said I, 'how did you happen to have Mr. Jones preach for you Sunday before last? He's a good man—means well, I dare say; but he stammers so when he gets warmed to his sermon it's painful to hear him.' An' so I went on—and it was nothing but the truth about Mr. Jones, though I never allow myself to talk that way of ministers. Jest as I thought. The moment I began to run Mr. Jones down as a preacher Mr. Merkes began to brighten up. As I went on he got more and more cheerful, till at last he actually smiled. You see I might have tried running down that Ishmael Spang and *his* preaching—easy thing to do, goodness knows; or I might have got on the doctrines of other denominations—he used to be quite cheery hearing them talked against, you understand; only they was worn out by constant use. Mr. Merkes he shook his head gently, said Mr. Jones had the best intentions in the world; he *did* hesitate and stammer very sadly, too—got quite cheerful in fact. I've noticed Mr. Merkes close, years now; have often watched him rise and fall, in one half hour, like a feather, a dozen times. Tell him of some rich man—his money, and house, and things—and down he goes. Tell him about somebody's crop failing, or negroes dying, or wheat rusting, and up he goes. But it's about churches and ministers he's most sensitive, specially in his own denomination. I never saw him so peart in my life as he was when poor Mr. Jones had his trouble—you've heard about it—with his church. All the time Mr. Merkes was moaning, and deploring, and shaking his head, and in wonderful spirits for him. That Mr. Wall is the only preacher he can bear to hear praised, and he winces a good deal at that; would rather that people should talk of something else. But dear me, child, I'm ashamed of myself to be speaking so of our minister. He's a most an exc'lent man, would rather die at the stake than not, if duty called; only he's had so much trouble, you see."

And Mrs. General Likens paused, not because she was out of breath—that she never had been in her life—but because she had now washed up the breakfast things.

"I see Brown Bob Long just lighting from that horse of his at the front gate, child," said she, rising. "Suppose we look around a little. I don't want to see him squeeze your hands so—it's awful!"

"But did you mention to the General about what we were speaking of?" asked John, as they went out by the back-door, dreading lest there should be no other interval of silence before she left.

"First thing when we'd got to bed las' night," was the reply. "The General hates it mightily—your trying to teach school, I mean; but we'll both be proud to have you stay with us. He'll see all about it and write to you as soon as he can. See that rooster? He always puts me in mind—so round and slow and showy like—of that Colonel Mills. There isn't one of my hens but puts me in mind of somebody I know. See that short-legged pullet?—always 'minds me of a little freckled girl running round in a long woolsey frock. Colonel Mills—ah yes! I've got a yellow cow, our best milker; she's the living image of Mrs. Colonel Mills. You see, we boarded in Hoppleton before we bought this place—know every body there. And their son David, poor fellow! could explain it all to you, child, how it happened, if you was a married woman. And there's that Louisiana too—bouncing piece she is! She can't talk, poor thing! but she's good to look at, isn't she? I tell you what!" said Mrs. General Likens, pausing as she unlocked the hen-house door, and turning upon her companion with prophecy in her face and tones. "That girl is the very wife, exactly, for young Mr. Wall."

WINNING HIS SPURS.

A PLEASANT, shaded place in a deep woods, with a brook slanting downward through the shadow, and dropping in miniature cascades over low ridges, or murmuring over the mossy stones at the bottom. The trees about were of patriarchal growth, and some had braved the sun and storm of a century. The leaves underfoot formed a soft couch, and beneath one of these, with his head resting upon his arm, a young man lay asleep. There was something in his attitude, as he lay there, which bespoke power of mind of a high order. His forehead, white as a woman's, was high and bold. His nose aquiline, his features angular—too much so for beauty, and at first glance one might have said he was a homely man. But a second glance was sure to be followed by another, until his intimate friends were ready to swear that he was handsome. He lay there with a smile upon his lip, like a boy asleep. The birds in the branches flitted to and fro, and doubtless, if they could think, wondered what that great fellow was doing there under their trees. He slept on for hours. He had been a worker, no idler, in the great battle of life. A

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man who had taken the cup of human life and drained it to the lees. A man whose life was embittered even now, and who had hungered for better times for the men of the earth until he grew weary of waiting and watching for something which never came. Many a man, before his time, had lost heart in this bootless struggle, and Gabriel Lee was no stronger than they. It is a sad thing when a man at thirty gives up life as useless and unsatisfactory. "Get money, for money is power." And Gabriel Lee had not even this to labor for. He had money enough, and his was not a nature to go on hoarding or to love money for money's sake. He only cared for it for the good it would do. But he was weary of the city, and had come to the place where he was born and bred, and hoped to lie down among the flowers on the old farm and forget that the millennium had not come, nor was likely to come soon. He found himself better in the country. His heart opened and grew younger. He felt better, purer, nobler than he had felt for years, when going the round of a young man in society in New York—at theatres, at sparring-cribs, at balls, and the Opera. There was something in this quiet country life full of strange pleasure. Coming out that morning for a walk he had found out this shady nook, and remembered it as a place which he had frequented when a boy, driving the cows home from the pasture on the other side of the woods. Chance had protected his old haunt. It had been the property of an extremely rich old man, who would not allow a tree to be cut down. He was dead now, and the axe of the chopper could be heard on the other side of the grove; but this place had thus far been spared.

Lying there in the shadow, with the light streaming through the openings in the foliage overhead, and making light and shade upon the leaves underfoot, he was not aware that some one had broken in upon his solitude. A girl had come down the forest path, and seeing him lying there laughed slyly to herself, and lifted a little water in her hand to drop upon his upturned face. But something in that face restrained her, and she sat down upon the bank not far away, and, opening her apron, let a heap of bright wood-flowers, violets, daisies, and butter-cups, drop about her. Then she took them up one by one and began to arrange them in a bouquet with quick, deft fingers, and that taste which many women have in arranging flowers, and which man never has. She became interested in her work and forgot him altogether, and began to sing some sweet, low melody—a tender, touching air. The subtle music stole into his ears somehow, and charmed him out of sleep. He woke without moving, and saw her sitting there, thought a naiad had risen from the stream, and was weaving a garland for her bright brown hair. Then he knew her well. A woman who, like himself, had tasted the sweet and bitter to be found in New York life and had tired of it. A woman who was called in society visionary—one who looked for things impossible. One who believed that a lady of intelligence and refinement had rights at least equal to those of a common laborer, and that some day the world would see it. Gabriel had rather shunned her in society. She had a reputation as a brilliant talker, and he was rather afraid of clever women. They are apt to show up too plainly the inconsistencies and irregularities of this world of ours. He had always thought her handsome, but she had a new charm to-day sitting among her flowers. He thought of the young Squire who heard

"A voice by the cedar-tree
In the meadow under the Hall;
She is singing a song that is known to me,
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call."

He did not move, but something which she could not define told her that he was awake, and she looked up quickly and saw a pair of dark eyes gleaming at her, shaded by a handsome hand.

"Ah, you are awake!" she said. "Have you not had a pleasant sleep? Am I not kind to watch over you in this way?"

"You are my good angel," said he, falling back on the style of compliment which is looked for by most women in society.

"'You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And the maiden who walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer,'"

quoted the young lady. "Don't compliment, please. Do we not have a surfeit of that sort of conversation in town, Mr. Lee? I do, at least; and I assure you that I did not come to the country to hear the same sort of talk."

"Thanks," said Gabriel. "I won't do it again. No man can be more weary of such things than I. What has my life amounted to? It is a struggle to bring about a state of things which can never exist. I have hoped to see the world higher and purer, and it seems to grow more sordid every day. At least, I think so."

"You are not the only one accused of being visionary, it seems. Ask any one in our set in the city and they will tell you that Ella Granger is a good enough girl, but she has the most absurd notions in the world. And it is all because it breaks my heart to see every thing go on in the same way, no change for the better or worse. But don't let us talk of that Mr. Lee. It is sad enough to think of when one wants to be melancholy. You have a beautiful haunt here. When did you find it?"

"I think it was about twenty years ago," said Gabriel.

"You are quizzing me," she said.

"No. Did I not tell you that I used to live here? I used to drive the cows through the brook yonder, and let them go home by themselves, while I lay down as I am doing now. I shall never be so happy again. And yet, lying here, I felt a strange sort of pleasure in remembering those dear old days."

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There was silence for a moment. She was the first to break it in her old, impulsive way, putting out her white hand.

"Do you know that I like you better for hearing you say that?" she said. "I used to think you were a proud man in the city. I am glad you think kindly of your old home."

"I will be frank with you, Miss Ella," said he. "I have been afraid of you for months. I am cured now."

She laughed gayly. "One would think there was little enough to frighten any one in poor me. But never mind. Let us sign a truce while here and be good friends."

They staid at the same house in the village, which stood upon the shore of the great lake, Ontario. The hotel itself faced the lake, and they used to sit together on the high "stoop" in the pleasant summer weather watching the passing craft, steamers, schooners, and sloops. He was getting over his fear of her rapidly, and wondered that people should call her odd or visionary. She loved to talk of idealities, to be sure. But she did it in such a loving, tender way that Gabriel was half in love with her before a week had gone by, and wholly so in another.

They had a thorn in the flesh at the hotel, in the shape of an old maid, who haunted Gabriel like his shadow. Miss Araminta Jessup was a woman of many trials. According to her account the men of this generation were a set of heartless scamps, who did nothing but trifle with the hearts of poor confiding woman. How many times the fossilized thing she called a heart had fluttered since Miss Araminta reached her teens is not to be computed in any ordinary way. It must be remembered that this was some years ago, and that Miss Araminta was very susceptible to the tender passion.

She met them coming in from the woods together, and as Ella went singing up to her room to put her flowers in water she drove Gabriel into a corner of the piazza, and opened fire upon him after this manner:

"I really must talk with Ella," she said. "She is very imprudent."

"In what respect?" demanded Gabriel.

"When I was a young lady—I mean when I was a young girl—I would have died before I would have walked with a young man to whom I was not engaged."

"Then you did not walk much in those days," said Gabriel, who was getting desperate, "or else you walked alone?"

She looked at him to see whether he meant this as a cut at her, but seeing him smiling as a summer morning she went on:

"People were more circumspect in those days. They took their walks where other people could see them, not in the woods."

"How am I to understand you?" said he. "Am I to understand that you take exceptions to my conduct, or to that of Miss Ella? If the first, I care nothing about it; if the second, I assure you that any slight upon that young lady's discretion will be resented by me."

"I meant no slight," said Araminta, elevating her nose at a lofty angle. "But when I was a girl such things were regarded in their true light."

"You will excuse me if I say that the period of which you speak was *many years* ago, and that society has different opinions now." With which terrible cut at the age of the lady he went in search of Ella. He found her in the parlor, looking out toward the lake.

"It looks threatening to the north," she said. "Don't you think there will be a storm?"

"No doubt. Do you see the cloud on the edge of the horizon? It looks ragged and threatening; there is wind in that cloud. The boats must keep a good way from this shore today. I have made the landlord promise that if there is a wreck I am to be called."

"Oh Gabriel—Mr. Lee! Why should you go? There are men enough without you."

"I am mistaken in you if you believe I would stay away on account of danger at an hour like that," he said. "See how the cloud lifts! It will be a terrible wind; it is rising now. Hark!"

They listened, and could hear a low, sullen moan from the lake as the wind was slowly rising. From the window they could see the ships flitting by like silent ghosts, all in haste to get to port. Several turned into the little harbor of Claytown, preferring that insecure roadstead to the perils of the iron-bound coast. While at supper the storm broke suddenly, accompanied by fearful claps of thunder and flashes of lightning. Miss Jessup screamed, and clasped Gabriel about the neck. Ella was a little pale, but looked contemptuously at the ancient damsel.

"Don't be foolish, Araminta," she said.

"I shall die if he goes away," said Araminta. "It will be impossible for me to live under the circumstances. We shall all die."

Gabriel put up his hands and unwound the long arms of the lady from his neck. "You had better go to your room, Miss Jessup," he said. "Perhaps you will be safer there, Ella."

"I am not afraid now," she said. "I was for a moment. Are you going out?"

"Yes. Do you not hear the men passing? They are going down to the beach."

"Yes," said the landlord, coming in; "and as sure as you live the *Eastern Star* has gone ashore on the Pint. They've got fires lighted. Miss Granger, if you go to the north window you can see the wreck by the fires."

He ran out. Miss Jessup ran after him, screaming to him not to leave her. Ella put out both hands to Gabriel, and he pressed them one after another to his lips. Then, dropping her left hand, he passed the disengaged arm about her waist and kissed her lips. It was their betrothal. Miss Araminta, coming in at that moment, started back in holy horror at the sight.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried. "What do I see?"

"Good-by," said Gabriel, kissing Ella again. "Get out of my way, Miss Jessup; you have

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had shocks enough for one night. Go to your room."

He pushed her aside rather rudely and ran after the landlord. He was already at the beach. Ella went up to the window of which the landlord had spoken, disregarding Araminta's advice to get between two feather-beds, which safe retreat she sought at once. From the window, by the light of the flaming fires, Ella had a good view of the wrecked ship. She was not fifty yards from shore, in the full power of the breakers, and her crew were clinging to the rigging, not daring to attempt to approach that perilous shore. They had seen one man try it, and he was hurled back, with a skull crushed like an egg-shell. Ella saw the men on the shore grouped together, and she lost sight of Gabriel. The next moment he stood upon the edge of the surf-line, with a rope about his body, having nothing on but a tight woolen shirt and drawers. The next moment they lifted him in their arms and ran out upon the sand after the retiring wave and cast him into the sea. He disappeared from view, and when she saw him again he had emerged from the breakers and was swimming toward the wrecked schooner; a species of fascination chained her eyes to his form. She was conscious that he was in terrible danger, and that to be forced back upon that shore was certain death. He was a noble swimmer, and at last, with a thrill of joy, she saw him lay his hand upon the rigging of the schooner. A wave breaking over her covered him from head to foot. She uttered a cry. But the next moment he rose triumphant from the water and fastened the rope he had brought to the stump of the foremast. The men on shore cheered him, and the unfortunates on the schooner shouted feebly. The rope was hauled taut, and one by one the shipwrecked men came to shore. Gabriel came last, and the shout of welcome they gave him was heard above the storm. She saw the saved men crowd about him and clasp him by the hands, and then she laid her head upon the window-sill, not daring to look up in her great joy. Footsteps sounded behind her, strong arms were about her, and she looked up to see his brave, earnest face, surrounded by dripping hair and beard, close to hers.

"You are my hero," she said. "You have won your spurs to-day."

"And I should not have spoken but for the danger ahead. I could not die and you not know I loved you," he said.

"Dear Gabriel," she said, blushing, "you do not know a woman's heart. I knew *yours* all the time."

He kissed her lips again. As he did so a sort of spluttering at the doorway caused them to look up. There stood Miss Araminta, her hair bristling and full of feathers, her dress rumpled and adorned like her hair, and her hands uplifted.

"Again!" she said. "I never thought you capable of this, Ella."

"Excuse me," said Gabriel. "To what do you object now? Ella is to be my wife. In the forgotten days of which you speak, when you were a girl, did they object to kissing? We don't. Good-night."

Araminta took the hint and vanished. Three months after, when she read the notice of their marriage, she told a select circle of her friends that she had "warned Gabriel Lee against that deep creature, but he would not hear" her. And hazarded the sentiment that he would find out his mistake.

He has not done so yet, whatever fortune may have in store for him.

ONCE ONLY.

Full laden are Life's hands,
While Hope beside her stands;
Good gifts she hath for all,
That careless hands let fall
But to be filled again.

Along our paths are set
Dry briers of regret;
Yet flowers spring up anon;
But what is that, once gone
Will never come again?

Not summer, and not sun;
Earth hath no only one
Of all her thousand blooms;
But one thing to us comes
That never comes again.

Yet who that loss should know
Where all things come and go?
Full quickly falls the rose—
It is not that which goes
And never comes again.

Not flow to ebbing tide,
Not rain to fountains dried,
Not dew to thirsty grass;
But one thing goes, alas!
That never comes again.

Not blue to clouded skies,
Not smiles to tearful eyes,
Not hope to saddened hearts;
But when *our youth* departs
It never comes again.

Time can all griefs remove,
Turn bitterness to love,
Bring gain from labors crost;
But youth once gone is lost—
It never comes again.

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THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



MRS. VANDERDECKEN AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOLYWELL HALL, whatever it had originally been, was now transformed into one of those splendid modern mansions peculiar to England and to the taste of English merchant-princes. Exclusively modern—for, like Mr. Vanderdecken, these commercial magnates have seldom known a grandfather; and most of them see the wisdom of escaping entirely from the sombre glory of unattainable ancestral dignity into the tangible magnificence of present wealth.

Every thing at Holywell was solely of to-day, except a wall or two left standing for picturesqueness, and the gigantic trees of the park, which could not well be regrown, and made trim and new, or very likely Mr. Vanderdecken would have done it. In the house he did as he chose. The upholstery was of the latest style; the tables, chairs, mirrors, and pictures—all being equally regarded as furniture—had not one antique flaw. In fact, the whole contents of the mansion might have come—half of it did come—bran-new and specklessly perfect, from the Great Exhibition of All Nations, then just closed. It was altogether a very splendid abode, complete in all its arrangements, and lacking nothing that money—which can purchase taste among other trifles—could supply.

The only thing it wanted—if, indeed, such a want is worth mentioning—was that intangible something which may be called the soul of a house, in contradistinction from its body; which makes you conscious of the presence and influence of somebody who loves the dwelling and takes pleasure in it, either for its own sake—we can get attached to dead bricks and mor-

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tar, for want of any thing better—or for the sake of some human being belonging to it. This soul, which can inhabit and inform with its own beauty and brightness a very poor abode, does not always dwell in a rich one, and certainly did not dwell at Holywell Hall.

Nevertheless, it was a fine place, and perfect of its kind; quite above criticism, indeed, except that a captious observer might say, if it had a fault, it was that, like its mistress, its handsomeness verged on too much of splendid solidity. You found in it none of the play of variety, the sweet little untidinesses, such as a book out of its place, a bit of work left in a chair, or a child's toy on the floor, which make a house look inhabited and home-like. From end to end you might traverse Holywell Hall and not discover aught amiss, not even in Mrs. Vanderdecken's boudoir, where she sat every morning—scarcely for business, domestic or otherwise; she had nothing to do; but merely because most ladies in the neighborhood had such a room, and were always found sitting there before luncheon. They also—as she found on coming home from abroad—had the good old English habit of needle-work; so Mrs. Vanderdecken likewise adopted it, and was generally seen with a beautiful embroidery frame before her, where she was making a fender-stool for a charity bazar. At least, she put in a stitch or two when she felt inclined, and her own or Gertrude's maid continued and completed the task.

The effect of the elegant work, and the diamond-ringed fingers moving over it, was very good; while as for the room, it was perfect, and arranged with an especial view to those rosy half-lights which set off to the best advantage a lady whose complexion may naturally be supposed beginning to fade a little. Very little in this case; and all that art could do to sustain waning nature was undoubtedly done for wealthy Mrs. Vanderdecken.

Yet she looked dull, as she almost invariably did of a morning, for visitors rarely came so early, and she never saw Gertrude till lunch. The child was always up and at work by eight, with her daily governess; while the mother never rose till after ten, leaving her husband and daughter to breakfast alone together, as they had done ever since the little girl was two years old.

Gertrude was an only child. Mrs. Vanderdecken would have liked a son best—a son and heir to all this property. Still, she was very fond of her little daughter. Women, who seem otherwise to have no heart to speak of, have very often the mother's heart—at least, that natural instinct which belongs equally to brutes and human beings, yet it is a sacred instinct in its way. Mrs. Vanderdecken had it. She had petted Gertrude extremely during infancy, and now, as she was growing up into a companion, clung to her, as such silly women do cling to any body who will take a little of the burden of existence off their shoulders.

I have called her a "silly" woman; but perhaps that is not quite fair. There was no absolute silliness in her, no more than there was absolute badness; she looked merely negative—made up of negatives: the kind of woman who, if left alone, will willfully do no harm to any one, but sleep through life like a Persian cat upon a velvet cushion—sleek, and a little uninteresting; but quite harmless—or looking so, at least.

She herself seemed interested in nothing to any great degree. She had no favorite pursuits. Her sitting-room was in perfect order; the book-case untouched; the piano unopened. She idled wearily over her embroidery, yawned two or three times, and pulled out her jeweled watch to see how the time went on—time, which to some gallops so fast, but which with her seemed perpetually to crawl. At last, unable to bear her weariness of it or of herself any longer, she rose and rung the bell.

"Tell Miss Vanderdecken to come up to me the minute she has finished lessons."

But when, shortly after, the child came bounding in with an exuberance of life that made her almost pretty for the time being, the mother's only welcome was a fretful reproach.

"How rough you are, Gertrude! and how very long you have been at lessons! What detained you?"

"My history, mamma. I was in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and I wanted to finish it."

"That is a trick you have; when you begin a thing you never rest till you have finished it. You are just like your aunt—"

Mrs. Vanderdecken stopped suddenly.

"Not like my aunt Anna, surely; though papa fancies it sometimes. But I hope not; for nurse says she was quite an elderly person—and so fat. I would rather be like my other aunt—aunt Edna; isn't that her name?"

"Yes."

"Didn't I bring you this morning a letter from my aunt Edna?—that is, I thought so; for the post-mark was Brook Street," said the child, hesitatingly, as if treading on a forbidden subject.

"It was from your aunt Edna. She remembered my birthday, which nobody else has done for many a year."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't you tell me your birthday? and I would have given you something pretty; and wished you 'many happy returns.' Isn't that what they say in England?"

"I don't know; I have almost forgotten."

"Dear old mammy—darling mammy!" cried the child, fondling her. "Now, won't you show me the letter from aunt Edna? I should so much like to see it. I wonder if she writes as nicely as she talks? Where is it? in your pocket? Do give it me."

"Little girls should not expect to see their mamma's correspondence," Mrs. Vanderdecken answered, coldly, "and you know so little of your aunt that it is impossible her letter can in-

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terest you. She is well, and so are all the family. That is enough for you to know."

Gertrude looked disappointed, but urged no more.

"And, by-the-by, child, you need not say any thing about the letter to your papa. He does not know the Stedmans, and they are in such a different sphere of life from ourselves that it is not likely we shall ever be very intimate with them. So the less we talk about them the better."

"Very well, mamma."

The child's answer was given with that careless acquiescence which neither implies assent nor obedience. Perhaps, unperceptive as she was, the mother had sense enough to discern this, for she said, after regarding her daughter uneasily,

"You must really mind what I say to you, Gertrude. You are always taking fancies to people, and you are not old enough to choose acquaintances for yourself. Promise that you will make none without telling me. You ought to tell me every thing. I mean your papa and me, of course."

"But, mamma, you don't always tell papa every thing."

Mrs. Vanderdecken looked extremely annoyed, and her vexation took refuge in displeasure.

"You naughty, impertinent child, how dare you say such rude things to your mother—your poor mother, who has no comfort in the world but you!"

Neither the anger nor the pathos seemed to affect the child very deeply; probably she was well used to both. She only stroked her mother's hand with a sort of patronizing affection.

"Dear old darling, I didn't mean to vex you. I'll never do so no more—till the next time—and I'll be the goodest girl that ever was, if you will only let me go once again to see my aunt Edna."

Mrs. Vanderdecken turned away very bitterly.

"You ungrateful girl, you don't care two pins for your mother now. It is all your aunt Edna."

"No, it isn't; how could it be?" returned Gertrude, practically. "Because my mother is my mother, and my aunt Edna I have only set eyes on twice, an hour each time, counting the hour last week when I met her at the Crystal Palace with cousin Julius."

"Julius; is that their eldest boy's name? Oh yes; I remember now. You seem to have caught it up very readily."

"Because I thought it such a funny name, and when we were walking together by the fountains, I asked him who they had called him after—was it Julius Cæsar? and he said no, it was after an uncle he had, who had been dead a great many years."

"Yes; a great many years."

There was something in Mrs. Vanderdecken's manner which struck the child—who was as quick to observe as her mother was slow—for she said at once:

"Did you know him, mamma? What was he like? Was he my uncle also? Did you ever see him?"

No! the lady was just going to reply, but the contemptible lie—the lie of fear—died upon her lips. Falsehood was so difficult, so impossible, with her young daughter looking right in her face with the honest gaze of a child.

"Yes," she said, "I did know him once a little. But he was no relation of yours—only Dr. Stedman's brother. He went out to India and died there."

"How did he die?"

"He was drowned, I believe."

"Where? in the sea?"

"In the river Hoogly, I think; but I never heard much about it. And now, my dear, you need not catechise me in this way, for I really can tell you nothing more. And you must not ask any more about—about Mr. Stedman."

"Why not? Oh, I understand," and the little maid's face suddenly became tender and grave. "We ought to be careful in speaking about people that are dead. And perhaps they were very fond of him—his own relations, I mean—and very sorry when he died."

"Perhaps they were," said Mrs. Vanderdecken.

She rose from her chair and stood, her full height, opposite the full-length mirror. Her lips were a shade paler than their usual rich color, and she evinced a slight uneasiness and gravity of manner, such as most people show in speaking of any unpleasant subject, a shocking accident, or discreditable history, just enough to convince the quick-witted Gertrude that something mysterious lay behind, and make her resolve, poor little unconscientious girl as she was—alas! she had had no example of conscientiousness—that, in spite of her mother's prohibition, she would question cousin Julius closely about his uncle the very next time she got a chance of seeing him.

"There is the bell; let us go down to luncheon," said Mrs. Vanderdecken, with an air of relief, and, taking her little daughter's hand with an appealing sort of fondness, which sat touchingly on the large, splendid woman, she passed slowly down the marble staircase, crossed the hall, and entered the dining-room; where, in somewhat cheerless state, she, Gertrude, and the governess were accustomed to take their mid-day meal together.

She was very silent throughout it; but then who could expect her to talk much to a mere governess? She never interfered in the teaching, but always showed the utmost distaste for, and ignorance of, the proceedings of the schoolroom. And, whenever she addressed the little elderly lady who taught Gertrude, and had been a teacher of children all her days, it was with a reserved dignity that showed plainly the great difference between poor Miss Smith and Mrs. Vanderdecken, of Holywell Hall.

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Yet she was not unkind, or uncivil, or unladylike: here, too, the extreme negativeness of her character prevented her from doing any thing decidedly amiss, and no doubt Miss Smith would quite agree with Mrs. Fox, and with most other people, in finding no fault with, nay, even praising, the great lady of the parish. It takes so little to gain popularity when one has an indefinite number of thousands a year.

Meantime, Gertrude chattered incessantly to her mamma or her governess, with the wondrous merry heart of twelve years old, so that gradually the vexed look—it was only vexation, not sorrow—passed from the mother's face, and she listened with a lazy smile, glad to catch the present pleasure—and such an innocent pleasure too. If she ever looked really happy, this poor rich woman, whose life seemed so barren of every thing but riches, it was when in the company of her little girl.

"It is very odd," said she, half to herself, when the governess had retired, and the child still went chattering on; "but though, as papa says, you are like the Vanderdeckens, and not a bit like me—still there is about you sometimes a queer look of your aunt Edna."

"Are you sorry for that, mamma?" For while Mrs. Vanderdecken spoke she had slightly sighed.

"Sorry! what makes you fancy such a thing? Dear me, no; except that your aunt Edna isn't pretty—never was. Still, as I always tell you, good looks are of no importance. I'm sure I never got any benefit from mine!" (with another sigh)—"No, child; you are better as you are, and I dare say your aunt Edna would tell you the same thing."

"Would she?" and Gertrude indulged, for a wonder, in a few moments of silent meditation. "Please, mamma, when is aunt Edna coming here?"

"I really don't know."

"Will she never come here?"

"How can I say? Your papa asks to his house whoever he pleases; and probably he doesn't want to ask my sister."

"But don't you want her, mamma? Did you ever really tell papa you wanted her? Shall I tell him?"

"Oh dear no; not upon any account," said the lady, hurriedly, caught, as she continually was, by her honest child, in the very ambush under which her weakness hid itself. "The fact is, the Stedmans are so different from us that we do not care to invite them; nor do we think they would enjoy themselves if they came. But, for all that, she is a good person, an exceedingly good sort of person—your aunt Edna."

So saying, Mrs. Vanderdecken rose and ordered the carriage, while Gertrude, who hated being shut up in a close brougham, begged to be allowed to take a run in the park with "old nurse," a colored woman, over whom she ruled supreme.

"Just as you like," the mother said, peevishly: "you are always glad to go out with any body but me, and to do any thing that I don't particularly want you to do. And what you can find to amuse you in the park these dull, damp, winter afternoons is more than I can see."

"Oh, mamma, I can amuse myself any where if only I am let alone."

"Just like your aunt Edna—as like her as two peas!" muttered Mrs. Vanderdecken. Then, in her velvet, fur-trimmed cloak, with her filigree gold card-case in her hand, she stepped into her carriage, to pay the never-ending, still-beginning round of visits, which constituted the principal duty and solace of her life.

Then her little daughter trotted off: trotted is just the word for the round, compact little figure, pattering resolutely upon its small dots of feet, the merry face shining under a round cap of chinchilla fur, the hands tucked inside her muff, and gathering close about her a scarlet cloak, like little Red Riding Hood. She was not a pretty nor even a picturesque child; but she was a child, which is a great deal to say for her in the present generation. And, withal, she was a quaint, self-contained, self-dependent little soul, not taking much after either parent, but belonging to some far-back, long-forgotten Dutch type; while, ever and anon, there reappeared in her that curious likeness to her mother's English sister, which seemed at once to annoy and to touch Mrs. Vanderdecken.

She trotted through the park, this funny little maid, appearing and disappearing among the bushes, in her scarlet brightness, not unlike a cheery, plump, merry robin redbreast.

It was one of those dull days, when, foreigners say, Englishmen are all inclined to go and hang themselves. The mossy walks, once so soft and green, were now spongy and sodden; dead leaves lay every where in rotting masses, except the few left on the trees, which fluttered mournfully against the murky sky. Every thing was at the transition time, when earth seems as if she could not reconcile herself to winter, but lies, abject and helpless, grieving over her own decay, with the grief of a man over a wasted life, or a woman over her love-life all done. Dark days, dreary days, whether in the year or in human existence; yet they must come to us all.

Ay, even to poor little Gertrude; though as yet she understood them not, nor seemed in the least affected by the gloominess of the day. She went gayly on, stamping on the wet moss, and leaving it in little ponds, shoe-shaped, behind her; or kicking the dead leaves about at every step, in exceeding fun. Soon she quite distanced the nurse, who, indeed, was only too glad to be let slip, and returned to the house, as was her custom, telling nobody—and well certain that Gertrude would tell nobody—of her absence; inconvenient candor being by no means the rule of the Vanderdecken household. So Gertrude came alone to her favorite play-place—an odd-shaped ornamental pond, possibly, in far back centuries, the original "holy

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well." Several oaks, now huge and hollow with age, with quantities of ferns and even stray brambles growing in their hearts and on the crevices of their gnarled arms, had been planted round its brink. Also a yew-tree, whose enormous branches swept the water, and stretched over it almost to the island in the centre, which some later hand had made and adorned with rhododendrons and other flowering plants. A somewhat dreary spot, because it was not wholly Nature—Nature never is dreary—but had in it a forlorn mingling of art. But Gertrude made herself quite happy there, and after feeding her water-fowl, the only inhabitants of the spot, who swam toward her in a chilly appealingness, as if the black-looking pond were almost too much, even for ducks, she climbed to her favorite post—the arm of the largest oak-tree which overhung the water—and sat swinging there, Ophelia like—not singing, certainly, but indulging in castle-building, as this solitary rich man's child, so unlike both her parents, was rather prone to do.

Hers was, however, a very modest and matter-of-fact castle: nothing more than a pretty summer-house, which she would coax the gardener—Gertrude was hand-in-glove with all gardeners and humble folk on her father's property—to build for her, and to which she would invite, if possible, who? Casting her thoughts round about, she could find no better visitors, or more to her mind, than her aunt Edna's five boys, with cousin Julius at their head, if only cousin Julius—a big, manly youth—would condescend to come. Perhaps there, under the influence of tea and cake and cousinly feeling, she might coax out of him what she was sure must be most romantic and mysterious—the whole history of his uncle and namesake, Julius Stedman.

In default of this, she began to invent it for herself, being in the habit of making up stories, heroic and pathetic, at will. By-and-by she grew so absorbed in her own imaginations that she let her muff drop off into the water, and was nearly following it herself, when a strong hand caught hold of her.

It was a man, who had crept near and been watching her intently for several minutes, only in her absorption she neither heard nor saw him. Probably he had not meant to be seen, since he had hidden himself behind the yew-tree, save for the instinct which made him stretch out a hand to save the child from falling into the water.

"Take care, little miss," said he, gruffly. "That's an unsafe seat for a child like you. Are you alone?"

Yes, she was alone. Not a creature to protect her from the grim man, who spoke so roughly, as if he hated her, and was ready to do her any sort of mischief. But Gertrude was not a cowardly child; if frightened at all, it was usually at supernatural things; and this was only a man. In fact, as she perceived the minute she took courage to look at him closer, a man already known to her by sight—the poor soldier, who she believed had saved her life, and whom she thought a good deal of since. Surely he never meant to harm her.

She did not scream, but looked him composedly in the face.

"Yes, I am quite alone. Why did you ask me? What are you going to do to me?"

"Do to you, simpleton! what should I do? Eat you up, as the wolf ate Red Riding Hood? Do I look like it?"

And he laughed—a horrid kind of laugh, the poor little girl thought—and glared at her with the wildest eyes she had ever beheld, or ever imagined, in ogre or giant. Yet he was a small man, comparatively: thin and sickly-looking; and while considerably frightened, she also felt sorry for him. Perhaps he was a little crazy; and she had heard that madmen ought to be humored and treated as if one were not the least afraid of them. So she answered, though inwardly quaking, as gently as she could—

"You would be a very bad, cruel man to kill a poor little girl who never did you any harm."

"Indeed!"

"And if you did kill me," gathering courage as she spoke, "you would be punished for it. Papa would have you hanged."

The soldier laughed again. "And how would that benefit you? For instance, your father's hanging me would not bring you back to life again? It might comfort him, though; for revenge is sweet—very sweet—"

And he went on muttering to himself the rest of his sentence.

Gertrude now grew seriously alarmed. She would have run away home; but the man leaned against the oak-tree trunk, and so blocked up her passage. She was compelled to remain sitting on the branch, with her poor little legs dangling over the pond. Thus they kept their positions, these two; for her jailer seemed to have forgotten her presence and dropped into a fit of musing, till at last Gertrude ventured to address him again.

"Please, kind man, let me go. It can't do you any good to be cruel to a little girl like me. I'm very sorry for you, you look so ill; and I would give you some money only I have none in my pocket. But I'll tell mamma about you when she comes home."

"Is she out, your mother?"

"Yes, out driving. You might wait for her at the lodge-gates, and she would be sure to give you something. She is very good, is my mamma."

"That's a lie!" answered the soldier, fiercely.

Then the little maid forgot her fear in a sudden blaze of indignation.

"How dare you say so? What do you know of my mamma? She is a lady, and you only a common man: not even a gentleman, or you wouldn't talk to me about 'lies.'"

"Shouldn't I?" returned the man, eying in a sort of curiosity the small, fearless face, all

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

ablaze with wrath. Then he said, "You're not like her—not one bit. I won't harm you; you may step down. Allow me to assist you, Miss Vanderdecken."

He offered her his hand with such a courteous air—not like an ogre at all, she thought, but more resembling the politeness of the young prince in the "White Cat," or the Beast, after Beauty had turned him human by loving him—that Gertrude regarded the man with dumb surprise. Instead of taking to her heels, as she had meant to do, she turned and offered to shake hands with him.

"Good-by. You seem to know my name. I am much obliged to you, and so will my mamma be. For she knows who you are"—(the soldier started)—"and so do I too."

"Indeed! Who am I?"

"I think you are the man who pulled me from under the train one Saturday night. I have not said much about it since; for mamma does not like talking about unpleasant things; and she is easily frightened. But I know quite well that but for you I should have been dead and buried, and gone to heaven by this time."

He smiled at the quaint wording; but he could not deny the fact. In truth, with the peculiarity of his nature, in which impressions that seemed slight at first, instead of wearing out deepened down with time, during these three days it had more than once occurred to him, with a strange, creepy feeling, how very near he had been, and the child too, to the "going to heaven" which she talked about—going *together*. How odd such an accident would have appeared! and what a queer coincidence it would have been if they two had been dragged out dead from under the train and identified (as, though careless enough about himself living, he always took care his body should be identified)—himself and Mrs. Vanderdecken's little daughter!

Half in mockery, and yet drawn toward her by an attraction for which he could not account, and with not at all the sort of feeling which he expected to have had toward her, he intently examined the child.

"Would you have liked to 'go to heaven,' as you call it?"

Gertrude pondered a minute. "No. At least not just yet, I think."

"Why not?"

"Because I am quite happy as I am."

"Happy!" echoed the man, and looked half-contemptuously, half-pitifully at the child. "Is any body happy, do you think? Is your mother happy?"

"Of course she is. No, stop a minute;" and the honest little face took an expression which, in its flitting, shadowy sweetness, reminded the soldier of another—far back in ghostly ages; even as we sometimes see, with a start, the dead and the lost come back to us for a minute in the likeness of some little one of a new generation. "No, I am afraid mamma is not always happy, for she sometimes tells me I am the only comfort she has and I am sure that is very little."

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A gleam of satisfaction—wild satisfaction—lit up the countenance of the poverty-stricken soldier. "Really! she is not happy? All her riches can not make her happy; nor her husband neither? She and your father quarrel sometimes, don't they?"

The man seemed quite carried away out of himself, or he must have seen the astonishment, mixed with reproof, of the little girl's look.

"You must be a very odd sort of person to talk to me in this way about my papa and mamma. What can you know of them? I am very, very sorry for you, and very grateful to you for saving my life; and any amount of money that papa could pay—" Here the little girl stopped, confused, touched by an instinct stronger than all her education.

"I suppose you think—doubtless your mother has taught you—that money can do every thing; but it can not. I want nothing. I know I saved your life; and I prefer to hold you in my debt for doing so. You may say this to your papa, if you like."

Gertrude looked puzzled. "I wish I could tell him, and then he might thank you as I do. But papa knows nothing about this accident, or about you; mamma would not let me tell him."

"Then she keeps secrets from him—from her own husband?" said the soldier, eagerly.

"I don't know what you mean about keeping secrets; and, indeed, if you will let me go away, I had rather not talk to you any more," answered the little girl, almost beginning to cry, with a vague fear which she could not quite get over; while, at the same time, her keen sense of the romantic—and under her funny little Dutch outside there was a deal of romance in Gertrude Vanderdecken—was interested and excited to the highest degree.

The soldier had apparently meant more conversation; indeed, he had taken the trouble to divest himself of his over-coat, and made of it a cushion for the little girl on the tree-arm beside him; but now he took it up again.

"Very well: you can go whenever you like. Good-by."

"Good-by." Gertrude began walking off as fast as she could, for twenty yards or so, then turned and looked behind her.

The man was sitting as she left him, with his elbows on his knees, gazing down into the black water. His appearance and attitude were so forlorn, so wretched—he seemed so utterly lonely, sitting there on the dreary December afternoon, with the damp, white mist beginning to crawl over every thing—that the little girl, who was going home to a good fire and a bright drawing-room, where she always shared her mamma's cozy five-o'clock tea, felt her heart melt toward him.

She returned, and touched him on the arm.

"I beg your pardon; I forgot one thing. Tell me who you are, and where you live? If it is in this parish I am sure mamma will come and see you; for she has her district, and goes round regularly; unless when she sends Nurse and me instead. And I should like to come and see you too. What is your name?"

A simple question—the simplest possible, and given with the most innocent, up-looking, kindly eyes; yet it made the soldier start, grow pale, and then blush violently all over his face. He turned sharply away.

"What does my name matter to you? Why do you question me? What right has your mother to come and see me?"

"Oh, she always goes to see poor people, or sick people; all the ladies in the parish do. But she shall not come if you do not wish it. Indeed, if you dislike it so much, I will tell her nothing at all about you."

"That's right," said the man. And then, with a sudden thought, he added, "If you will promise to tell your mother nothing at all about me, I will meet you here every afternoon, if you like; and I'll tell you all sorts of pretty stories, and queer tales about foreign countries. I have been half over the world, I think, and seen curious things without end."

"Have you really?" said Gertrude, opening wide eyes of delight. Here was an opportunity such as she had often longed for—an adventure delicious as any fairy tale; and the small fact of its being a surreptitious enjoyment did not lessen, but rather increased the charm of it to this poor little soul, who had never been brought up to that holy atmosphere of simple truth which makes want of candor as impossible to the child as it is to the parent. There is a rough and bitter proverb, "As the old cock crows the young cock learns;" and those who sow in small shams not unfrequently reap in large deceptions. In this case Gertrude's better nature made her hesitate a little. "Mamma always bids me tell her every thing; but then to hear endless stories, as you say—oh! it would be so nice."

"Very nice," sneered the soldier; "and all true, of course. Every body always tells the truth, your mamma included. Come, shall we make a bargain, and shake hands upon it?"

Yet as the warm little hand dropped upon his, in the sudden foolish confidence of childhood, on his side too, the man's higher nature felt a slight upspringing of conscience, but he battened it down tight and close. To the little girl herself he knew he intended no harm, nay, he rather liked her than otherwise, and for aught else—what did it matter?

"Very well, my dear," said he kindly, trying to teach himself to speak to her as he supposed children were accustomed to be spoken to. "Then we have made what the Scotch call 'a paction' between us. Take care you don't break it. I shall not."

"Nor I. But," her curiosity getting the better of her, "I should so like to know your name."

"John Stone."

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GOOD-BY.

"Thank you—and good-by again, for I hear the carriage coming."

She flew off like a bird—like the little winter robin that she so much resembled—and left him alone in the gloomy, darkening mist.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Almost daily, and for many days, John Stone the soldier, and little Miss Vanderdecken met—accidentally it appeared, but nevertheless by design—in quiet nooks of the wintry, deserted park. Sometimes Gertrude's nurse was with them, sometimes not. At any rate, Stone contrived to secure the woman's fidelity, both by money and by talking to her in her native Hindostanee, she having been originally an *ayah*, brought from Calcutta to the Cape. This done, he had no other fear of premature discovery, for at Holywell Hall, as in most large establishments, the comings and goings of any individual item therein were scarcely noticed, not even though it were the young lady of the house. Besides, every body was accustomed to Miss Gertrude's independent proceedings, which formed such a contrast to her mother's graceful laziness; consequently, the carrying out of this surreptitious adventure was easy enough.

The only trouble in the matter was the child's own conscience, which sometimes woke up, and she begged leave to tell every thing to her mamma: but Stone always quieted her with promises that she should do so very soon. Besides, he said, if she were ever found out, and asked any questions, she had nothing to do but to tell her mother the direct truth.

"But suppose mamma is angry with me, and forbids me to see you any more, what shall I do?"

She spoke in eager anxiety, for the fascination of this man's company, the charm of his talk, and the interest inspired by his looks and manner—so unlike a common soldier, and so very like, she thought, to a prince in disguise, as she every day expected he would turn out to be—had quite intoxicated the romantic child. She was not exactly fond of him—was almost afraid of him sometimes, for he had such queer ways—such sudden bursts of excitement; and yet day and night she never got him out of her mind, and was always thirsting to meet him again and hear something new.

"Your mamma angry?" repeated Stone, with a sneer. "I thought fine ladies were never angry. However, in that case, just send her to me—John Stone, lodging at Mrs. Fox's, of the 'Goat and Compasses,' and I'll make things straight for you directly."

"Will you, really? And will you explain to her that it was all because you made me make a promise, and I could not break it? People should never break their promises."

"Did she teach you that?"

"No, but papa did; papa is very particular. He says, true in small things, true in great; that if you deceive one person, you'll be sure to deceive another; and he sometimes talks about all this in such a way that he makes mamma cry."

"Why?" asked Stone, grasping at the family skeleton which the child had betrayed, and investigating it with the zest of a ghoul burrowing into a grave.

"Oh, because she is a little frightened of him, I think; and yet he does not mean half he says. He is never unkind to me. Only he dislikes mamma's asking him for money; and sometimes he gets into a passion, and calls her ugly names, and she begins to sob, and wishes she had never married; and it makes me so unhappy, you can't think. But I ought not to tell you all this."

"It's no matter. I'll not tell again. I can keep a secret. Besides, I have nobody to tell it to."

"Have you no relations—nobody at all belonging to you?"

Stone shook his head.

"I wish you had had a little girl of your own for me to play with. You were never married, I suppose?"

"No."

"But you had a father and mother—perhaps brothers and sisters, once?"

"No sisters."

"Oh, what a pity! It must be so nice to have a sister. I have no relations at all; at least, none that I shall ever see much of. But that is a secret too," added the child, looking graver. "I can't imagine why it is, but mamma can not bear my talking much about my aunt—the only one I have—aunt Edna."

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The soldier started. He had been sitting, with the child beside him, in the hollow of an old oak, telling his Munchausen-like stories, of which how much was fiction, how much fact, he alone knew; and afterward he had fallen into a sort of dream, as he was prone to do, watching the sunset, and listening to a wren on a tree-top near, singing as loud and merrily as if it were the year's beginning, instead of its close. Now he seemed startled out of his meditation into exceeding agitation.

"I beg your pardon, say that name again. I was not listening. Your aunt who?"

"Aunt Edna, mamma's only sister; indeed, I never knew she had a sister till about a year ago, when, in driving through London, we saw the name on a door—Dr. Stedman. That is aunt Edna's husband. He is a doctor, you must know."

"And he lives—where?"

"In Brook Street, Hanover Square," answered the little maid, delighted with the importance of giving information. "It is but a little house. When mamma called there she wondered how they could live in such a pokey hole, but she supposed it was because they were poor still."

"Poor?"

"That is, compared with us; but I don't think they can be really poor people; or if they are, they don't mind it. They all look so happy and merry — aunt Edna and her five sons."

"Five sons, has she?" said Stone, who, after his first violent start, had settled down into an attitude which he was prone to fall into—stooping forward with his hand over his eyes. He said he had had moon-blindness, and sometimes wore green spectacles. "And—her husband—your uncle?"

"Oh, you mean Dr. Stedman. Of course, he is my uncle; but I have never seen him. We have only called once, and they never come here."

"Why not?"

"Nobody seems to want it, except me. But I want it very much. I should so like to have my cousins to play with, especially cousin Julius."

Stone sprung up, and then suddenly sat down again, catching hold of a half-rotten branch, and breaking it in little pieces as he spoke.

"I beg your pardon. Go on, child. Tell me all about your aunt and uncle and cousins."

"Would you really like to hear?" cried Gertrude, highly delighted. "Not that there is much to tell; for I know so very little about them. But they live in Brook Street, as I said, and they are such a happy family, and seem so fond of one another. Two of the boys are bigger than aunt Edna—she is a very little woman, you must know—and they pet her and play with her, and yet seem so proud of her. They tell her every thing, Julius says, just as mamma desires me to tell *her*," added the child, sighing —"only, somehow, I can't. Don't you think there is something about a person which makes you tell them things? But you can't do it just because they desire you, any more than you could love people because they compelled you to love them."

The little girl had hit upon a great mystery —perhaps the greatest mystery in parental government; but no such ethical or moral question interested the soldier. Yet he did seem interested—keenly, painfully—in what she was saying.

"Go on. Tell me more."

"About aunt Edna and her house? Oh, I am sure it must be the happiest house in the world. No wonder they don't care to come to ours."

"Is that so? Who says it?"

"Mamma."

"Oh, then, of course, it must be true."

"I wish you saw my aunt Edna. I do like her so!" cried Gertrude, enthusiastically. "She is not pretty, and is not a fine lady at all—dresses very plainly; but then she is so bright, and sweet, and kind. The first time I saw her she took me on her knee and kissed me, and cried a little, saying to mamma that she once had a dear little girl of her own, but it died when a baby. However, she seems very happy with her five boys. Oh, I could be so fond of aunt Edna if they would let me! But—hark! I think I hear wheels. I must run indoors before mamma comes home. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Stone. He had seemed to pay little attention to her latter words; but when she was quitting him he called her back. "Stop. Your uncle is a doctor, you say. I might want one. I am ill sometimes. Give me his address."

Gertrude gave it eagerly.

"Oh, do go to him! I am sure he would do you good. And then, perhaps, you would see aunt Edna and my cousins, and would tell me all about them when you come back. Only you had better say nothing to them about me."

"Of course not."

"I wonder," said the little girl, lingering, as a sudden brilliant idea struck her, "whether you, having been at Calcutta, and actually sailed up the Hoogly River, might know any thing about—about—"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing particular. Yes, it is something particular, as I can guess from mamma's telling me never to speak about it. There is a secret which, if I could find it out, might be as interesting as any of the stories you have told to me. Listen:" and she placed her lips to his ear in the approved fashion of mystery-mongers. "Cousin Julius told me that he had, once upon a time, an uncle."

This communication made nothing like the impression she intended. Stone heard it, sitting, rigid as his name, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At last he said,

"Is he alive?"

"No—dead many years ago, mamma told me."

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The soldier started a little.

"How did he die—how did she say he died?" asked he, after a pause.

"He was drowned in the Hoogly. But there's Nurse beckoning. I must run. Good-by."

"Good-by;" and Stone sat where she had left him, pondering.

"Dead—drowned!" he repeated to himself, and then laughed. "Dead, years ago! Well, it's all true—all true; and better so."

He rose, hearing the rumble of distant carriage-wheels, and hurried by a short cut to a corner of the park, where he generally lingered at this hour, behind a thick holly bush which was near the park gates. Thence he could watch Mrs. Vanderdecken drive slowly through in her phaeton, or brougham, or landaulet—she had an endless variety of carriages—but always alone, always dull, as if nothing ever had given or could give her pleasure in this world.

When she had passed, Stone started up from his hiding-place, and ranged wildly over bush and brake, like a man out of his senses, till he came out upon the common, where, seeing decent laborers walking decently homeward in twos and threes, he also did the same, and soon found himself at Mrs. Fox's door.

The good woman had been very kind to him, though, as she told confidentially to all her neighbors, she thought him a little "cracked." But as he was quite harmless, and paid his bill regularly—every morning, because, he said, no one knew what might happen before night—she did not object to have him staying with her. He had his meals in her parlor; gave hardly any trouble; went early to bed, and was late to rise; never complaining of either his food or his lodging. He took very little notice of any body, yet there was in him a pathetic gentleness, which won the heart of every creature—certainly every woman—who had any thing to do with him.

"I'll be bound he has seen better days, and had folk mighty fond of him some time," was Mrs. Fox's deliberate opinion. "What has brought him to this pass, goodness knows."

"Drink perhaps," somebody suggested.

But Mrs. Fox indignantly repelled this accusation, though she owned he sometimes looked as if he had been drinking, and, besides his tobacco, there was now and then a queer smell in his room, like a druggist's shop. But it was not brandy, she was certain: nothing ever passed his lips but water in her sight, and, if out of it, she would soon have discovered the fact, for she was a great lover of temperance, even though she kept a public house.

So, much as they talked him over, the little circle which revolved round the "Goat and Compasses" could come to no conclusion about John Stone, except that he was "rather queer," but certainly not sufficiently crazy to be treated as a lunatic. Still, they let him alone as much as possible: all, save the good landlady, who, partly from a love of patronizing, and partly through real kindness, took him in her charge entirely, and, it must be owned, very devotedly.

"Mrs. Fox, what is the earliest train to London to-morrow?"

She was so amazed at the question that she forgot her ordinary deference, which rather increased than diminished the more she had to do with "Mr." (as she now always called him) Stone.

"My dear soul, you don't mean to say you're going up to London?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad of it. It'll amuse you, maybe. Is it for good, or only for a day or two?"

"Only for a day or two. 'For good,' as you say, I am not likely to go any where. I shall leave my traps with you, and return very soon. Come, come, I dare say in your heart you're not sorry to be rid of me."

The old woman shook her head with one of her sententious remarks.

"Them as their friends is glad to get rid of, Mr. Stone, are generally those as have never tried to make 'em want 'em. You're no trouble here—quite a pleasure; and you'd better stop with me till you goes back direct to your own folks."

This latter was a thrust, deliberate and prudential; for she often felt her responsibility very great, and would have been really thankful to find out something definite respecting the lonely, sickly man, who might at any time fall ill, or even die upon her hands; but Stone took no notice of what she had said. Indeed, after the matter of the train was fixed, he scarcely spoke another word, but smoked incessantly till he went to bed.

He was very late up, so late that he nearly missed his breakfast and his chance of a lift to the station in the butcher's cart, which Mrs. Fox had kindly arranged for him. And as she started him off he looked so haggard, so feeble, that she shook her head more ominously than ever.

"He'll go off some day like the snuff of a candle. I wish I knew who his friends were, and I'd write to 'em, with his leave or without it, that's all."

But the busy and the poor have not too much time even for compassion, and before Stone was a mile away even his kindly hostess had forgotten him.

Not a thought from her, or any human being, followed the solitary soldier as he took his journey, and at length found himself dropped into the wild whirl of London streets, which he trod with an uncertain step and dazed bewildered air, as of a man who had never been there before, or so many years ago that his experience was no help to him now whatever.

Besides all this, he had at first a frightened look, as if he expected continually to be recognized or spoken to—a fancy which country people often have, till they understand London better. London—that mad Babel—so crowded, yet so intensely lonely, that among the myriads

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one jostles against, to meet a known face is almost an impossible chance. So he was drifted on—this atom, this nomad, this forlorn bit of humanity—in the great human tide that went surging right and left down either side the street. Gradually he let himself be swept on by it, as unimportant and unnoticed as a bubble down a stream.

He turned westward, more by instinct than design, apparently—for he walked like a man half blind and stunned. By slow degrees, however, he seemed to grow accustomed to the crowd; breasted it less awkwardly and timorously, and looked around him a little, as if trying to recollect the places he saw—above all, to recollect himself.

Thus he got on as far as the Cheapside corner leading to St. Paul's Church-yard, when the sudden boom of the great cathedral bell, striking eleven o'clock, sent such a shock through his frail, nervous frame, that he leaned staggering against a shop-window.

"Hollo, man, are you drunk, or what?" cried a passer-by, catching hold of him, but meeting no answer, no resistance, let him go again. "You're ill, Sir. You'd better get into a cab and go home;" but there was no cab at hand, so the stranger hailed an omnibus which Stone silently indicated as it passed, and civilly helped him into it, perhaps feeling that he was safer among companions than alone.

The omnibus was full of the usual average of omnibus passengers, all busy and self-absorbed, every one going his own way, and paying little heed to his neighbor. Nobody noticed Stone, who turned his face to the glass and watched the gliding by of the various familiar objects along the great western outlet from the city. They were scarcely changed. London looked precisely as he had left it, even after this long interval of years. It seemed only yesterday that he had taken his last omnibus ride homeward on this very route, the day he left England, a young man, with life all before him and nothing behind. Now?

Well, we all of us must meet such crises; times when some sharp, sudden curve of the river of life brings us face to face with the lost past, and we stand and gaze on it for a moment or two—startled, saddened, or smitten with intolerable pain—then, knowing it irrecoverable, turn our backs upon it, and go on, like our neighbors, our inevitable way.

Most men, who have at all neared their half century of existence, can understand this feeling; but then few have such a past to look back upon as John Stone.

He rode on a good distance, and then got out and walked through the quietest and least frequented streets of the West-End, losing himself several times. The only place he stopped at was, oddly enough, an upholsterer's shop, in the window of which there happened to be for sale a large swing glass. Stone looked at himself in it, carefully, from head to foot.

His was a figure certainly peculiar, but not peculiar enough to attract notice among the many odd fishes who swim safely and unobserved through London streets. Spare and short—the shortest stature admissible by the regulation height of the army—the faded scarlet just glimmering under his gray coat, the foraging cap pulled closely over his brows, and the rest of his face almost hidden by his spectacles and long beard, any special personal appearance he had was so concealed that his own mother might have passed him in the street and not have known him.

Apparently, he satisfied himself as to the result of his self-examination, for shortly, paying no heed to the jeer of a small London boy that "P'raps he'd know that 'ere party agin when he met him," Stone turned away from the mirror and passed on—walking much more confidently than before.

He reached at last Brook Street, that favorite habitat of physicians and other strictly respectable but not ultra-fashionable people, and walked right down it till he came to Dr. Stedman's door.

A quiet, unpretending door it was, and belonging to one of those small houses, at least much smaller than the rest, which are sometimes to be found in this neighborhood. The brougham standing opposite to it was of the same character; a neat doctor's carriage, arranged with all appliances for books, etc.—evidently that of a man who works too hard not to economize time as well as money by every possible expedient. The coachman, a decent elderly man—one of those servants who are not only thoroughly respectable, but confer respectability on their employers—sat on his box, waiting patiently for his master.

He had not to wait long. Punctually at twelve o'clock Dr. Stedman came out, and stood on the door-step talking to a poor woman who had just run up to him: so that the soldier, if he wished it, had a full opportunity of observing the physician whom he had said he might consult some day.

Dr. William Stedman—as his door-plate had it—was a tall, strongly-built, middle-aged gentleman: fair-featured—a little florid perhaps—but with the ruddiness of health only. He was muscular, but not stout, and very wholesome-looking, even though he was a doctor and lived in London. His mouth was placid, his eyes were kind. His whole appearance was that of a man who has fought his battle of life somewhat hardly, but has got through the worst of it, and begins now to put a cheerful sickle into the harvest of his youth—to reap what he has sown, and prepare to go forth rejoicing with his sheaves. A season, often the very best and brightest of existence to such a man; and the very bitterest to a man who has come to his harvest-time with no harvest ready, and finds out the awful inexorable truth, that whosoever has sown the wind must reap the whirlwind.

While Dr. Stedman stood, talking to his pa-

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DR. STEDMAN.

tient or applicant—a very poorly-clad and sad-faced woman—John Stone watched him intently. He even crept on a little further, holding by area railings as he went, that he might see him better; and so remained until the physician, having finished his talk with the woman, dismissed her, and then, as with a second thought, called her back, took her into his carriage, and drove away.

When he was gone Stone clung to the railings tight and fast. One of his violent fits of coughing seized him, and for a little he could hardly stand or speak.

No one took any notice of him—those things are too common in London. He came to himself soon, and then paused to consider what he should do. Bodily exhaustion guided him as much as any thing, and the horrible fear that he might drop in the street. He went into the nearest shop, a baker's, and asked for a penny loaf and a glass of water. But after he had munched a few mouthfuls he put the food aside, and taking out of his pocket a queer little Eastern-looking box, which emitted a still queerer smell—not tobacco—he extracted and ate a small fragment out of its contents.

"What's that?" asked the baker's wife, uneasily. "Not poison?"

"Oh no! It's my physic—my food—my drink—my chief comfort in life, I assure you!" said Stone, in an excited manner, as laying down sixpence, and forgetting to take up the change, he hurried out of the shop, and was soon lost once more in the maze of London streets.

Lost—how sad a word it is—how sad and yet how common! And who are the lost? Not the dead—God keeps them: safe and sure; though how and where we know not, until we go the way they all have gone. But the living lost—the sinners, who have been over-tempted and have fallen—the sinned against, who have been hunted and tortured into crime—the weak ones, half good, half bad, with whom it seems the chance of a straw whether they shall take the right way or the wrong—who shall find them? He will one day, we trust; He who in His whole universe loses, finally, nothing.

Poor Stone had much of this "lost" look, as he wandered about London; uncertainly, idly, like a man who has given up all stake in life and takes no particular interest in any thing. Sometimes he stopped at a shop-window, generally a print-shop, and vacantly gazed at its contents; but he never lingered long any where, and being in his exterior neither a beggar nor a rogue, but just up to the decent level which makes a man an object neither of fear nor compassion to his fellow-creatures, he was not much noticed by any body, but just allowed to go his own way—to work or be idle—feed or starve—live or die, as it pleased himself and Providence.

Wherever he wandered, during that long day, Stone always came back to the little house in Brook Street, hovering about it as a ghost might haunt its body's grave; walking to and fro, sometimes on one side of the street and then on the other, and watching every one who went in and out.

There were many, for Dr. Stedman's seemed both a full and a busy house. People were perpetually coming and going, not a few with those eager anxious countenances that are ever haunting a doctor's abode. He appeared to have a good practice, and to be not without friends, for several daintily-dressed lady visitors called; and one or two gentlemen in carriages, grave, professional, eminently respectable—the sort of connections which gather round a man when he begins to rise in the world, and the world discovers that it may be rather proud of him than otherwise.

John Stone the soldier saw all these things. Pacing the street, and sometimes, that he might awaken no suspicion, hanging about with other forlorn and shabby-looking loungers on area-steps and at shop-windows, he watched with hungry glances the continually opening door. Once, struck by a sudden impulse, he even went up to it, and laid his hand upon it, but just that minute two young lads came springing up the steps behind him, all life and gayety.

"Hallo, here's an old soldier. Did you want my father, eh, my man?" looking into the stranger's face with a frank bright smile which carried with it such a ghostly likeness that, after a moment's eager glance at the lad, Stone, trembling like an aspen, shook his head in silent negative, and went shambling away.

"They must be his boys, of course," mut-

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tered he to himself. "Such big lads! *His* boys. It seems like dreaming. But I'm always dreaming." And he laughed, but the laugh was half a moan.

After a few minutes the two lads reappeared, bringing out with them in triumph a little lady, well furred and cloaked, and evidently prepared to meet the still damp day and enjoy it as much as either of her sons. For mother and sons they were, there was no mistaking that. The elder gave her his arm, patronizingly and tenderly, as if it were a new right which he was rather proud of claiming, while the younger walked beside her, seizing by force her umbrella and bag, and flourishing them about with great liveliness. Both lads were so full of themselves, and of her, guarding her on either side, and enjoying her company with undisguised delight, that they were rather regardless of passers-by, and the elder brushed past Stone somewhat roughly.

"Take care, Julius," said the lady, in a gentle, feminine voice, fit to win over any number of boys, and yet rule them too, for there was neither weakness nor indecision in it. Then turning to the soldier, she added, "I beg your pardon, my son did not mean to be rude to you."

Stone made no reply, and after a passing glance at him she walked on. However, ere crossing the street, she looked back and said a word or two to her second son, who immediately came and spoke to him, civilly and kindly.

"Are you not well? Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"No, nothing. Let me alone!" said Stone, sharply, and hurried away.

A few minutes after, however, he was haunting the same street—the same door. Almost that instant the doctor drove up to it, when two little lads, not long past babyhood, going out with their nurse, blocked his way.

"Papa, papa!" rose in unison, a perfect shriek of welcome.

Dr. Stedman stopped and tossed them up, one after another, in his strong arms.

"My Castor and Pollux, is it you?"

"We're not Castor and Pollux, we're David and Jonathan. Papa, give us another toss."

"Not to-day, I'm very busy. Run away, Gemini. Nurse, is mamma at home?"

And hearing she was not, a momentary cloud crossed his face.

"Ah, well, she'll be back by dinner-time, and so shall I. Tell her so." And he hurried in with the preoccupied look of a man who has no idle moments to lose. Very soon he came out again, and was hastening to his carriage, when his quick eye caught sight of the figure leaning against his area-railings.

"Did you want me, my good man? Any message? Are you a patient of mine?"

"No."

"I don't remember your face. But you look ill. I am unfortunately in haste," taking out his watch; "but still I could spare fully three minutes, if you wanted to consult me."

"No."

"Good-afternoon, then."

"Good-afternoon."

Preoccupied as he evidently was, the kind physician gave one half-compassionate glance behind him, then closed his carriage-door and drove away. John Stone stood in the street alone.

Yes, quite alone now—alone as few men ever are until their death. He had come hither with no definite intention beyond the natural impulse of most men, to see old places and familiar faces again. Afterward, driven by some vague yearning, some last clinging to this world and all its tender ties, he had experimentalized thus on a mere chance, hardly knowing whether he wished to succeed or fail. He had failed.

It was neither improbable nor unnatural that he should have done so, and yet the certainty of it smote him hard.

"I am quite safe," he said, bitterly. "Nobody knows me. I may go among them all as harmless as a ghost."

And not unlike a ghost he felt—a poor, wandering ghost revisiting the upper world, where his place was now as completely filled up as, perchance, even the best-beloved, most honored dead would find theirs, could they return after a season to the hearths they sat at, the friends and kindred who once loved them so well; ay, and love them still, only with a different sort of love. It seems sad, and yet it is but a law of nature, most righteous, most merciful, if we look at it as we believe our dead do, grieving no more, either over themselves or us, but rejoicing in their new and perfect existence.

But Stone was a living man still, and he found his lot hard to bear; yet it was, in some sense, his own choosing. He had slipped away, first in madness, and then with a stunned indifference to life and all its duties; suffering himself to drop without a struggle into the great sea of sorrow, which at some crisis in our lives is ever ready to overwhelm each one of us. It had closed over him. He had gained his desire. Years of oblivion had rolled between, changing the terrible present into a harmless past; and now his own place and his own people knew him no more.

He turned into Hanover Square, and walked round and round it, in the gloom of the early dusk, avoiding the houses, and keeping to the inner circle, where a white frosty fog hung over the trees like a shroud.

"It's all right," he muttered, talking to himself, as was his habit—the habit of most solitary people. "They are happy, perfectly happy, as they deserve to be. They have wholly forgotten me. Of course; they could not but forget. What was there to remember except pain? And yet—oh Will! Kind, loving, good old Will!"

A sharp sob broke his words. Ashamed, he turned to see if any chance passer-by was near him; but there was no one. The place was as London squares are on a winter evening—lonely as a desert.

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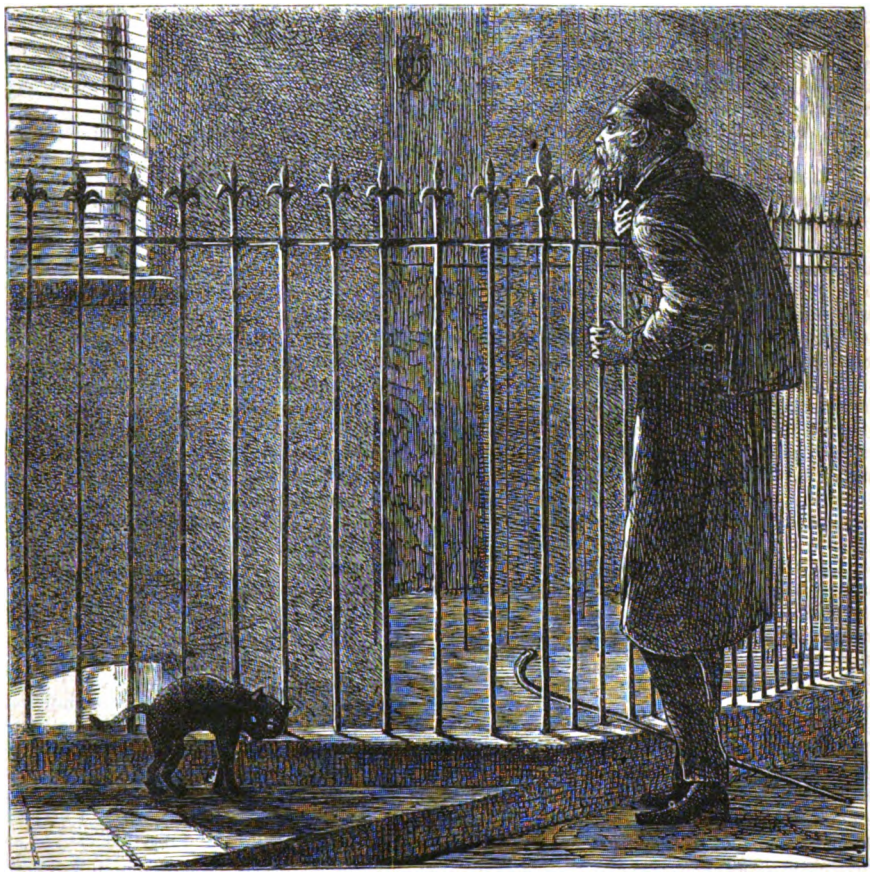
"Five sons the child said he had. Plenty to keep up the name—the honest, honorable name—which he used to say I should make famous some day. I? What a mockery it seems now! Five sons. Not a bad help for a man when he gets old. That eldest—the big fellow, so like his father—must be the one that was the baby. *She* used to pet him and play with him."

He ground his teeth as he spoke, and talking to himself no more, sped on round and round the circle, like a man possessed; sometimes stopping from sheer exhaustion, and then hurrying on again as if there were an evil spirit behind him. At length, quite worn out, he crawled back to the old spot—the bright little house in Brook Street.

It looked doubly bright in the now thickly gathering darkness of the street. The Venetian blinds had been drawn down, but not closed, so that any one looking through the interstices could see into the room quite plainly.

A cozy dining-room, warm and cheerful; gilt-framed prints shining on the crimson-papered walls; a large book-case at one end; a mirror and side-board, garnished with what looked like presentation plate, goblets, a claret-jug, etc., on the other; between, the shining, white-spread family dinner-table, with chairs all round it, evidently meant to be filled as full as it could hold. Standing on the hearth-rug, apparently waiting and watching, but knitting still—for the fire-light flickered on the glancing needles, and made a star of light out of one fine diamond which glittered on the rapid little hands—was a figure that looked like the good fairy, the presiding genius, the guardian angel of the whole.

She was a little person, thin and fragile, more so perhaps than a matron should be, and her face was not without a look of care—or rather the faint reflex of care gone by. And when it fell into repose there was, as there is in almost all faces past their youth, a slight sadness, enough to make you feel that *she* had felt and understood sorrow. Her hair was already whitening under her little lace cap, and her black silk dress had not the slightest pretense of girlishness about it. Yet there was a youthfulness, light and gay, and an almost childish sweetness in both face and figure, that withstood all the wear and tear of time. It made folk say, even ordinary friends, but especially her boys and



THROUGH THE WINDOW.

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her husband, "Ah, mamma will never be an old woman!" No, never: for while her heart beat it would be a young heart still. When, more than once, at the sound of wheels she lifted up her face to listen, the brightness that came into her eyes was like that of a girl hearing the lover's footstep outside the door.

Stone watched her, clinging meanwhile to the railings, grasping them hard, as if the cold iron had been a warm, loving hand. Perhaps for a minute his heart misgave him—his bitter, cynical, unbelieving heart. One step, one word, and might he not pass out of the loneliness and cold into—what? Would it be a welcome? After all these years, all this change, would it be a welcome? He looked down on his rags—they were becoming such, for his money was dwindling away; he put his hand to his head, where the deadly food which he had been chewing at intervals since morning was slowly but surely confusing his faculties, making him more and more unfit for and averse to all society, or any thing that might snatch him out of the drugged nocturnal elysium which alone enabled him to bear the torments of the day.

"No—no; too late! To them I should only be a burden and a shame. Better as it is—better as it is."

And just as the doctor's carriage drove up, and the door, opening of itself, showed a dainty head leaning anxiously forward from the lighted hall, Stone slunk back hastily, and staggered away, round the street corner, into the misty square.

Half an hour afterward he crawled back again, but by that time the Venetian blind had been closed; the house was all dark. Only through an inch of the upper sash, which was left open for air—it was such a small house for a large family—the hungry, weary, shivering man fancied he could hear the clatter of knives and forks, the chatter of lively voices, of parents and children, around the cheerful dinner-table, where all met together after the labors and pleasures of the day.

"Will!—Edna!"—he called, but faintly, and as hopeless of reply as a bodiless spirit might feel, vainly trying to make itself known to the living flesh and blood unto whom it was once so near. "Will—Edna—you were fond of me once, and I was fond of you. I'll not harm you, or trouble you. Be happy! It is quite true—I am dead, dead. Good-by!"

He hurried away, and was soon lost in London streets—the glaring, splendid, wicked, miserable streets—once more. Lost!—lost!—lost!

MY PET GORILLA.

I LIVE at the foot of the beautifully wooded mountain which stretches away westward from the charming village of Orange. To my modest but most comfortable home I daily returned from the city, sure to be welcomed by the smiles of my wife and the caresses of my children.

My own name is White—Thomas White—and my wife's is Julia, *née* Slocum.

If I have any remarkable peculiarity it is a fondness for animals, those dumb companions and servants which the good God has furnished for our use and pleasure; and if I am crotchety at all it is in entertaining a belief that all animals, the most blood-thirsty and savage, are capable of domestication through the power of love. I had made many experiments, all of which went to prove, to myself, the truth of my theory: and my tractable rats and my pet boar had become well known throughout the whole vicinage of Orange. So much for introduction.

On one beautiful June afternoon I returned to my home and was met by my Julia wearing an anxious face, quite unusual with her.

"Why," said I, "why, Julia, what is the matter? Baby sick?"

"No, no."

"What, has the cow cast her calf?"

"No, no, no."

"Well?"

"Do wait, Tom, a second. You are so headlong, you really take away my breath."

"Well?"

"There's a box in the parlor, and I have paid $21 75."

I was aghast.

"Yes, the man said I must pay it or he would take it away; and if it was alive and it should die it would be your loss."

"What does he mean, Julia, by *it?* and what do you mean?"

"I am sure I don't know. You needn't look at me so, Tom; it's none of my doings, I'm sure. *I* don't bring boars into the house."

Here Julia touched a sensitive nerve, for my boar had been the cause of some confusion and a little domestic jar. I went into my parlor wondering what "it" could be. There stood in the centre of my best room a large box nearly as high as my shoulders, bound up and strapped strongly. I gazed at it and wondered, but could make nothing of it.

"*It?* What makes you think it's alive?"

"I'm sure I do not know; but I fancy there's a smell about it as though it was alive, and the man said it might die."

Might there not be a mistake? and if so, might I not recover my $21 75? But no; there it was written in black letters: "*T. White, Orange, N. J., with care, keep dry, this side up.*"

I looked at Julia, and she looked at me.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Open it," she mildly suggested.

The suggestion seemed pertinent, and yet I hesitated. What if it should be some infernal machine, such as they used to send to emperors? I ran that diabolical thought over, but could not recall an enemy who would thus take my life. No; there seemed no other course but to open the box. I got the axe. I noticed that Julia kept well behind me, "because," as she afterward confessed to me, "if *it* should jump it might not be pleasant."

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I hesitated. "I don't believe it is worth the money!"

"Never mind, Tom; don't shilly-shally now; do open the box."

I did. Inside the box seemed a large, strange-looking jar, packed about with a peculiar grass. Sealed on to the top of this jar there was something enveloped in an oil-cloth, which I proceeded to open. It smelled damp and mouldy. It was a letter in a strange hand, which I read thus:

"FERNAN-VAZ, *September* 10, 1862.

"SIR,—According to instructions received from M. Du Chaillu, the distinguished American traveler, I have the honor to ship to you a promising young Gorilla, lately captured here. He is a very fine specimen, and very fierce. I have succeeded in fastening his hands and feet, after the loss of several natives, and have confined him in one of the great oil-jars used on this coast. While waiting for ship I have discovered that he will exist an incredible time without food, *if his air is cut off*; and I have so arranged the vent-hole as to supply him with the least amount possible for life. No doubt the bands upon his hands and feet will be rotted off when he reaches your shores; but with the small quantity of air left him, I think he may not be dangerous. Du Chaillu is quite sure that you can tame him if such a thing be possible. Hoping that I may hear of your success, I have the honor to be,

"Yours, etc., etc.

"*P.S.—Berries in unlimited quantities are his ordinary food.*"

I am almost sure I turned pale. I looked at Julia, and in the dim light of the room she was ghastly.

"Oh, Thomas," she gasped, "worse than a boar!"

I was obliged to drop the axe and support her; and finding she took it so dismally I made a strong effort, and put a cheerful face upon the matter, though my heart was black with care—such hypocrites we are compelled to be.

Suddenly a low but most terrible muttering, producing all the effect of a roar, proceeded from the jar. I was paralyzed, Julia shrieked, the baby screamed. I hardly dared to move. Then I drew my wife to the door, but there I was arrested by a cracking sound. I seized the axe. The top of the jar flew off, and a gaunt black head emerged. Julia fainted; fortunately I did not. It was, I thought, a matter of necessity; I must kill or be killed. I made a dash at the dreadful head with the axe. It dodged and disappeared into the jar. I caught the cover of the jar, and clapped it on, holding it down with my whole weight.

What a dreadful situation! What *could* I do? In emergencies a man must act at once, or he is lost. My wife revived.

"Julia," said I, in a hoarse whisper, "have you any berries in the house?"

"Yes, a bucketful for the company this evening."

"Get them at once. We must propitiate him."

"But the company, Tom!"

I did not wish to be profane, and I am proud to say that I was not; but I said, sternly, "Julia, get them at once!"

She obeyed.

"Now," said I, "when I lift the cover pour them in."

I lifted the cover, and the black head emerged. Julia shrieked and fainted again; but did not spill the strawberries.

The monster smelled the delicious odor and smiled.

"Sir," said I, "if you will sit back into your very beautiful jar I will pour them all in."

He must have had some dim perception of what I said, for he smiled again and subsided. I poured the fruit in, and this time fastened the cover as securely as possible.

I listened for a moment, and could hear gurgling sounds, such as a Gorilla might be expected to make at first tasting Hovey's seedlings.

I seized the moment to review the situation. My wife insensible on the floor; a live Gorilla in my parlor, whose habits I was not familiar with, and who was known to be the fiercest and most untamable of monsters; two small children in my bedroom; and only one Irishwoman in my kitchen. Would it be possible for me to cope with the monster alone and single-handed?

Something must be done, and at once. I carried Julia up stairs. I called my Milesian assistant.

"Ann, you must run about and tell all the people Mrs. White has invited not to come—a foreign gentleman has arrived—Mrs. White is very sick."

She did not run as she should, but stared at the strange box.

"Is the forring gentleman in there?" she asked.

"Yes—no—just at present he is very sick—say that—that's all. Now run."

"Is his name Gurilly?"

"Yes, yes—there, run."

"But Miss Mary Jane—she'll be down with a bandbox, sure. She don't nivir miss a party—she'll be down."

I thought Ann grinned at me. But I got her off; and I must invent some way of putting Mary Jane off, in case she did arrive.

I now thought over and arranged my plan for taming the monster. I would give up my back yard to him. I got down my "Rarey" to consult him on the best methods of taming.

In the midst of my labors a sharp nervous rapping at the door startled me. I knew it was Mary Jane. If I opened the door she would come in, and once in, she would stay. It was necessary to temporize. I opened the door just by a crack—it was now dusk—and whispered,

"Oh, is it you, Mary Jane? Well, you can't come in."

"Can't come in! And why not?"

"Why, he's sick, very sick."

"Who is sick?—not little Tom?"

"No, no!" I said, hastily—"the foreign gentleman."

"Oh!" cried she, "how delightful! Oh, let me come in, Thomas, and take care of him! How delightful! I am so glad I came down!

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A real foreigner, too! Oh, charming! Let me in, Thomas. I can stay as well as not. I have brought my second-best curls, and Julia can lend me a morning-dress, and a few ruffles, and some stockings, and a few handkerchiefs. Oh, I can stay just as well as not!"

I was at my wit's-end. It came upon me suddenly, as thoughts do in great emergencies; I remembered her dislike of the Irish nation; I whispered to her, "I think he is a Fenian, Mary Jane, and I am not sure he is not the Head Centre himself."

For a moment she was dumb, and I was sure my shot had hit; but she rallied.

"Oh, how strange! But he's a gentleman? Dear me, how dreadful to be sick and in a strange land, and hunted like a fugitive, too! Oh, I feel as if I could console him, and I will!"

Her woman's nature, tender even in spite of her antipathies, triumphed. I had failed. Again I was at my wit's-end. But I said,

"He is very sick, and broken out with something; I should not wonder if it were smallpox."

She screamed and fled: that she could not stand, for she had a fair complexion. I chuckled at my happy ruse; but alas for me, this was not the end.

A dull muttering sound recalled the Gorilla; a distant roar again filled my house. It was evident that he had devoured the strawberries and was roaring for more. Julia was lulling the children. I turned the key in the parlor door, and seizing a pail, ran over to Mr. Simpson's to see if I could get some strawberries. Luckily he had some, for which I gladly paid a dollar, and hastened back.

Should I open the jar alone and placate him? I nerved myself to the task, and recalled to mind my experiences with the Animal Magnetists, when I had seen strange things done. I remembered, too, that maniacs and the fiercest animals could be subdued if you could but catch their eye. I determined to dare all, and to catch his eye. I cautiously removed the cover. Up came the dreadful head; again that Gorilla smile. I glared at him with my eye; I caught his; he bowed and smiled. I made passes as I had seen the magnetists. Instantly he began to make return passes at me. I was fearful that I should be magnetized myself.

A loud rapping came to my door. He, too, was startled as I was; his brow wrinkled, and he began to beat his breast with his powerful arms, and to emit that distant and terrible roar which I knew was the peculiar note of the Gorilla. I fancied he was getting ready to spring at me, enraged no doubt at the loud noise. All at once a great band of music clashed out, and played "Erin-go-bragh" under my very windows. He listened, he smiled, and bowed. I seized my strawberries and held them before him; he grasped them with avidity, and subsided into the jar, the lid of which I quickly fastened down.

The violent rapping and the "Erin-go-bragh" continued as I rushed to my door. A vast crowd spread out before me, illumined with impromptu torches of every description, borne by impromptu Irishmen and women and children. A delegation, dressed in black frock-coats and shiny hats, approached; their spokesman was bland and brawny:

"May the blessing of Saint Patrick be wid ye, and the blessing of the Holy Father, and of the most Holy Vargin, and may all the angils in heaven sing masses for your soul, and fly away wid it from purgatory! and may ye be a candydate for the Jarsey Legislatur, so that ivry son of Ould Ireland may vote for ye twice at laste! And may his Royal Highness the Head Cinter live wid ye a thousand years! And now three cheers for Misther White! and three cheers for his Royal Highness the Head Cinter!"

These cheers, given with a will, almost took the roof off my modest house, and completely drowned the hollow roar of the Gorilla.

Here was a dilemma. Mary Jane had betrayed me. Something I must do. I must get these people away from my house; and yet I could not attempt to explain that I had a Gorilla in my parlor. I assured them that there was some mistake; that proud as I should be to have his Royal Highness the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood under my roof, he had not so honored me. On the contrary, the stranger who had come to me had not, I regretted to say, come from Ireland, but from Africa. A shudder ran through the vast assemblage. I saw a cloud settling upon the eloquent face of the chairman; he spoke:

"What—a naygur?"

There was a groan.

"No, no," I hastily asserted. "Not at all. Only a gentleman who, like themselves, in search of liberty, and flying from oppression, had sought a refuge on our happy shores."

I was eloquent—it was the eloquence of fear; I touched their hearts. They bowed and wished my Honor a good-night, and gradually melted away. I sank to a chair. My clothes clung to me with dampness. I breathed long, slow breaths. The Gorilla seemed to have become quiet. My wife called to me from her room:

"Thomas! are you never coming to bed? I have got something to say to you."

I excused myself, for I did not feel able to go to bed just then. I went into my parlor and sat down to consider about the Gorilla.

While I mused I heard scuffling of feet upon my piazza, and then a sharp rap. My first impulse was to blow out my light and pretend to be asleep. But Mrs. White called sharply:

"Why don't you go to the door?"

I went to the door, but stood irresolute, not daring to open, for what new evil might come my foreboding spirit could not divine. I stood irresolute, but another sharp rap on the door and another sharp voice at my back decided me. I opened cautiously; a group of men

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stood in the darkness near my gate, and if I had not been alarmed myself I should have seen at once that *they* were much alarmed.

"Who are you?" I said.

Somebody spoke:

"We are the Town Council; we have come to say to you, Mr. White, that—"

"But won't you come in?" I said, courteously, though I inwardly hoped they would not.

"Thank you, no," he said, in a freezing tone. "We have come in a body, Sir, about this fearful pest that you have introduced into this peaceful village."

"What? what?" I stammered, but he went on:

"Sir, such conduct deserves, and must receive, the severest reprobation. We have come in a body, Sir, to request you and your family to remove at once from the bounds of this village. To secure this we have brought with us the jail-wagon, and we must request you to put the sick man into it and drive it yourself beyond our precincts."

"But," I said, urgently—"but, my dear Sirs, gentlemen, there is no sick man, no pestilence—"

He went on:

"We give you notice, Sir, that unless this is complied with, and at once, we shall feel it our duty to remove all families residing near you."

Again I tried to explain.

"Sir," he continued, "whenever the pestilence subsides we shall take your house in hand and purify it thoroughly; all clothing and all bedding of every sort will be burned; the whole inside will be thoroughly washed and painted. Stuffed furniture will be burned. Outhouses must be destroyed, the cellar flooded. We intend to make thorough work of it. Just what course the Grand Jury may take toward yourself we can not say; but in case any one should die you will probably be indicted and tried for manslaughter in the second degree."

I am sure that I turned pale. I grasped the door, and finally found voice to say:

"Gentlemen, what *do* you mean?"

"We mean, Sir, that we can not and will not tolerate virulent small-pox in our midst."

Then it flashed upon me that Mary Jane had proclaimed my words to mankind. Words which I had been betrayed into using to secure her retreat had brought upon me this dreadful visitation. How *could* I clear myself? I thought over the names of people I knew—for I was a new-comer—and asked:

"Is Mr. Vermilyea there?"

"Yes," said a voice.

"I ask as a favor that I may speak privately with him."

After some discussion among themselves Mr. Vermilyea said:

"I have no objection to speaking with you, Mr. White, provided you keep your distance; but I do not propose to introduce the small-pox into *my* family."

I suggested that he should keep on one side the fence, I on the other. I noticed that he kept a handkerchief to his nose, and a breath of wind wafted to my nostrils a strong flavor of asafœtida, which he was using as a disinfectant.

"Horrible!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Horrible indeed!" was his reply.

I appealed to him, as a man and a brother, not to distrust my words; I assured him that the whole thing was an entire mistake; that there was no small-pox in my family—

"But," he interrupted, "we have it from one of your own family."

I affirmed that it was an entire mistake; that the person alluded to had very untrustworthy ears, and was not cautious of her words, and so on.

"But," he said, "there is *something* in your house. What is it?"

I felt that I must confide in him, and I approached closer; but he waved me back with his disengaged hand.

"What is it?"

"A Gorilla!" I whispered.

"A *what?*"

He evidently was not familiar with the beast.

"A Gorilla—one of the natives of Africa. He has no small-pox, and my only desire is to protect him from impertinent and disagreeable intrusion."

I succeeded in satisfying him, and in pacifying them; and so at last I was able to bow them away—they taking the jail-wagon with them.

I breathed freer. Now, at last, I hoped to be able to seek my peaceful cot. I felt sure I too should have an amazing story to tell, should I but succeed in my efforts at civilizing this wild creature.

And now I courted the drowsy god, but he did not come. I lay awake, sensitive to every sound. I heard a distant hubbub—was it the Gorilla again? I listened. No, it was distant, but not the same.

The noise grew louder; it approached; it deepened into an angry roar. I heard the noise of many feet, the sound of many voices.

"Fetch out your Gurilly!"

"Out with your Guerrilla!"

"Hev him out!"

"Hurrah! Union forever! Down with all rebels!"

"Down with all Copperheads!"

"Where's Mosby? Out with your Gurilla!"

I saw instinctively that my loyal neighbors had got it into their heads that I was a Copperhead, and was harboring a guerrilla. The affair was becoming serious; and now what might not a frantic mob do? At last a stone came crashing through my window, and I could hear sounds like these:

"Burn him out!"

"Smoke him out!"

"Giv' 'em some Union pills!"

Hastily throwing on a dressing-gown I opened a front blind, and saw a crowd of struggling men, armed with sticks and other impromptu

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weapons; over them flamed portentous torches, any one of which would quickly convert my modest house into smoke. I stepped out upon the porch roof, regardless of eggs and brickbats—regardless of the night-air, which blew cool around my unclad legs. I determined to make one more effort for safety. I waved my hand as I had seen other great men do it; but it produced no quieting effect—rather the contrary. "Hev him out!" "Burn 'em out!" "Smoke 'em out!" saluted my ears. But I stood my ground, determined to die, if need be, in defense of my altars and my fires and my Gorilla.

In Jersey a speech will do wonders—a speech I must make, and I did. I spoke with the energy of despair. Fortunately I had been in the army, and had been wounded—slightly. I stated that I had induced my wife's brother and brother-in-law and uncle to enlist, and that they had all been killed. I spread the wings of the American Eagle as wide as I had ever known them to be spread upon any Independence-day; and finally I assured them that if there was any man I detested it was a guerrilla; but that the person they were so desirous to tar-and-feather and burn was an African just from the shores of that down-trodden country; and I appealed to them to save him and me from further molestation from the Copperheads and haters of the Black.

This touched them; they shouted madly: "Hev' him out!" "Let's see him!" "Fetch out your Afriken!"

As I had now enlisted their sympathies they were willing to receive my assurances that he was exhausted after a long and perilous voyage; and that in a few days I should like to present him to their kind notice, etc. At last I got rid of them, and quiet settled upon us. Alas! for my wife's grass-plot and flower-beds, they were trodden into mire. But our lives were saved, and science might yet triumph.

I slept fitfully, not only because of the excitements and dangers of the evening, but because of the strange and most interesting creature which had been placed in my hands. I determined to devote a few days to my experiments, and in the morning sent off a note to the city to excuse my absence. The first thing was to provide "unlimited quantities" of berries; and not a pint of strawberries was to be had in Orange that day after I had scoured the market. The hollow roaring in my parlor warned me that the "monster" approached humanity in his love for this delicious fruit. I secured my family upon the second-floor and my Irishwoman in the basement, and then entered the room. I wore my cavalry boots and a dressing-gown; and on my head a velvet cap, which my wife had embroidered for me in those days of blandishment preceding marriage. I thought it wise to protect my hair in case he should wish to seize it. With two buckets of strawberries and my throwing-straps I determined to make a trial. The roaring rose and fell like the fitful blasts of a cyclone. I approached the jar with awe, but nerved myself and removed the cover. Again that black head appeared. I had a bucket of strawberries ready; he clutched it grimly and proceeded to devour them, glaring at me with his "wicked eyes," as Du Chaillu calls them. Strawberries never were put out of sight so rapidly. He threw down the emptied bucket and began again to roar in his distant and horrible manner. I felt compelled to give him the other bucket, which he devoured in the same way, though less ferociously.

One of the first rules in taming fierce animals is to "interest them in yourself by doing something." As he approached the bottom of the bucket I began to handle my straps. I buckled one of them around my ankle, and then threw myself upon the floor. The monster seemed pleased, and certainly did smile. I kept my eye fixed upon him, of course. When I had done this a few times I stuck out my leg and made motions, which he seemed to understand. He stuck one of his legs out of the jar; I approached cautiously to put on the strap, and removed my eye a moment from his. He snatched off my cap and put it on his head, and began his low roar. I caught his eye again, which quieted him. He made motions with his hands toward my legs, and I quickly divined that he wanted my boots. It was a capital thought. I gave him one, which he drew on quite dextrously, and certainly seemed pleased. I now had no difficulty in placing the strap around his ankle; that done, I began to feel there was hope. So far he had not made any attack, and had failed to bite pieces from my legs, which, from Du Chaillu's stories, I had expected.

I began to have strong hopes of success. I bowed and smiled; he bowed and smiled. He certainly had the imitative faculty; that was clear, and it might be a main element of success. I had discovered two facts:

First.—The great end of existence of a Gorilla is food in unlimited quantities.

Second.—He wants to do as other folks do.

So far he was exactly like man; and Darwin's Development Theory was sustained. What a discovery!

I smiled again, and waved my hand toward the door; he smiled and waved his hand. Then I took a step or two, which he seemed to understand, for he sprang out of the jar so that his head struck the ceiling with violence; it seemed to make no impression. Here I had another fact:

Third.—The Gorilla is hard in his head, and susceptible in his stomach.

Another striking resemblance to man.

I cautiously retained the end of the strap in my hand, ready to throw him at the slightest symptom of danger. He looked at me now fiercely; I kept my eye steadily upon his. He would not move. Then I handed him the end of the strap which was around my leg, and, holding his strap in my hand, I bowed and waved toward the door, and stepped forward. He imi-

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tated me exactly; and thus together, in mutual concord, we marched side by side through the entry into my yard. It was a very pleasant yard, nicely grassed, and at one end were my hen-coops. There was some cackling as we appeared—he wearing my cap and one cavalry boot, I the other.

Now I wished to impress him with my power as a superior being, which is Rarey's cardinal principle in taming fierce animals. I determined, therefore, to throw him, but carefully. We were now in the centre of the grass-plot, near a small pool, which I had made for some crested ducks. I put my arm around him cautiously, and began to pull at the strap. It was singular, he did the same to me, and I found he did not fall. Then I proceeded to tickle him under his arm, all the while raising his foot. He did the same to me, and as I am very ticklish indeed I screamed out, and in my nervousness we both fell to the ground together—I in his arms—and rolled into the duck-pool.

I heard two sounds: one was a childish laugh, frank and free; the other a suppressed te-he-he! I saw at my chamber window my wife with the baby in her arms and little Sally laughing—at least Sally was—with great glee. My wife was making a faint effort at civility. My Irish girl had thrown her apron over her head, and was rocking back and forth in a brutal and disgusting way.

I decided not to seem disconcerted; so I kissed my hand to my wife, and the Gorilla did exactly the same. At any rate no harm was done beyond the covering us with mud, and the Gorilla did not seem to mind that. What should I do next? I was somewhat fatigued, and so I thought we would march about the yard a few times; it would accustom him to our ways. He stopped at the chicken-coops and seemed much gratified. I tried to remember whether he could have seen chickens in his own land, and fancied he had, as he pointed with his long finger at my game-cock and nodded his head. As he seemed amused with the chickens, and quite harmless, I thought I would leave him to himself a little, while I should get off some of the mud within my house.

Certainly I could see no reason why I should not succeed in taming him quite to my satisfaction.

Julia was evidently torn between her sense of the ridiculous and her feeling of duty to me. The outside of her mouth was somewhat serious, but within it was filled with laughter: she could barely articulate. Little Sally had no repressions:

"What a funny old nigger the Grilly is! How he did roll you in the duck-pond, papa!"

I did not laugh. I said, seriously: "Very satisfactory, indeed, for a first experiment—very."

"Yes; but Tom, I do believe your best trowsers are ruined."

"Pooh, pooh! Don't be foolish, Julia."

I went to my room, and taking off my coat and trowsers, lay down to think over the matter. So far all went well; there were no signs of vice or ferocity; it was evident that the creature had been sensibly mollified by his confinement in the jar; there was no other way of accounting for his behaving so like a human being. The strawberries, too, had had a soothing effect, no doubt; they always have that effect upon children; and what was he but a child of a larger growth? My mind ran on into speculation. If he could be taught to talk! and why not? Already he made sounds in eating such as were habitual with the great Dr. Johnson—why not talk?

Some time was consumed in this way, when I was roused from my reveries by hearing a great cackling and commotion among my chickens. I rushed to the back-window to behold my game-cock and my Dorking fighting fiercely, bathed in blood, with hardly a feather left on their bodies, while my Gorilla was jumping and capering about, vainly endeavoring to keep the Dorking up to his work. I was transfixed! It was too late to save them, I saw that; and in a minute the Dorking received his blow, and lay down to die. The game-cock made a vain effort to crow, but was too feeble. The Gorilla snatched him up and threw him in the air a few times. I don't know but it was the way they did in the Gorilla country. It seemed to revive him; and at last he flapped his wings and sailed away into Simpson's hog-pen. I knew it was the last I should see of him.

The Gorilla now raged up and down the yard, almost frantic with fury. I began to fear the result. Suddenly he saw me at the window, and beating his great breast with his long arms, he began to roar. I knew that meant victuals, and ran down to appease him before he got his blood up. He snatched the bucket of strawberries from my hand and ate ravenously, eying me fiercely, and was not quieted until I had given him another pailful. Then he subsided into his usual sweetness, and after walking about the yard a few times lay down in a corner to sleep. I left him.

Julia had been watching from the window; she said to me, as I came into the room:

"Really, Tom, if you are going to keep this creature in the yard he must have some clothes. It is not decent to have him walking round so, stark naked."

"Why, but Julia, he has his skin on."

"Skin on! So has every body. Is that any excuse? No; there are those old soldier-clothes of yours—the moths will eat them up; take them down now while he is quiet, and get them on—do!"

It could do no harm. I went down and put them on once or twice myself, and then he easily did it; and indeed I must say he looked quite well, very well indeed. I was pleased with the effect. So was he; he bowed and smirked and swelled out his stomach as if he

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had been elected a captain of militia. I had to give him the other boot.

So far well. I left him in quiet and went to my room again. I had established two more facts:

Fourth.—He is fond of cruel sports.

Fifth.—He resembles the French in his love of military display.

Human traits, certainly.

All this day he was quiet, and I had reason to feel satisfied with the progress made. I had little doubt now of success—success beyond my most sanguine expectations. But I was a little anxious and nervous as to how I was to get him back into his jar at night; for, as yet, I was unwilling to leave him in my best parlor loose. But a slight incident in the afternoon perplexed me still more, and yet it served to solve the other problem.

He had been so quiet all the day that I had ceased to have any anxieties, and was lying down on my sofa, examining at my leisure Humboldt's Cosmos, hoping I should learn something about the matter in hand, when Ann came rushing up stairs, crying:

"He's stole the pizen!—he's stole the pizen!"

"Who has stole the poison?" I asked, sharply.

"The nigger gentleman, down in the yard."

"What poison?"

"The bottleful that Missus got to pizen the bugs off the bedsteads, Sir. He's stole it and drunk it all into his insides—that's what he's done, Sir. An' it's jist good enough for him, the nasty black fellow!"

My heart sunk. The thing was ended, and all my plans of treatment, all hopes for Ethnology were blasted; science had received a crushing defeat. I found that my wife had hung a bottle of alcoholic poison out the window for safety, which my Gorilla had managed to get and drink. I went down expecting to find him a bloated corpse. But no, not yet; not at all.

He came forward to meet me, bowing and smiling, but he was certainly very unsteady on his hind legs; and his mouth dribbled as I had now and then seen human creatures after having imbibed freely of alcoholic stimulants. Had I been in a less anxious frame of mind I should have laughed; for his leer now was diabolically funny. But I hastily seized the end of the throwing-strap, thinking to try its effect. He fell at once—there was no difficulty; but as he rolled along the ground he put his hand to his nose and waved his fingers at me in an alarmingly human way. Finding him so placable, and disposed to be companionable, I determined to coax him into his jar, not only for safety, but in case the poison was going to work, I preferred to have him there rather than in the yard. I put my arm in his and steadied him along. He went well enough, but now and then made efforts, as I thought, to kiss me: his breath, however, was offensively strong, and I declined his advances.

It was easy enough to get him *to* the jar; but how to get him in it—that was a question.

I tried vainly. He either did not understand me, or he would not, or he was too drunk, and could not get in the jar. I tried every thing, but failed. At last, knowing his imitative powers, I got in myself, thinking he would at once follow my example; but suddenly the cap of the jar was clapped on, and there I was in the fetid darkness, with my air cut off.

"My God! what a horrible death!" was my sudden thought. I made a frantic push at the cap, but the creature must have been sitting on it. I was sure of it. I screamed to Julia, but felt that my voice did not penetrate the thick glass. Oh, it was horrible! Then I heard his low roar sounding; I tried the cap again, and it lifted. In an instant I was upon the floor, only to be seized by the monster, who whirled me around the room in a sort of mad waltz until my brain was dizzy; and all the while he chanted a strange and dreadful melody, which sounded somewhat like this:

"We wutgo hobetill bordig—
We wutgo hobetill bordig—
We wutgo hobetill bordig—
Tillda litedoth ableer."

He danced about the room like a human being very drunk indeed. I felt that my only resource was in whisky. Opening my parlor-door cautiously, I found my Irishwoman close to the keyhole.

"Ann," I said, "ask Mrs. White for a bottle of whisky. It is a matter of life and death."

She got it. She put her arm within the door, and nearly dropped the bottle in her trepidation. The moment the creature saw it he staggered toward me most lovingly. I evaded him, and quickly placed the bottle at the bottom of the jar. Then he made frantic efforts to get into the jar, but his inebriation impeded his movements. At last, with my boosting, he reached the top of the box, and, unable to steady himself, plunged in headlong. I heard a violent crack as his head struck the bottom, and I felt sure he must be dead. But I hastily secured the cap, and cutting his air off very close, left him for the night.

I was now much exhausted; but I had settled another point:

Sixth.—The Gorilla is susceptible to alcoholic influences, and, like man, is capable of a spree.

I lay awake much of that night. The monster was dead—it must be so. No constitution could stand a quart of alcohol strongly seasoned with corrosive sublimate, and such a crack in his skull as he must have. He was dead! and before I had fully settled the fact of his identity with man. It was a painful thought.

But in the morning I heard—I was sure it was it—the low, hollow roar in the room below me. No, he was not dead, and my heart beat with pleasure and satisfaction. I could continue my experiments. I dressed hastily, and armed with a bucket of strawberries and a small flask of whisky concealed in my pocket, pro-

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ceeded to open the jar. Up came the head! No, he was not dead; thank Heaven for that! But he seemed "rather down in the mouth," as I have heard human animals describe their sensations after a late night. He seemed indeed quite patient, if not penitent; and had the creature known how to write, I should have got him to "sign the pledge" on the spot.

I offered the strawberries, but he declined, and see-sawing back and forth in a curious way, looked at me inquiringly.

I thought to myself, "The poison is working in his vitals." I kept my eye on him, knowing his treachery, as Du Chaillu describes it. He see-sawed at me, and kept his cruel eye upon me. He did not smile, but gradually snuffing the air, began to wrinkle his brow, and then bounding upward, struck the ceiling with his head as before. No, his skull was not broken by the plunge into the jar.

He came down in front of me, and I trembled for an instant, for I had no hold upon the throwing-strap. He smelled about me curiously, and then putting his arm around me, felt of my pocket in which was the flask. Ah! he had divined it; *that* was what he was after; that was the reason he had declined the strawberries!

I resisted his efforts to get the whisky-flask from my pocket, and freed myself from his bacchanalian embrace. This roused him. Striking an attitude such as Forrest takes as Coriolanus demanding possession of ancient Rome, he frowned upon me; then beating his broad breast with violence, he emitted a roar which really frightened me. I quickly extended the flask, knowing well what every body knows, "that prudence is the better part of valor." He clutched it, and imbibed its contents. I regretted the necessity, but I felt that this growing vice of intoxication might be overcome if I could once bring him under the dominion of civilization. True, there was no such instance in man, but I hoped better things of the unsophisticated nature of the Gorilla. He became quiet, and went peaceably to the yard, where I induced him to take a few strawberries; but it was evident that the whisky had assuaged his greedy appetite. So far it was a matter of economy.

Finding the creature much impressed with his clothes, I brushed off the dirt as well as I could. I thought now to try a second step. The habit of all Asiatic and African peoples is to squat on their heels rather than to sit. I had an old settee on my piazza. This I removed to the yard, and proceeded to show him how to sit down. He quickly learned. Then I lay down upon it; that, too, he easily did. Finding him so tractable I sat by him for a while, trying some phonetic experiments: the great question of language is vital, the superior man being, as all know, *he who can talk infinitely*. I tried easy and expressive words, somewhat resembling his native tongue, such as "*boo-boo*," "*pook-pook*;" he caught them at once; and more, he went on saying "*boo-boo, pook-pook*," with a rapidity and violence rising to a roar. I could only arrest him by showing the whisky-flask, which he snatched and placed to his lips. Finding, however, no whisky in it, he handed it back, saying, "*Pook-pook! pook-pook!*"

I was delighted! Such intelligence! A new point of resemblance to the lower order of man:

Seventh.—An *empty* whisky-bottle excites contempt.

At this time I wore in my cravat a large and showy diamond pin, which I had—well, got—while acting as a railroad conductor some years before. It caught his eye, and suddenly I felt my throat grasped; I feared he was about to strangle me. Not at all; it was only a sudden development of a passion for jewelry. I did not regret the loss of the pin—not much—for it had cost *me* nothing, and it now enabled me to note another point:

Eighth.—The Gorilla, like man, will snatch diamonds, if the opportunity offers.

I now approach the conclusion of my narrative. The effect of the bed-bug poison—or of that and the whisky, and the partial suffocation, and the sharp collision of his head upon the bottom of the jar—was soothing to this wild native of Africa. So much so that I determined to risk a short absence while I ran over to the city to save myself from dismissal from my post in the *Tribune* office. I decided to risk it, and gave directions to my wife not to go into the yard, and to allow no one in it.

That very morning little Sally had said to me:

"Papa, if Cousin Mary Jane had seen the funny old Grilly tumble you down she would have laughed to split."

I knew it well, and I was inwardly thankful that she had not been present. But I must now relate what happened this last day, which I had from Mary Jane herself:

Coming down from her secluded home, she was naturally desirous to know all possible facts and gossip of the village, and she always came to my house. She came this day, and learned from Ann that I was away, but would be back soon, and that Julia had lain down for a little nap. So finding the parlor-door locked, she concluded to sit down and rest and wait in the dining-room, which opened upon the yard. It being a warm day she sat by the window, and partly opened one of the blinds; she was in a very quiet state, when suddenly she was startled by hearing "*Boo-boo!*" sound in her ears.

She was about to scream, when, seeing a colored gentleman dressed in military clothes standing in the window, she desisted, feeling that it would not be polite.

Mary Jane, I may say, is remarkable for two things: first, a lively sympathy or appreciation of the male sex; second, a propensity for new and pleasing bonnets. This day she wore, as she told me, a new straw, which she had trimmed herself with fascinating flowers—"a perfect

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love"—and it is reasonable to suppose that she had a vague intention of letting Julia see how much more of a "love" it was than the one *she* had trimmed.

Well, recovering herself she smiled and courtesied; for, she said, it popped into her head that this was probably a colonel of one of the negro regiments, who happened to be at my house. She was instinctively polite. So was my Gorilla. He, too, bowed and smiled, and thus a sort of *entente cordiale* was established. She at once set herself to making it pleasant for the stranger, and remarked, sweetly,

"It is a delightful afternoon for a walk."

To which he said, "*Pooh-pooh!*"

She knew then that he was a foreigner, for foreigners always pooh-pooh! every country but their own. This did not diminish her desire to please him, and she said various other things, such as,

"I hope you enjoy our country, Sir."

To which he replied as before, "*Pooh-pooh!*"

Mary Jane wondered if he were not a black Englishman, but she did not allow *his* manners to affect hers; and feeling that he was a stranger and lonely she proposed to show him the village, to which he assented, but said, "*Booboo!*"

She perceived that he could understand better than he could speak our language.

They walked out together, and as they went through the hall she handed him my gold-headed cane, which, having been presented me by Mr. Greeley, I valued highly. She took him through our beautifully shaded streets, showed him our churches and school-houses, and many pretty places, and then she walked on toward the foot of the mountain, determined to show him our most beautiful places last. Entering the picturesque grounds of Mr. Hecksher she noticed that he was much interested in the lovely swans for which he has so long been famous, and that he was walking straight into the pond after them. She grasped his arm and arrested him.

It produced a curious effect. He wrinkled his brows and glared at her so that she was startled. Suddenly eying her watch, which she wore at her belt, he snatched it from her. Then, she said, it came over her that he might be, probably was, a pickpocket in disguise, who had got into my house for burglarious purposes. What was she to do? She tried flattery and sweetness.

"You admire my watch? Yes, it is very pretty—a present from a dear friend—pray handle it carefully."

She held out her hand for it. Instead of giving it to her he clasped her hand in his, and snatching her new straw—flowers, waterfall, and all—from her head he devoured them before her face. Then emitting his booming roar he rushed up the mountain, whirling my gold-headed Greeley cane about his head.

Mary Jane was apprehended rushing wildly through the streets of Orange, partially denuded of clothes and wholly of hair; and when told that it was quite improper and unladylike she only reiterated, "*Pooh-pooh! pooh-pooh!*" It was some days before she recovered her usual senses so as to talk her usual flow.

Of course I was aghast upon my return. My interesting experiments had come to an untimely end. For a time I was in despair; but at last I borrowed old Simpson's dog and made an effort to recover the Gorilla. The dog tracked him for some distance, and I followed. But the only vestige I saw of him was an army button with a bit of cloth attached, which I found on a thorn-bush. I never saw the monster again. Barnum, I believe, set up a claim that he had him; but examination satisfies me that it is an entire mistake.

No; I have two evidences that he is still at large among the mountains west of Orange: the one is, that on sultry summer afternoons a dull, distant, booming roar may be heard there, which *I* know is his peculiar note, and Du Chaillu agrees with me; the other is, that the whisky of the charcoal burners of all that region disappears with marvelous rapidity. *They* attribute it to evaporation, *I* know that my Gorilla is about.

As far as they go my experiments are most interesting and most valuable, and I venture to say that no man living has ever had the like. To enable me to prosecute them, and thus to prove the identity of man and Gorilla, a reward of five hundred dollars has been made up by the Ethnological Society for the apprehension and return of my friend; to which I here add, from my private purse, one of five hundred dollars more, which will be paid upon the presentation to me of the missing Gorilla.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.*

FOR the clear comprehension of the agreement which had been entered into between England, France, and Spain, it is necessary to understand the adventurous projects in which they were about to engage, affecting the whole North American continent. The Mexican expedition—a drama the scenes of which were acted in Rome, London, Washington, Charleston, Paris, Mexico—was the immediate result of this unhappy coalition, and the basis on which that ill-starred tragedy rested was the breaking of the United States into separate confederacies.

After the peace of Villafranca the Emperor Napoleon III. was sincerely desirous to heal the political wounds which had been made by his military operations in Italy—to find some compensation for the injuries he had inflicted on the Emperor of Austria.

There were certain Mexicans of eminence—among them Almonte, Gutierres de Estrada,

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the ex-President Miramon, and La Bastida, the Archbishop of Mexico—who were residing in Paris, and carrying on various political intrigues with the Papal government and with the Tuileries. From these the emperor learned that attempts had been made by leaders of influence in the Southern States to come to an understanding with persons of similar position in Mexico with a view to a political union. These negotiations had taken a serious aspect shortly after Fremont was made the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1856, when it had become plain that the South must before long inevitably lose its control of the government of the Union.

Among the advantages expected by the South from such a scheme were deliverance from the threatened domination of the Free States, and another period of political supremacy in a new Union, of which the members would be bound together by a community of interest, and be the dispensers of some of the most valuable products of the New World. Slavery had without difficulty been re-established in Texas; it was supposed that the same might be done in other provinces of Mexico. There was, moreover, the alluring prospect of a future brilliant empire, encircling the West India Seas, and eventually absorbing the West India Islands. To the Mexicans there would be the unspeakable advantage of a stable, a strong, a progressive government.

The Mexican refugees in Paris saw in the success of this scheme an end of their influence in their native country. It was better for them to introduce a French protectorate. The emperor perceived with satisfaction that an opportunity had now arrived for carrying out his friendly intentions toward the house of Austria. Thereupon he determined to encourage the secession of the Southern States with the view of neutralizing the power of the Union, to overthrow, by a military expedition, the existing government of Juarez in Mexico, to establish, by French arms, an empire, and to offer its crown to the Austrian Archduke Maximilian.

Gutierrez de Estrada says the Mexican affair is "exclusively confined to the Emperor Napoleon and the archduke (Maximilian), with the approbation of the emperor, his brother. This state of things is favorable to Austria, inasmuch as it puts Venetia or any other compensation out of the question."

Count Keratry, in his history of these transactions, says: "France granted belligerent rights to the Southern rebels, anxious as she was to inaugurate a military dictatorship, the future head of which, the celebrated Confederate general, had commenced negotiations with Mexico itself."

Of this complicated intrigue, the first step was the secession of the Southern States from the Union. A large portion of the population of the South was loyal, but it was rightly judged that political unanimity could be secured by causing the action to turn on the slave question. The election of a Republican president was all that was necessary, and that could be accomplished without difficulty.

Without war or with war, the secession might be made good—better the latter than the former, for it would give a great, a well-drilled, a veteran, an indispensable army—indispensable for the completion of the plan. It would accustom the Southern people to habits of discipline and subordination, and, from the bitterness inevitably produced, it would effectually alienate them from their recollections of the old Union.

The powers who had interests in the West India Seas were not disposed to look with disfavor on the first portion of this plan. It was for them, as far as they could with propriety, to promote secession. To divide the republic was to rule it. They never regarded the action of the South in seceding as having a shadow of justification. In their eyes it was a purely political movement, which, if it failed, would probably entail ruin on the communities who had attempted it.

Encouragement was accordingly given to the leaders of secession. It strengthened them greatly in their action. But the momentous hazard of separation once taken, and at Montgomery or Richmond a government apparently able to maintain itself established, it was not the interest of the powers of Western Europe to permit the carrying out of the second portion of the plan. It suited them to have the Cotton States—"an Anglo-Saxon Brazil easily curbed," hemmed in by the fleets of Europe on the south and east, by a strong military government on the west, and on the north by the powerful and embittered relic of the old republic.

To separate the Union for the purpose of crippling it, but not to give such a preponderance to the South as to enable it to consummate its Mexican designs—such was the principle guiding the French government. That principle was satisfied by the recognition of belligerent rights, and by avoiding a recognition of independence. Herein we may see clearly the explanation of those seeming half measures for which that government was so severely criticised. Thus Keratry says: "Here, too, one can not help being painfully impressed with the vacillations of the imperial government, which seemed as if it dared not adopt a decided character in its trans-oceanic policy, and from the commencement to the conclusion of the expedition resorted to little else but half measures.....It is very certain that there was a favorable opportunity in 1862, looking at the secession of the Southern States from those of the North. Then was the time for France to have acted vigorously, and to have obtained allies even in the enemy's camp. Two courses were open, and both were practicable, but here we shall not pretend to decide between them. Either it was necessary at the first onset to decide in good earnest for the cause of the Union, and to restrain the South by a threatening dem-

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onstration on the frontier of the Rio Bravo, or, if the belligerent character of the secession party was recognized, it was essential to go the whole length without hesitation, and to consummate the work of separation by declaring openly for the planters of the Southern States, who, fired with the recollections of French glory, waited but the succor of our promise to offer triumphantly a helping hand to our expeditionary force which was marching on Mexico. Through an inconsistency which one can now, on looking back, hardly conceive possible, the imperial policy wandered away from every logical tradition. The belligerent character which had been accorded to the Southern States served only to prolong to no purpose a sanguinary contest, and our government repulsed the reiterated overtures of the Southern planters, whom they had encouraged, as it were, only yesterday, and then finally abandoned to their fate."

In that extraordinary conversation which took place between Marshal Bazaine and Maximilian at the Hacienda de la Teja, a similar opinion is expressed: "From the moment," said the marshal, "that the United States boldly pronounced their veto against the imperial system, your throne was nothing but a bubble, even if your majesty had obtained the help of a hundred thousand Frenchmen. Supposing even that the Americans had observed neutrality during the continuance of the intervention, the monarchy itself had no spirit of vitality. A federal combination would have been the only system to be attempted in the face of the Union, who would no doubt have acceded to it if the South had been recognized by France at the proper time. My advice is that your majesty should voluntarily retire."

The French Mexican expedition was thus based on the disruption of the United States—a disruption considered not only by the Spanish court and by the Emperor Napoleon as inevitable, but even by Lord Palmerston, who might have been better informed, and who regarded it as a predestined event. In Parliament he remarked, "Any one must have been short-sighted and little capable of anticipating the probable course of human affairs who had not for a long time foreseen events of a similar character to those which we now deplore—the causes of disunion were too deeply seated to make it possible that a separation would not take place."

The Spanish minister in Paris, in November, 1858, had suggested to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski, the advantages that would accrue from the establishment of a strong government in Mexico. Subsequently the views of the English government were ascertained, and in April, 1860, the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs stated that France and England were looking favorably upon the matter. The stumbling-block in the way was the opposition which might be expected from the United States. That opposition had for a long time been embodied in a formula under the designation of the Monroe doctrine, which expressed a determination not to permit the interference of European powers on the North American continent. In April, 1860, the project having advanced sufficiently, Lord John Russell informed Isturitz, the Spanish minister, that England would require the protection of the Protestant worship in Mexico. The objects of the three contracting parties eventually became apparent. Spain expected that a Bourbon prince would be placed on the Mexican throne, and that she would thereby recover her ancient prestige, and find security for her valuable possession, Cuba; perhaps she might even recover Mexico itself. England, remembering the annexation of Texas, saw that it was desirable to limit the ever-threatening progress of the republic westwardly; to prevent the encircling of the West India Seas by a power which, possibly becoming hostile, might disturb the rich islands she held; nor was she insensible to the importance of partitioning what seemed to be the cotton-field of the world. France anticipated—but the emperor himself, concealing his real motive of compensating Austria for his Italian victories, has given us his ostensible expectations in a letter to General Forey.

In this letter (July 3, 1862) Napoleon III. says: "There will not be wanting people who will ask you why we expend men and money to found a regular government in Mexico. In the present state of the civilization of the world the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is the country which feeds our manufactures and gives an impulse to our commerce. We have an interest in the republic of the United States being powerful and prosperous, but not that she should take possession of the whole Gulf of Mexico, thence commanding the Antilles as well as South America, and be the only dispenser of the products of the New World. We now see by sad experience how precarious is the lot of a branch of manufactures which is compelled to procure its raw material in a single market, all the vicissitudes of which it has to bear. If, on the contrary, Mexico maintains her independence and the integrity of her territory, if a stable government be there established with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the Atlantic all its strength and prestige; we shall have guaranteed security to our West India colonies and to those of Spain; we shall have established a friendly influence in the centre of America, and that influence, by creating numerous markets for our commerce, will procure us the raw materials indispensable for our manufactures. Mexico, thus regenerated, will always be well disposed to us, not only out of gratitude, but because her interests will be in accord with ours, and because she will find support in her friendly relations with European powers. At present, therefore, our military

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honor engaged, the necessities of our policy, the interests of our industry and commerce, all conspire to make it our duty to march on Mexico, boldly to plant our flag there, and to establish either a monarchy, if not incompatible with the national feeling, or at least a government which may promise some stability."

As soon as it was ascertained that the Southern States were sufficiently powerful to resist the national government, and that a partition of the Union was impending, the chief obstacle in the way of the Mexican movement seemed to be removed. Throughout the spring and summer of 1861, the three contracting powers kept that result steadfastly in mind, and omitted nothing that might tend to its accomplishment. This was the true reason of the concession of belligerent rights to the Southern Confederacy in May. The downfall of Juarez was the next business in hand.

Affairs had so far progressed that, on November 20, 1861, a convention was signed in London between France, England, and Spain. In this it was agreed that a joint force should be sent by the three allies to Mexico; that no special advantages should be sought for by them individually, and no internal influence on Mexico exerted. A commission was designated to distribute the indemnity they proposed to exact. The ostensible reason put forth for the movement was the decree of the Mexican government, July 17, 1861, suspending payment on the foreign debt.

The allied expedition reached Vera Cruz about the end of the year. Not without justice did the Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs complain of their "friendly but indefinite promises, the real object of which nobody unravels." Although M. Thouvenel was incessantly assuring the British government, even as late as May, 1862, that France had no intention of imposing a government on Mexico, it became obvious that there was no more sincerity in this engagement than there had been in imputing the grievances of the invaders to the Mexican decree of the preceding July. The ostensible cause was a mere pretext to get a military foothold in the country. Very soon, however, it became impossible for the French to conceal their intentions. England and Spain withdrew from the expedition, the alleged cause on the part of the former being the presence of Almonte, and other Mexican emigrants of known monarchical opinions, with the French, and a resolution not to join in military operations in the interior of the country; on the part of the latter the true reason was that not a Spanish prince, but Maximilian, was to be placed on the Mexican throne —a disappointment to the Spanish commander, the Count de Reuss (General Prim), who had pictured for himself a viceroy's coronet.

It is not necessary, on the present occasion, to enter into details respecting the French military movements, which began by a breach of that article of the convention of La Soledad which required that the French, who had been permitted to come into the healthy country, should retire beyond the strong pass of Chiquehuite in case negotiations were broken off. Had the Paris press been free, such events would never have occurred, and, indeed, as has been truly affirmed by the French themselves, this shameful expedition would never have been undertaken. As it was, things were done in Mexico which, could they have been brought to a knowledge of the French, would have thrown that great people into a profound reverie.

The French entered the city of Mexico in July, 1863. The time had now come for throwing off the mask, and the name of Maximilian was introduced as a candidate for the empire. Commissioners were appointed to go through Paris and Rome to Miramar with a view of soliciting the consent of that prince. A regency was appointed until he could be heard from. It consisted of Almonte, Salas, and the Archbishop La Bastida. Maximilian had already covenanted with the Pope to restore to the Mexican Church her mortmain property, estimated at two hundred millions of dollars. In Mexico there are but two parties, the Liberal and the Ecclesiastical. The latter was conciliated by that covenant; but as to the national sentiment, the collection of suffrages in behalf of the new empire was nothing better than a mere farce.

An empire was established in Mexico. Well might the leaders of the Southern Confederacy be thunderstruck. Was this the fulfillment of the promise which had lured them into the gulf of revolt—the promise which had been used with such fatal effect in Charleston? Well might it be expected in France, as is stated by Keratry, that "the Confederates proposed to avenge themselves for the overthrow of the secret hopes which had been encouraged from the very outset of the contest by the cabinet of the Tuileries, which had accorded to them the belligerent character, and had, after all, abandoned them."

Yet no one in America, either of the Northern or the Southern States, imputed blame to the French people in these bloody and dark transactions. All saw clearly on whom the responsibility rested. And when, in the course of events, it seemed to become necessary that the French army should leave Mexico, it was the general desire that nothing should be done which might by any possibility touch the sensibilities of France. But the Republic of the West was forever alienated from the dynasty of Napoleon.

Events showed that the persons who were charged with the administration of the Richmond government had not ability equal to their task. The South did not select her best men. In the unskillful hands of those who had charge of it, secession proved to be a failure. The Confederate resources were recklessly squandered, not skillfully used. Ruin was provoked.

When it became plain that the American Republic was about to triumph over its domestic

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enemies in the Civil War, and that it was in possession of irresistible military power, they who in the Tuileries had plotted the rise of Maximilian in 1861, now plotted his ruin. The betrayed emperor found that in the palace two languages were spoken. In the agony of his soul he exclaimed, "I am tricked!" In vain his princess crossed the Atlantic, and, though denied access, forced her way into the presence of Napoleon III., in her frantic grief upbraiding herself before him that, in accepting a throne from his hand, she had forgotten that she was a daughter of the race of Orleans—in vain she fell at the feet of the Pope, deliriously imploring his succor.

It is questionable whether the United States government pursued a correct policy in pressing the removal of the French. It may possibly prove to have been a mistake similar to that committed by the English respecting Canada, which hastened, if indeed it did not occasion the separation of the colonies. During the Civil War very conspicuous advantages accrued to the republic from the circumstance that Canada was a British possession. A foresight of the military consequences which might possibly ensue acted as a restraint on the ministry of Lord Palmerston, and strengthened whatever desire it had to maintain an honorable peace. European establishments on the North American continent can never be a source of disquietude to the republic. To those powers who maintain them they are ever liable to be a source of embarrassment. Considering the questions which must inevitably arise with the rapid development of the Pacific States respecting commercial supremacy on the Pacific Ocean, the trade of Eastern Asia, and the British empire in India, a correct policy would probably have indicated the encouragement of an exotic French establishment in Mexico. The Russian government recognized the truth of these political principles in its action in 1867 respecting its American possessions, which it disposed of to the United States.

Admitting, however, the correctness of the policy of removing the French from Mexico, the firm but dignified course taken by Mr. Seward in his correspondence entitles him to the highest praise. In him there was no intrigue, no deception, nothing which his countrymen can condemn, nothing at which they need blush. Even by the French themselves it was said, "The United States tracked French policy step by step; never had the French government been subject to such a tyrannical dictation. The American correspondence is full of a logic never inconsistent with its purposes." With a courteous audacity the Secretary of State did not withhold his doubts as to the sincerity and fidelity of the emperor; with inexorable persistence he demanded categorically that the French occupation should come to an end. A date once set, he held the French government to its word. "Tell M. Moustier," he says, in a dispatch to the American minister in Paris, "that our government is astonished and distressed at the announcement, now made for the first time, that the promised withdrawal of French troops from Mexico, which ought to have taken place in November (this month), has been put off by the emperor." "You will inform the emperor's government that the President desires and sincerely hopes that the evacuation of Mexico will be accomplished in conformity with the existing arrangement, so far as the inopportune complication necessitating this dispatch will permit. On this point Mr. Campbell will receive instructions. Instructions will also be sent to the military forces of the United States, which are placed in a post of observation, and are waiting the special orders of the President; and this will be done with the confidence that the telegraph or the courier will bring us intelligence of a satisfactory resolution on the part of the emperor in reply to this note. You will assure the French government that the United States, in wishing to free Mexico, have nothing so much at heart as preserving peace and friendship with France."

The French themselves recognized that the position of the two nations had become inverted. "The United States now gives orders. Formerly France had spoken boldly, saying, through M. Drouyn de Lhuys to Mr. Dayton, the American representative at Paris, 'Do you bring us peace or war?' Now Maximilian is falling in obedience to orders from Washington. He is falling a victim to the weakness of our government in allowing its conduct to be dictated by American arrogance. Indeed, before rushing into such perilous contingencies, might not the attitude of the United States have been easily foreseen? Our statesmen needed no rare perspicuity to have discovered the dark shadow of the Northern Republic looming up on the horizon over the Rio Bravo frontier, and only biding its time to make its appearance on the scene."

"Only one thing was now thought of in Paris, and that was to leave as soon as possible this land of destroyed illusions and bitter sacrifices. In this great shipwreck every thing was swallowed up—the regeneration of the Latin race as well as the hopes of the monarchy, the interests of our countrymen (which had been the pretext for the war) as well as the two French loans which had but served to bring it to this disastrous conclusion. The only thing which swam safe upon the surface was the claim of Jecker, the Swiss, who had obtained his twelve millions."

Was there ever such a catalogue of disappointed expectations as is presented by this Mexican tragedy? The Southern secession leaders engaged in it dreaming of a tropical empire which they never realized; they hoped it would bring a recognition of their independence, and they were betrayed. The English were beguiled into it as a means of checking the growth of a commercial rival, and of pro-

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tecting their West Indian possessions. They were duped into the belief that there was no purpose of interfering with the government of Mexico. They consented to the perilous measure of admitting the belligerent rights of the South. They lent what aid they could to the partition of a nation with which they were at peace. They found that the secret intention was the establishment of an empire in the interest of France, the conciliation of Austria for military reverses in Italy, and the curbing of the Anglo-Saxon by the Latin race. England expected to destroy a democracy, and has gathered her reward by becoming more democratical herself.

The Pope gave his countenance to the plot, having received a promise of the elevation of the Mexican Church to her pristine splendor, and the restoration of her mortmain estates; but the Archbishop La Bastida, who was one of the three regents representing her great influence, was insulted and removed from his political office by the French. In impotent retaliation he discharged at his assailants the rusty ecclesiastical blunderbuss of past days—he excommunicated the French army. The Spaniards did not regain their former colony; the brow of the Count de Reuss was never adorned with a vice-regal coronet. The noble and devoted wife of Maximilian was made a wanderer in the sight of all Europe, her diadem removed, her reason dethroned. For Maximilian himself there was not reserved the pageantry of an imperial court in the Indian palaces of Montezuma, but the death-volley of a grim file of Mexican soldiers, under the frowning shadow of the heights of Queretaro. For the Emperor of Austria there was not the homage of a transatlantic crown; Mexico sent him across the ocean a coffin and a corpse. For France, ever great and just, in whose name so many crimes were perpetrated, but who is responsible for none of them, there was a loss of that which in her eyes is of infinitely more value than the six hundred millions of francs which were cast into this Mexican abyss. For the emperor—can any thing be more terrible than the dispatch which was sent to America at the closing of the great Exposition?—"There remain now no sovereigns in Paris except the Emperor Napoleon III. and the spectre of Maximilian at his elbow."

OLD FRANCE IN YOUNG AMERICA.

I.

TEA over and the equipage removed, Napoleon set out the card-table.

This dusky morsel, of such imperial nomenclature, was a belonging thriftless enough to have stamped the family forever in the eyes of any judicious Yankee housekeeper. To the West Indian exiles he was a souvenir of the tropics and of home. The day was almost over, and his duties with it; with unwonted zeal, therefore, he disposed the cards and lit the wax-candles in the heavy silver branches. Something, it then grew evident, was waited for.

"M. de la Roche is late to-night," said Madame Cipriant. "Full seven minutes beyond his time," M. Cipriant solemnly responded. To beguile the tedious interval he drew forth his gold snuff-box, relic of former grandeur, and took a pinch with all imaginable grace and delicacy. Just then the knocker sounded, and the ebon retainer ushered in M. de la Roche.

He was a little Frenchman of uncertain age. Judging from his face, of which the parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the small, regular features, you would have called him old. But this impression was contradicted by the symmetry of his person and the youthful lightness and grace of all his movements. His eyes, too, beamed with the fire of twenty, and his smile showed teeth beautifully white and even. M. de la Roche disdained the fashions of the barbarous land to which misfortune had driven him; his hair was richly powdered, knee-breeches and silk stockings incased his shapely nether limbs, ruffles of the finest cambric fell over his small yellow hands. In the diaphanous plaits of his ample shirt-frill glittered and sparkled an enormous diamond, while on his little finger its fellow shivered the light into a hundred fragments, and turned them to every dazzling hue of the prism.

M. de la Roche arrived, there was no reason longer to delay the game. He was the partner of Madame; Tante, Madame's sister, played with her *beau-frère*. The old lady had indeed offered to resign her place to Laure, her niece and darling, but Laure preferred to sit by as spectator. Book in hand she read a sentence now and then, or glanced at the amusement of her elders. The diamonds of M. de la Roche drew her gaze continually. She delighted to watch them as at rest they trembled, palpitated, with excess of radiance; then, with each motion of the wearer, shot forth a long gleam that danced on wall and ceiling. Laure had but one ring of her own, and that a spark, a mere point, which yet she loved to turn on her slim finger, making it catch the light and respond with its small twinkle. But what rapture to possess jewels like those of M. de la Roche! Maman had such once, before the frightful insurrection which stripped them of wealth and drove them forth to seek refuge in a strange land. Laure knew the shape and setting of those stones as well as if she had seen them all, and could fancy Maman's magnificence as she danced, adorned with their lustre and that of her own beauty, at the Governor's balls. For the early beauty of Maman was a tradition in which Laure placed implicit credence; albeit, like many mysteries of faith, it was contradicted by the vulgar evidence of sight.

The room, meantime, offered a pleasant enough picture. The mellow glow of the wax-tapers, the square of Turkey carpet covering the centre of the floor, the superfluity of mir-

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rors and scantiness of all other furniture, the quaint foreign aspect of the four whist-players, and Laure, a bright embodiment of youth, brought out in strong relief by the contrasting age and soberness. All her tints were dark and brilliant; the trimly-laced stays strove vainly to repress the soft curves and contours of her form; something foreign in her air, as in the others', made her beauty yet more piquant. Pity she could not guess her own picturesqueness! The evening might then have been cheered by a thrill or so of exultant vanity. As it was, she found it dull. Spite of herself, her mind reverted to her afternoon walk and the face of the young man who had looked so earnestly—perhaps at Tante! Or was it herself, and did he find her ugly? Could it be mere chance, she pondered, that led him, an hour later, through their quiet street? She recalled how, as she stood at the window, their eyes had met, and with what a low, respectful bow he had saluted her. Was it an insolence? Nay, there was no rudeness in his air, but rather a gay and graceful homage. But what would Tante say, if she knew? And would such chance ever come again? *Helas* now, it was too much to expect of Fate! She blushed, conscious of guilt in dwelling thus upon the image of a stranger, perhaps a heretic. Yet the frank face, the gallant bearing, would recur again and yet again, strive as she might to banish it.

II.

In this household the cares of poverty were added to the sorrows of exile. But it was a courageous household. It had all the national *savoir-faire;* could live in ways, on means, incomprehensible to us; could bear privations in silence, and show to the world only a cheerful composure and the air of the *haute noblesse.*

But the small industries and economies which sufficed her elders could not quite fill the heart of Laure. She was, save Napoleon, the one youthful element in the *ménage;* all the others, even the cat and the canary, grew old and desired beyond every thing rest and quiet. There were times when the gravity, the silence, the correct routine, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; when she was tempted to envy the dusk page, whose restless spirit burst forth in a thousand defiant antics.

Change was, however, preparing for Laure. Her parents, like other parents, never noticed that she was growing up; but some one else had more observant eyes. M. de la Roche proposed to M. Cipriant for the hand of his amiable daughter.

It was an agreeable surprise. Madame, when she recalled Laure's age, found that the girl was full seventeen; two years older than she herself had been at the period of her nuptials. M. de la Roche was one of the few refugees who had turned his attention to trade, a proceeding somewhat deprecated by his compatriots, but which, thanks to his good birth, had not affected his caste among them. He was one of the largest importers in the city, and a man of wealth; it was a brilliant *parti* for Laure. Madame's heart swelled with exultation at thought of all the magnificence which her child, hitherto so restricted, would enjoy. It was with a sense of grateful importance that she prepared to communicate the news to the person most interested.

To her surprise Laure received it with a look of utter dismay.

"He is so old, Maman!" she cried.

"Old!" said Madame, severely. "He is two years younger than your father! And would you treat *him* opprobriously because of his age?"

"Ah!" said poor Laure, "one never thinks of years with one's father, but with a—with M. de la Roche it is different."

"Yes," returned the mother. "Monsieur is *garçon*, and a *garçon* is always young. Look at his air, his shape! Where will you find his equal? Answer me that, fastidious?"

"I wish to find no one," said Laure, desperately. "Let me stay with you always, Maman; don't drive me away!"

"You will be obliged to stay," replied Madame, "if you treat with insolence proposals so honorable. Who is to take you without a *dot?* You think of your beauty, perhaps. It is a poor reliance, let me tell you. Men are not eager for a wife who can bring nothing toward the housekeeping but her bright eyes. I see what you wish," she added, satirically. "It is your ambition to go on and be like Tante!"

Laure paused, reflecting a moment. Tante, with her withered little form, her thin countenance, and enormous nose! Tante, with no thought beyond her breviary and her snuff-box! Oh, must she come to that!

"Yes," said Madame, pursuing her advantage, "that is your desire. Else you would never oppose so rebelliously our projects for your good. Not, indeed, that you could be so fortunately placed as Tante. Your father and I are old, and when we are gone *you* have no sister's roof to shelter you. We have buried our children; they are left at home, behind us. Only you remain—and *you*, who should console our declining years by your dutiful behavior, thwart and oppose us in the dearest wish of our hearts!"

Laure wept at the accusation, but gave no signal of submission.

"Maman," she implored, "how can you ask me? How can M. de la Roche himself think of such a thing? He has known me from a baby; he used to bring me bonbons, which I sat on his knee to eat. How can he wish to unite two ages so dissimilar?"

"Age, always age!" exclaimed Madame, a spark gleaming in her hard black eyes. "What does a girl like you need in a husband? A young fool like yourself to squander all they have, and bring her down to want and toil? No, but a friend, a protector, who understands life and can provide for her, surround her with

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ease and luxury. One would think you knew nothing of the history of our family or our nation. Look at your grand'mère! She was sixteen, my father sixty, at the period of their marriage, and has the world ever seen a union more suitable, more admirable than theirs? Look at the great ladies of the court! Did they object to the husbands that thoughtful parents had provided for them? Ah, the felicity of your grand'mère! Troops of servants, such a house, such gardens!—orangery, rosery, aviary — toilets of unimaginable splendor — and then her jewels! Poor child! your dreams never showed you any like them. And my father, preventing even a wish — so gallant, so devoted, as becomes a French gentleman. Age! let us hear no more of it, if you please. Unless," she added, with a suspicious glance, "you wish to remind me of that affair of Adolphe Bruyer."

"This is cruel!" cried Laure, indignation for a moment replacing her distress. "Could I help it? If he chose to follow me every where with his ridiculous eyes and more ridiculous verses, was I to blame? You know I never gave him a thought."

"Well, well," said Madame, reassured, "we will speak no more of his folly. But now, my child, listen to reason." And she proceeded to set forth with eloquence the advantages pertaining to the match. Laure had often longingly admired the costly trifles in Bonfanti's window—nothing there was too rich, too beautiful for her, if only— She knew the magnificence of Vandervoort and Flandin's; no robe so elegant, no lace so exquisite but she might call it hers, if only— Jewels, chains, watches —they waited her in heaps. House? What would you? The best quarter of the city, salons, conservatory, gilding, furniture from Paris, plate at will! And, without doubt, if Laure wished it, a wedding-voyage to France itself. Madame, in early life, had made the Parisian pilgrimage, of which the delights still survived in memory. What more could she hold out to her child than the hope of entrance to that Paradise?

"Ah, Maman," said the girl, sadly smiling, "you tell me of all I am to have, but you say nothing of him with whom I am to share it."

It needed not, Madame replied. A man of his standing, his birth, of air so distingnished, was in no want of her advocacy. His own merits spoke for him.

But all this lofty assumption did not move the obdurate girl. The conversation ended in wretchedness on one side and wrath upon the other. Madame could not divine whence Laure had gained a will and a courage so unfeminine. "Her head is turned!" she averred to M. Cipriant, as she narrated the unpropitious interview. "She might have been fed on romances from her cradle and not have shown an obstinacy like this! It must be the air of this barbarous land!"

M. Cipriant assented and took snuff.

Poor Laure! where indeed had her so-well-guarded youth learned to dream of other happiness than that Madame so eloquently promised her? Her heart was virgin, her fancy yet untouched. Not less some intuition, gathered from sky or sea or opening flower, made her shudder at the offered marriage; made her strong to resist the parents whose will had been hitherto her law.

These others, meanwhile, by no means relinquished their plan. They would be gentle with the child's waywardness; they would conciliate, persuade—and wait. It was incredible that Laure should not acknowledge, and that soon, the good fortune that had befallen her. Should a thing so unheard-of yet occur it would be time enough to lay commands upon her. Then, as a matter of course, resistance must cease!

M. de la Roche was informed of their own high appreciation of the honor done them. Laure, it was intimated, was yet a mere child; the thought of marriage was new and startling to her. Would Monsieur have patience—pardon a slight delay that should familiarize her with the idea, and teach her to regard him as her future lord?

Monsieur was willing to wait. He had the good sense to acknowledge to himself that a girl's heart might shrink at first from the contemplated union, but, like the parents, he had full faith in the power of what he had to offer. Some confidence, too, it may be, in his own powers of pleasing, if once he chose to exert them in his new character of *soupirant*. A few weeks of *petits soins*, a brief homage to the caprice of beauty, and all would end as he desired.

Meanwhile his wishes were not obtruded on Laure's notice. If his visits were more frequent, if there were an air of interest, even of tenderness, in his manner toward the young girl, he never presumed upon their mutual relation. According to French usage they were debarred all interviews save in the presence of a third person; and Laure, left tranquil by her parents, almost dared to hope that his pretensions were relinquished. If so he still aspired to give her pleasure. Bouquets, the choicest product of the green-house, were left at the door for Mademoiselle Laure. Invitations to concert, theatre, or garden—whatever of amusement New York could offer fifty years ago—became frequent. Poor Laure, who in her recluse life had known as little of gayety as any nun in her convent, regarded them with mingled distrust and longing. She was like a child who suspects a drug in the sweetmeat that is pressed on his acceptance. Madame, however, contrived to remain in the ascendant. Partly by authority, partly by ridicule or persuasion, she bent Laure to her purpose. Sometimes, when the theatre blazed with light, when delicious music rose on the air, or the illusions of the drama held her in their thrall, a thought would flit through the girl's mind, a fancy that if life were made up of scenes like this it might

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not be so impossible to fulfill the wishes of her little world. But always the enchantment ran its course, and as they rattled homeward through the quiet streets poor Laure felt herself falling back into hard reality after these bright glimpses of the ideal. Familiar cares and perplexities crowded on her heart with every turn of the wheels, and the threatened doom looked more dreary, more intolerable than ever.

III.

While matters stood thus M. de la Roche had one day a proposal to make to Madame Cipriant. There was in his counting-house a young man apt in affairs but lacking that command of the French tongue desirable in his position. To aid his progress he would obtain a home in some household where it alone was spoken. Was Madame Cipriant willing to admit him? "He will give you no trouble," said M. de la Roche. "He is a quiet youth, and well-behaved; of good family, as families go here"—with a shrug of the shoulders. "Not one of ourselves, of course; but that you could not expect, nor even desire. If you receive him it will be a favor not alone to him but to myself."

Short-sighted M. de la Roche, thus to introduce, by his own act, a dangerous rival! But his clerk's facility in the language was desirable for many reasons; he thought, too, that the scanty revenues of the family might be thus a trifle aided without injury to their pride. As for Laure, it never occurred to him that the servant could be an object of interest to her who was sought by the master. That Laure's mother should be equally blind is yet more wonderful. But she regarded the natives of the country as almost a distinct race; she had so little in common with them that the idea of danger did not suggest itself. In these days the question of the *trousseau* greatly occupied her mind; the young man's coming was viewed chiefly as a means to that important end. Brief consideration sufficed; consent was signified, and in a few days John Delancy and his belongings arrived.

Laure, in the midst of her perplexities, had found time for a little languid interest in the stranger's advent; slight enough, yet more, perhaps, than mother or suitor would have thoroughly approved. That interest surely was not lessened when John Delancy bowed, acknowledging their introduction. She had seen him once, nay, twice, before. Impossible that Tante should not recall his features; Tante, who had resented his admiring gaze that day, long ago. But the old lady had not so good a memory at sixty as her niece at seventeen; her bead-like black eyes gave no sign of recognition. Still Laure could not doubt his identity. If he recollected her as well were questionable; his manner gave her no clew.

The evening was a pleasant one. The young man showed an amiable desire to win the favor of his hosts. He admired the drawings that adorned the little parlor, and admired with such discrimination that the good Papa Cipriant was tempted into bringing forth his port-folio and displaying its treasures. He took up Tante's embroidery and discoursed of contrast of color and variety of pattern. A little hesitancy, a slight timidity in the use of his not very perfect French, by no means impaired the effect of his evident good-will. The elders were charmed with him. Here was a youth well brought up, they decided, a pearl not to be looked for among these people, who, as a rule, showed no respect for age; who considered it fit only to be shoved aside as useless, a burden, while rude health and strength carried all before them.

Laure meanwhile sat quietly at her needlework, never for a moment feeling slighted, as a fair American might have done, that the attention of the new-comer was not directed to herself. Perhaps there was as much embarrassment as pleasure in her smile when at last he crossed the room to her side.

"Do you know, Mademoiselle," he said, "that your face is not new to me? I think I shall perplex you. We are first introduced to-day, but I have seen you more than once before."

A mischievous dimple broke through Laure's demureness. "Monsieur is not so mysterious as he imagines himself. I can remember, too."

"Is it possible? I dared not flatter myself that you retained— I hope you did not think me unpardonably rude?"

"I was sure that you intended no rudeness," she replied, blushing.

"You do me but justice, Mademoiselle. Your good aunt, I trust, will prove equally indulgent. She did not, indeed, witness my last offense; but I believed I saw in her face rebuke of my too earnest gaze when you were with her."

"She has not recognized you, I think."

"Do not refresh her memory, then," said the young man, pleadingly. "Be charitable, Mademoiselle, and let me begin my record from to-day."

Laure's smile gave acquiescence, and the conversation was brought to a close. M. Cipriant could never have gone to rest in peace without his evening sedative of whist. It had been delayed a while, but now the table was set out, the cards produced, and John Delancy was invited to join the game. Nothing loth, he complied, expecting to have Laure assigned him as a partner. To his chagrin, Madame Cipriant seated herself at the board instead.

"I fear," he observed, "that I am depriving Mademoiselle of her customary amusement."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the mother. "She cares only for trifling games, and finds nothing attractive in the noble solidity of whist. She will be grateful that you relieve her."

Thus the game went on as it had done so many times before, and Laure sat by in her familiar character of spectator. But how different the scene! how that one change of per-

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sons altered and enlivened all! When she looked up, in place of M. de la Roche's powdered hair and keen, attenuated features, she saw brown locks, bright eyes, a face beaming with the frank kindliness of youth. John was large; he would almost have made two of his employer; certainly he lacked the grace and symmetry of that courtly personage. Any one skilled in *les bienséances* must have pronounced him the inferior. Laure, deplorably ignorant, found the change so pleasing! Encountering a stray glance now and then she pursued her work in measureless content. The natural sympathy of their years established itself between the two. There was a sense of companionship, of congeniality, though scarce a word had been exchanged. Laure knew as well as if he had declared it how *ennuyant* that dreadful whist must be to him; while John, on his part, felt equal to the endurance of sufferings yet more stringent for the sake of merely being in the room with such a lovely girl.

IV.

The best understanding was soon established between the household and its new inmate. If John Delancy showed himself ignorant in some important points of form, his native courtesy was so genuine, his kindness of heart so obvious, that the harshest martinet must have forgiven him. He brought a new element into the *ménage;* his frank, familiar bearing was strangely at variance with the staid atmosphere. Many natures would have found this last oppressive, overpowering; they would have been reduced, perforce, to solemn practices of etiquette, and early escape into a more genial air. John was not to be so conquered. Not too sensitive, and possessed of an inexhaustible fund of *bonhomie*, he held his own, and gradually made his influence acknowledged. The sombre dinner-table grew cheerful; the elders relaxed into benevolent smiles at his gay sallies or amusing narratives; Laure's dimpling cheeks showed her appreciation; while Napoleon, spoiled little minion, threw back his head and gave way, unrestrained, to his delight.

M. de la Roche's visits were continued, nor did any thing in the demeanor of the two young people awaken in him the least uneasiness. There was no symptom of especial interest, even had he been watchful to observe it; but, truth to tell, the idea did not enter his mind. Neither had it entered that of the parties more closely concerned. John did, indeed, prefer to spend his evenings at home rather than abroad, and when there the family hospitality readily welcomed him to its own circle. He found all other women strangely vapid; he missed the graceful gesture, the foreign air in garb and manner, which made Laure's beauty so piquant. No one, he was convinced, had features so fine and regular, such eyes, such a shape; a smile of such sweetness, speaking from so sweet a nature. Of love he did not think. Her home was his own, and he enjoyed her society without even the effort of seeking it. There was nothing to open his eyes, not even jealousy. No young man came to the house, and with his American ideas it was impossible that he should dream of a rival in M. de la Roche.

Laure, on her part, felt the world warmer, brighter. No longer did her youth chafe against the restrictions of a monotonous life. Even the long hours of needle-work ceased to be irksome; there was always something to interest, something to expect. Every day, too, had its evening, from whose tedium she had once been glad to escape to slumber, but which now flew by so swiftly, so deliciously! How was it? Under Madame's eyes there was no scope for the fascinations of coquetry; there was no love-making, direct or indirect. The young friends merely passed together a few quiet, domestic hours, as brother and sister might have done, their elders sharing every conversation and amusement. Neither guessed, poor novices, what made these hours so sweet, nor why their thoughts or wishes never roamed beyond the narrow walls of home.

No allusion was made, meanwhile, to the pretensions of M. de la Roche. Laure hoped, still half afraid, that they had been abandoned, yet carefully avoided a word that could recall them. While silence lasted she felt safe. It was a theme she would not dwell on, even in thought; that she put from her, trembling, whenever it recurred.

One hapless morning was destined to revive it. Laure's suitor, we must remember, was ignorant of her decision: he had been led to believe that maiden coyness, love of freedom, or a like fantasy, shrunk from the idea of marriage. He had endeavored to overcome it by attentions which had not been repelled. A sufficient time, he thought, had been given to these; he might now venture on a more open and decided offering. Therefore when, on this especial morning, the bouquet arrived, its bloom and leafage sparkled with something more than dew. With a little cry of delight Madame Cipriant withdrew it from the flowers in which it had been carefully imbedded.

"What a ring! what brilliants! Ah, Laure, my child, how you are fortunate! Monsieur is truly a suitor of the most munificent. Hold forth your hand, petite, that we may see if your finger has been rightly fitted."

But Laure, who had eyed the *cadeau* with looks of alarm, gave no echo to her mother's raptures. She drew back, pale and cold. "I can not take it, Maman," she said.

"What!" cried Madame, after a moment's pause, the silence before the thunder-clap. "You refuse this gift, so superb, so generous!"

"Yes!" said Laure, desperately. "I will not have it. You have led me on, Maman; you have half-persuaded, half-forced me to accept flowers, verses, courtesies; but this I can not. You know what it means; it is a token of a bond that I reject, that I always have rejected."

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"Child!" said Madame, imperiously, "cease at once these absurd ravings! As your parent I command obedience. Put the ring on your finger, and wear it as the gift of your future husband!"

For answer, Laure clasped her hands firmly together. It was useless to persuade or to entreat. No choice was left her but rebellion.

War then ensued. Madame was one of those mothers who can sacrifice any thing, every thing for a child, saving always their own will. Laure was to be happy, but it must be in *her* way. That the girl should assume to choose for herself was a thing unheard-of, insufferable!

The interview ended as it began. M. Cipriant was summoned to the rescue, but gave no efficient aid. He was indeed rather soft-hearted where Laure was concerned, and if the bolder nature of his spouse effected nothing, little could be hoped from him. He made a slight show of supporting her authority, but that was all. Laure was banished to her own room, whither she went, very wretched, wondering if she were really, as Madame asserted, wicked beyond credence in thus opposing her own will to her parent's mandate. Yet she was strong at heart. Nothing should wring from her consent to a fate so terrible.

As the dinner-bell sounded Madame appeared at the door. "Come down," she said, coldly. "It is not needful to provoke inquiry into the cause of your absence."

Laure bathed her eyes and smoothed her disordered hair, but traces of her emotion were still evident. John felt that something was wrong; the storm still vibrated in the atmosphere. Madame presided with even more than her usual erect dignity, and her remarks were few and brief. Poor little Tante, condensed into the smallest possible space, fixed her whole attention on her dinner-plate. M. Cipriant wandered off on an excursion into the glories of the past with a fullness and gorgeousness of detail quite as tropical, in its way, as the scenes he described. John with difficulty repressed his smiles, but a glimpse of Laure's tearful eyes subdued him to becoming gravity. "Poor child!" he said to himself. "Madame has given loose to that temper of hers, and *she* has been the sufferer." Then, aloud, "Madame Cipriant, I have a favor to entreat of your benevolence. Cooper plays at the Park to-morrow night, and I have long desired to see him; but it is *triste* to witness a play alone. May I not hope that you will accompany me? Mademoiselle Laure, too, will perhaps be of the party?"

This happy thought had its reward in the ray of pleasure that shot across Laure's mournful face.

Madame Cipriant hesitated. It was not easy to refuse. She wished neither to offend nor to wound the young man; yet there were reasons —and Laure ill-deserved such recreation to-day of all days of her life.

"We will wait a while," she said, graciously. "I can not now decide. Affairs sometimes interfere with our pleasures; we are obliged to consider them. It was not so once, at home! But Monsieur can not be forced to depend on our society. He must have other friends who would be happy to accompany him."

"Nay," was the hastily-uttered answer, "if you refuse me I shall have no heart to try elsewhere. Indeed, I shall hardly care to go at all."

"You are too kind; but we will speak of it hereafter."

It should be a prompt "hereafter," John decided. He wanted to make permanent that brightness of Laure's face at his suggestion. He came home early to tea, and besieged Madame, whom he chanced to find alone in the parlor.

"I can myself accompany you at any time," she said, "but for Mademoiselle my daughter we must first consult, as is proper, the wishes of M. de la Roche."

"His wishes!" exclaimed John, in surprise. "Why, what can he have to do with it?"

Madame Cipriant deliberated but an instant; it seemed to her as if assertion were a step toward fulfillment. "You are not aware, then," she asked, "that my daughter is affianced to him?"

"What!" cried John, starting to his feet with the shock of this surprise. "She is to *marry* him?"

"Yes," responded Madame, quietly. "It is now some months since he has made proposals for her."

"It is not possible—not *possible!*" exclaimed John, forgetting all ceremony in his astonishment, and in another feeling which the news awakened. "So young, so beautiful—and that old man! What can you be thinking of, Madame Cipriant, to allow it?"

"M. Delancy, this is unpardonable liberty."

"Pardon it, nevertheless. I am so astonished, so bewildered—I am to understand that you approve the marriage?"

"Assuredly. My daughter has the full consent and sanction of her parents in the alliance she is about to form."

John stood a moment, pondering. The news cut him to the heart. It was a rude awakening from a dream whose sweetness he had not understood till now, when it was vanishing. Meanwhile Laure descended the stair. Had she passed on to the tea-room our story might have ended differently. John might have gone away, unable to see her another's, accusing her coldness, her coquetry, her mercenary ambition. She, left alone, ignorant of all he had been told, would have known her own heart too late; feeling herself uncared-for, neglected, exposed to the constant solicitations of her friends—who knows? For very weariness she might have yielded.

But she did not pass on. Hearing voices in the parlor she went in; thereon it all hinged.

John saw her and hurried to her side. "Tell

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me, Laure," he cried, in the energy of his love and entreaty, "can this be true that your mother says of you? Can you so sacrifice yourself as to make this odious marriage?"

Laure blushed and trembled with a strange mingling of emotions. How impossible it would have seemed, a moment before, that she should speak to the young man of this theme! Taken thus at advantage she even claimed his intervention.

"Never!" was her reply. "Oh, Maman, why do you persist in this cruelty? Speak to her, M. Delancy; you have influence with her. Entreat her to abandon this idea, so fatal to my happiness."

"Is it so?" cried John. "Do not fear; I will defend you. See, Madame," he continued, hotly; "you are so ready to give away your child, give her to *me!* It will at least be better for her than this other plan. I am of her own years; there will be a chance of happiness for her. Is it not so, Laure? Do you not say the same?"

The girl drew coldly back from her young champion. "And Monsieur be sacrificed in my stead? No. I can not consent to that."

"Dear girl," said John Delancy, with tender reproach in his tone, "how can you harbor such unkind suspicions? I have loved you, I can't tell how long; from the first day we met, I think. And I would be so devoted to you, would do every thing to make you happy! Will you not trust me—will you not let me try?"

If no response were audible the young man understood it none the less. Beaming with joy, he clasped the little hand and raised it to his lips.

A charming scene, was it not, to be enacted beneath the very eyes of a French lady of the ancient school? Madame witnessed it, speechless with amazement and horror. It passed, in truth, with such swiftness that she had hardly recovered from the first shock ere all was told. At that last audacious movement she found voice.

"Laure," she said, in a terrible tone, "go to your own room. Do not dare to leave it again. As for you, Sir, after what has passed, you can see that this roof is no fit shelter for you."

"I go," said the young man. "I am gone this moment. But I assure you that I shall return, Madame, and that you will then not refuse to welcome me. Laure, I shall be faithful, and I expect no less of you. Don't be afraid. All will come right in the end."

I do not know where John Delancy drank his tea that night; certainly not at the accustomed table. In the course of the evening one came to demand his trunks, his furniture; all were removed; the room was empty again; the house silent and lonely as before, you would have said. Yet not so. Spite of reproaches and of separation a new happiness fluttered at Laure's heart. The avowal which should have loitered on through delicious half-revealings of word and look to fullness of more delicious certainty had been made in one brusque moment, in a presence least of all propitious. But Laure did not quarrel with the method; never, to her mind, could occasion be more fitting or words better chosen. She lived them over in memory, longing for the time when they should be repeated. Through harshness and suspense John's last promise upheld her hope. He would come again, she believed, and all must yield to his wishes.

There was a period of waiting to be undergone, however. In vain did John Delancy write; his letters were returned unopened. It was useless to entreat an interview. Madame persistently refused. But, as time went on, M. de la Roche grew impatient of excuse and delay, and finally withdrew his suit. John waylaid M. Cipriant in the street, and urged his cause with such eloquence that he gained another advocate within the walls. Laure's paleness, her saddened air, pleaded for him. To these combined influences Madame slowly gave way. The youth, interloper, heretic, with all his imperfections on his head, was readmitted to the scene of his banishment. Madame was stately and distant; but the lover was so determined to please, so happily oblivious of any thing unfavorable in their past relations, that she found herself, ere she was aware, smiling upon him as of old.

When this result had been achieved Laure felt that her troubles were at an end, and dared to own herself completely happy.

MY DEBUT.

I.

THE following letter, whereupon hangs the story of my début, came duly to my hands:

"My dear Elizabeth,—The soirée to be given in aid of our *crèche* takes place on Easter Monday. I have secured the services of several very nice people—amateur singers and instrumental performers—and as I desire to make this business (in which I feel very particularly interested) as successful as possible, it is my intention to introduce as much variety and as much novelty as can possibly be crowded into a single evening. Your talent for reading and recitation is well known. Won't you assist me? Now, my dear, pray put aside excuses of all sorts, and say 'Yes' frankly and sweetly. *Any thing* will answer. 'Locksley Hall,' for instance. There is scope in that. And you will gratify me so much. Yours most truly,

"Adelaide Vincent.

"46 West Blank Street, *March* 2."

I received this note, written upon paper cross-barred with red, and stamped with one of Gimbrede's daintiest monograms, on my return from my round of duty. My mother gave it to me. She handed it up from the low wheeled chair in which her dreary life was passing, and a slight smile quivered around her faded lips as I read it aloud.

"Well?" she asked, inquiringly.

We were very poor. Refugees from that once "Sunny South," where my life had begun in an atmosphere of comfort and luxury, sud-

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denly checkered by privations and a long suspense, and then ending in total poverty. The terrible war over, we stood, this helpless mother and I, as bare of means as those around us. We were no exceptions to a general rule; I was to begin at twenty-five to make my bread —my bread and hers—and I had to be very thankful that there were not more of us to suffer.

It had seemed to my ambitious and buoyant spirit an easy enough thing to work for just us two. I had youth, health, pluck, and some brains—surely there was room in this world for me to earn a living. But not in our own quarter of the world—not in the half-burned, wholly-ruined city where my neighbors were like myself. I would cut adrift, and sail my boat wherever the tide carried it.

And so I left—banners invisibly flying and drums noiselessly beating. The dauntless army of my own brave intentions seemed to my inexperience destined for victory and much "loot." A month or two of struggle, perhaps, and then success, and an honorable conquest over Fate and Famine.

Alas! the reality was slightly different from my dreams, and the heroines who "seek their fortunes," and invariably find them before the book ends, and whose lives unconsciously thrust themselves between me and the sober sadness of how it really is, were not to be duplicated in my case. I found "working for my living" a prosaic and difficult thing—an

"Ever climbing up the climbing wave"

—which gave me little rest and small comfort.

A woman's wages in any subordinate position are so miserably scant. I worked six hours a day for six hundred dollars a year in greenbacks; and this is thought to be very liberal pay for a woman. In the same school where I taught, a man, in no wise superior to myself, commanded easily the double of what I got, because he was—a man. To this dead level of presumed inferiority my petticoats alone kept me down. In masculine attire I should have been paid according to my powers; in feminine garb I could form no such pretensions. In parenthesis, let me pause to say that I neither wish to vote nor preach, nor practice medicine or law, but I *should* like not to be damned into eternal mediocrity in those few lines where a woman may modestly assert herself.

"Well?" repeated my mother.

"It must be accepted, I suppose," I answered. "Mrs. Vincent has been very kind, and this is but a small matter for me to do in return."

"There will be a great many people," sighed mamma.

"Yes, no doubt; but they won't bite me, nor even make faces at me."

"It is all so different now. Once you were a person of some consequence, entitled to attention and respect, and receiving it; now—Suppose they are rude to you? You can't expect the same—?"

"I expect a great deal more respect," I said, half disbelieving what I uttered so confidently. "I was not nearly so well entitled to it when I took my place by right of fortune and position. To-day I am far more proud of myself than I used to be in the past. I *was* a giddy, useless woman of fashion; now I am a magnificent 'workey,' condescending to exhibit my talents for these frivolous feminines, who can only dress and dance. Poor creatures! incapable of laudable exertions."

And I swept a gorgeous courtesy to my mother, and sat down to answer Mrs. Vincent's note.

"That address is slightly crooked—plague take it!" I said, as I held up the document. "But we can't waste an envelope, could we, mother mine?" upon which I viciously slapped a city stamp in the upper right-hand corner, and rushed down stairs to post it.

"And what will you wear?" said mamma, plaintively, as soon as I returned.

"Easter is a month off—time enough for that decision. Now for dinner! And here comes our guardian angel, thou blest Aunt Polly! with —roast turkey and an apple-tart. *Quel luxe!* Aunt Polly, suppose my newspaper decides that it doesn't wish me as a correspondent any longer—a blow which may happen at any hour—on what will you feed us when we are reduced to two dollars per diem, *pour tout potage*, and can't give the half of that whole amount to you? As it is, I believe solemnly that you make your lodgers contribute to our daily bread. I saw that Colonel the other day who 'meals' at your establishment; he was Falstaffian when you first took us in hand. Unhappy man! you are starving him to fatten up mamma and me."

Aunt Polly grinned benignly with that keen African sense of a joke when it is not too obscure.

"In the absence of the butler, who is unaccountably in the vocative, and who has 'rashly and undutifully' taken away the footmen, and even my buttony page, to you, Aunt Polly, will fall the entirely unusual [hem!] task of setting the table, with my assistance. No company to-day; you need not put out Champagne glasses!"

So I ran on, uttering all the absurdities which came to my lips, and really thinking of matters far removed from what I was saying.

My mother smiled at my mild witticisms, and Aunt Polly, lost in admiration, contemplated me with a pensive serenity.

"She hadn't oughter work, ought she, ma'am?" whispered Aunt Polly, quite audibly. "There's many and many a gentleman as I know as would be glad to be married to her, and she so lively and handsome."

"Now, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly!" I cried, warningly holding up my finger, "no flattery. Don't put ideas into my foolish head. You will have me presently spending my salary on dress to attract the beaux! Think what I

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might be if I devoted fifty dollars monthly to the adornment of my fine person!"

Having eaten the last morsel of apple-tart, I sprang up, spread out my arms, turned slowly round on one toe, and ended in "making a cheese" for my delighted audience, by way of exhibiting the capabilities of the "fine person."

"Letter night!" and not one word written for the columns of that valuable journal. "The editor of the *Republican* will storm, and pluck at his auburn beard. Out of the way, Aunt Polly! Bundle up your bundles. Adieu till 8 A.M. to-morrow. The saints be with you!—and don't starve the Colonel to impalpability. Mamma, there is your book. Thank Heaven, if we saved not much else, we still keep your eye-sight and your taste for love tales! There's a crying one. And don't call me if you're weeping; *don't* call me, mother dear."

II.

Was I as light-hearted as I seemed? Yes, and no. My little romance was tripping through the dull tenor of my life, as Nature seems absolutely to require, unless she abdicates, giving place to what is unnatural and incongruous. It was a very small romance, mine; another woman would scarcely have noticed it—that is, such another woman as I once was. For a gentleman—a man not very young, and not wonderfully handsome—to offer a small civility when needed, and then pass on: what was there in *that* to think about?

Miss Leighton, of Leighton Hall, stepping inadvertently from her father's carriage into a muddy street, and being helped to dry land by a passing stranger, would not have remembered the incident a minute after she had courteously bowed her thanks with a murmured "I sent the footman into yonder shop," to account for the absence of the arm which should have been there to steady her little leap to the pavement.

Elizabeth Leighton, of Nowhere, was returning from some necessary pilgrimage after cheap sugar. The car dumped her at what was by courtesy a crossing, now more than ankle-deep in mud. And this was not the worst. A thaw had succeeded a heavy snow-storm. Between this forlorn Elizabeth and the sidewalk there was upheaved a dissolving mass of ice, mud, and snow. She knew instinctively that wherever she ventured to step, *that* would be the softest and most dangerous spot. Try as she might she would never hit the firmest support of the moment. Such was her luck. She recognized its indomitable certainty and hesitated, yet with the consciousness that she could not escape her fate.

A little, provoked, amused smile stole over her face as she lifted one wavering foot and danced it above the slough of despond.

"Give me your hand, please," said a firm, quiet, low voice; and a dark, well-fitting glove, with fingers that *held* what they grasped, took Elizabeth's unresisting little paw.

A stranger stood leaning over from the pavement toward her. Without hesitation he planted the thick-soled boot he wore right upon the treacherous hillock (of course at one of those places *she* never would have suspected as being the best), and said,

"Step on my foot, and give one spring."

The "spring" was hardly required. The muscular arm deftly swung her across, then dropped her hand to lift the stranger's hat in response to Elizabeth's thanks, and it was all over. He passed east, and she passed west.

But unlike the late Miss Leighton, of Leighton Hall (who was so used to adulation that a man might have rolled in the mud at *her* feet without impressing the sacrifice very deeply upon the gratitude of that *inconséquente* young princess), her successor, her disinherited heiress, as it were, her impotent conclusion, Elizabeth Leighton, was immensely pleased at this tribute to—what? Her old, mended boots, probably, which had touched the pity of some passing philanthropist, who saw that they were not well fitted to buffet against that mountain of slush.

Well, he didn't look like a philanthropist, according to her preconceived ideas of that body of worthies. He looked much better, her irreverence decided, for he looked every inch a man of fashion.

"Ah! shade of Sir Walter Raleigh!" said Elizabeth, smiling again, and walking briskly down the street, for she was very cold, "doubtless you looked from wherever you are approvingly upon this deed in your own line; and, if it were permitted, I am sure you would send a quarter box of cigars of your best Virginia brand to this gallant knight!"

Such was the ground-work of my "small romance." Could any thing more plainly express the prosaic vacuity of my life? This had happened six weeks previously, and, for the first time since that eventful moment, I had again seen on this day my "unknown preserver." He sat opposite to me in a crowded stage. I recognized him at once. He spoke, on entering, to an acquaintance:

"Yes, very disagreeable day."

I knew the voice—would have known it and him without a glance at the face; but I looked at him nevertheless. There was nothing remarkable about his countenance except a decided air of high-breeding, a rather determined mouth, and a pair of very fine eyes. He was looking steadily through the window over my head, absorbed in some thought apparently far removed from his surroundings. After the brief nod and word to the man beside him, who had spoken first, and then paying his fare, he seemed to have forgotten where he was, and became so intent and enrapt that I did not fear to attract his attention by my gaze; but I had forgotten that there is an undoubted magnetic attraction in a fixed look. The stranger became conscious suddenly of my eyes; his own turned without warning full upon me, with a momentary gleam of annoyance under the long, straight lashes. Hastily, and yet as uncon-

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cernedly as I could manage it, I began to stare at an innocent child beside me, who writhed uneasily under the inspection. I was so indignant with myself. Low to my own heart I muttered inaudibly:

"This is delightful: caught staring at men in omnibuses! What next will you do, Elizabeth Leighton?"

The stranger looked full at me for two seconds, and then resumed his window and his thoughts. I had no idea of repeating my imprudence; but of course every woman will understand that I saw him now without seeming to see—a thing always practicable to feminine vision.

The spell of my lord's musings had been shattered, however, by my previous pertinacity. His face was breaking up from its fixedness of thought. He glanced at me; I was demure and unconscious; he looked steadily at me, and a provoked, inquiring half-smile flitted about his well-shaped, firmly-closed lips. Abruptly he darted a quick, amused look toward my feet, which were of necessity visible beneath my Balmoral and my looped skirt. He remembered, and I could have beaten him!

"He is laughing to think of my patched boots," said my wounded vanity—the wounded vanity of Elizabeth Leighton. The late Miss Leighton would have guessed that her pretty feet and slender ankles were the only things to be remembered.

I knew that the feet were pretty as ever; but such disgraceful old shoes! Involuntarily I drew them into a darker shadow, and in spite of myself—it was very, very silly—two useless tears sprang importunately to my eyes. It seemed so hard to be cut off forever and forever from all the toilet daintinesses of my former life! My very attractions were to be only so many additional mediums for the scorn and amusement of others.

The stranger grew grave in an instant. Could he have seen, through the folds of my veil, which I had doubled so hastily over them, those ridiculous tears?

No time for farther questioning—there was my street corner, and I pulled the check-string, but the prototype of Sir Walter passed ahead of me. Once more he held out his hand, and I plunged down with his aid right into the snowy mud; and a March thaw surpasses a January one.

"I am so sorry; was it my fault? But I asked you to make a little jump."

I shook my head. He shouldn't see the patches. They were choked up with mud now, and out of the reach of prying, smiling eyes.

Once more he raised his hat. I slightly bowed. He ran up the steps of a very handsome house at that very corner, and with his latch-key let himself in at his own home, while I marched off, furious, to my shabby lodgings.

Then came Mrs. Vincent's note; and right into my mind, as I read it, came the conviction, also—"At this *soirée* you will see this man."

"Well! and what then?" asked sober second thought. "He shall see me dressed as a lady; he shall know at least what I *was*, although he may choose to be amused at what I am."

But even while these whispers were at my heart their absurdity struck me. Calculating the effect of my only "best gown" and my drawing-room manners upon the possible papa of an interesting family, who had chanced to help me twice out of the mud at an interval of six weeks!

The first gleam of gayety dispersed my clouds. I rattled on about other things, charmed Aunt Polly, amused my mother, ate my dinner, and now was summing up my "newspaper correspondence"—a rehash of the gossip of the city papers, interspersed with my own brilliant observations.

No time to think of large-eyed strangers—not the slightest desire to do so—and yet, by a process familiar to most of us, he was again divested, in my mind, of conjugal trammels, and he would be sure to be present at Mrs. Vincent's grand *soirée* for the benefit of the *crèche*.

III.

The Lenten days rolled along, and Easter and early spring had come.

Mrs. Vincent and I had had many interviews of deep importance. Some hours had been devoted to discussing what I should read, and a good many more to what I should wear. My audience might be indulgent to faults of elocution, but they would be merciless to faults of toilet.

The important evening came. By seven o'clock I stood robed, fanned, and gloved before my proud parent, who evidently considered me an incarnation of beauty and grace.

I was rather pleased myself. My dress was of blue silk, made with a long, pointed waist, and a plain, full skirt without trimmings. A few yards of old Mechlin lace, disposed about the corsage, gave softness to the color where it framed my shoulders. Around my throat was a single row of pearls, and in my ears two pear-shaped drops of the same jewels.

Lace and pearls were legacies to little Elizabeth Leighton from her great-grandmother, Madam Leighton, who had died when her eldest grandson's eldest and only child was three years old. The lace had been kept all the while in a wadded and perfumed box, and justly considered too precious to run the risks to which dancing exposes such trifles.

"I suppose we ought to sell those," sighed poor mamma, wistfully eying gems and Mechlin.

"Wait till I do!" I exclaimed. "Sell my great-great-grandfather's wedding-gifts to his America-bound daughter! What desecration! You will propose next that I should run for Congress! Would you like to sell my hair,

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too, virtuous mother? It would fetch a good price."

"It is real gold already," said mamma, fondly resting her hand upon my rippling tresses. "And your eyes are so blue, and your skin so white—you *are* a pretty girl, my Lizzie!"

"Oh! I am a presentable owlet, if only the eagles think as you do, *mère Hibou!* There! kiss me, and good-night. I have the key, and shall step like a snow-flake falling when I return. Here is Aunt Polly to help you to bed."

"Land sakes!" cried Aunt Polly; "this beats all. Ain't she a picture, ma'am?"

Colonel Vincent had come for me. I rushed off, hoping that my appearance would be appreciated a tenth part as much in Blank Street as in my shabby old parlor, but I doubted it.

Colonel Vincent was about to leave me at the door of the dressing-room, recommending a speedy flight to the extemporized green-room, unless I desired to undergo inspection from curious eyes before the performance began.

"Oh! take me to the green-room at once, please."

So back we retraced our steps to the first-floor, and warmly was I welcomed by his busy wife, who put out her two hands to hold me at arm's-length and nod her approval.

"Will I do?" I whispered.

"Do?" she re-echoed. "Why you and Miss Paran are my cards—my trumps. As for the others—" She gave a shrug and led me off to the opposite side of the room, where presentations ensued.

There was a tall woman in a lilac satin, with Cluny lace on every seam, and diamonds in her hair and on a very scraggy throat. Her nose was red, her eyes were pale. She was not handsome, decidedly; but one person, at least, on this earth did not suspect the fact—Mrs. Burton Smytthe herself.

"Mrs. Burton Smytthe sings just after the opening chorus, you know," suggested Mrs. Vincent, handing me one of the programmes, which were patriotically printed on white silk, in red letters, with a border of blue.

"Miss Leighton, Miss Hope; a charming poetess is Miss Hope, as you are aware," pursued our Manager and hostess. "She will recite 'Sunset on the Battle-field,' some very fine stanzas of her own composition."

"You have a flag, Mrs. Vincent?" asked Miss Hope, with a timid, make-believe-frightened air, lifting her eyes and dropping them again instantly.

"Oh yes! I went after General Powers, and begged him to lend me a flag and a handsome one-armed soldier to wave it. He hadn't any thing in the one-armed line, but he wanted to know if a two-armed, handsome General would answer. Mr. Vincent was so alarmed at my anxiety for the one arm that he declared he would not trust me near an axe if a soldier came in sight. However, I promised to content myself with an unmaimed sergeant, and he is on the stage now, with a bran-new banner, ready for action."

"Won't you present me to Miss Leighton, Mrs. Vincent?" said a gentleman coming up.

"Mr. Lorenzo Baldwin, our Musical Director, and Mrs. Parkhurst, our lovely ballad-singer. And oh! Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh. Mrs. Fitzhugh will read Byron's 'Dream,' you know. Mr. Eberley sings with Mrs. Parkhurst. Mr. Eberley, Miss Leighton—Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" she suddenly broke off. "*Is* that figure of fun old Marchant?"

I turned and saw a stout ball of a body rolling in amidst the barely suppressed amusement of some men near the door. It had a black silk dress, scant and short, black mittens, spectacles, and an air of absolute self-importance. Mrs. Vincent politely met the advancing guest, who looked as if she had come to represent Miss Judy Macan with all the fun left out.

"What is she to do?" Miss Hope inquired.

"She favors the company with 'Sheridan's Ride,'" answered the Musical Director, looking daggers at the unconscious Mrs. Marchant, who evidently was in nowise disconcerted, nor dismayed, nor doubtful of her powers to please.

In fact, I began to wonder if my own countenance betrayed such satisfaction as I saw legibly written on the faces of all the other performers. Stage-fright was as yet unknown in *this* crowd of amateurs.

"What shall I do? Oh! Mrs. Baldwin, where is the third little boy? Why don't the third little boy come? Two little boys are yonder, but they know nothing of the third little boy!"

"What is the difficulty?" I asked.

"Why, my dear, don't you see that we are announced to open with the 'Angel Chorus,' a *trio*. It was to be sung by three abominable boys in their surplices, from the choir of St. Aloysius's Chapel, and only two wretches have come!"

"Why wretches?" I said, smiling. "These two are all right."

"Indeed they are not. They have no surplices, and are of no sort of use without the third. I can't make a trio out of two little boys! walking around in lavender kid gloves, eating cakes and drinking chocolate! I wish they would go home, or fetch the third one. They pretend they don't even know his name, for they don't 'visit' in the same circles!"

"Mrs. Vincent, we had better begin," interrupted Mr. Baldwin, holding up his watch. "It is twenty minutes past eight, and there are over six hundred people in the house."

"All in the picture-gallery?" eagerly asked Mrs. Vincent.

"I should think *not*," responded Mr. Baldwin, with a grim smile. "You have sold about two hundred more tickets than your picture-gallery can possibly hold. Just look out. The staircase is crowded, and I believe that Mrs. Ashton and Mrs. Lloyd Harris have gone to sit in the kitchen, so as to save themselves alive and meet their families again."

"Oh, how delightful—awful, I mean! But you know it sounds so well to have a thing of

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this kind *take*. Have you the least idea of where Mr. Vincent is?"

"The Colonel has gone to the Century, to see, he says, if there are none but fools in this city, or if he won't find there one man wise enough to keep out of this house to-night."

I couldn't help laughing at the perfectly matter-of-fact air with which the Musical Director uttered this.

"So like Mr. Vincent!" exclaimed his wife, impatiently. "He vowed that he wouldn't play Julian Ver Planck, gentleman usher at Mrs. Ver Planck's parties! Well! clear the stage. Step this side, Sergeant, please. You can stand here and peep through that curtain at the company in front. Very good-looking man," she murmured, aside, "but I wish he had only one arm! So much more effective it would be."

The band, which had been going through its whole *repertoire* of "pieces" since seven o'clock, from a gallery above the improvised stage, blew a final blast, a breathless hush succeeded, the little bell tinkled, the rose-colored silk curtains parted in festoons on either side, the pianist glided into his seat at the instrument, and Mrs. Burton Smytthe craned up her very long throat and courtesied to the audience.

Like the sergeant, we all "peeped at the company in front." It was truly a dazzling sight. Rows upon rows of fresh spring dresses, flowers and bright silks, exquisitely arranged heads, tiny bonnets looking like mere butterflies that had perched above beautiful brows, or were nestling among flaxen or raven curls, animated faces, a few distinguished looking men scattered here and there—it was really a charming sight!

The room was oval-shaped, well lighted—it was the picture-gallery of this fine house, and there were gems of art on the walls eclipsed to-night by those who crowded the room almost to suffocation. Mrs. Vincent leaned over my shoulder delighted to discover that some of the nicest people had the best seats.

"Do you think it will go off well?" she asked.

"Oh yes; why not? It may be a little long. I think you have not stinted the public in quantity, whatever the quality may prove."

"Just so—precisely. Too long," said the ominous voice of the Musical Director. "I don't see why under the sun you have had up that terrible old witch Mrs. Marchant. Who wants her?"

"H-u-s-h," put in a warning voice.

Mrs. Burton Smytthe was executing her favorite trill, and showing unblushingly every tooth with which she should have parted years before.

The harassed Manager and the dictatorial Director retreated to the green-room to "have it out" a little removed from the public ear. I followed them to suggest curtailing the programme by dropping one of my short poems; and, contrary to the usual luck of those who overhear remarks about themselves, Mr. Baldwin was saying,

"You had that magnificent Miss Leighton, who looks like a princess; why weren't you satisfied, without throwing in Hope and her 'Battle-field;' that lump of affectation, Georgina Fitzhugh; and, to crown all, that preposterous ancient Marchant, who is only fit to act Judy, if one could find a Punch to match her. Don't expect me to introduce that Guy to the audience!"

"Just listen to him!" cried Mrs. Vincent—but there came a burst of applause at the moment they both saw me, and Mrs. Smytthe stepped in with her whole face as red as her nose.

"Now for Miss Hope. Mr. Baldwin—"

"Mr. Eberley will lead out Miss Hope," said Mr. Baldwin, hastily skirmishing among some loose music. "Are you aware that Miss Paran has not yet arrived, Mrs. Vincent? I am going to see if she is detained by not knowing how to get to this room down the private staircase." He scuttled off.

Miss Hope had a voice as fine and sharp as a No. 12 needle. She aimed at the picturesque in costume, and hit the *outré*. Her hair dangled where it should have been smooth, and was close to her head where it should have waved. Her dress was white and limp, and she had a scarf wound about her, poetically perhaps, but not prettily. She recited her poem with the air of one who was repeating it for the first time, pausing at the end of every sentence to cast up her meek eyes, and then look down. Her only gesture came at the close of each verse, of which the refrain was,

"*There* floated the flag,"

and something, which of course I don't remember. At each recurrence of the "there" she raised her right arm and pumped it, so to say, at the sergeant, who did his part beautifully, giving a little wave to the flag always at the proper moment. The audience responded kindly to what was expected of them, and Miss Hope tottered in quite delighted and overcome.

Mrs. Parkhurst and Mr. Eberley then sang a duet. She was plump and young, with a fresh voice and a very good method. It was a lively Spanish air, and gave real pleasure. While listening, Miss Paran came up to me, was presented, and said civil things very nicely.

"Your turn next, Elizabeth. After you, Miss Paran."

I couldn't then listen any more; singing and compliments fell alike upon an alarmed ear. What if I should break down? I held my little blue and gold volume tightly, and my hand trembled. It seemed but ten seconds more, and my knees were bending in what I feared was a very awkward courtesy. Quite a little storm of welcome greeted and encouraged me.

Although so entire a stranger personally, I understood the kind and particular intention, and I raised my eyes almost gratefully, and ex-

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ecuted another *révérence à la Fontanges*, which I hope did more credit to my dancing-master and to my own capabilities.

"Maud Muller" was my theme, chosen because it opens quietly and warms gradually. I read it pretty well, conscious of no especial eye upon me, feeling that for a first essay before something more extensive than a family party (which had heretofore been my limit), I was not disgracing myself, and preparing to give due effect to that final, subdued passion of tender regret and hopeful pathos:

"God pity them both! God pity us all,
That vainly the dreams of youth recall;

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

Hackneyed they are, but they still *tell*, these simple words; and my voice rose full, then broken; and my own experience, an experience which has nothing to do with this tale, sighed itself into recollection as I repeated them, when my glance, drearily resting on nothing, suddenly encountered two dark, wistful eyes looking straight into mine.

I started; the book dropped on the table and closed. A moment's hesitation, and then, folding my hands upon it, I slowly uttered the four concluding lines, with a meaning in my voice that I *felt* must touch those who listened to me.

A flattering, breathless silence, and then more applause than before, gave me an idea of what the popular actress lives on. It is not disagreeable food!

But I was in a small flutter which did not belong to my elocutionary success. Mrs. Vincent was very much pleased, but I cut short her kind speeches by expressing curiosity about—you don't suppose I went directly to my object?—about a lady in a lovely bonnet sitting exactly on the other side of the house; Miss Paran sang like an angel, and I did so enjoy it! then a Mr. Melville was droning through an Essay on the Conscript Fathers, or the Revolutionary Mothers—nobody was heeding it at all—and I made Mrs. Vincent tell me fifty names which I instantly forgot, until I had worked my way cleverly round to the dark eyes that could have found no fault in my *chaussure*, now if they had caught a glimpse of the blue kid slippers which so happily replaced the patched boots.

"That tall man with the white teeth and dark mustache, smiling and talking to Mrs. Robert Neville? That's her husband, Bob Neville. Aren't they a handsome couple?"

"Very."

I turned quite away.

"And so rich. She dresses beautifully. She had not a penny; was a governess in his uncle's family; he fell in love with her, and they are the happiest people in the world."

I went into the green-room and sat down.

Mr. Melville had finished with the parents, and another man had started at the piano. Oh! how tired I felt! If he would only stop playing that everlasting, never ending "variation," where variety there was none. After a while Mrs. Vincent and Mr. Baldwin began to fight over this performance too.

"You must make Rhinebeck stop," said Mrs. Vincent. "He has been at that piano a quarter of an hour."

"How can I get at him?" asked Mr. Baldwin. "I can't go and ask him to leave off, can I?"

"Make signs to him from behind the side-curtains."

"Make signs to a gentleman whom you invited to play that you don't want any more of his playing?" inquired Mr. Baldwin, disdainfully.

"But it is ten o'clock, and we are not half through."

"That's your fault. You would have all this book-work. When you had that magnificent Miss Leighton—" And Mr. Baldwin, being a man who thought an idea to be repeated might as well be repeated in the identical words, was preparing to go over the ground as before.

I tried to speak cheerfully as I came forward: and thanking the Musical Director with what I knew to be a very sickly smile for his complimentary consideration of my merits, made my proposition to omit my second reading.

"Ridiculous! Don't talk nonsense. I have a plan, perhaps."

I wandered to a seat again, provoked at feeling so dispirited. The pianist ceased. It was the close of the first part.

Somebody brought me a glass of wine. I drank it; watched the two little boys "who couldn't make a trio," and whose lavender kids began to show signs of many cakes having passed that way; and I was dimly conscious that I wished myself at home, for all my bright anticipations were blasted.

What did I care for the supper which was to conclude the evening? It had been silly, any way, to feel so sure that this one man, among the hundreds of men in society, would be invited to remain after the performance; particularly as Mrs. Vincent had told me that she did not know who lived in the house at the corner where I saw the stranger enter with a latch-key. But I did not heed that, for the flighty Adelaide never did know where any body lived. And I prefer leaving my discoveries to chance. I was superstitious about it—and—and this was the end of it. "Bob Neville," the happy husband of a handsome woman, whom he had met and loved, and whose lowly fortunes had been no barrier to his generous attachment. "It might have been—"

"What makes you look so sad, so pale, and so changed, dear child?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "You are fagged out. Drink some wine."

"I have had some, thank you."

"Take a cup of chocolate?"

"Oh no. I am very well. Don't worry about me. How do you feel?"

"Ready to die. I wish this horrid business were well over! And one thing I wish to say. If ever I am seen speaking to Lorenzo Baldwin,

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or to that intolerable Mrs. Marchant, after this evening, put me into a lunatic asylum, for I shall have lost my wits before I do it! I wish they were both in—heaven!"

"What have they been doing?" I asked, laughing.

"Doing! Why I had arranged it all so nicely. I went to old Marchant and told her that as the programme was so long, and the evening so short, I would leave out 'Sheridan's Ride,' and not trouble her to give it."

"You didn't?" I cried, equally amazed and amused.

"Indeed I did. And went after Mr. Baldwin, and told him to take the responsibility; and just as I was in the midst, up flounced the Marchant, like a fiery dragon in spectacles, attacked me (for I had left her speechless, with surprise, I suppose), and when I said that Mr. Baldwin would explain, he backed out instantly. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am. I am the Musical Director—have nothing to do with the recitations—nothing whatsoever.' And so she blazed at me."

"Why, what excuse could he have given?"

"He might have put it all on Mr. Vincent, who is not here, and have insinuated that I was terribly afraid of Ernest, and dare not prolong the entertainment beyond a certain hour."

"Mrs. Vincent! Mrs. Vincent!" cried several voices. "It is time to recommence."

So away rolled the curtains again, and Miss Paran sang, and Mrs. Burton Smytthe sang, and then Mrs. Fitzhugh was to appear and recite the "Dream."

Mrs. Fitzhugh, armed with three bouquets, faced the audience with a timid grace. One bouquet she held on her lap, the two others she disposed in a barricade on the table. She was a white, delicate-looking, spare woman, with great, empty eyes, and pale, long hands—quite young, and perfectly self-possessed. Her voice was as low as Miss Hope's, but not as sharp. I rather think it was inaudible ten feet from the stage.

I began to look nervously for the accent she placed on "a change came o'er the *spirit* of my dream." It was all the "spirit" perceptible in the matter. But at its conclusion a storm of applause arose. Mrs. Fitzhugh courtesied, took up her flowers, got to the back of the stage; then walked forward again, resumed her seat, and plunged into Poe's "Raven," which she could no more read than she could have written it.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Vincent, "what does she mean? What is she about? Going to do something else? But she mustn't. Mr. Baldwin, stop her."

"My dear Mrs. Vincent," I said, laying a detaining hand upon her arm and holding her back, for I looked every instant to see my friend rush upon the platform and drag off Mrs. Fitzhugh by her waterfall, "you can't do any thing. All the people in front will hear you."

"I wish they would, and then they will know that *I* am not answerable for this woman's nonsense. Mr. Baldwin"—she caught him as he was trying to slip past, and I heard him say:

"Fitzhugh bought tickets for all his clerks' wives and sisters. He has a dozen men in Wall Street. The women were sent early, and distributed through the room, with orders to have an 'encore.' And they have done it."

At this moment Mrs. Marchant sailed along, sniffing with that disdainful air which announces animosity and promises revenge.

I made room for her beside me, and she began to pour out her griefs.

"I never was so insulted. I am used to being so much petted and caressed! I agreed to say 'Sheridan's Ride' because my recitation is so universally admired. I wouldn't hesitate *gratifying* Mrs. Vincent by not appearing, only so many of my friends have come here to-day, and paid so much for their tickets, just to hear me!"

"You must not think that Mrs. Vincent meant to be rude," I said, gently. "You quite mistook her motive. It is only because there has been so much delay and the programme is so long, she wished to curtail it; and as your reputation is so well established she thought *you* would least mind not appearing before an audience whom, no doubt, you have often delighted in private, as your circle is so large in this city."

"You are to read twice," snapped Mrs. Marchant at me.

"Yes, and I desired not to do so; but Mrs. Vincent thinks that I may eventually find it profitable to make this my profession, and so she desires me to be judged fairly and fully."

"Humph!" grunted the Marchant, settling her spectacles above her atom of a nose, and re-arranging a vast quantity of rings with false stones that adorned her knuckles.

Mrs. Fitzhugh stepped down from the stage, saying:

"How disagreeable that they should have insisted upon an encore! Dear Mrs. Vincent, wasn't it stupid of them—so late as we are!"

"It was very stupid of somebody," said Mrs. Vincent, past patience and politeness, "to fancy that any body did wish it."

Mrs. Fitzhugh colored, and Mrs. Marchant sniffed louder.

"Please hurry Mrs. Parkhurst, Mr. Baldwin. We are dawdling for nothing that I can see," pursued Mrs. Vincent, frowning at her Musical Director.

All this squabbling did not tend to good feeling, but I must confess that it amused me, and put me in a sort of stolid, don't-care mood.

I grew indifferent to every thing; and when I went on presently to read one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," I scarcely vouchsafed a thought, and not one look, to "Bob Neville."

Horatius defended the Bridge in gallant style and in extracts. I cut it as short as I could, and a beautiful basket of flowers was laid at my

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feet as I rose. The donor was Mr. Neville, who bowed and returned to his chair as I stooped to raise the exquisite offering. I bent my head in return to his salutation. Then I made my stage salaam and withdrew, blushing like a milkmaid.

"How fresh and lovely they are!" said Miss Paran.

"They have just been brought in, for the leaves are yet wet. Who gave them?" asked Mrs. Vincent.

"Mr. Neville," I said. "I believe it was Mr. Neville."

"He shall be asked to stay to supper," cried Mrs. Vincent. "Such gallantry should be rewarded. He shall take you in, Lizzie."

"I don't care about it. It is of no consequence."

"Oh! we understand that. Where is my Louis? Come here, Louis. Do you see the gentleman sitting at the extreme end of the second row yonder—next the lady in pink?"

The pretty, intelligent little fellow nodded as his mamma held him by the shoulders, and pointed from under the shadow of the side-curtains.

"Very well. Slip under the piano and give him this note."

She scribbled a line on the back of a programme. The piano was on the floor, and lower than the stage. We watched Louis glide along to his destination, and saw the bright smile which received him; a momentary consultation with his wife, and then Mr. Neville whispered his answer, which Louis duly delivered:

"With the very greatest pleasure, *marmer*" —that being the fashionable pronunciation just now for "mamma."

Mr. Eberley had been executing a tenor solo, and the moment had arrived for "Sheridan's Ride."

How can I ever describe the air and manner of Mrs. Marchant as she waddled forward and began? It was irresistible. Her voice sounded as if her mouth were filled with a hot potato which she was forbidden to swallow or otherwise remove. One black silk mitten and pudgy hand grasped the back of a chair, while she kept time to the rhythm with an incessant jogging of her stout person in its scant black silk. Her small eyes glared from behind her glasses as she galloped faster than the famous black horse. "The grumble, and rumble, and roar" first upset the audience—a smile broke out, and at length shouts of laughter could not be restrained. I really felt sorry for this conceited, absurd old woman, but soon discovered that she received this as the proper demonstration, and made her way back amidst deafening clappings of hands and with a radiant countenance.

"You see how pleased they were!" she said, exultingly; "and yet, owing to Mrs. Vincent's outrageous rudeness, I was so flustered that I did not say it half as well as usual."

As for Mrs. Vincent, she was fairly screaming with delight, and behaved so badly that at length it brought her to penitence, and she tried to go and be civil to her *corps dramatique*, and really succeeded in pacifying Mrs. Fitzhugh; but Mrs. Marchant was inexorable.

The cream of the entertainment had now been taken off. Very little remained to be done, and I have really forgotten what that little was.

I supposed that every one would be tired to death, and out of spirits for the supper; but when the non-invited had gone away about fifty people remained, who professed themselves charmed.

I wished that my poor mamma could have heard all the pretty civilities addressed to her Elizabeth.

Standing by a table in the drawing-room, with my beautiful basket beside me, I received compliments enough to bewilder a far soberer head.

Graceful, gentle women, all so charmingly dressed; sweet, bright, merry girls, laughingly inquiring "if I had been very much frightened;" pleasant-talking, nice-looking men, with good manners, and their hats in their hands, streamed up, paused, and passed on, while I stood like the President of these United States "receiving." But I didn't at all feel like Martin Chuzzlewit holding the reluctant "lev-ee" at Watertoast. I found it very delightful. Only—had Mr. Neville gone home without permitting me to thank him for his exquisite flowers?

No; there he comes—his wife on his arm. That is undeniably a happy woman. Ah me!

"Now, Elizabeth," cried Mrs. Vincent, "look your prettiest. Miss Leighton, Mrs. Neville; Mr. Neville. Oh, Ernest, is that you at last? Haven't you behaved inhumanly? Mrs. Neville, I appeal to you. Was it not outrageous of my husband to go off and leave this whole affair on my hands?"

Colonel Vincent protested against this attack, and having got no farther than one warm pressure of her little hand, and one smile from her loveliest mouth, Mrs. Neville was called to bestow her attention upon our host and hostess.

"We have met before, Miss Leighton," said the grave, well-bred voice, whose clear tones had not been forgotten.

I bowed, and looked, I fear, excessively foolish. It seemed to me as if he must suspect of how much importance that meeting had been to one of us.

"I do so wish I had known that the lady whom I had discreetly admired was the niece of one of my old college friends. Your uncle, whose loss we all deplore, Charles Leighton, did me all the good at Cambridge that I received there. Had you seen me before the circumstances of two years since subdued me into a 'family man,'" half smiling, "you might better understand what a reckless, frantic youth I was, and how very necessary to my well-doing and well-standing with the faculty

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was your uncle's sober and most agreeable companionship. Tell me about him. He never married?"

"No, fortunately. For had he left a wife or children their condition would be—such as ours."

A pained look contracted Mr. Neville's brow.

"I understand," he said. "You must not think me remiss. I wrote so soon as the war was over, and could get no satisfactory intelligence. There was the bare statement—Captain Charles Leighton had been killed early in our troubles (in '63, was it not?), and none of the family were living in Charleston. The old Leighton house had been destroyed in the fire of '61, and Mrs. Leighton and her daughter had moved to Georgia."

"We did; but necessity compelled me to come on here and try for some employment."

"And you—?"

"I am an outdoor teacher at a third-rate school."

"You look like an outdoor teacher at a third-rate school!" said Mr. Neville, with an amused glance.

"Please don't upbraid me because I wear my great-grandmother's pearls and lace."

"You mistake me. Pearls and lace are fitting adornments, but without them Miss Leighton would be Miss Leighton still."

"Oh no!" I exclaimed; "you did not suspect my antecedents when you examined my—"

"What?"

"My patched boots," I laughed.

"Your boots!"

"Yes; my boots. I was so provoked with you for remembering them, and looking down at them, when we met the second time!"

"This is woman's coquetry," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You know that the Leighton foot and the Leighton hand are not—in the ashes of the Leighton house. But you *did* provoke me. Your *port de reine*, and your —very—commonplace costume, were singularly incongruous. I *do* wish that I had sooner known your name! My sisters and Mrs. Neville will call to see you to-morrow. Give me your address."

He drew out his tablets and wrote it down.

"That you should live in such shabby lodgings as that block of houses can alone furnish!"

"They are very suitable," I said.

"Supper, supper," said Mrs. Vincent, as the folding-doors into the green dining-room were drawn aside. "Lizzie dear, Mr. Vincent wished to show you whom we consider the bright star of our evening, but I have determined to sacrifice him (and punish him) to the *oldest* of our performers. He shall take charge of Mrs. Marchant!"

"Will he?"

"Oh, my dear, having exerted the manly privilege of absenting himself, he falls under conjugal bondage on his return. And any way, as I told you, that basket of Mr. Neville's, which his wife tells me he rushed off to get after your first appearance, entitles him to the pleasure of escorting you. Mr. Neville, will you take Miss Leighton in to supper?"

"And will you let no harm befall my blue silk—my best gown?" I added.

"Trust me," replied Mr. Neville, emphatically, as he placed my arm under his.

At one of the many small tables, glittering with crystal and plate, which were scattered about the dining-room, my companion seated me. Mrs. Vincent and her cavalier joined us.

I unfolded my napkin, and to the question, "What will you have?" answered, "You may choose for me."

I was just bowing my thanks for some turkey, largely truffled and perfectly *désossée*, when Colonel Vincent brought up a stately officer and presented him as General R——.

Instead of a drawn sword the General carried a tall glass, and a footman was following him with a bottle of Champagne.

"I wish to drink your health and my congratulations, Miss Leighton," said the General. "Your voice is fine enough for the stage. I wonder that you can resist the temptation of having the whole world for your audience and admirers."

"Very gallantly put, General," said Mr. Neville, "but I am answerable for Miss Leighton's pretty dress; take care how you pour that wine, my dear Sir."

I drew back hastily—too late; between the united efforts of service of the gallant soldier and the colored waiter, the whole contents of the bottle deluged my skirt from my waist to the floor!

Imagine the small tempest of excuses and despair, in the midst of which General R—— disappeared, taking the next train for the West, I presume.

"This is horrid!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes," I subscribed, "but one article of luxury had survived the wreck of the South—that was my blue gown; and now General R——, with the assistance of a freedman, has destroyed it."

Amidst pitying exclamations Mr. Neville began assiduously to polish and rub away at my skirt, of which Mrs. Vincent held out the breadth tightly to keep it from *crinkling* under the process.

"I have not seen you this great while, Mrs. Vincent, until to-night. And in the interval people say that my friend the Colonel has been making lots of money. I hope it's true."

"Yes; the Colonel has done pretty well about some mines. We haven't 'struck ile,' but coal. By-the-way, do you know that Brown told me the other day that Pierre Canute says that Mr. Vincent did a good thing down at Norfolk, when he was in command there, by selling permits to Union Jews. I was perfectly furious, and I told Brown that Mr. Vincent would pull Pierre Canute's nose as a hint to him to mind his own business, which *is* 'a good thing' that somebody ought to have done long since. But would you believe it, when I told

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Ernest he laughed so immoderately and made such fun of it that I was obliged to go and hunt up Brown and let him know that Mr. Vincent would *not* pull Mr. Canute's nose; for, you see, I thought that Brown and Pierre would be waiting for something and might be disappointed. Oh! there is Mrs. Lloyd Harcourt getting up. She mustn't go away."

And off flew our *inconséquente* hostess, while we were still laughing over her story.

"You are very good-natured, Miss Leighton. It is not without reason that you have eyes so like your uncle Charles, who had the best temper on earth. You have borne the destruction of your dress like an angel — or, better still, like a well-bred woman who is likewise amiable."

"Without agreeing to the compliment, or confessing to the contrary," I said, "don't you think, setting aside personalities, that there is no good-breeding without amiability? There may be refinement, good outside, prepared manners; but a thoroughly well-bred man or woman needs a good heart as a foundation, not as an accompaniment. It can't be 'throwed in,' nor left out; if it is not there to work upon the result of training may give you suavity and polish, nice words and charming courtesies; but it won't give you the satisfaction of admiring that which I do admire above all things. You see the flaws and fissures, the joins and cracks of discordant elements. It is the difference between the beauty of a statue and the beauty made by the hand of Nature."

"Many prefer the statue," he said.

"I don't. The statue must always lack warmth, softness, and variety of expression. Three indispensable adjuncts to beauty."

"I never felt so sure of the truth of that until now," said Mr. Neville, looking earnestly at me with an involuntary (I suppose) gaze of admiration.

I did not like it.

What right had this gentleman, whose wife sat not three yards from us, to look at me in this disengaged, although entirely modest, manner?

I colored slightly, and turned away my head.

"Won't you pardon me," went on Mr. Neville, "if I constantly speak of your strong resemblance to your uncle? Remember he was my truest, dearest friend, and I follow with a delight which I fear you may think almost impertinent, the memories that your face and your manner recall. That little haughty *pose* of your head is so like him! I find it so hard while talking to you to remember that our acquaintance has only begun this evening."

"No; it began two months and more ago."

I should not have said this, but out came the words.

Mr. Neville bowed and smiled.

"How good you are to look grateful for such a trifle! But I see Nellie casting warning glances at me—every body is going, and we must go too."

Mrs. Neville came up to me, radiantly bright, with that sweet, happy expression which was her chief charm of face.

"I have had no chance yet to speak to you, Miss Leighton," she said. "This gentleman," laying her pretty hand on her husband's shoulder, "has monopolized your every moment."

"Only *moments* indeed," exclaimed Mr. Neville. "Are not you in a great hurry, Nelly? Do you know that I have not yet said one single word to Miss Leighton about her Reading? She is going home with the idea that I am utterly unappreciative—positively dull to the lure that lurks in her sympathetic tones — entirely uncognizant—"

"Pray stop," I interrupted. "Have flowers no voice? This lovely basket speaks for you—"

"Yes; the border of rose-geranium expresses 'Preference,' to begin with," said Mrs. Neville, laughing. "I am glad you understand him, Miss Leighton, so well. You receive it as a declaration—due, of course, to his devotion to your uncle."

Mr. Neville colored a little as he drew his wife's arm into its natural, legal position on his arm.

"I shall never again confide to Nellie the admiration I may feel for beautiful women whom I am so fortunate as to rescue from the mud. She is teasing me because she discovered this evening, as soon as I did, your identity."

I made no reply. I thought Mrs. Neville's manner of speaking very singular. I have never been able to understand how a woman can jest with the man she loves upon his even possible devotion to another woman. And to jest with me about the attentions of her husband, in this marked way, was simply indelicate—insolent, I thought.

"I don't like her," was my mental decision. "*She* is not thorough-bred, that is certain; and perhaps Mr. Neville is all the more impressed by good-breeding because he has failed to find it in the woman who bears his name."

While I thought this Mrs. Neville was smiling still, and saying something about hoping to see a great deal of me; to which I responded curtly, and, I fancy, rather ungraciously.

She looked a little hurt and surprised; but I shook hands with her, and courtesied to her husband.

He would not let me off so easily.

"*A l'Anglaise* — or, indeed, *à l'Americaine*," he said, taking my hand, which I only half gave. "Charley Leighton's niece, looking at me with Charley's sapphire eyes, must look at me and on me as a friend—always, *always*."

Colonel Vincent was waiting, ready to escort me home, safe from possibilities of drunken hackmen or any other dangers.

"How can I thank you enough, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Vincent, as she kissed me. "You have eclipsed all competitors this evening."

"All? even Mrs. Marchant?" I asked, trying to look very gay.

"Oh! you have secured the distinction of Mrs. Marchant's unbounded hatred!"

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"Her hatred? What! when I exhausted myself in devising excuses for you, and emollient phrases to soften her indignation."

"Even so. You see what people gain by being amiable. This world daily offers premiums for rudeness and unkindness. Nobody troubled themselves about old Marchant and her griefs except you. Nobody listened to her but you—she never saw you before in her life—and yet even I, who 'did the deed of shame,' have fared better at her hands than yourself. All supper-time she poured out to Mrs. Coventry Randell a list of your crimes and misdemeanors. She accused you of every known and unknown peccadillo. She denied your beauty, she doubted your intellect, she sneered at your—"

"Come, come, Adelaide," said Colonel Vincent, "what's the use of repeating such trash?"

"Just to teach Lizzie to walk over such people, instead of stooping to pick them up, if somebody else tumbles them into the mud," laughed Mrs. Vincent. "Wrap your shawl well over your chest. The night is really cold. You will come and dine with me on Wednesday; and we will talk over all this business—and your conquest of Mr. Neville," she added, as the door closed.

"By-the-way," said the Colonel, drawing up the carriage window on my side, "you *have* struck Neville all of a heap. Adelaide usually talks at random, but she hit fair there."

"What do you mean, Colonel?" I asked.

"Mean? why just what I say. You have brought down a tidy bird at your first shot in these preserves."

"How singularly you all talk," I said. "Any one would suppose that Mr. Neville was still a marrying man."

"That's true. I forgot that," said Colonel Vincent, composedly. "But time and good luck may get him out of that scrape, and then he will be free again."

"I sha'n't wait for him," I said, with a little laugh, and began to talk of something else.

When we reached my door, and my latch-key had let me in, to my perfect amazement Colonel Vincent uttered these extraordinary words:

"I wouldn't mind these encumbrances if I were you, Miss Leighton. I would listen to him, and take him just as he is. Pardon my interference, but you do need some one to protect and love you. Even situated as he is, he will be able to care more for you, and act a better part by you, than many a less hampered man—just because he is such a real good fellow, as this very noble sacrifice on his side shows. And I never saw a man more carried away—more absorbed than he is; and by what Mrs. Neville tells me he was struck with you some time since without knowing you. Now mind what I say. Good-night, and God bless you! You are too pretty, my dear, to lead this lonely, unprotected life."

He slammed the door, and I stood speechlessly indignant in the passage, with my candle (lighted from the low-burning gas) in my hand. At last I murmured:

"For what do they take me? And are they all mad? I won't go to Mrs. Vincent's again. Ah me! ah me!"

IV.

I went up stairs slowly, undressed wearily, and got into my bed without waking my poor mamma, for whose disappointment I was already grieved.

She would hope to hear me give a cheerful, merry account to-morrow of the night's performances. How could I? A weight was on heart and brain.

* * * * * * *

V.

I was so thoroughly wearied that I slept soundly until Aunt Polly's voice aroused me. This was the Easter holiday time, so I had no terrors on awaking at finding myself already arrived at eight o'clock.

What a storm of questions greeted me!

Mamma wanted to know how I acquitted myself, and Aunt Polly desired to be informed with whom I had danced. Aunt Polly could not separate an evening toilet from the fact of a fiddle; and she seemed a little disgusted that there was no tale of a Prince Charming and a dropped glass slipper accompanying my first ball.

"I went to Mrs. Vincent's to read, Aunt Polly," I reiterated.

"Lord hab mussy, king! ain't you do enough reading with them chillun all day long? I am 'stonished at Miss Vincent to make you read. Read! *She* don't read her Bible, or she would know better how to treat a poor, pretty little thing like you than to fetch you to her house to do nothing but read!"

Explanation was vain in this case, evidently.

Meanwhile mamma was impatient for her breakfast and her own remarks.

I began from the beginning, and told how it all had been. Then I displayed my basket of flowers, which token slightly mollified Aunt Polly, who at length gathered up her plates and cups and the *débris* of our meal and went off, still, however, muttering disdainfully, "Read!"

"Mamma," I asked, "did you ever hear my uncle Charles speak of a college friend named Neville?"

"Neville? Yes, often. Not so much in latter years; but I think that was the name of the young man who was to have spent a winter with us at Leighton Hall some ten years ago, only his mother died just then, and prevented the visit. Neville! yes, I am sure it was Neville."

"And what did Uncle Charles think of him?"

"Oh, he admired him and loved him above every body out of his own family. Don't you remember, by-the-way, Charley's telling you

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(you were about fifteen then) to look out for your heart when his old friend came? 'Old, indeed,' you answered; 'why, Uncle Charles, if he is your age he is too old for any thing—twenty-seven at least.' We laughed at you for this real girl's notion. *You* are nearly as old now as he and Charley were then. But what about him, my dear?"

"He gave me this basket. I said a gentleman laid it before me after 'Maud Muller'—he was the gentleman."

"Indeed! And he spoke to you, of course. And remembers poor dear Charley. Well, well! things are always turning up unexpectedly. Is he married, Lizzie?"

"Yes."

"Was his wife with him?"

"Yes."

"Is she pretty? Was she introduced to you? Did you like them?"

I answered categorically: "She is very handsome. She was presented to me. I don't like them."

"Indeed!" said mamma, again. "I am sorry for that. You know so few people that it would have been nice for you to find pleasant acquaintances at the house of your uncle's old class-mate. With my lame knee, it don't matter much who I know; but I should like you to be able to go out more. With books to read I am perfectly indifferent to being alone, and I can scramble about, after a fashion, even without your aid, as I do all morning when you are away. But you don't like them? Were they cool and indifferent to you?"

"On the contrary, they were civil, and inclined to be intimate."

"What is it, then, Lizzie? You do not often take unaccountable dislikes."

"All the more reason to follow my instincts when I do. And they will be coming here—probably to-day. I beg you, mamma, to be as distant as your warm manner will permit. Please don't encourage any attempts at intimacy or friendliness; manage to cut their visit as short as I shall strive to make it. Accept nothing at their hands. Assure them that we are perfectly comfortable and doing remarkably well—that we have plenty of friends, and live a very jolly life."

"Why, Lizzie—Elizabeth—my child, what ails you? You are talking so fast—there are tears in your eyes—you are trembling and flushed—"

"Dearest mamma," I said, kneeling down beside her. "These people wish to patronize us—to make us feel our poverty and our dependence. With the miserable pride which they found upon their full purses, they neither respect nor really care for us. They hold us so much beneath them that the ordinary rules of society and manners are not brought to bear upon our case. We are to be treated like outcasts—pariahs. My beauty (if I have any), my accomplishments (such as they are), are to be merely—"

"Hush, hush, Lizzie!" my mother interrupted, laying her white, delicate fingers upon my eager lips. "This is false pride in you. You are showing what I never saw you show before—what I never dreamed that you could feel. *I* have sometimes exhibited the foolish touchiness of a silly old decayed gentlewoman; but you, never. Strong in your consciousness of what you are, utterly indifferent to mere wealth, and all its accidental surroundings, as necessities of one's position, I have heard you say, with a saucy toss of your bright head, that if you were to open an apple-stall you would not, you could not, be any thing but Elizabeth Leighton—that is, a lady by right of birth, antecedents, and education. I grieve, my Lizzie, that one night spent again in society has upset the ideas with which you were born. That the sight of jewels, fine dresses, and idle people has confused your mind; has substituted for that genuine self-respect (often miscalled pride) the poor vanity which can so suffer, and which is never strong to endure."

Should I explain what I scarcely understood myself? Or should I take in silence this reproof, which was not entirely merited?

I said nothing, but kissed mamma's hand meekly.

I could not bear to expose Robert Neville, however much he deserved it, to my mother's bitter wrath. The others were all in the same boat, but he was their protection.

"The Nevilles will call to-day, you think?"

"They said so."

"Then put on my company cap and my best black silk, and wheel my chair into the parlor. I will receive Mr. Neville as warmly, and with as much dignity, I hope, when his feet are standing on that rag of a carpet, as if the years and the sadness were all rolled away, and he stood before me planted on the very softest and most exquisite medallion in our drawing-room 'velvet pile' at Leighton."

VI.

At twelve o'clock—early enough, to be sure—there came a little murmuring, and a decided rustling, and a gentle tap at our parlor-door.

Enter Mr. Neville, followed by two tall girls and a little girl and a little boy.

He shook hands hastily with me, and passed right on to my mother, only saying as he went: "My sisters, Blanche and Margaret, and the children."

Mr. Neville held my mother's hand silently for a moment, then he took the other one too.

"I blame myself," he said at last. "I did so love Charles, and I so soon paused in my search for those he loved."

Mamma looked a little bewildered. Accustomed to pay great heed to my views, she had had her misgivings even while rating me. This entrance upon the scene was so different from her preconceived ideas of what it would be!

Who could be simply dignified and courteous when a great, tall stranger seized upon you as

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if he were your brother or your son, while his handsome eyes glistened with tears, and his deep, manly, tender voice was tremulous with feeling?

Poor mamma fairly broke down. Her scold at me had already told upon her, and this was too much. Up went her handkerchief, carrying along Mr. Neville's left hand, and behold! when I had been urging coldness and distance to this guest, this guest was saying soothing things, and drying her tears very much as if he wished to cry with her.

"Let them alone for a while," pleaded the taller and elder girl, stopping me as I was going to them. "We know all about Mr. Charles Leighton, and they can talk about him. Mrs. Leighton will speak to us presently. I am Blanche, and this is Margaret. Helen, come here. This is Helen: she wanted to come, and Robbie begged for her. And this is Baby—not the *littlest* baby we have, you know. Nellie is the littlest, but this is papa's and mamma's only child. He was just born when mamma left us, three years ago. Helen, kiss Miss Leighton. You and Julian may be allowed to kiss her without asking leave; but we shall have to wait until she permits us, because I am nearly grown, and so is Margaret."

Here Mr. Neville turned and called them. It was time, for the pretty creature's rattle of names and relations made me as bewildered as mamma.

They seemed to know all about us, and to suppose that I knew all about them.

"How is Mrs. Neville?" I asked, presuming that politeness required me to say something to her husband, while mamma was listening to Blanche, whose tongue never tired. "How is Mrs. Neville?"

"Who?—Nellie? Pretty well, I believe. I have not seen her to-day; and probably shall not have that pleasure for a week. She is coming to call on you on her way to Staten Island, where she is going on a visit. I offered that she should come with us, but she has an escort whom she rather prefers to me, and therefore I knock under cheerfully when not wanted."

"You are what is called 'a fashionable couple,'" I said, coldly.

"A what? I beg your pardon?"

"A fashionable couple—a very trite witticism to repeat."

"A fashionable couple! Good Heavens, Miss Leighton! for what do you take Nelly? What extraordinary idea is this?"

"We are still so behind the age that we always expect to see a wife under her husband's escort—and preferring it."

Mr. Neville started, colored, and then began to laugh. The shadow left his brow.

"My dear Miss Leighton," he said, in a most joyous, puzzled voice, "do you know who I am, and what I am?"

"Mr. Robert Neville, the husband of Mrs. Robert Neville," I answered, mechanically.

"I am nothing of the sort. I am Arthur Neville, the husband of nobody—only the harassed father of all these brothers and sisters, of whom you have only seen the half. What put this into your head?"

"Mrs. Vincent told me—"

"Mrs. Vincent? To give our dear Mrs. Vincent as authority for any thing! She who does not remember, and won't remember, what concerns any living creature, herself included! So she and you took me for Robbie? Why, the Colonel knew I was not Rob."

I recollected the Colonel's words, and exonerated him from all error of every kind.

"That accounts for Nellie's telling me on our way home that Mrs. Vincent had taken me at first for Robert. I paid no heed to it, only, of course, declining to go out with her again if I was to pass for my elder brother, who was both married and not half so well looking as myself! But surely what Nellie said to you—"

He paused, glanced quickly at me, and then turned to my mother.

"Mrs. Leighton, lest there should be any more mistakes concerning my identity and my belongings, let me see if you know any more about me than Miss Leighton does. My dear Madam, do you know my Christian name?"

"It is Albert, is it not?—no, Arthur—Arthur."

"You are positive it is not Robert?"

"Very sure," mamma answered, smiling.

"Thank you. That is more than Miss Leighton knew. Am I married, Mrs. Leighton?"

"Lizzie told me so."

"Married!" cried irrepressible Blanche; "how could we let Arthur marry? No, indeed. Robbie married before papa left us, but Arthur has to take care of us. Do you not know, Mrs. Leighton, that we are not his real, true sisters? Mamma married papa when she was a widow with six children. We are not named Neville; our own father's name was Penryhn. This is mamma's and papa's only child, Julian Neville. Robbie and Arthur did not like mamma much at first—no grown-up sons ever do much love their step-mothers; but she was very sweet and gentle and good, wasn't she, Arthur? And first mamma died, when Julian was born—that was three years ago; and papa got a governess for us—that was Nellie; and Robbie fell in love with her—how could he help it?—for Nellie is just lovely; and papa died. We are only just out of mourning for him now; and there we were, seven wretched little children, and nobody to take care of us—no claim upon any body; and all the world said, 'Put the girls at boarding-school'—you haven't seen Lucy; she comes between George and Henry—'and send the boys any where. The only one whom you are at all obliged to think about is the baby, your father's child.' This is what every body said to Rob and Arthur. But no, indeed! Arthur gave up his beautiful bachelor lodgings, where he had lived long before papa and mamma left us—for he don't like too

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many children, really; and he came to live with us—that is, we live with him, and it is such a sacrifice—"

"Gently, gently, Blanche," interrupted Mr. Neville. "That's all I wanted."

"But we want more," said my mother, smiling so tenderly upon him.

"Yes," gasped Blanche, hurrying out her words. "He gave up his club dinners, his gay bachelor friends; he eats roast mutton with us elder ones; we have a hideous, good, very old governess—oh, so old!—nearly forty-five; and he is just, just exactly like a sweet dear father to us, only that he never scolds, and talks to us as if he were only our brother. I won't say any more, Arthur." And Blanche stopped, penitently, at last.

I shall not attempt to describe what I was thinking and feeling. There was a good deal of humiliation mingled with my satisfaction; for had I not been accusing my best friends, right and left, of every sort of vileness? But yet, why weren't they all more explicit? Explicit about what? I had not asked one direct question when my suspicions were aroused, but had accepted silently the worst constructions. The agony of the past few hours was only my due punishment.

Outside of this it was all brightness. Blanche was talking to mamma still, and by her stealthy glances and her low tones I guessed that she was pursuing the forbidden but delightful subject—her adopted brother's perfections.

Mr. Neville and I found ourselves at the window, examining a feebly-struggling box of rose-geranium.

"My personal cares and anxieties, which you now understand, will help to excuse, as I said, the incompleteness of my search for you; and even they will explain how, on twice meeting you, I was not struck immediately with your likeness to your uncle, of which I speak so incessantly now. That second time I met you I was excessively worried about Blanche, who had managed, as such pretty girls will do, to attract the attention of a youth, and they fancied themselves in love. I—wisely, I think—didn't contradict them, but procured the departure of the enamored adolescent, who had never seen Blanche but twice, for Europe; and we promise on both sides not to interfere if, on his return, they are of the same mind still. But it annoyed me. It made me feel more than ever the responsibilities which I have assumed, and which may prove almost too strong for me. I had just had an interview with the youth's papa when I jumped into that stage and saw you again. I could not forget that I had met you before, although your veil was down and doubled."

"You have, indeed, made a sacrifice to these children," I said, evasively, "but they are grateful and lovable."

"Any one would have done the same who had the same experience of their mother's kindness and justice, and who understood the perils which surround six orphans without a natural tie. Let me add to Blanche's recital that her mother prevented my father from signing a will which was highly unjust to me. He wanted to make an elder son of Rob, or rather of Rob's son, which would have put it out of Rob's power to alter it. Mrs. Neville (Clara we called her) not only persuaded him from this, but on her death-bed made him promise never to do it. It makes no difference to me that afterward, when Rob married Nellie, our father took another turn, and wished to partially disinherit Rob for my benefit. Her deed stands on its own feet: and for all these reasons I try to do my best for her children."

"This is why Colonel Vincent said that you were not a marrying man?"

"The Colonel said that?" asked Mr. Neville, looking keenly at me. "Why did he say that?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"But if you believed me already married—?"

"It is not worth so much discussion," I interrupted, turning away.

"One thing is certain," Mr. Neville said, arresting me by the grave intonation of his voice, "I am *not* a marrying man until I can find some woman who, for love of me, will accept, besides my personal imperfections, the care of these poor children; and I fear that is asking too much of Heaven to grant me."

Then, as I was moving off without any particular reply, he held out a leaf from my geranium.

"May I give it to you, or will you give it to me?"

"Neither," I said. "Take it."

VII.

Seven months have passed.

I am seated in my own drawing-room, near one of the front-windows.

I am watching for "the coming step." Nellie Neville has come to dine with me, and has some crochet-work which she is stumbling over in the growing darkness of an October twilight.

"Do you always sit there like a gorgeous spider ready to spring upon that fly as he opens the front-door?" she asked, laughing.

"Yes, Impertinence, I do. I first noticed him as he mounted these steps, and I have not yet grown tired of seeing how brightly he looks up for me as he takes out his latch-key."

"And then you never met until the famous *crèche* soirée?"

"Since we were at this corner together, and then the soirée."

"I think I have heard that you looked upon me that evening, Lizzie, as a kind of ogress, who kept her ogre-mate in good-humor by rather throwing in his way plump, fresh morsels."

"Oh hush!" I cried; "don't remember that nonsense. Just think how unhappy I was. And didn't I hate you?"

"Yes; you showed me pretty plainly your dislike that evening; therefore I was a little puzzled, when I went to call on you next day,

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to be received with *effusion*. I had serious thoughts of not going at all, but Arthur and Robert insisted that it was your manner."

"Nice, pleasant manners they gave me, truly!"

"Well, it was all right, and very soon it was all righter. Arthur was a tremendous wooer. How soon, really, were you engaged?"

"I sha'n't tell you."

"Please, Lizzie. Wasn't it that very first day? Or was it postponed for the next? Did you actually keep him in suspense until the next, you naughty woman?"

"Nellie, you shall have no dinner. I will cut off Robbie junior's curls. Something I will do if you tease me."

My lovely, laughing sister-in-law came and bent over my chair.

"You were a dear, sweet girl, and you would have won our hearts by your goodness as soon as you were engaged, had it not been that, like Arthur himself, we all fell in love with you at first sight. You accepted so cheerfully the trouble of the children—you are so judicious with them—you merited a reward, and here it has come in the sudden appearance of poor Clara's sister, who, emerging from the depths of Idaho, presents herself as a cultivated, accomplished, childless Englishwoman, eager to assume the care of the family, and perfectly competent in every way to do so. When do Mr. and Mrs. Ralston get into their new house?"

"Some time next week. But when Blanche and Margaret will consent they return to England. I hear Aunt Polly wheeling mamma into the dining-room. That means five o'clock—and there is Arthur! Let me go."

WOMAN'S WORK AND WAGES.

IF long time and repeated circumstances had not clearly indicated long before that the subject of woman's appropriate fields of labor was of vital interest to the American public, the receipt lately of numerous replies to a letter of "A Weak-minded Woman," which was published in the Easy Chair of this Magazine (July, 1867), would have been convincing. Very few will probably remember that letter—the despairing complaint of a wife who, to help an embarrassed husband, had turned to literature with the frequent result of repeated and disheartening failure; but more familiar will be some of the answers to it which were published. One of these, by "Another Weak-minded Woman" (November, 1867), gave the experiences of a writer who had partially succeeded—a beautiful piece of heart-history it was—but it did not answer the cry that had inspired it. It advised to patience and perseverance in the old direction—a hard and rugged path for man or woman—but it did not tell her who had failed at literature what other fields of labor were open to her. A second communication ("What shall they do?"—September, 1867) was from one who had succeeded in the difficult path of letters; it was full of sensible suggestions and a nice theory, but it was the repetition, not the answer, to the appeal, "What shall we do?" These two published communications were but an insignificant fraction of the mass of matter which the Editor of this Magazine received on the subject; but all the rest, like these two, which were chosen as the best for publication, were sadly deficient in practical information as to what the working-women of this country really do, and contained no satisfactory directions as to what those driven to the alternative shall do to support life. To endeavor to supply this information, at least in part, is the purpose of this brief article.

It is only two or three decades—certainly not more than a generation—since woman's work was confined almost exclusively to the duties of the household, either as a domestic servant or as the wife of the head of the house, or to needle-work on a small scale for a certain class of small manufacturers, and to the school-room. Thirty years ago in New England, as late as fifteen years since in the Western and Central States, and but yesterday—perhaps even yet—in some parts of the country, when a young lady of the upper or middle classes (by which in this country is meant the landed, the commercial and professional people, all, in fact, outside of the mechanic and laboring classes) was suddenly thrown on her own resources for support, she had the choice of becoming—it is perhaps more proper to say she had no alternative left her but to become—a governess, a school or music teacher, a seamstress, or an authoress; or (if married or widowed) she "took in boarders"—all very precarious but "respectable" modes of obtaining a living. She could not become with dignity, or without the sacrifice of her social position, a domestic servant in any other capacity than that of governess—an office not existing in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand families. The positions of cook, house-maid, and waiting-maid, for which class of help there was a demand at good prices, were by some singular and senseless and most illogical reasoning considered degrading, unless performed in the capacity of wife or other relation. One's wife or sister or daughter would, if unfortunate circumstances required it, make a slave of herself in the household duties of cooking, sweeping, scrubbing—all the great labor of housekeeping; but if left by the death of husband, brother, or father without a house to keep or an income to keep her, she could not with dignity perform the same household duties for some other person, but had to turn to branches of labor for which she had neither natural nor trained ability. The offices of cook, house-maid, and waiting-maid in the houses of others than relatives were held to be degrading, to be filled only by a certain class of foreigners or colored people. The only occupations which the young lady thus suddenly reduced in circumstances could fill with dignity were the very things for which she was not specially adapted or educated. At

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the same time she was taught neither trade nor profession; and thus trammeled alike by her own prejudices, man's laws, and by custom, she was forced to disheartening struggles in overcrowded fields, in which she won her bread at the cost of vitality and spirit, and from which slavery she looked forward to liberty only through a marriage of convenience.

Of all these obstacles to woman's employment in the only paths for which she is educated her own prejudices are the most difficult to overcome; and it has been found that only the most thorough and liberal education demolishes the false notion that the household work which a lady can commendably perform at home for husband or parent is degrading when performed abroad for wages. In the New England States young ladies hire out in the capacities of house-servants quite extensively, and owing to the great conveniences of modern houses the labor is not an exhausting one; but this sensible result has been achieved only through the eradication of the old prejudice by the beneficent operations of the district schools. In the Middle States the same custom is not so general, and the prejudice against it is stronger, because the education is less liberal and general. One can daily find in the New York and Philadelphia papers advertised applications of American ladies for housekeepers' positions, and once in a great while a "respectable American girl" advertises as help in any capacity; but it is the exception, and not the rule, when they become either housekeepers or house-servants, rather than seamstresses, teachers, etc. In the South one never hears of such a thing as an American white girl hiring out as a help. The daughters of the small farmers will labor like slaves in their log-cabin homes or in the fields—I have often seen them following the plow, gathering corn, picking cotton, "chopping" wood, and selling their farm products in the public markets—but if one offers them remunerative employment as house-maid, nurse, or cook, the invariable and indignant reply will be, "Do you think I'm a nigger to wait on you?"

These false notions and customs are the result of our false system of female education. Parents have no difficulty in deciding what their sons shall become; they educate them with a view to their future success in some branch of work or business. "What shall we do with our daughters?" is a question which has troubled many an anxious parent; and until within a very few years custom and society have invariably replied, "Get them married." Even at this day the vast majority of young women in the United States are educated with that and no other purpose in view, although repeated census reports and other social statistics warn us that in many districts of the country there are not husbands for all, and that the women must become, sooner or later, self-supporting. There are now eight States of the Union in which the females are in excess of the males, to the number of 74,360, according to the latest census report (1860). Massachusetts alone has 36,970 more females than males; New York has an excess in the same direction of 11,032; while the little State of Connecticut has 7802 more females than males in her territory. But these figures represent the population of all ages from one year upward, and I find that the excess is confined entirely to middle-aged persons, and hence the above figures by no means represent the excess of women of the working age over the men of the same stage of life—say from 15 to 50 years of age. The males between the ages of one and fifteen years, and between fifty and upward, largely predominate in each of the eight States; the excess on the part of the women is wholly confined to the ages of 15 to 50. Thus in the State of New York, for instance, there are 38,783 more females than males between the ages of 15 and 50—three and a half times the whole excess in the State.

Still greater and more startling is the excess of females of what is usually considered the marriageable age, 15 to 30 years, over the men of marriageable ages, 25 to 40. In New York there are 591,745 females aged from 15 to 30, against 458,908 males of from 25 to 40, showing an excess of 132,837 females. This proves conclusively that the marriageable young women of New York are in a bad way to get husbands; particularly so since it must also be borne in mind that there is a large number of men of marriageable age who will never marry.

The census reports, besides revealing that the excess of females is confined to those between 15 and 30, also show that this great excess is not to be found in the agricultural but the manufacturing districts and the large cities. If we apply the calculation as above to the large cities of the Northeast the result will be astounding. It would seem to indicate that in the city of New York alone, where the excess of women over men of all ages and colors is 21,050, there are actually about two hundred thousand more females over 15 and under 30 years of age than there are males over 25 and under 40. And taking the several cities which are commercially and socially a part of the metropolis, including all Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City, and Hoboken, the result shows that there are 300,000 more young women than men just in the prime of life,*

* The following tables are from the census reports of 1860. Though their examination is not necessary to the comprehension of the facts and arguments above, they are interesting in this connection, and will enable the skeptical to prove the above calculations.

(1) The following table gives the population of the eight States in which the females are in excess of the males:

States.	Males.	Females.	Excess.
Connecticut	221,351	229,653	7,802
Maryland	256,889	259,079	2,240
Massachusetts	592,231	629,201	36,970
New Hampshire	159,563	166,016	6,453
New Jersey	522,733	523,983	1,250
New York	1,910,279	1,921,311	11,002
North Carolina	313,670	316,272	2,602
Rhode Island	82,294	88,355	6,061
Totals	3,859,460	3,933,820	74,360

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while there are really about 115,000 who can not hope to obtain husbands of their own or any other age.

Equally startling and painful facts, showing the same obstacles to marriage in England, have lately been published in the *North British Review*. It appears that the number of women who are obliged to remain single in England and Wales in consequence of the disproportion of the sexes is between three and four hundred thousand. The number of ladies who actually are single exceeds one million and a half, and of these twelve hundred and thirty thousand are in the bloom and prime of life.

The figures which I have given clearly indicate that there is no alternative left for great numbers of the young women of the Northeast but single-blessedness and self-support. Marriage—the only aim in life to which hundreds of thousands of women of the New England and Middle States are taught to look forward—is already a failure before their education is begun. With the certainty of this before them; with their "special" occupations as governesses, teachers, etc., overstocked; with literature furnishing a most uncertain support, or rather most certainly affording no support at all for the great majority who attempt it; the supply of seamstresses so enormously in excess of the demand that the wages to be had for their work are totally inadequate for the support of life, it becomes a most serious question to society as well as to the sex to determine what they shall do.

In alluding to dates in a previous paragraph I had reference to woman's work in America, but it is also true that the emancipation of woman from household drudgery and her admission into the field of lighter manufactures, which is now partly accomplished, does not date very far back even in the older countries of Europe; and the reform is not really as old nor as advanced in England as it is in this country. This social revolution, the development of which we are just beginning to perceive, and the fruits of which we have hardly begun to reap, began practically in France and Germany. Unlike the same movement in this country, it resulted from the scarcity of men rather than from any marked excess in the numbers of the women; and it was produced there, unlike here, without agitation. In both those countries, unlike in this, the movement was facilitated and made easy by the free social customs and habits existing, the absence of our false prejudices, by the peculiar temperaments and the more liberal if not the more general education of the people. The wars of Napoleon had so greatly reduced the numbers of the men in the countries of Central Europe that it was found necessary about 1800 to employ women in the lighter duties of the field and vineyard, then in all the lighter branches of manufacture, and ultimately as saleswomen in various departments of trade. The necessity which forced this has not become less severe of late years; for in France and Germany nearly one-fourth of the working life of every male is spent, even in times of peace, in the army, where they are precluded from engaging in any industrial pursuits. The effect is precisely the same as though the working male population was diminished by a fourth. But the adaptability of the sex to the new fields of labor thrown open to it, the great economy in labor thereby produced, and which is of such vital importance to countries maintaining such great warlike organizations, and the satisfactory social results of the system, have resulted not only in its continuance but in its extension and general progress; and France and Germany are far in advance of the rest of civilized Europe in this regard. With our generally erroneous idea of Frenchwomen it may appear a little odd to many if we quote the Parisian grisette as a model of the working-woman, but it is nevertheless true that a more independent and more respected class does not exist in any of the great cities of the world. It is not true, as many in this country suppose, that the ranks of the lorettes are filled from those of the grisettes—that they are practically the same; the reverse is the truth. The grisette of Paris is the shop-girl of London, the working-girl of New York, and is as much respected and as much protected as either. In fact, this class is more protected in France and Germany than in either England or the United States, inasmuch as its fields of labor are more numerous and extended; they engage in fewer occupations which are a waste of physical power, and are free to engage in more in which their dexterity of hand rather than their strength of body is exercised. This is the true method of protecting the sex, for there is no more certain means of making a woman respectable than by making her independent. Necessity and ignorance are the great demoralizers of womankind.

This revolution, though beginning later in this country, has moved with greater force and velocity than in either France or Germany, and

(2) The following table shows the excess of females of the "working age"—15 to 50 years—over males of the same age in two of the States:

States.	Males. 15 and under 50.	Females. 15 and under 50.	Excess.
Massachusetts	321,114	348,115	27,001
New York 1,109,033		1,047,816	38,783

(3) The following table shows the excess of females of the "marriageable age"—15 to 30 years—over males from 25 to 45 in two of the States:

States.	Males. 25 and under 40.	Females. 15 and under 30.	Excess.
Massachusetts	146,452	194,379	47,927
New York.....	458,908	591,745	132,837

(4) The following table shows the excess of females over males of all ages in various cities of the Northeast:

Cities.	Males.	Females.	Excess.
New Bedford, Mass. ...	9,039 ...	10,895 ...	1,856
Lowell, Mass.	14,635 ...	22,151 ...	7,516
Boston	84,185 ...	91,394 ...	7,209
New York	392,309 ...	413,359 ...	21,050
Brooklyn	125,399 ...	136,049 ...	10,650
Jersey City	13,998 ...	14,893 ...	895
Hoboken, New Jersey.	4,626 ...	4,998 ...	372
Pittsburg.....	23,962 ...	24,101 ...	239
Philadelphia	260,156 ...	286,188 ...	26,032

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woman's liberty, larger in every other social and legal respect, is more contracted in this commercial regard only because more lately attained. The spirit which demands this emancipation of woman is more vigorous and progressive, and the agitation has been greater and more significant, in this than in any other country of the world. All revolutions and reforms, political and religious as well as social like this, are invariably accompanied and often preceded by much that is simply "sound and fury signifying nothing." A few years ago, shortly after the present revolution was silently inaugurated, and when its power and progressiveness were becoming apparent and acknowledged, the hue and cry of "Woman's rights" was raised. Political privileges, which few would have exercised if granted, were loudly and hardly modestly demanded by a certain class of theorists; and very many of the same class, in their excessive zeal, even claimed and exercised the privilege of donning male attire. Invariably the "Bloomers" have been the noisiest of the "woman rights" advocates; and this class has done much to prejudice the men against the real workers. This premature demand for political privileges for women, this aping of man's dress, was but the froth of the fermentation, the noise of the more enthusiastic and less earnest workers, the would-be-leaders in a revolution which needed no leaders and required little agitation—a movement indeed in which there could be little unity of action, and in which each individual must of necessity labor for herself.

This reform, though effected imperceptibly, has already materially changed in some parts of the country the industrial and social condition of that portion of the sex which is forced by necessity to labor, and has utterly demolished many stupid but strong prejudices of the sex against certain kinds of labor, and of the men against feminine laborers. Now, instead of being restricted to the peculiar duties of the household, the trades and manufactures generally, and even some of the professions, are open to women; and they now enter into competition with the male sex in many fields of labor heretofore supposed to belong exclusively to men, and thought to be not only out of the province, but really beyond the comprehension, of the gentler sex. In the publishing business, for instance, women are now not only "press-feeders," "book-sewers," "paper-folders," "gold-layers," and "bookbinders," but within the last four or five years they have also become "compositors" (type-setters) on books and newspapers. Several of the weekly papers of New York, including the *Independent*, *Scientific American*, etc., and at least one of the daily papers of the same city, the *World*, are wholly or partially "set up" by female compositors. Women are now hatters as well as bonnet-makers. They are "shoe-fitters"—that is, they do the lighter hand-work on ladies' shoes, put in the elastic in Congress and other gaiters; and the shoe-machines of Lynn are largely run by young women. They make the paper collars so extensively worn at this time by men, and which are just becoming all the rage with the ladies; and also the paper boxes in which they are packed, as well as all other manner of paper boxes to hold every other manner of article, from chewing tobacco to Cluny laces. They are milliners and mantua-makers, designing, cutting, fitting, sewing, and trimming the bonnets, dresses, and cloaks which the sex wears. The trade of the florist in the cities is almost exclusively carried on by women, and in the country the flower-garden has always been the woman's privilege. Male barbers no longer dress the hair of fashionable ladies, or leech the heads of feverish invalids; it is women who keep ladies' hair-dressing establishments, and pursue this branch of the curative art. Women are not only envelope, umbrella, artificial-flower, and hoop-skirt, as well as shirt makers; not only photograph-mounters, toy-painters, silver-burnishers, fur-trimmers, amber-workers, and jewelers; not only copyists for lawyers and others, secretaries for institutions, telegraph-operators, sales and cash clerks, and even book-keepers; but they are also art-designers for silver-ware, furniture, and many other sorts of manufactures; wood-engravers, working from the designs of others, but as frequently from their own; painters, sculptors, singers, actresses, lecturers, school-teachers, physicians; and I have lately seen an account of the admission of a lady-lawyer to the bar of one of the Western States, while another has still later been made the chief enrolling clerk of the Legislature of Kansas. At least one lady surgeon, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lady nurses—genuine Florence Nightingales—found employment during the war. A lady physician of New York city is engaged in teaching a class of 200 young ladies in the "laws of physiology, hygiene, and hereditary transmission;" and the Board of Education of New York, in order to encourage her, have given the use of the principal hall in the Twelfth Street school.

I had occasion some time since to visit several of the principal manufacturing establishments of New York city in search of statistics in regard to the numbers of women employed and the average wages received by them. Of course I could arrive at the former only approximately; there is no positive data as to numbers to be obtained, but the aggregate is much larger than is generally supposed—certainly the facts which I obtained astonished me. Taking the statements of a number of manufacturers largely employing women as the basis for a calculation, I arrived at the conclusion that about 100,000 women were employed in other than domestic labor and supported themselves, but this is evidently erroneous. And yet more than one manufacturer insisted that at least 50,000 more should be added to this; but as I am convinced they meant to include the thousands of women who do needle-work and plain sewing in such moments as they can snatch

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from domestic duties at home, I have left them out of this estimate. And, indeed, it is highly probable that many of this class are included in the estimates on which are based the calculation which shows that there are 100,000 women employed in manufactures, etc. This can hardly be, for the total female population between the ages of 15 and 50 of New York and Kings Counties, N. Y., and Hudson County, N. J., which contain the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, is only 339,797. It is probable that not more than one-fourth of these support themselves by other than domestic work. Of this number employers with whom I conversed thought there were 40,000 seamstresses—not needle-women who ply the needle as a magic wand and produce the most delicate and costly fabrics, but plain sewers engaged in making clothing, etc., at wholly unremunerative rates. This estimate doubtless included the many who make this labor a secondary consideration of their lives. But I have no doubt that a very large proportion of the working-women of the city and country indeed are engaged in this unremunerative field, while dozens of better paying manufactures are avoided. There are probably 18,000 or 20,000 seamstresses in New York and its adjacent cities who might be employed in fields where the demand is greater, the pay better, and the work lighter, less confining, and far healthier.

One of the branches of manufacture very largely employing women is that of book-publishing. There are more than 200 book firms in New York city which engage in the sale of books of various characters. The many manufacturers who furnish books to these stores give profitable employment to about 3000 females of all ages from 15 to 50. It is not only one of the cleanest, lightest, and most interesting of labors, but also one of the healthiest and most profitable. Owing to the lightness of the material used, the rooms in which the majority of the women employed by publishers are engaged are in the upper stories of the buildings, where they have plenty of light and ventilation. All the work-rooms which I visited were extremely clean and neat, as were also the operatives employed—a class of intelligent, modest, and generally handsome women. They were all plainly dressed in neatly-fitting, serviceable dresses; and I was shown in one establishment into a "cloak or dressing room" which was as neat as most chambers, and in which were all the toilet conveniences. The various capacities in which females are employed in these establishments are as "folders," "sewers," and "binders" of the printed sheets. The work of folding was formerly, and is still largely, done by hand, but of late years it has been chiefly accomplished by machinery. The folding-machine is a small, delicate instrument, no more difficult of comprehension than a sewing-machine, and requiring less physical strength to run it, as the motive power of the folding-machine in the large establishments is steam. The folders are paid according to the number of sheets which they fold; their weekly wages, at present rates, average, for good and bad, old and new operatives alike, about $8. Those who work on the machines make the most money. The "sewer" stitches the folded sheets together into a volume. This is entirely hand-work, and as it requires little straining of the eye—the needle and thread being very coarse—is very pleasant work. The "sewers" make about the same as the folders, each being paid according to the amount of work done. The "binder" puts the stitched volume of folded sheets into its appropriate cover. This is a more difficult labor than folding and sewing, requiring more judgment, intelligence, and experience. It is also better paid, the female binders receiving an average of $10 per week. Binding books is something of a trade, and takes time to learn. A woman can in a week or two learn to "fold" and "sew" with rapidity enough to made a comfortable living; and new-beginners of average intelligence can, on the first day at folding or sewing, make more money than they can, in the the same space of time, at seamstresses' work, though they may have had many years' experience at it.

In the same branch of business I may mention as one of the most pleasant, respectable, and profitable occupations—that of the compositor or type-setter. It is, besides, a branch of labor by no means filled, or likely to be filled soon. There are only about 200 females engaged in type-setting in New York city. The trade is one which has been open to the sex for only five or six years, and as it requires some time to learn it, few have thus far entered it. Many of the more experienced female type-setters make from $12 to $15 per week, and find steady employment the year round. The labor is light and pleasant, the hours not long and confining, and the operatives are usually of a high order of intelligence.

The manufacture of paper collars, boxes, etc., gives employment to about 3500 females, principally young girls. The wages in this branch of manufacture are not large—about $5 per week to all sorts and ages of operatives (many of those I saw were children of thirteen and fifteen years of age); but it is work that is simple and easily learned. It requires little practical experience, and the operative is as valuable after a week's experience as after a year's labor at the business. Much of this work is also done by machinery—simple and easily understood—and as in the case of "book-folders" the machine operatives are the best paid. In fact, all my inquiries in every branch of manufacture served to show the falsity of the idea which very generally prevails that labor-saving machines destroy the laborer. The contrary is the case with sewing-machines, folding-machines, paper-box-machines, and similar inventions, as well as of steam-engines and locomotives. I have found that the introduction of newly-invented machinery into any branch of

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manufacture develops new and hitherto unsuspected branches of the business, and consequently increases the demand for operatives at advanced wages.

It is impossible to give the numbers of saleswomen employed in the stores of New York, but the number is not large. They are to be seen in force on Broadway, in the various lace, millinery, and fancy stores; but there has been a reluctance on the part of the larger merchants to employing them in this capacity. The prejudice of the women themselves against this kind of labor is very marked, but it is fast wearing away. It is singular that it has so long existed, for there is no more pleasant and independent employment for women to be had than as saleswomen and book-keepers in fancy stores.

Distinct as a class from the 20,000 seamstresses who eke out a scanty subsistence with the needle, but included in our estimate of the numbers of the "slaves of the needle," are a large force of what are generally called "needle-women," in contradistinction to the plainer sewers or seamstresses. The following extract from an article on this same subject in *Harper's Bazar* states the numbers and wages of needlewomen in New York city, and at the same time gives an account of the great American bazar of Messrs. A. T. Stewart and Co., of New York, in which every branch of needle-work is extensively carried on:

"Here we found," says the writer, "at least 800 young ladies engaged in making every thing that is worn by humanity except boots and shoes. In the 'Ladies' and Children's Department,' to which an entire floor is devoted, and in which are made full suits for females of all ages, and embracing every thing from under-linen to bonnets (not forgetting the monogram of the customer if desired), regular employment is given the year round to about 400 women, who make on an average $8 per week. Cutters and forewomen are paid from $12 to $15 per week: these have their assistants, who receive from $10 to $12 per week; the operatives are paid by the 'piece,' and receive, according to their industry and intelligence, from $6 50 to $12 per week. In the 'Cloak Department' are about 200 girls, who get about the same as the operative in the 'Ladies' Department.'* In the 'Shawl Department' various descriptions of shawls are made and repaired; and there we saw dextrous and nimble fingers repair splendid India shawls which had been worn threadbare at the folds in such a manner that the seam and patch could not be detected. The same fairy-like artisans removed from the same costly fabrics dark and unattractive shades and replaced them by colors which were in demand in the market, and that in such a way as to really improve the shawls. Here about 25 women are employed at about $8 per week each. Nearly as many find equally remunerative labor in the 'Skirt Department.' In the 'Boys' Department' for the manufacture of youths' clothing the operatives to the number of 75 are paid by the week at an average of $9. About 60 women are constantly at work in the 'Upholstery Department' in making curtains, mattresses, sheets, pillow-cases, napkins, towels—in short, all the furnishing goods for house, hotel, steamer, and sleeping-car. They get from $6 to $9 per week. In the 'Fur Department' as many as 70 persons are employed in the busy season at wages averaging $8, but as the winter is just over we found only half a dozen employed in taking care of the stock. In the carpet room about 60 girls are employed, and make about $7 50 per week. On this floor, but intended for the benefit of other departments, we were surprised to come across about 35 washer-women, ironers, and fluters, engaged in making up and preparing for customers, and for display in the store, all sorts of linen and other goods. These are paid by the week at $7 50. This establishment at times employs as many as 1500 women, a good proportion of whom do not work in the building but at their own residences. Besides those enumerated above there are also to be found a few saleswomen, and young women with good figures who 'try on' the patterns of cloaks, etc., etc., while neat and pleasant-looking telegraphic operators of the gentle sex are engaged constantly in communicating between the retail and the wholesale establishments."

Of course there are not many establishments which work on so large a scale as that of Messrs. Stewart and Co.; but it is believed that the New York houses in the same line of business give regular employment to 20,000 females—needle-women and seamstresses,* the latter of whom receive only about one-half, or even less than one-half, the wages of the former. The fact is that plain sewing—the work for which woman is popularly supposed to be most fitted—is the most laborious and least remunerative of all work performed by her. This is not in consequence of the oppression of the employers—a popular superstition based on a few undoubtedly truthful stories of hard-hearted employers. It is not in consequence of a short demand for work—an argument falsely advanced by employers to explain the fact of small wages. It is in consequence of the vast numbers of such laborers; the supply is largely in excess of the demand; and the eager thousands anxiously supplicating for employment underbid each other for work that kills instead of supporting. The moment a woman is reduced to want she turns to her needle for support, instead of seeking it in less crowded channels; and if she be not a practiced needle-woman instead of a plain seamstress, the consequence is want, misery, disease, and lingering death.†

The same result attends nine-tenths of those who turn in the same desperate way to literature and the school-room for bread. Not one in twenty-five of the women who put pen to paper ever reach the dignity of print. Of those who succeed thus far not more than one in fifty can support herself by her pen. Of late years teaching has proved a little more remunerative to women than formerly. There can be no

* By the last census of London, England, it appears there are 65,128 seamstresses and needle-women, of whom 43,928 are milliners and dress-makers.

† The following table, showing the comparative average wages paid to women in various trades and professions, is believed to be very nearly correct

TABLE OF WOMEN'S WAGES.

Book-folders	$8 per week.
Book-sewers	8 " "
Bookbinders	10 " "
Compositors	10 " "
Paper Box Makers	5 " "
Paper Collar Makers	5 " "
Needle-women	9 " "
Seamstresses	4½ " "
Fur-trimmers	8 " "
Envelope Makers	7 " "
Photograph Mounters	8 " "
Telegraph Operators	10 " "
Designers	12 " "
Saleswomen	8 " "
School-teachers	12 " "
Actresses	18 " "
Ballet Girls	6 " "

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doubt that the women are rapidly superseding men as teachers in the public and private schools of the country, particularly in the States most densely populated. There are now six times as many female as male teachers in Massachusetts; five times as many in Vermont; twelve times as many in New York; and fifteen times as many in Philadelphia. It is estimated that over 100,000 of the 148,742 teachers in the country are females. There is no longer any inducement for men to enter the profession, as women can be found who, working for less wages, are practically as good tutors.

There are a large number of other branches of manufacture which offer great inducements to young women, and in which employers would find them very profitable laborers. Women are already employed here in photographic galleries, but not as largely as they should be. In nearly every London photographic studio numbers of females, some of them educated ladies, are employed, which is, after all, but natural, as nowhere are refinement and delicacy of touch of more importance than in the photographic art. Watch-making is a trade which, it appears from European experience, is especially adapted to woman's capabilities. All the delicate machinery, carving, and designing of the fine Geneva and other Swiss watches so popular in this country are made by women. The work is done at the homes of the operatives. There are not less than twenty-five thousand women thus engaged in the neighborhood of Neufchâtel alone. The system is admirable; there is great division of labor, all the parts of the watch are interchangeable, and the finished article is so cheap that it is smuggled into England at a price within the means of the working-classes. Working at home in odd hours between domestic duties, these women make from $3 50 to $4 per week in gold. Those who have been abroad must have noticed that women are much more employed there than with us. Check-takers at the theatre, at the railway and omnibus stations, and in shops generally, are of this gender, and they seem to get on quite as well as men do. The only place in which I remember to have seen a female ticket-taker in America is at the Academy of Design in New York city. There is no reason why women should not practice medicine, unless it be the prejudice of ladies to being attended by their own sex in this capacity as well as in that of saleswomen. The great difficulty at present is a general want of confidence in the innovators. When time shall have established confidence in the knowledge of female physicians the prejudice will have disappeared. There are now six female physicians in Philadelphia, and a larger number in New York; but we are not yet as far advanced as the French, with whom the "sage femme" is an "institution" whose numbers can not be estimated.

There is every inducement to females to enter all these branches of labor; inducements not only in the character of the work and the liberality of the remuneration, but in the protection which is thrown around them, legal and otherwise. This care is a great interest as well as a duty on the part of every large manufacturer; and as the reputation of his establishment naturally depends in some measure on that of his employés, he is careful to employ only honest and virtuous women and men. No young lady need fear to enter the social circle which is naturally formed by the association of working-women in a large and respectable establishment. In the work-shops these girls are quiet, pleasant, and demure; they are lady-like and modest on the street, and go to and return from their work with just the same quiet demeanor that school-girls display in wending their way through the streets. Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," describing the factory-girls of Lowell, Massachusetts, says as follows that which will as justly apply to the working-girls of New York:

"These girls, as I have said, were all well dressed; and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness.....They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women, not of degraded brutes of burden.....The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some there were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass; in all there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort as the nature of the occupation would possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were only then just verging upon womanhood, it may be reasonably supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance: no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day I can not recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power. They reside at various boarding-houses near at hand. The owners of the mills are particularly careful to allow no persons to enter upon the possession of these houses whose characters have not undergone the most searching and thorough inquiry. Any complaint that is made against them by the boarders or by any body else is fully investigated; and if good ground of complaint be shown to exist against them they are removed, and their occupation is handed over to some more deserving person."

Of late years the needle-women of New York city have organized a "Protective Union" of their own, the head-quarters of which are established at No. 44 Franklin Street, and which is annually doing much good in securing to working-women legal assistance and protection from impositions; obtaining for them employment in various capacities; and by furnishing the sick and helpless with shelter and food. During the year 1867 this organization supplied 3379 families with work.

The chief obstacles, as I have said before, which women have to encounter result from the want of training and our false system of education. In all my inquiries, no matter what the character of the work was, I found that, with female as with male laborers, the higher the degree of intelligence the higher the rate of wages. It is not merely true that those who are best acquainted with their particular trade

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make the most wages, but superior intelligence in general matters makes a great difference. A practically-educated person not only learns a trade sooner, but learns it more thoroughly and is the more rapid worker. This partly explains, also, that troublesome problem as to why a man's labor is worth more than a woman's. The practical education and worldly knowledge of the man is greater than that of the woman, and hence his increased value. Nature made the common male laborer more valuable than the common female laborer by making him stronger; custom—and a bad one at that—has made woman in all other fields of labor less valuable by restricting her practical education. Besides, few women ever wholly learn a trade by serving as men do a long apprenticeship at it, for it frequently happens that by the time a female apprentice is beginning to understand her trade, and to become of actual value to her employer, she marries and relapses into the barbarism which condemns her again to needle and domestic work. It is only when they shall be specially trained, as boys are, to certain professions and occupations, and when they shall, as of necessity a great many of the rising generation must, make the trades they shall learn the chief, and not the supplementary business of their lives, that women can hope to compete with the men at man's wages.

THE GREATEST VOLCANO IN THE WORLD.

IT is a wild and desolate region for the most part, that volcanic district of Hawaii. The whole island, indeed, is a specimen of Nature's unfinished work. Each successive eruption from its craters adds deep layers of fused minerals to its mountain-slopes, or, pushing its way to the sea-shore, engrafts new capes and promontories upon its coasts. The northern portion of the island is green and fertile; but the southern regions, included in the districts of Puna, Kau, and Kona, are the frequent amphitheatre of those imposing pyrotechnic displays that have given Hawaii of late such "distinguished consideration" among the great volcanoes of the world.

Let us glance for a moment at the map of the Hawaiian group. We see a slightly-curved chain of islands, twelve in number, situated at about the distance of ten days' sail southwest from San Francisco, and ranged in a series of which the members progressively increase in size from the northwestern to the southeastern extremity. But the chart will not disclose the most singular fact in their geography. This line of direction is the *line of growth* of the group. Along this line each island has been successively thrown up, like a germ sprouting under the action of the central volcanic fires. For these islands are all volcanic, though provided with coral reefs and quiet lagoons of comparatively recent formation. They lie in the northern margin of the tropics, almost encroaching upon the northern temperate zone. They are not "South Sea Islands," though many people have a firm conviction to that effect, but the most northern of the chief Pacific islands.

Kauai, the northwestern member of the group, is the oldest and most fertile island, producing the most luxuriant flora and the finest crops of sugar and coffee. Toward the southeast the islands become successively more sterile and volcanic in appearance, and their craters show signs of more recent extinction; until, arriving at Hawaii, the last and largest in the group, we find volcanic force in fierce activity. It is more properly a creative than a destructive force. Hawaii is still an unfinished island, yet it is old enough to have given its name to the entire group.

This island is the greatest modern battle-ground of cosmical forces. Its eruptions are on a larger scale than any others of which history has the record. If its earthquakes and fire-streams have been less destructive than some others to human life, it has been because the surrounding country has been less densely populated than Lisbon, Calabria, or Pompeii. For the observation of the most tremendous volcanic phenomena Hawaii is the central point of the world.

Let us glance for a moment at the physical aspects of this region—this strange land, about which so much has been written, and which is yet so imperfectly understood. Hawaii is an island of a triangular outline, measuring about eighty miles on either side, and including an area equal to that of the State of Connecticut—four thousand square miles. Its profile is that of three gigantic mountain-domes—Mauna* Kea, or the "Broad Mountain;" Mauna Hualalai; and Mauna Loa, or the "Long Mountain." The first and the last of these are but little lower than Mont Blanc, each of their summits reaching a height of fourteen thousand feet; and Mauna Loa has a prospect of indefinite further elevation, being still a young and growing mountain. They touch the limit of perpetual snow in this warm latitude (20° N.). The mountain with the largest name is regard-

* The correspondence of the Hawaiian word *mauna* with the English *mountain* is one of several curious resemblances between words in this dialect and others of the same meanings in languages which are probably quite unrelated to it. Compare, for example, the Hawaiian

Pono, good, with the Latin *bonus*, and its derivations *buono*, etc.

Ike, to see, with the Sanscrit *ikah*, to see.

Manao, I think, with the Sanscrit *man*, to think.

Olelo or *orero*, a speech, with *oratio*.

Kala, I proclaim, with the Greek *kaleo*, to call.

Kani, to sing, with *cano*.

Mele, an epic or chanted poem, with *melos*.

Noo, I perceive, and *noo-noo*, wise, with *nous*, and Sanscrit *jna*, to know.

Like (pronounced *li-ki*), similar, like, in form identical with the English word *like*.

Akolu, three, with the Finnic *kolmo*, three.

Except in the last instance, however, these resemblances are probably accidental.

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ed by the islanders as a small and second-rate affair, though it is 10,000 feet high.

The scenery of this mountain region, the most elevated between the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas, is exceedingly stern and grand. Unlike the Alps, with their infinite complexity of rock and glacier forms, the Hawaiian mountains are vast lava domes, severe and simple in their outlines. Devoid of that variety, of the steep ranges of avalanche-bearing cliffs, of the sweeping curves of the glacier, and the countless peaks of the *aiguilles*, they are beautiful only when their crowns of snow are lighted by rays that long precede the sunrise of the lower valleys, or when those summits shine like beacons with the parting splendors of eventide. But their grandeur can hardly be matched among the Alpine passes; for, approaching them from the sea, the eye comprehends their proportions and their immense altitude at a glance. No scene in Switzerland conveys the sense of such overpowering vastness as the westward view of Mauna Loa.

A plateau of ancient lavas, now transformed into a rugged soil, connects the bases of these three mountains. A dense tropical forest, choked with underbrush and matted with the stems of gigantic vines, forms a belt of fifteen or twenty miles in width around their slopes. It is a wild and gloomy region. Herds of wild cattle, as savage as the buffalo of the prairies, roam through these forests, the hunter's game. Their chase demands much skill and courage; the wounded bull often turns madly upon his pursuer, and tramples him under foot or rends him with his long sharp horns. Taking advantage of the habits of these animals, the hunter traps them in pitfalls. For the whole forest plateau of Hawaii has been surveyed by these intelligent animals, and mapped out with thousands of paths that lead to their favorite springs and pastures—paths that are constantly used by guides and hardy travelers. At the intersections of these tracks the hunters dig pits, which they cover with slender boughs and strew lightly with earth, in imitation of the original surface. In these the foremost of the herd are taken, but sometimes human game is entrapped as well. The lamented naturalist Douglas, while wandering upon the flank of Mauna Kea in pursuit of botanical specimens, fell into a pitfall in which a large bull had just been taken. On the following morning his body was found trampled under foot by the enraged animal, who roared, lion-like, over the corpse of his victim.

A single mail-route pierces this wild region, running from east to west between the bases of the mountains. The population of the island, however, is gathered upon the sea-shore. Mauna Kea is the most northern summit of the great mountain triangle. It is many centuries since volcanic action has engraved scars upon that lofty dome. Its summit is still covered with the cones of ancient eruptions, but their craters are now filled with snows instead of molten lava. The subterranean fires, ever moving southward, have abandoned this mountain to the milder geologic agencies of air, water, and sunlight—the finishing tools in this colossal foundry. But beneath Mauna Loa, the more southern, the Plutonic furnaces are in full blast. The piece of work in hand is nothing less than the completion of a mountain. Nor is it a petty Vesuvius that is forging—a hill for a tourist's afternoon scramble—but a vast volcanic mountain, already nearly three miles high, based upon a thousand square miles of indurated lavas, and pierced with two great active craters, lateral and terminal.

Let us distinguish clearly these two volcanoes. The former, Kilauea, is the one that remains in continual action. Since the memory of man it has displayed a lake of boiling lava varying at times from a hundred to a thousand acres in extent, and often so easily accessible that the tourist can dip up the fusion with his alpenstock. It is the custom for visitors to stamp silver dollars into the incandescent mass thus detached from the fire-stream. The writer on one occasion visited Kilauea with a party of American naval officers, who preserved a number of these volcanic mementoes. A young lieutenant—since that time a prominent commodore in our navy—presented the native guide with a beautiful specimen, a bright Spanish dollar imbedded in the fresh and scarce-cooled lava. The guide dashed it upon a rock, dislodging the dollar, which he pocketed. "Volcano plenty enough," he said, "but me not get dollar every day."

Kilauea is situated, not upon the summit of Mauna Loa, but upon its eastern flank, nearly midway between the terminal crater and the sea, and at an elevation of four thousand feet. It is a vast black pit, nine miles in circumference, sunk at the present time to a depth of fourteen hundred feet below the surrounding country. The traveler approaches it through a desolate region, clad with ferns, dracæna, sandal-wood, and patches of forest trees. The ground is fissured with chasms, from which sulphurous vapors arise, and banks appear, seamed with veins of gypsum and sulphur, like those that are shown to the tourist in the "Solfatara" near Naples. He wonders where the famous crater can be concealed; no lava-cone, breathing forth smoke and flame; no volumes of ascending vapors; no detonations or tremblings of the earth announce that the volcano is near. The dome of Mauna Loa rises into the sunlight, wearing its crown of scintillant snows as though its heart were any thing but molten fire.

But suddenly, as you advance, a wonderful sight opens upon you. The great chasm of the crater seems to sink away from your feet as you stand upon the brink of the sheer precipices that wall it around, and gaze upon the black and smoking plain below. It is a cooled sea of lavas, strewed with volcanic débris and fissured with yawning chasms. A sloping bank

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of detritus conducts a precarious foot-path to the bottom of the crater. Steam rises from seams near the edge of the cliff, and is condensed by the breeze that sweeps down from the mountain-summit, whistling through the coarse flags and sedges that collect the moisture. It trickles into calabashes placed at their roots, and is collected by the natives for the use of travelers; for no stream flows through this arid district. The soil around the crater, indeed, is so heated as to serve the purpose of a cooking-range. What savory recollections do not travelers bring away of meals cooked in the ground at the "Volcano House!" Poultry, vegetables, game, enveloped thickly in succulent leaves, are buried in the earth and left for twelve hours to its thermal influences. The result is most satisfactory. A turkey, treated in this manner, acquires a delicious and peculiar flavor that can not be induced by the hastier coction of artificial heat. There is an additional zest, too, in the reflection that your meal has been prepared at a larger fire than even that of the famous Ho-ti, who burned the family mansion in order to have roast pig. Your cooking has been done, indeed, over the largest possible fire—the flame of a burning planet.

Descending into the crater, the path leads you over a vitreous crust of lava that snaps and crackles under foot like a crust of frozen snow. It is a treacherous covering, often concealing deep fissures in the dense lava beneath; so that it is necessary to sound each step in advance with a stout stick. Treading carefully, making occasional detours to avoid the current of poisonous vapors that sweep too near, and gathering as you go the exquisite specimens of iridescent lava that glitter in your path, you reach, after an hour's walk, the lake of fire—the great centre of volcanic action. It is a mile in circumference, and placed in the further extremity of the crater. It boils and surges, throwing a brilliant spray of fusion high in the air, and roaring with a sound that makes one think of the suppressed breathing of some monster animal. This is the ordinary aspect of the lake, the "Hale Omaumau" of the Hawaiian mythology. Here is the abode of Pele, the presiding divinity of this torrid Walhalla. Lapped in the fiery surge, the goddess held her tribunal or received the offerings of her worshipers. Animals, vegetables, fruits, many kinds of valuable property, were thrown into the lava as sacrifices to conciliate her favor or allay her wrath. For this goddess was never in the beneficent mood. When offended she poured torrents of lava over some luckless village, or shattered with earthquakes the dwellings of her ill-wishers, and swept them from the shore upon the crests of sudden tidal waves. Sometimes she overran whole provinces with fiery eruption. The light capillary filaments of lava, spun like glass-blowers' thread by the separation, high in the air, of molten masses flung upward by her fountains of fire, the islanders believed to be the tresses of the goddess, torn in wrath from her temples, and scattered broadcast over island and sea. The fierce volcanic lightnings that attended the eruptions of Kilauea were the glare of her eyes. The earth trembled beneath the stamp of her Titanic foot. Brothers and sisters she had, only less terrible than herself. Their names were more beautiful than their characters. The principal members of this amiable family were *Ke-o-ahi-kama-kaua*, "the Fire-thrusting Child of War;" *Hiaka-wawahi-lani*, "Heaven-rending Cloud-holder;" *Ka-poha-i-waki-ola*, "the Explosion in the Place of Life;" *Makole-wawahi-waa*, "the Fiery-eyed Canoe-breaker;" *Hiaka-kaalawa-maka*, "Quick-glancing Cloud-holder;" *Hiaka-kaleiia*, "Garland-encircled Cloud-holder:" *Kamoho-alii*, "King of Vapor." Two or three of these deities, Vulcan-like, were deformed.

During the continuance of an eruption vast numbers of hogs were thrown alive into the crater, or cast into the rivers of fusion that ran toward the sea. Within the last half century, however, since the advent of the missionaries, these sacrifices have been abandoned.

The volcanic deities did not confine their place of residence to Kilauea. When tired of this Tartarean heaven they repaired to the summits of the mountains and reveled in their snows. Thus the Hawaiian Paradise was a singular inversion of most people's ideas of felicity. Their gods were equally at home in blast-furnaces or refrigerators. The astronomer Whiston imagined that comets were set apart for the abode of such spirits as left the body with crimes "uncanceled, unaneled." When, borne on their sweeping orbits, they reached the remotest interstellar spaces, they suffered inconceivable cold; then, returning from the aphelion, they were plunged into solar heat a hundred times more intense than that of molten iron. Whiston would have framed another theory than this had he learned that it embodied the Hawaiian idea of celestial comfort.

It would appear, however, that the Hawaiian gods deserved no better accommodations than these. So intolerable was their rule that revolt occurred, from time to time, even in heaven. Once the theocracy was nearly abolished. A sort of Lucifer or Prometheus made the trouble. This was *Kama-puaa*, "Child of a Hog," a name derived from *kama*, child, and *puaa*, hog. He was not, however, a hero in the Miltonic vein,

> "Whose form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appeared
> Less than archangel ruined,"

but a gigantic monster, half human and half beast. He was an adventurous and wandering god, addicted to wading through the ocean from island to island, and coming ashore where his swinish fancy was best suited. During his travels from "countries beyond the heavens"—a Hawaiian phrase implying their belief that the sky met the sea at the horizon—this Kama-puaa paid his respects at the court of Pele. He be-

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came her guest, and aspired to be her suitor. Standing upon the brink of the great crater he wooed her in tones louder than volcanic thunder. But Pele rejected his proposals with contempt, taunting him with his hoggish ancestry. He answered defiantly; Pele ascended from the crater, armed with flames, to drive away her presumptuous lover. A great fight ensued, in which Kama-puaa got the better of the goddess. Pele was forced back into the crater and threatened with destruction by the waters of the sea, which Kama-puaa poured into the volcano until its fires were well-nigh extinct. But Pele and her companions finally swallowed up the flood, rose again from the crater, and drove Kama-puaa, fighting desperately, into the sea, whither she pursued him with thunder, lightning, and volleys of great stones, like those that Polyphemus cast after the fugitive Ulysses.

This same Kama-puaa had a great faculty for getting into mischief. Old natives have often pointed out to the writer, in a deep ravine upon the island of Oahu, a seam in the face of the cliff which was made, they said, by the hoof of the monster as he bounded at a single leap to the open country above. Gods and men had risen against him and driven him ignominiously from the valley.

Kilauea is the scene of eruptions which, though immense, are sometimes confined to the area of its own crater, and seen only by chance visitors. It was once the writer's good fortune to witness an extraordinary overflow of this kind. There had been unusual activity in the great lake. Little by little the tide of molten minerals within its banks had risen, fed by a central fountain, until it gained the level of the bottom of the crater. But, though its rise was not then checked, it did not overflow into the crater. Little by little the melted lava builded up for itself a restraining barrier. Each fiery wave that dashed upon the margin of the lake threw out a spray that solidified as it fell. In this way a circular rim or wall was slowly builded up around the entire circumference of the melted sea, which still continued rising. Its surface, when the writer descended into the crater, was thirty feet higher than the surrounding level. Fire, spilling over the edges of this incandescent caldron, warned the party not to approach too near. The lateral pressure was so enormous that the imprisoned lavas, it was evident, must soon burst through their imprisoning barriers. As we looked the event took place. With a tremendous crash and roar the lava-wall was burst open, and the great flood of fusion poured forth in a raging river of fire. It snatched up ponderous masses of rock that lay in its course, and, floating them off, melted them like lumps of wax into its current. At one point it plunged down a cliff more than fifty feet in height. The thunder and power of such a ponderous mass; the glow of the torrent, like that of molten iron from the furnace; the nearness and suddenness of the outbreak, the strange dynamics that had occasioned it, made the phenomenon striking and memorable even in the eyes of the oldest observer of volcanoes. The overflow continued until the whole mass of superincumbent lavas had been discharged.

Let us now glance at Mokuaweoweo, the other main source of the Hawaiian eruptions. Like Kilauea, the terminal crater is a vast sunken pit, floored with hardened lavas; but, unlike the lateral crater, it does not remain in continuous action. It is the source of the most conspicuous eruptions, holding up its beacon-light at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the sea. Since the year 1789 ten eruptions from this and from the other volcano have been recorded; indicating a cycle of nine years as that of the greater Hawaiian eruptions. Of these the one of 1855 was the most extensive. Commencing at the summit-crater it lasted thirteen months; it flooded an area of three hundred square miles, and disgorged thirty-eight billions of cubic feet of lava. It filled up ravines and valleys, destroyed the ancient forests, and only failed to overflow Hilo, the capital of the island, by reason of the very gentle declivity of the mountain slope in its rear. This torrent approached within four miles of the sea; the lava streams of 1801, 1823, 1832, 1840, and 1859 reached it, adding new territory to the coast.

In case of the Hawaiian Islands being offered for sale in Washington, let Mr. Seward consider that their annexation may turn out to be a larger affair than it seems. It is not so much a question of their present area of territory, as of buying a sort of geographical germ, which may grow to any extent if the volcanoes only hold out. They are slips of land set out to grow, seedling continents.

Such are the active craters of Hawaii. Let us now picture their most recent and destructive eruption—that of April, 1868. The first symptoms of its outbreak were thus described by a witness: "On the 27th of March the eruption commenced, at six o'clock in the morning, near the summit of Mauna Loa. It gave no forewarning; the fire burst up out of the ground, throwing a fountain of red lava high in the air. Then a great column of smoke rose up thousands of feet, arching over to the east. In a few minutes three more jets were thrown up toward the south of the first; soon the red lava began running down the sides of the mountain. At seven o'clock we began to hear a roaring sound, which grew louder and louder until the air seemed to tremble with the roar of the volcano." This lasted but an hour. The mountain-valves closed. The lava ceased to flow. Every one inquired, "What has become of the volcano?" and waited anxiously for new manifestations of its power, knowing that this sudden check of the eruption boded no good to the island. It is a symptom as ominous in the case of volcanoes as in that of disease. The ancient philosopher who held that the earth was an animal, undergoing the various processes of health and sickness, would

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have found a strong support for his argument could he have watched this eruption.

The people of Hawaii did not have long to wait for the confirmation of their fears. The imprisoned volcanic forces made themselves felt in frequent and violent shocks of earthquakes, which continued almost incessantly for two weeks. In the district of Kau no less than *three hundred* shocks were counted in a single day. Rev. Titus Coan, in a letter to a New York journal, said, "The earthquakes became more frequent and startling from day to day, until the succession became so rapid that the island quivered, like the lid of a boiling pot, nearly all the time between the heavier shocks." The proprietor of the inn at Kilauea, according to an able account in the Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser*, "endured the shaking as long as possible. But one night at eleven o'clock Pele sent a Rodman 20-inch shot with an aim so well directed that it struck the ground directly beneath my bed. I jumped and ran, and did not return. A lady, who spent two weeks in this region, distinctly heard the lava waves, on putting her ear to the ground, rushing and roaring far beneath the surface, like the surge of waves in a storm." Over two thousand distinct shocks occurred during this time, and many people were made sea-sick by their motions, which were lateral, perpendicular, rotary, oscillating, and of all degrees of intensity from gentle to severe.

This unstable condition of things lasted until the second day of April, when the pent-up forces beneath the mountains began to liberate themselves. "On this day," says Rev. Titus Coan, "an event occurred which defies description. Such an earthquake has no record in the history or the traditions of these islands. It lasted from two to three minutes, and was terrific. Houses jarred, cracked, swayed, and fell; most of our stone buildings, the Hilo jail among them. Trees swayed and fell; all the stone fences went down; great boulders were tossed about like foot-balls; precipices fell thundering into the sea. Riders and horsemen were prostrated. Our streams ran mud. Within doors every thing was thrown pell-mell. My heaviest book-case, which stood southwest and northeast, was overturned; while my case of shells and minerals, which stood at right angles to this line, remained standing; showing that the earthquake waves moved nearly in the direction of the magnetic needle. The crust of the earth rose and sank like the sea in a storm. It seemed as if the ribs of the mountains and the granite pillars of the world were breaking."

In the district of Kau, however, the earthquake was still more severe. "The earth swayed to and fro," writes Mr. F. S. Lyman, "first north and south, then east and west, then round and round, up and down, and in every imaginable direction. Every thing crashed around us; the trees thrashed about as if torn by a mighty rushing wind; it was impossible to stand; we had to sit on the ground, bracing with hands and feet to keep from rolling over. Suddenly we saw bursting from the hill-side, about a mile and a half away, what we supposed to be an immense river of lava (it proved to be an eruption of earth), which rushed down to the plain below, apparently bursting out of the ground, throwing rocks high in the air, and swallowing up every thing instantly in its way —farms, houses, cattle, horses, and men. It went three miles in not more than three minutes' time. We expected every moment to be swallowed up by the lava from beneath, for we heard it constantly rushing and surging under our feet."

American travelers who have passed through the district of Kau will remember not only its bleak fields of lava and its iron-bound coast, but green and gentle valleys also, filled with herds of cattle, with flocks of sheep and goats; hill-sides brightened by cultivation and redeemed from loneliness by the pretty dwellings of the planters. Here the intensity of the earthquake culminated. At the moment of the severest shock the top of a mountain was torn off and thrown horizontally through the air, falling into the inhabited valley; a great torrent of water burst forth with it, carrying the soil, an immense mass of mud, rocks, and shattered tree-trunks, to a distance of three miles down the valley. The frame-work of the mountain was rent, and it was hurled upon the plain. So sudden and terrible was this convulsion that there was no way of escape. It was like the explosion of a powder magazine. Thirty-one natives and a thousand head of cattle and horses were instantly killed. Sheep and goats were found dead in the very edges of the torrent of mud, and but half covered by it; a second's gain in time would have saved them.

This stream was three-fourths of a mile in width, and from six to fifty feet deep, narrowing toward the lower end. It was not heated. When erupted it was not firm enough to bear the weight of a man. One house, fortunately placed on a little spur or hillock, escaped the general destruction. A woman who was in it at the moment the valley was swept was removed safely from her island of security, as soon as the mud had hardened sufficiently to admit approach to it. The whole of her family were buried with their flocks.

The earth for miles around the ravaged valley was seamed and broken. But, as if Nature relented over the mischief done, a stream of clear water burst from the lower extremity of the eruption, and has flowed constantly where there was no water before.

The surviving inhabitants of the valleys in this region fled from their houses, and gathering upon the hills spent the night in prayer and singing. Well might they flee; for another calamity, not less terrible, swift, and fatal than the rending open of the mountains had befallen the dwellers by the shore. At the same time with the earth eruption the sea receded far be-

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low the low-water-mark. Pausing a few seconds, as if gathering its power, it leaped upon the shore in a wave forty feet high, that swept every thing before it, destroying men, animals, houses, trees, boats, canoes, goods in store; obliterating paths and boundaries, and completely devastating many miles of the coast of Kau. Not a house remained to mark the sites of three villages. Nearly a hundred persons were drowned. Whole groves of stately cocoa-nut-trees were swept away. The great wave oscillated to and fro six times, like the vibration of a heavy avalanche from side to side in a Swiss valley; and doing, like that, new destruction with each returning beat. Many who were carried out to sea by the retiring wave saved their lives by that remarkable skill in swimming which distinguishes the islanders. A man named Holona started to flee when the sea receded; but, remembering that he had left money in his house, turned back to save it. As he entered the building the great wave burst upon it, driving it inland; and then swept it out to sea. Being a powerful man and an expert swimmer, Holona wrenched a plank from his dwelling, struck out for the shore, and landed unhurt upon the crest of the returning wave.

This completes the story of varied destruction for the day. No eruption of lava, however, had occurred since the first brief display, two weeks previously. The sea boiled near the coasts of Kau, as if submarine fires were active; and ship-masters reported a small volcanic island to have been thrown up south of Hawaii. But people expected another eruption before quiet could come. "It was evident," said Mr. Coan, "that the great molten ocean, which had first appeared in the summit-crater, was now striving to force an outlet at some less elevated point. Instead of overflowing from the mouth of Mokuaweoweo, the flood of fusion was rending, melting, and pressing its way along subterranean channels with a power that the very foundations of our island could not resist. We were incessantly reminded of the awful tread of subterranean dynamics. The question still was, Where is the volcano?"

In a few days this question was answered. On the 7th of April Mauna Loa was again rent open—this time at a point near the sea. A river of perfectly fused lavas poured forth, filling a large valley with *pahoehoe*, or "satin-lava," so called from its vitreous, glassy surface when cooled. This crater remained active but a few hours. Pele was determined to force an outlet for her lavas nearer the sea, as if tired, in her old age, of elevating them to the summit of her loftiest mountains. During the afternoon of the same day a new crater broke open with a heavy crash and a frightful roar. An immense stream of lava, disgorging itself from a point not more than ten miles from the shore, poured seaward with a speed of twenty miles per hour. It destroyed houses, cattle, flocks, and four thousand acres of arable land, besides a much larger tract of inferior quality. Animals were paralyzed with terror at the approach of the fire, and seldom made any effort to escape. They gazed as if fascinated upon the roaring torrent until they were instantly swept away and consumed. The inhabitants, warned by the terrible occurrences of the previous days, were barely quick enough to escape with their lives. Many had remained in this vicinity in spite of earthquakes, mud-eruptions, and the terrible volcanic waves. But when it came to a stream of fire running through their best bedrooms they left. The position was not tenable any longer. Most of the survivors fled to Hilo. The path by which one party of fugitives escaped was covered with lava within ten minutes after they passed over it.

The area of the new crater was at first nearly a square mile; but it enlarged itself constantly by engulfing portions of its sides. One observer saw a tract of land, which he estimated at five acres in extent, fall at once and disappear in the molten flood. His description of the scene of the eruption is graphic. He says: "We found the eruption in full blast. Four enormous fountains, generally separated from each other, but sometimes uniting laterally into a line a mile long from north to south, were continually spouting up from the chasm of the crater. These jets were not intermittent, but played like fountains of water, and were apparently as fluid. They were blood-red in the sunlight. They varied constantly in height and diameter. They boiled with the most terrific fury, throwing up enormous columns of crimson lava and red-hot rocks to a height of five or six hundred feet. Sometimes the jet ceased to play for a few minutes; and then, urged by the accumulated forces from below, the united fountains burst forth together—a wave of roaring lava a mile in length hurled at once to a height of a hundred feet. The separate jets displayed a rotary motion toward the south; and rocks were flung from them in this direction."

From this source a resistless torrent of fusion flowed to the sea, surging and roaring like the rapids of Niagara, and careering through the valley with a fury, speed, and power that are perfectly indescribable. It was such a river of fire as only the Hawaiian volcanoes produce. It flowed five days, and ceased upon the 12th of April. During its continuance the atmosphere was so obscured with smoke that the sun could be observed at noon with the naked eye as through a smoked glass; and vessels found it difficult to grope their way through the channels of the group, the landmarks being entirely obscured.

The pastor of Hilo gives a touching picture of the fugitives from this desolated district. "The natives came to Hilo like Job's messengers of grief, one treading upon the heels of another. This man says, 'My house is fallen, my wife and two children are dead, "and I only am left alone to tell thee."' Another comes to

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me, saying, 'I was eating with my family in my house by the sea-side, when suddenly a great wave struck the building, and, of six, "I am left alone to tell thee."' The next messenger says, 'My husband and sons were fishing on the shore, when a wave took them out to sea, "and I am left alone to tell thee."' Another hurries in and says, 'I was in the field catching my horse, when lo! the earth rent and disgorged vast masses of mud, swallowing up my house and my lands and my family of thirteen, "and I alone am escaped to tell thee."' And I might repeat indefinitely their tales of parents made childless, children made orphans, husbands and wives sundered or buried with their families and houses in a moment."

Such was the great eruption of 1868. It will be observed that it presented the following train of phenomena: (1) a brief overflow from the terminal crater; (2) a series of severe earthquakes, which lasted for fifteen days, and culminated, on the 2d of April, in (3) a mud-eruption and (4) a sudden influx of the sea. The period of commotion was brought to a close by (5) a profuse eruption of lavas from a point low down upon the mountain-side.

If the science of "Universology," or universal analogy, as set forth by a recent philosopher, prove to be a valid discovery, we may find that the causes which led to the occurrence of the above symptoms in Nature's economy are not wholly dissimilar to those which disturb the health of the individual. It would be a curious inquiry; but we shall not pursue it here, satisfied if we have shown reason for calling Hawaii "the greatest volcano in the world."

Editor's Easy Chair.

NOBODY could have written this book—a London Review recently said of Longfellow's Hyperion—who could have reached the Rhine in a few hours. It needed the ocean, thought the critic, to make the Rhine and Switzerland remote and romantic to the poet. But he forgot Childe Harold, a book written by an Englishman, and which has given to the Rhine and Italy a more romantic glamour for John Bull upon his travels than any book he reads. It is not the distance, it is the imagination susceptible to association which is the secret. The traveler of to-day is not likely to be affected as his father was by the melancholy melody of Byron; but it is an interesting illustration of the power of his genius that Byron has imposed his interpretation of so many scenes upon the mind of the modern English and American observer. His view makes Italy, as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble made Hamlet. If we stand in the Capitol and look at the Dying Gladiator, we must also see "his young barbarians all at play" upon the Danube. If at Terni we see the Velino "cleave the wave-worn precipice," the Byronic lines murmur along our lips. As we step into the gondola and glide gently upon the Grand Canal, memory keeps time to the measure of the dipping oar with the words whose charm is unexhausted:

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

At "a tomb in Arqua," at "Clarens, sweet Clarens," we are still led, like Dante, by the singing guide. The Guide-book is full of him. The travel-books are full of him. He is familiar almost to commonplace. But who comes to "Belgium's capital" for the first time without listening for "the sound of revelry?" Who goes to the field of Waterloo remembering "the unreturning brave," and does not sigh:

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves."

Sitting quietly here in a great land which looks to the future, not to the past, it is pleasant to think of the throngs of travelers who have gone hence for a summer wandering in Europe. The time of many is short, and they will find the natural sentiment of the scene exquisitely melodized by Byron. If the traveler is seeking pleasure merely and abandons himself to memory, the people of to-day will seem to him but figures in the landscape. As he lifts his eyes in the Coliseum and looks along the ruined arches, recalling the cruel multitude that sat there under the open sky dooming the unfortunate to death, or the bestial emperor under his silken canopy whom the victims about to die salute, the group of peasants who loiter by him, and mechanically kneel to repeat a prayer at the cross in the centre of the arena, will scarcely arrest the attention that is absorbed in the brutal spectacle of a wholly vanished time. So every where in Europe the traveler moves looking backward:

"And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

Yet so intense is the delight of European travel, so freshly remembered is it when almost another generation of travelers are ready to begin their journey, that the patriarch who goes to the wharf to say farewell to the newer voyagers looks at them with tenderness and pity, and there is even a sadness in his congratulations, not because they are sailing away, but because he can not believe that they will find what he found, nor possibly enjoy what he enjoyed. These newer voyagers will see a France and a Switzerland and an Italy; they will eat oranges at Sorrento, and gaze upon the Mediterranean from Capri, and hear the fisher's song at Amalfi; but they will not hear and see through the enchantment of lapsed years.

In his lively book of traveling letters, lately published, Dr. Bellows says that he went up the Nile in a steamer of seventy berths. An ancient mariner of the Nile can not comprehend it. In a steamer? With paddles or screws whisking the water? And steam blowing off? Making innumerable miles a day? The round trip to Philæ in two weeks, or a week? but how could you see Egypt, or feel it? That slow floating southward upon white wings; the sinking deeper and farther from the world we knew; the sense of infinite strangeness and distance; the weeks passing with no sign of accustomed life; slowly, one by one, the temples, the tombs; in

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the still days the crew dragging the boat along and singing the wild minor refrain; a voyage of wonder and of dreams—is that Egypt to be seen in a steamer? It is useless to say that you may go in the old way if you choose. You can not go in the old way, because it is no longer what it was, if there be a newer. You may drive from London to Oxford. But is that going by the old English stage-coach when it was the only way, when the guard wound his horn, and the cherry-nosed coachman threw down the ribbons at each relay, and the neat inns stood smiling with open doors, and tra-la-la sped the nimble team by the park gate and the hawthorn hedge? You may go by sloop from New York to Albany. But is that the romantic Hudson voyage which could be made in no other way? As you quiver and jar along in eight hours in the new and magnificent floating palace, etc., etc., is it a mighty game of bowls you hear among the Catskill, or merely thunder, which, as any child of eight years will tell you, is only a sound produced by —etc., etc.

No sensible ancient mariner will quarrel with all this, nor desire to banish the steamer of seventy berths from the Nile. Far from it. When in Rome that venerable itinerant looked at the pictures of the old city a century before, and he was very glad that fate delayed his coming until that very hour. But now, when he hears of arriving at the Holy City by railway, of skimming the Campagna as he skims the spacious Hempstead plain upon Long Island or the Illinois prairie, he, too, loses his breath, and is piously grateful that his coming was not postponed longer. So when he shakes a farewell hand with the youth who are *not* going to stop at a certain point upon the Campagna, and run forward to the top of a hill whence they can see far away upon the horizon the faintly outlined dome of St. Peter's—and who are *not* going from Leghorn to Florence through the grape harvest, their carriage heaped with the luscious clusters, but are to whiz through Tuscany in an hour or so, the regret in his tone is not personal or selfish, it is for a whole order of things passed away.

Such an ancient mariner would, however, be indeed sorry if he supposed that any body suspected him of a very common and very odious kind of remark, against which he kindly warns all the throngs of travelers of whom mention has been made. The remark in question may be called the capping remark. Thus one traveler says to another—as Marco Polo to George Sandys—

"You went to Jerusalem?"

"Yes."

"And to Jericho?"

"Yes."

"And to the Jordan?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the white stone on the bottom near where the river flows into the Dead Sea?"

"Well—let me see! I don't exactly seem to remember that I did precisely see that."

"Ah!" replies Marco Polo.

It is a very brief sound, but being interpreted it means, "Then, my dear George Sandys, you might just as well not have seen the Jordan at all." Not that the white stone was famous or worth seeing, but that Marco Polo wished to "rub in" upon George Sandys's mind the conviction that he, Polo, had seen more than he, Sandys, in the same direction.

This capping process sometimes leads to very droll results. Young Green heard Gray and Brown comparing their notes of travel. Each was naturally anxious to have seen and done rather more than the other; but it appeared that each had been in about the same places, and had had very much the same experience.

"Lago Maggiore is a lovely sheet of water," remarked Gray.

"Truly exquisite," replied Brown.

"And Isola Bella is most beautiful," suggested Gray.

"Dear! dear!" approvingly assented Brown.

"How high is the statue of San Carlo Borromeo?" asked Gray.

"About sixty feet," answered Brown.

"It's a wonderful prospect from his eye," said Gray.

"Whose eye?" asked Brown.

"San Carlo Borromeo's," replied Gray, whose mind instantly suspected that he had caught the adversary, and who followed up his advantage vigorously and suddenly. "Of course you went up San Carlo?"

"Up San Carlo? You mean the church at—"

"Oh no! the statue on Lago Maggiore?"

"Went up the statue! what do you mean?" snapped Brown, foreseeing discomfiture.

"Oh! I thought you probably knew," retorted the triumphant Gray, "that the statue is hollow."

"Oh! ah! yes!" returned Brown, indifferently.

"And you didn't go up?" pressed Gray.

"Not exactly," feebly rejoined Brown.

"Nor sit in his nose?" continued Gray.

"Not exactly," muttered Brown.

"Nor look out of his eyes," said Gray.

"I thought I wouldn't," sniffed Brown, in full retreat.

"Oh!" smiled Gray, with the air of David holding the head of Goliath by the hair, and displaying it to mankind—"oh!"

Young Green heard all this, and he resolved that whatever he did not do when he went to Europe, he would at all hazards sit in the nose of San Carlo Borromeo. The next year he came to Lago Maggiore. He saw the statue. He remembered the conversation and his high resolve, and he essayed the deed. It was fearful. He tore his hands; he tore his clothes; he was half suffocated; and, wedging himself into the nose, he stuck fast, and was only rescued at the peril of his life. When he told Gray afterward, and reminded him of the colloquy with Brown, that experienced traveler laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. "My dear Green," said he, "I never went up the confounded thing; but it was necessary to take Brown down somehow, and I employed the good saint for the purpose." He laughed again to tears; but Mr. Green soberly resolved that he would eschew the capping talk of travel. And he chose the wiser course.

The truth is that Green should not trust too much the tales, nor indeed the regrets, of the ancient mariners.

"For travelers tell no idle tales,
But fools at home believe them."

Certainly when this one remarks that he feels in saying farewell, that young Green will never see

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the Europe that he saw, he has not the remotest idea of dimming his bright hope nor of asserting an advantage. What is it, indeed, but a way of saying that he is no longer the same man he was? If he were, what would be the gain of travel? It is not only an enlargement of the scenery of the mind, not only a richer and more various memory that he has acquired, but a riper experience. He has grown wiser; and perhaps all that he feels when he shakes Green's parting hand is that Green is not so wise as he will one day be.

But, believe it, as Bacon says to a young, well, intelligent man, unfettered by ties that trouble, Europe is all that he dreams. Indeed, an Easy Chair can have pure pleasure in this great city where is so much unpleasantness, if it will merely repair to the wharf when a steamer is about sailing and feast its eyes and imagination upon the various members of the Green family who are busily taking possession of their state-rooms and adjusting themselves with immense paraphernalia of loose coats and colored shirts and caps to the blissful unknown exigencies of sea life. No moment will ever be fuller or fairer with expectation. And yet often and often there will be unimaginable days and scenes in Switzerland, in Italy, in the East, when the happy traveler will recall the sweet vague hope with which he sailed away, beyond the Narrows, beyond Sandy Hook, out upon the broad water as mystic and alluring to him as the Western Sea to Columbus, and he will own that even the expectation of that hour is more than fulfilled.

See how enchanting it is, that the memory even holds an ancient mariner prattling, as if you and he were sitting upon the shore this summer morning, plashing idle feet in the cool water and talking at random of the wonders beyond the sea. How imperishable is its romance! There is a sail! and another, and another! Why not the fleet of which Paracelsus sung?

"Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament.

* * * * * * *

But each upbore a stately tent
Where cedar-pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noon-tide nor star-shine,
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,
Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too:
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast."

Mr. Longfellow has had a most kindly welcome in England. John Bull is a little clumsy at a compliment, but he is very hearty, and it is a sign of the ripeness of his civilization that he is not ashamed of the heartiness with which he honors what he likes. The Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institute of "the ancient city of Carlisle" has presented an address of welcome to the poet; the University of Cambridge has made him a Doctor of Laws; Oxford wished to do so; the London Reform Club has elected him a member; some corporation in "Edina," the Northern Athens, has invited him to a banquet; the little crowds at the railway stations cheer him as he passes in the train; innumerable breakfasts, dinners, suppers, feasts of all kinds, await him, and are proffered with a profuse and charming hospitality. Friendly hands and faces and words upon all sides of him must remind others, if not himself, of his own little poem:

"I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

"Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

This is precisely the secret of the poet's welcome. He is known only as a singer. He has no disciples as a philosopher might have—as Mill has in this country. He has no religious sectarian tie to bind him to any class in England. He has written no history that might have celebrated British heroism. He has merely breathed a song into the air, and he finds it again in the heart of a nation.

Longfellow's popularity is probably greater than that of any poet who now writes the English language. Tennyson appeals far less than he to the range of universal emotion. The constant tendency to philosophic refinement and speculation in Tennyson limits popular sympathy. Browning's dramatic subtlety outruns all but a very select appreciation, although that is of the highest. But Longfellow's range is exactly within the common and simple feelings, the pathos and the sweetness of general human experience. This is the more striking because he is especially a scholar. There is a scholarly elegance in every strain, and a fond familiarity with scholarly images. A master of the literature of romance, its suggestions are inspirations to the poet, and he uses even the names of poetic association with the most exquisite skill; as in the little poem of the Evening Star:

"Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
Forever tender, soft, and tremulous."

That a poet so curiously refined, and of tastes so scholarly, should be the most popular of poets in an age so reflective and introspective as ours, is a fact to be explained only by the genuineness of his poetic genius. No man ever wrote less *at* the popular heart, or made less pretension to be a singer of "the people." But it is doubtful whether any singer since Burns has had so wide and general an audience. Certainly no literary American has ever so deeply written his name upon the heart of so many Englishmen as well as upon that of his own countrymen. Others, doubtless, have been recognized as men of much greater genius, and of much more memorable

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achievement and abiding influence; but what English poet that we have known would have been so welcomed among us by a people so familiar with his works and so grateful to the author as Longfellow is in England? and what other American would have received for his literary achievements alone such a welcome as England gives to him?

But John Bull is a little clumsy at a compliment, because, while he is heartily cheering his guest, he is busily analyzing his excellences and announcing that he is not a very great man after all. Would it not be a little superfluous and unhandsome if all the British newspapers should fall to saying, apropos of Sir Robert Napier's return, and his reception by the House of Commons, and the vote of thanks, and the visit to the Queen at Windsor, and the Lord Napiership of Magdala, "All very well; but after all he is not Alexander the Great, or Hannibal, or Julius Cæsar?" It was not so great a feat to subdue an army of barbarians and rescue a few prisoners as to overthrow Napoleon at Waterloo; but it was a necessary and useful action, wisely and heroically done. Need we go beyond the heroism and the sagacity? Must we elaborately point out the inferiority of such a deed, and of the talent that achieved it, to the rescue of the Netherlands from Spanish domination? If a singer has sung himself into the admiring affection of a people, let us call that enough, and not feel it necessary to show that he is neither Shakespeare nor Dante.

But in both cases the admiration and the honor are very sincere, and nobody need quarrel. Howbeit, it is impossible not to remember Richard Cobden's truth-telling about the London *Times*, when its present strain of remark about this country is contrasted with that of four and five years ago. It has printed a poetical welcome to Longfellow, which plainly salutes the poet's country as well as himself, and says with a solemn wink, "There! you see now what a truly fraternal spirit inspires us!" Let the *Times* be tranquil. It will at least deceive one country no more. It has shown both its will—and its sagacity. Here is its welcome to Longfellow:

"Welcome to England thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bead-roll of our Saxon song;
Embassador and Pilgrim-bard in one,
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington,
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands
The loving welcome that thy name commands;
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine
By trailing garments of thy muse divine.
Poet of Nature and of Nations, know
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow.
Born from the rain that falls into each life,
Kindled by dreams with loveliest fancies rife:
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies."

It is very remarkable that two poems should have been published within the last eighteen months, each filling a large volume, and revealing not only a new poet but a nascent change in the character of the poetry of the time, without awakening more general interest and attention. When Mr. Bailey published his "Festus," twenty-five years ago, it was received by many as the most remarkable of modern poems since Goethe's "Faust." When Alexander Smith's "Life Drama" appeared, the English reviews and magazines and newspapers overflowed with superlatives of praise, and a new poet was hailed with acclamation. The cry was caught up on this side of the sea, and it might have been supposed that Keats had an equal successor. More recently Mr. Swinburne's poetry, a kind of renaissance, or, perhaps, culmination, of the truly sensational, highly-colored modern verse, has had a great reputation. Meanwhile, Tennyson was twenty years in coming to his fame, and Browning is still the poet of a few. And now comes William Morris with "The Life and Death of Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise." Of the first there was a notice a few months since among the literary criticisms of this Magazine, and the second, like the first, has been welcomed by the best critics with an almost unreserved praise. But common conversation is by no means full of the poems and the poet, and there are doubtless a great many careful readers who have looked doubtfully at so ample a body of verse and have passed it by.

Yet if they will stop long enough to taste fully they will detect an unaccustomed flavor. It is neither Byron, nor Wordsworth, nor Tennyson, nor Browning; neither of the technically "natural," nor of the spasmodic kind. It should, perhaps, challenge the most interested attention of every cultivated reader that the only poet mentioned in the notices of Mr. Morris's poems is Chaucer. That is a key to their character. We have come out of shadows and murky, lurid lights, into the sweet morning sunshine, and the whistling of robins, and the joyous voice of the lark and the bobolink. The breath of spring blossoms perfumes the air; the open landscape is peopled with heroic forms. The pervading pathos is natural and simple. There is no artifice of sentiment, no elaboration of emotion. This poetry is in no sense a repetition, or an imitation, or an echo of Chaucer; it is like him only because he is the most breezy, and blithe, and sincere of story-tellers in rhyme.

"The Life and Death of Jason" is the old tale of the search for the Golden Fleece; and the old tale is made as new and absorbingly interesting as if we were Greeks hearing it for the first time. We follow the fortunes of those ancient mariners as if they were friends who sailed last May, not as if they were the vague figures of a forgotten fiction. It is a Greek poem, but not as Swinburne's "Atalanta," or Matthew Arnold's "Merope," or Keats's "Hyperion" are. It is not a study in the Greek style, with a careful reproduction of the Greek form. It is Greek in the simple, broad, obvious treatment of a romantic narrative, without sentimentality, yet as cunningly adjusted to the necessity of modern interest as the "Iliad" to that of old Greece. The story is told as Homer would tell it were Homer an Englishman and writing to-day.

This is to say that Mr. Morris is a true poet; not an extremely clever, and cultivated, and imaginative, and poetic writer who can turn off excellent work in many styles, like Owen Meredith, for example, and very many writers like Mr. Swinburne. He tells a story whose interest lies in the play of the cardinal human feelings, and with a delicacy and depth of insight, a broad and self-possessed mastery of manner, a freedom, and simplicity, and sustained power, which are wholly unrivaled among the recent singers. These two poems may be read with the same profound satisfaction that we read the best nov-

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els. They are refreshing and purifying, and yet the themes are all remote. They are wholly romantic in themselves as well as in their treatment. It is not Goody Blake and Harry Gill, not the Five Points or Wapping, not London or Saratoga, of which the poet tells. He

"Builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay,"

for, with the instinct of a poet, he knows that imagination is as real as experience.

"Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," says the simple argument, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people." At once, with this quaint yet pathetic prelude—for who knows not what the search for the Earthly Paradise must be?—we are wafted away into pure romance—

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its garden green;
Think, that below bridge the green, lapping waves
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,
Cut from the yew-wood on the burned-up hill,
And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,
And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,
Florence gold cloth and Ypres napery,
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne;
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
Moves over bills of lading—mid such times
Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes."

The tale begins at once in "a nameless city in a distant sea," upon whose quays have landed a little band of gray-beard wanderers, who are the remnant of the certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway who sailed to find the Earthly Paradise. The Elders of the city salute them kindly, and, telling them that they too are the descendants of wanderers from some Grecian land, invite them to remain. Then one of the strange old men replies that he knows the Greek tongue, because he was born in Byzantium, but of northern parents, and long before his beard grew was taken back to Norway. There, when a pestilence raged, he and others were persuaded to leave the land of death and seek the happy shores of which a Breton Squire told them. The old man goes on to tell the sad story of their wandering. It is a delightful poem, full of romantic adventure, and perpetually suggestive of Browning's lines:

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault and withered in their pride."

After long and weary years they come to the nameless city where they meet this sympathetic welcome; and in every month the wanderers and the elders meet, and after an ample feast two tales are told, one by the hosts and the other by the guests. That of the elders is a Greek story, that of the northmen a northern legend. In the present volume there are the twelve narratives of half the year, March to August; and another volume will finish the year with twelve more. The Greek tales thus far are Atalanta's Race; the Doom of King Acrisius; the story of Cupid and Psyche; the Love of Alcestis; the Son of Crœsus; Pygmalion and the Image. The others are less known, but are very striking and fascinating.

This is the argument of much the most notable poem recently published; and if the wanderers among ourselves, seeking somewhere an autumn Paradise, are wondering with what new book to charm their retreat, let them open these poems of Morris's; and if they do not agree with John Morley that they will be remembered beyond Tennyson and Browning, they will agree with him that they are most delightful reading.

THE Celestial Embassy has been the most marked interest of the summer. It had a generous reception in San Francisco, a most hearty welcome in New York, and unusual honor from Congress. The event is so memorable that it deserved this recognition. There are few more remarkable events in history than the request of China to be admitted into the equal fellowship of civilized nations. It may indeed have depended merely upon herself. It was only necessary to ask to be received. But the request was as remarkable as the voluntary action of an absolute monarch in liberalizing the political institutions of his country. Prejudices indulged become profound and inflexible, and if there were any prejudice in national feeling it might have been supposed to be in the manner in which China regards the rest of the world.

It is fortunate that the old empire has so honeyed a tongue as that of Mr. Burlingame to speak for her. The picture he draws of the purpose of China, and of the spirit in which she wishes to fulfill it, is as admirable as his deprecation of any airs of assumed superiority upon the part of other nations. But nothing could be a purer comedy than the assumption of those airs by Mr. Evarts in replying for this country after Mr. Burlingame's speech at the New York dinner. The report in the papers was irresistible, for the tone of Mr. Evarts was precisely the tone which China, by her Embassador, repelled in advance. The Attorney-General had evidently given an hour or two before the dinner to Father Huc, and Mr. Fortune, and Mr. Doolittle. His speech was an amusing persiflage. Certainly, he said, China is a very wise nation. She has settled many problems that perplex us. Even Woman's Rights is long ago a solved problem; for she has decided that women have no souls. In this vein the pleasant advocate proceeded amidst the hilarity of the guests. The under-tone throughout was, "What a preposterous business, Brother Burlingame! How on earth are we to have any intelligible relations with such a Guy as the worthy Mandarin yonder? Don't try to come the older and superior civilization over us Yankees!"

The company, according to the report, were hugely amused. They evidently regarded the whole affair, with the orator, as a prodigious jest. Fancy the Attorney-General replying for this country at a serious dinner in honor of an English or French embassy as if England or France were the Feejee Islands! The comedy of the United States patting China on the back, patronizing her benignly, encouraging her as a lively boy would encourage Joice Heth, poking fun at her to her very face at a solemn banquet, is enormous. The Chinese gentlemen—if the orator can forgive the droll suggestion that there

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may be gentlemen in China—who sat in the seats of honor beholding the amusement of their hosts, and for whose information, as they could understand nothing, reporters were busily taking down every word, must have been profoundly impressed, when the business was interpreted, with the courtesy of a people which, by way of honoring guests who come to offer friendship, make elaborate fun of them. Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher, if he happens to be among the suite of Mr. Burlingame, must have recorded observations which it would be very interesting to peruse. But let him record what he will, it is enough for the Easy Chair and the Attorney-General to cherish the proud consciousness that the Yankees know and have all that is worth having and knowing. Let the Chinese Philosophers stick to their absurd chop-sticks and sip their rat soup. But as for fraternal amity—didn't the distinguished Mr. Douglas declare that this Government was not for Japanese? Go away then with your ridiculous queues!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of July. It embraces full abstracts of the leading papers presented by the President; the important actions of Congress during the month of July; and the proceedings of the Democratic Convention at New York, by which the ensuing Presidential Campaign is fairly opened.

CONGRESS.

On the 27th of July Congress took a recess until the 21st of September, with the understanding, on the part of the Republican members, that they would not return unless notified by a Committee, consisting of Mr. Morgan of the Senate, and Mr. Schenck of the House, that their presence will be required. If such notice is not given, Congress stands virtually adjourned until December.

The important measures of the session, which has lasted eight months, have been detailed in this Record. The principal measure, not elsewhere noted, is the passage of the Appropriation Bill, appropriating $159,397,000. The principal items are, in round numbers: For the War Department, $33,000,000; Navy Department, $17,000,000; Pensions, $30,000,000; Post-Office, $20,000,000; Deficiencies, $17,000,000; Purchase of Alaska (in gold), $7,200,000; Civil Service, $9,000,000; Indian Service, $4,000,000. ——The bill for the protection of American citizens abroad, as passed in the House, was amended in the Senate so as to authorize the President, in case of outrages upon citizens abroad, to take such measures as he may deem proper, not amounting to acts of war. The original bill authorized the President to make reprisals upon subjects of the offending Power.——A bill for the funding of National Securities, providing in effect that holders of bonds paying 7.30 may exchange them for new bonds at 3.65, running forty years, principal and interest payable in gold, the bonds and interest to be free from all taxation, National or State, passed both Houses, but was received by the President too late for his consideration. It therefore lies over until the reassemblage of Congress.——A bill for the reduction of the army was favorably considered; but the Senate and House disagreed as to whether the number should be fixed at 20,000 or 30,000; and so the measure lies over.——Nominations by the President for important offices have been presented. Many of these were rejected. Among those confirmed are: General J. M. Schofield as Secretary of War; William M. Evarts as Attorney-General; Henry M. Watts as Minister to Austria; General W. S. Rosecrans as Minister to Mexico; Elisha Foote as Commissioner of Patents; C. C. Cox as Commissioner of Pensions. ——Two propositions for presenting new articles of impeachment against the President have been brought before the House, but no definite action was taken.

PRESIDENTIAL DOCUMENTS AND VETOES.

On the 4th of July the President issued a proclamation in which, after reciting that the civil war had long since closed, and the supremacy of the Constitution been acknowledged; that it is desirable to reduce the standing army, bring to a speedy close military occupation and other "encroachments upon our free institutions," he granted a general amnesty in the following terms:

"I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do, by virtue of the Constitution, and in the name of the people of the United States, hereby proclaim and declare, unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who, directly or indirectly, participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, excepting such person or persons as may be under presentment or indictment in any court of the United States having competent jurisdiction upon a charge of treason or other felony, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and except also as to any property of which any person may have been legally divested under the laws of the United States."

On the 18th of July the President transmitted to Congress a message suggesting several important amendments to the Constitution to be presented by Congress for the acceptance of the States. These are substantially as follows:

1. The President and Vice-President to be elected directly by the people in the following manner: Each State to be divided into as many equal districts as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. In August, in the Presidential year, the voters shall ballot for President, and the persons in each district receiving the greatest number of votes for President shall be declared to have one vote. These votes shall be counted in Congress in October, and if any one has a majority of these district votes he shall be elected. If no one has a majority, then in December there shall be a second election, the two persons having received the highest number of votes only being eligible. If at this election two persons receive an equal number of votes, then the one who has received the majority in the greatest number of States shall be elected. The Vice-President is to be chosen in the same manner; but if at the first election a President is chosen and not a Vice-President, there is to be no second election, but the Senate shall choose as Vice-President one of the two who received the highest vote. The President and Vice-President to hold office for six years, and to be incapable of re-election.

2. In case of death, removal, or inability of the

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President the duties of the office shall devolve upon the Vice-President. In case of his death or inability upon the members of the Cabinet for the time being, in the following order: Secretary of State, of War, of the Navy, of the Interior, Postmaster-General, Attorney-General.

3. The Senate to consist of two members from each State, to be chosen by the people, not by the Legislature.

4. The Judges of the Supreme and Inferior Courts to hold office for twelve years, instead of for life or during good behavior as at present. In the outset, however, the President is to divide the Judges into three classes, the seats of the first class to be vacated at the end of four years, those of the second class at eight, of the third at twelve; so that thereafter one-third of the Judges will be appointed every four years. There is no provision against the reappointment of any Judge.

The President argues at some length in support of these propositions. The first, he says, was advanced by Andrew Jackson in 1829, and subsequently repeated. Mr. Johnson urges that while under the present system of party nominations the danger of the choice of President being thrown upon the House of Representatives is obviated, yet under this system the constitutional right of every citizen to vote for the person of his choice is practically abrogated, since no person can become a candidate except through the process of a party nomination; and no citizen can vote except for such candidates as may be nominated by a party convention.—The President says that recent events have shown the necessity of an amendment to the Constitution, distinctly defining the persons who in case of any ineligibility of both President and Vice-President shall exercise the Executive functions. He argues that the theory of the Constitution is that the Government is composed of the three branches, Executive, Legislative, and Judicial, and that neither of these should be allowed to exercise the functions of another. Moreover, as the law now stands, the President of the Senate and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court have a direct interest in creating a vacancy in the Executive office; and yet both of these functionaries are members of the tribunal by whose decrees a vacancy may be produced. To carry out the design of the Constitution, the Executive functions should be exercised only by officers of the Executive Department. These are the President (the person elected as Vice-President becoming President upon any ineligibility of the latter) and the Cabinet. These, Mr. Johnson argues, should, in the order of their precedence, which has become established, succeed, *ex officio*, to the exercise of the duties of the Presidency until the disability should be removed or a President be elected in such manner as may be provided by law.—The President says that the objection to the election of Senators by the Legislatures of the States are so palpable that he deems it unnecessary to present them; and that the life-tenure of the members of the Judiciary is "incompatible with the spirit of republican government," in which opinion he affirms that he is "fully sustained by the evidences of popular opinion in the different States of the Union."

Congress passed a joint resolution providing that "none of the States whose inhabitants were lately in rebellion shall be entitled to representation in the Electoral College" unless at the time fixed by law for the choice of electors the State shall have adopted a Constitution, under which a State government shall be in operation, under whose authority the electors shall have been chosen, and that the State "shall also have become entitled to representation in Congress, pursuant to the acts of Congress in that behalf." On the 20th of July the President returned this bill with his veto. His reasons, which are given at length, are substantially the same, only more strongly expressed, as those which led him to veto the whole series of Reconstruction Acts of Congress. They are, in effect, that all the Acts of Secession passed by the States were null and void; that the States were always within the Union; and when the rebellion terminated "all that was required to enable them to resume their relations to the Union, was that they should adopt the measures necessary to their practical restoration as States." These measures were, says the President, adopted, and "these States, having conformed to all the requirements of the Constitution, resumed their former relations, and became entitled to the exercise of all the rights guaranteed to them by its provisions." Congress, in the view of the President, has no power either to receive or reject the votes of the electors; it can only count them and declare the result: "Congress has no more power to reject their votes than those of the States which have been uniformly loyal to the Federal Union." The President goes on to say that the States in question were legally restored to the Union previous to March 4, 1867, and that therefore the only legitimate governments therein are those which were instituted before that period; and therefore,

"All the State Governments organized in those States under the Act of Congress for that purpose, and under military control, are illegitimate and of no validity whatever; and in that view the votes cast in those States for President and Vice-President in pursuance of the Acts passed since the 4th of March, 1867, and in obedience to the so-called Reconstruction Acts of Congress, can not be legally received and counted, while the only votes that can be legally cast and counted will be those cast in pursuance of the laws in force in the several States prior to the legislation by Congress upon the subject of Reconstruction.... New York is no more a State than Virginia; the one is as much entitled to be represented in the Electoral College as the other. If Congress has the power to deprive Virginia of this right, it can exercise the same authority with respect to New York or any other of the States....If Congress were to provide by law that the votes of none of the States were to be received and counted if cast for a candidate who differed in political sentiments with a majority of the two Houses, such legislation would at once be condemned by the country as an unconstitutional and revolutionary usurpation of power. It would, however, be exceedingly difficult to find in the Constitution any more authority for the passage of the joint resolution under consideration than for an enactment looking directly to the rejection of all votes not in accordance with the political preference of Congress."

The Electoral Bill was passed over the veto of the President, in the Senate by 45 to 8, in the House by 134 to 36—being more than two-thirds in each House; and it has therefore become a law. The practical effect of the law will probably be to exclude from the ensuing Presidential election the States of Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia.

A bill was passed by both Houses in relation to the Freedman's Bureau. It provides in substance that the present Commissioner shall continue to exercise the functions of the office; in case of vacancy, the office shall be filled by appointment of the President upon the nomination of the Secretary of War, with the consent of the Senate; and all subordinate officers of the Bureau

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shall be appointed by the Secretary of War, with the consent of the Senate; if the Commissionership becomes vacant during a recess of the Senate, the duties shall be discharged by the Assistant Adjutant-General. It is provided that on the 1st of January the Bureau shall be withdrawn from the States; but that the educational department and the collection of moneys due to soldiers shall continue as now provided for, until otherwise provided for by Act of Congress. The provision as to the withdrawal of the Bureau is not to apply to any State which shall not be on the 1st of January restored and entitled to representation in Congress.—On the 25th of July the President sent in a veto of this bill on the ground that it "interfered with the appointing power conferred by the Constitution upon the Executive, and for other reasons."—The bill was at once passed over the veto; in the Senate by 42 to 5; in the House by 115 to 23—more than two-thirds in each House; so it has become a law.

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

This important Amendment proposed by Congress, the acceptance of which by the unconstructed States was made one of the conditions of their recognition as States of the Union, provides substantially as follows:

SECTION 1. "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State in which they reside;" and no State shall make any law abridging the rights and privileges of these citizens, or "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

SECTION 2. "Representatives shall be appointed among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed;" but when in any State the right of suffrage is denied or abridged to any of the male inhabitants thereof, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, "except for participation in rebellion or other crime," the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which these citizens bear to the whole number of male citizens of twenty-one years of age.

SECTION 3. No person can hold any office civil or military, who having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof: but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

SECTION 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt incurred in aid of insurrection, or any claim arising from the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts or claims shall be held illegal and void.

SECTION 5. "Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this Article."

It having been long provided by law that the Secretary of State should certify whenever any amendment to the Constitution had been accepted by three-fourths of the States, and declare it to have become a part of the Constitution, Mr. Seward, on the 20th of July, issued a declaration to the effect that the whole number of States in the Union was 37; and that 28 formed three-fourths of this number. That the Amendment had been duly ratified by the Legislatures of the following 23 States: Connecticut, New Hampshire, Tennessee, New Jersey, Oregon, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Illinois, West Virginia, Kansas, Maine, Nevada, Missouri, Indiana, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts, Nebraska, and Iowa. That it had also been ratified by the "newly-constituted and newly-established bodies avowing themselves to be, and acting as the Legislatures respectively, of the States of Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Alabama." That the Legislatures of the States of Ohio and New Jersey had passed resolutions withdrawing the consent of these two States to the Amendment. That the Secretary of State had no authority to decide upon doubtful questions, such as the validity of any State Legislature, or the authority of any Legislature to recall a previous act or resolution of ratification to an amendment of the Constitution. The Secretary of State, therefore, officially declares and certifies that:

"If the resolutions of the Legislatures of Ohio and New Jersey ratifying the aforesaid Amendment are to be deemed as remaining of full force and effect, notwithstanding the subsequent resolutions of the Legislatures of those States which purport to withdraw the consent of said States from such ratification, then the aforesaid Amendment has been ratified in the manner hereinbefore mentioned, and so has become valid, to all intents and purposes, as a part of the Constitution of the United States."

Subsequent to the issue of this declaration the Legislature of Georgia (July 21) ratified the Amendment.—The President, however, as explicitly stated in his Message vetoing the Electoral Act, regards the governments now existing in the Southern States as illegal, and all their acts, including the ratification of the Amendment, null and void. Thus the general Act providing for the admission of several States made it the duty of the President, within ten days after receiving official notification thereof, to issue a proclamation announcing when any of these States had ratified the Amendment. These several proclamations were couched in the same general terms, modified only slightly in each case. In the case of South Carolina the essential paragraph, somewhat abbreviated, read thus:

"*Whereas*, On the 18th day of July, 1868, a letter was received by the President, and was transmitted by and under the name of R. K. Scott, who therein writes himself Governor of South Carolina, in which letter was inclosed a paper purporting to be a resolution of the Senate and House of Representative of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina ratifying the said proposed Amendment, purporting to have passed the two said Houses, etc.... Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America, in compliance with and execution of the Act of Congress aforesaid, do issue this my proclamation announcing the ratification of the said Amendment by the Legislature of the State of South Carolina, in the manner hereinbefore set forth."

Both Houses of Congress on the 21st of July adopted a concurrent resolution stating that the Amendment had been adopted by more than three-fourths of the States, and had thus become a part of the Constitution, and directing the Secretary of State to promulgate a declaration to that effect. Mr. Seward issued this official declaration on the 28th of July, reciting the date of each State ratification, and declaring, without reservation, that

"The States thus specified being more than three-fourths of the States of the United States, I do further certify that the said Amendment has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States."

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RECONSTRUCTED STATES.

In virtue of the enabling Acts of Congress, and the compliance therewith by the several States, the following States have been duly restored to the Union, and declared entitled to representation in Congress; and their Senators and Representatives, duly chosen, have been admitted to seats: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, and South Carolina.—By order of General Grant, dated July 28, the military governments over these States is withdrawn, and the States are subject only to civil law.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

Under date of July 15, Mr. Wells, Special Revenue Commissioner, furnishes some important statistics respecting the Revenue, Expenditure, and Taxation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868. The following are some of the leading points:

The total receipts, $406,300,000; of which $163,500,000 (in gold) was from Customs. In currency the Internal Revenue produced $195,000,000; Miscellaneous, $47,000,000; Public Lands and Direct Tax, $2,800,000. The Expenditures were $371,560,225, of which $141,635,551 was for interest on the public debt, leaving a surplus of receipts over expenditures of $34,749,777.—Since the close of the war the amount of taxes abated or repealed amounts to $167,269,000, as follows: By Act of July 13, 1866, $60,000,000; Act of March 2, 1867, $40,000,000; Act of February 3, 1868, exempting raw cotton, $23,769,000; Act of March 31, 1868, $43,269,000. Coincident with this abatement of taxation, the public debt has been reduced, since August, 1865, by about $250,000,000.—The entire expenses of the Freedmen's Bureau, since its organization in 1866, have been $5,617,000. The books of the Treasury do not show how much of this has been expended for educational purposes, and how much for the relief of the starving and destitute of both races.

THE TREATY WITH CHINA.

An important treaty between "the United States of America and the Ta-Tsing Empire" has been negotiated, and duly ratified by the Senate of the United States. It consists of nine articles, substantially as follows:

Art. 1. The Emperor of China retains jurisdiction over all the territory of the empire except so far as relinquished by special treaty. He agrees not to grant to any Power the right within his dominions to attack citizens of the United States; and they agree not therein to attack others; but the United States may resist therein any attack made upon them.

Art. 2. Any privilege of trade or navigation in the Chinese Empire, not provided for by treaty, shall be regulated by the Chinese Government.

Art. 3. The Emperor of China may appoint consuls at the ports of the United States, who shall enjoy the same privileges as the consuls of Great Britain and Russia.

Art. 4. Citizens of the United States in China, and Chinese subjects in the United States, shall have perfect liberty of conscience, and be exempt from all disability or persecution on account of religious faith or worship; their sepultures for the dead shall be free from disturbance or profanation.

Art. 5. The right of emigration from one country to the other is recognized. Laws shall be passed by each punishing the transfer from either country to the other of any persons without their consent.

Art. 6. The inhabitants of each country shall enjoy in the other all the rights of travel and residence accorded to the most favored citizens or subjects of any other State. "But nothing herein contained shall be held to confer naturalization upon the citizens of the United States in China, nor upon the subjects of China in the United States."

Art. 7. Both parties shall endeavor to secure a common standard of weights, measures, and coins for all nations.

Art. 8. Chinese in the United States shall be admitted to all public educational institutions, without being subject to any religious or political test; and citizens of the United States may establish schools in China at any place where foreigners are by treaty permitted to reside.

Art. 9. The Emperor of China reserves to himself the right to judge of all matters of internal improvement in the Empire; but if he decides to introduce such, and shall apply to the United States for aid, the Government shall designate suitable engineers to be employed by the Chinese Government, which shall protect them in their persons and property, and pay them a reasonable compensation.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The National Convention of the Democratic party for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President met at noon on Saturday, July 4, at the new Tammany Hall, New York. The splendid Hall, or "Wigwam" as it is styled—for the "Order" professes to be composed of Indians—which replaces the old one belonging to the Association, which has for many years been the most powerful political organization in the land, was formally dedicated in the morning by reading the Declaration of Independence, and an address by Mr. Hoffman, Mayor of New York. He said:

"We meet now to make the formal dedication of this great Wigwam. At mid-day the National Democratic Convention assembles in our Council Chamber. It is a fitting place for so great and important a convocation. Upon its walls are grouped the shields of all the States, made more beautiful than ever by the flag of our common country which once more surrounds them: and within it will assemble representatives of all the States to insist that henceforth statesmanship, magnanimity, and patriotism shall rule the land; that the union of the States and the rights of the States shall be maintained, and that the people every where, under the Constitution of our country, shall forever be united in those bonds of concord, unity, and fraternity on which our nation was founded by our fathers. In the name of the Tammany Society I dedicate this edifice. I dedicate it to the great principles of civil and religious liberty, constitutional law, and national unity; to truth, justice, and equality; to the Constitution and the Union; and to the great Democratic party, which has ever been, and will ever be the champion and defender of them all."

The Convention was called to order by Mr. Belmont, Chairman of the Executive Committee, in a speech laudatory of the Democratic party, and denunciatory of the "Radicals, who, elected in an evil hour, have placed the iron heel of the conqueror upon the South. Austria," he said, "did not dare to fasten upon vanquished Hungary, nor Russia to impose upon conquered Poland, the ruthless tyranny now inflicted by Congress upon the Southern States." They had invested military satraps with dictatorial power; the white population had been disfranchised or forced to submit to degrading test-oaths; a debased and ignorant race had been raised into power to control the destinies of a fair portion of the country; the army had been in time of peace kept upon a scale involving an expenditure of from one hundred to two hundred millions; and now this party had nominated for the Presidency the General commanding the armies of the United States, thereby intending that "Congressional usurpation of all the branches and functions of the Government should be enforced by the bayonets of a military despotism."

Mr. Henry L. Palmer, of Wisconsin, was appointed temporary Chairman, the important Committees named, and the rules to govern the Convention adopted. These were substantially that the rules of the Democratic Convention of 1864 govern this body until otherwise ordered.

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The essential parts of these rules were that the delegation of the States should each for itself decide whether they should vote as a unit through its Chairman, or each member cast a separate vote; and that, in either case, two-thirds of the whole vote should be required for the nomination of President or Vice-President. The whole number of electoral votes is 317; two-thirds of this is 211½. Subsequently, the Permanent Chairman, with the assent of the Convention, decided that he should announce no candidate as nominated unless he received 212 votes. The case of half-votes is accounted for by the fact that there were two delegates for each vote.

The Convention reassembled on Monday, July 6. The Committee on Organization named for Permanent Chairman Horatio Seymour, of New York; this nomination was accepted, and Mr. Seymour, having been conducted to the chair by ex-Governors Bigler of Pennsylvania and Hammond of South Carolina, delivered an address sharply criticising the platform of the Republican party as put forth by the Chicago Convention, and the whole course of that party. "They have," he said, "put in nomination a military chieftain who stands at the head of that system of despotisms that crushes beneath its feet the greatest principles of the Declaration of Independence.....and the Republican candidate for the Presidency has accepted a position which makes the rights and liberties of a large share of our people dependent upon his will.....Can we suffer any prejudices, growing out of past differences of opinion, to hinder us from uniting now with all who will act with us to save our country? .....May Almighty God give us the wisdom to carry out our purposes to give to every State of our Union the blessings of peace, good order, and fraternal affection!"

While the Committee on the Platform were engaged in the preparation of that document several incidental matters were brought before the Convention. Among these was a communication from the "Woman's Suffrage Association," asking that Susan B. Anthony might be allowed to appear before the Convention to "demand the enfranchisement of the women of America, the only class of citizens wholly unrepresented in the Government—the only class, not guilty of a crime, taxed without representation, tried without a jury of their peers, governed without their consent, lacking but one qualification, that of sex."

Of more importance were the proceedings of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention," of which General W. B. Franklin was President, and among the prominent members Generals Slocum, M'Clernand, Averill, William F. Smith, Peck, T. Kilby Smith, Ewing, and Granger. Their formal address declared that "the objects now being perpetrated in the name of republicanism and loyalty are not less alarming than were those committed by the armed forces of the Government during the war." They believed that there were now "living half a million of men who have served in the Union army and navy who are in sympathy and judgment opposed to the acts of the party in power; and at least another half million of men would have acted with the Republican party, but who, reviewing with alarm the recent acts of that party, are now anxious for a change of administration, with a platform of principles reviving no dead issues, and looking only to the arrest of existing evils, and with candidates whose fidelity to the Constitution can not be questioned." General Thomas Ewing was then introduced to the Convention, and made a speech declaring that the Convention of Soldiers and Sailors "had no sympathy for those purposes that have been falsely and dishonestly substituted by the Republican party for the avowed objects of the war. We care not for their dogmas of negro suffrage; we abhor their measures of white disfranchisement; we can not associate with them longer; we wish to associate with the great body of the Democracy North and South. Since our meeting here we have had the pleasure of friendly intercourse with many of the most prominent of the generals of the Confederate army; knowing them to be men of honor, comparing views with them, and feeling that their views and our views as to the present and future policy of this Government coincide, we will take them by the hand as brothers. Forgetting past issues and passions, we will recognize political enemies only in those who are plotting to overthrow the Union of the States and our constitutional form of Government: and we will recognize political friends in all of those who will sustain us in endeavoring to overthrow that party." The Address of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention was entered upon the minutes, and adopted as a part of the proceedings of the Democratic Convention.

On Tuesday the platform was presented by the Committee, and adopted by acclamation. Its essential points are these—the portions in quotations being textually given, the others abridged:

1. "Immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union, under the Constitution, and of civil governments to all American people."
2. "Amnesty for all past political offenses, and the regulation of the electoral franchise in the States by their citizens."
3. "Payment of the public debt as rapidly as possible....Where the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought in right and justice to be paid in the lawful money of the United States."
4. "Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other public securities."
5. "One currency for the Government and the People, the laborer and the office-holder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bond-holder."
6. Economy in the administration; reduction of the army and navy; abolition of the Freedman's Bureau, and all instrumentalities designed to secure negro supremacy; a simplification of tax laws; a revenue tariff, and such taxation as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures.
7. Reform of abuses in administration; abrogation of useless offices; restoration to rightful power of all the departments of Government; a subordination of military to civil power, to the end that the usurpation of Congress and the despotism of the sword may cease.
8. "Equal rights and protection for naturalized and native born citizens at home and abroad....and the maintenance of the rights of naturalized citizens against the obsolete doctrine of immutable allegiance, and the claims of foreign Powers to punish them for alleged crimes committed beyond their jurisdiction."

To this declaration of principles was appended an extended manifesto arraigning "the Radical party for its disregard of right and the unparalleled oppression and tyranny which have marked its career," specifying in detail the various acts upon which the charges are based. It is affirmed that "our soldiers and sailors, who carried

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the flag of our country to victory against a most gallant and determined foe, must ever be gratefully remembered, and all guarantees given in their favor must be faithfully carried into execution." The public lands should be distributed as widely as possible under the Homestead law, or sold in reasonable quantities, at the lowest price, to actual occupants only; when grants of lands are advisable for public improvements, the proceeds of their sale, not the lands themselves, should be so applied.—The thanks of the Convention, representing the Democratic party, were presented to President Johnson for "exercising the powers of his high office in resisting the aggressions of Congress upon the Constitutional rights of the people." This manifesto thus concludes:

"Upon this platform the Democratic party appeals to every patriot, including all the Conservative element, and all who desire to support the Constitution and preserve the Union, forgetting all past difference of opinion, to unite with us in the present great struggle for the liberties of the people; and to all such, to whatever party they may have heretofore belonged, we extend the right hand of fellowship, and hail all such co-operating with us as friends and brethren."

The Convention then proceeded to nominate candidates for the Presidency, each State being called in its alphabetical order. Most of the States made no nominations, though in many cases the spokesmen of the delegations clearly indicated the preference of members. When a nomination was made the proposer was allowed to make a brief speech; five minutes was the time granted; but this was sometimes exceeded. *Connecticut* nominated ex-Governor James R. English, the first Democratic Governor elected after the war.—*Maine*, by a majority of its delegation, named General W. S. Hancock, who, "appointed to a military district in the United States, interposed the shield of the laws of the country between the tyranny of hard and petty tyrants and an oppressed and outraged people."—*New Jersey* nominated Joel Parker, who "belonged to a State that at one time had the only Democratic Governor of all the States of the North."—*New York* nominated Sanford E. Church, "a gentleman honorably associated with her public offices for many years past, trained and experienced in executive administration."—*Ohio* nominated George H. Pendleton, who in 1864 had been the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, General McClellan being the candidate for the Presidency against Abraham Lincoln.—*Pennsylvania* nominated Asa Packer, who—as the chairman of the delegation set forth in a long speech, which by the courtesy of the Convention he was allowed to deliver—was born in Connecticut, reared as a carpenter, emigrated to Pennsylvania, where he acquired great wealth, becoming one of the largest tax-payers in the country. His great wealth had been devoted to the noblest purposes. He had "been a Democrat all his life, a Representative in two successive Congresses, an Associate Judge for five years, a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church."—*Tennessee* nominated Andrew Johnson, who, "springing from poverty and obscurity, had obtained the highest office within the gift of the people, and who has engaged in the mightiest political contest that our nation ever saw."—*Wisconsin*, by a majority of its delegation, presented the name of James R. Doolittle, a gentleman, as affirmed by the spokesman of the delegation, "whose reputation is world-wide; who separated himself from the Republican party when it was in the zenith of its glory and power, sacrificing thereby his own personal ambition for the good of his country, and for the preservation of the Constitution and the liberties of the people."

The foregoing nominations having been made, the first ballot was taken. It will be seen that some votes were cast for candidates not formally nominated. The result of the first ballot was:

Pendleton, 105; Andrew Johnson, 65; Hancock, 33½; Church, 34; Packer, 26; English, 16; Parker, 13; Doolittle, 13; Reverdy Johnson, 8½; Hendricks, 2½; Frank P. Blair, ½.

Five more ballots were taken that day with no essential change, except that those cast for Andrew Johnson became fewer, and were distributed among the other candidates.

On Wednesday the majority of the Indiana delegation, who had heretofore supported Pendleton, formally nominated Hendricks. The seventh ballot gave for Pendleton 137½; Hancock, 42½; Hendricks, 39½; New York, with 33, still stood firm for Church, and Pennsylvania, with 26, for Packer. The other votes may fairly be called "scattering." On the eighth ballot New York withdrew her vote from Church and gave it to Hendricks. The result was, Pendleton, 156½; Hendricks, 75; Hancock, 28; the rest were scattering, Andrew Johnson having run down to 6 votes. Ten more ballots were taken that day. The general result was that it was clear that Mr. Pendleton could not secure the nomination. The effort was now to concentrate upon Hancock or Hendricks. The eighteenth and closing ballot for the day gave for Hancock 144½; Hendricks, 87; Pendleton, 56½; the other votes being scattering.

On Thursday morning, the name of Mr. Pendleton having been withdrawn, the nineteenth ballot gave for Hancock, 135½; for Hendricks 107½; the other votes being scattering. General F. P. Blair, of Missouri, and Judge Stephen J. Field, of California, were put in nomination, the former receiving 13½, and the latter 15 votes. On the twentieth ballot Hancock received 142½, and Hendricks 121. On the twenty-first ballot Hancock had 135½, and Hendricks 132.

It was now evident that none of the candidates put in nomination could secure the requisite number of votes, and that some new name must be brought forward. There had been a strong effort outside of the Convention to bring forward Chief-Justice Chase. It had been for weeks known that he would accept the nomination upon a satisfactory platform, and he had given assurance that he was satisfied with the one which had been adopted. He had, indeed, been hardly named in the Convention. A half vote had been cast for him, and the announcement was received by cheers from the audience. At the last ballot his vote was 4. It was thought that he would soon be brought prominently forward. The twenty-second ballot now went on, every vote excepting one being cast for either Hendricks or Hancock, until Ohio was called, when the chairman of the delegation, "with the consent and approval of every public man in the State, including the Hon. George H. Pendleton, placed again in nomination, against his inclination, but no longer against his honor, the name of Horatio Sey-

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mour, of New York." Before the meeting of the Convention Mr. Seymour had emphatically refused to be a candidate. On the fourth ballot 9 votes from North Carolina were cast for him. He then said:

"Very much to my surprise my name has been mentioned. I must not be nominated by this Convention, as I could not accept the nomination if tendered. My own inclinations prompted me to decline at the outset; my honor compels me to do so now. It is impossible, consistently with my position, to allow my name to be mentioned in this Convention against my protest."

Having now been again formally nominated, Mr. Seymour said:

"I have no terms in which to tell of my regret that my name has been brought before this Convention. God knows that my life and all that I value most in life I would give for the good of my country, which I believe to be identified with our own party. I do not stand here as a man proud of his opinions, or obstinate in his purposes, but upon a question of duty and of honor I must stand upon my own convictions against the world. When I said here at an early day that honor forbade my accepting a nomination by this Convention, I meant it. When, in the course of my intercourse with those of my own delegation and my friends, I said to them that I could not be a candidate, I meant it. And now I know, after all that has taken place, I could not receive the nomination without placing, not only myself, but the great Democratic party, in a false position. But, more than that, we have had to-day an exhibition from the distinguished citizen of Ohio that has touched my heart, as it has touched yours. I thank God, and I congratulate this country, that there is, in the great State of Ohio, whose magnificent position gives it so great a control over the action of our country, a young man, rising fast into fame, whose future is all glorious, who has told the world he could tread beneath his feet every other consideration than that of duty; and when he expressed to his delegation, and expressed in more direct terms, that he was willing that I should be nominated, who stood in such a position of marked opposition to his own nomination, I should feel a dishonored man if I could not tread in the far distance, and in a feeble way, the same honorable pathway which he has marked out. I thank you, and may God bless you for your kindness to me; but your candidate I can not be."

The balloting then proceeded, and at the close the result was: Hendricks, 140½; Hancock, 90½; Johnson, 4; Doolittle, 4; English, 1; Seymour, 21. But before the result was formally announced State after State changed its vote to Seymour, until the whole were given in his favor. The Chairman thereupon announced: "The Hon. Horatio Seymour having received the unanimous vote of this Convention, I therefore declare him candidate, and the standard-bearer of the Democratic party in the ensuing election."

The following is an alphabetical list of all the candidates voted for, with the highest vote for each upon any ballot—212 being required for a nomination:

Adams, John Q., *Massachusetts*	1
Blair, Frank P., *Missouri*	14½
Chase, Salmon P., *Ohio*	4
Church, Sanford E., *New York*	34
Doolittle, James R., *Wisconsin*	15
English, James E., *Connecticut*	19
Ewing, Thomas L., *Kansas*	1
Field, Stephen J., *California*	13
Hancock, Winfield S., *Pennsylvania*	144½
Hendricks, Thomas A., *Indiana*	102
Hoffman, John T., *New York*	3
Johnson, Andrew, *Tennessee*	65
Johnson, Reverdy, *Maryland*	11
McClellan, George B., *New Jersey*	1
Packer, Asa, *Pennsylvania*	27½
Parker, Joel, *New Jersey*	15½
Pendleton, George H., *Ohio*	156½
Pierce, Franklin, *New Hampshire*	1
Seymour, Thomas H., *Connecticut*	6
Seymour, Horatio, *New York*	317

After a brief recess the Convention proceeded to the nomination for Vice-President. Several candidates were named, among whom were General M'Clernand, who declined. It soon appeared that the choice of a great majority was General Francis P. Blair, of Missouri. The Southern delegates especially were warmly in his favor. General Steedman, of Louisiana, said, "If General Blair is nominated, his nomination will meet with a response from every brave and true man that fought on either side, who desires to see peace and prosperity restored to our common country."—The chairman of the North Carolina delegation said, "In order to show the people of the United States that we have no prejudice against a gallant soldier who fought for his section of the country, we desire to second the nomination of General Francis P. Blair."—General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, said that he had met General Blair on more than one field. It was due to the Federal soldiers that they should have the second place on the ticket, and he, for his State, most cordially seconded the nomination.—General Kemper, of Virginia, said that he was instructed "to strike hands with the soldiers of the army of the North, and, in the name of Virginia, to accept and ratify, as a token of the perpetuity of the Union, the nomination of General Blair."—The Tennessee delegation wished their vote to be cast by a "distinguished Southern soldier," General N. B. Forrest, who said that he had the pleasure to give the vote of Tennessee for General Blair, and that he thanked the delegates for the "uniformly kind and courteous treatment that the Southern delegates had received at the Convention."—The representative of the Texas delegation said that in casting the votes of that State for General Blair, it was "an evidence that the soldiers of Texas, who fought through the Confederate war, will give, when we come to vote, as warm a reception in the support of General Frank P. Blair as we did on the field of battle, from the commencement of the war to the end of it." When the ballot was taken the entire vote was for General Blair. Probably a leading reason for the unanimous voice of the Southern delegates in favor of General Blair may be found in a published letter, written a few days before to Mr. Broadhead, one of the Missouri delegation, of which the following is the essential portion:

"The Reconstruction policy of the Radicals will be complete before the next election; the States so long excluded will have been admitted, negro suffrage established, and the carpet-baggers installed in their seats in both branches of Congress. There is no possibility of changing the political character of the Senate, even if the Democrats should elect their President and a majority of the popular branch of Congress. We can not, therefore, undo the Radical plan of Reconstruction by Congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its repeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? It can only be overthrown by the authority of the Executive, who is sworn to maintain the Constitution, and who will fail to do his duty if he allows the Constitution to perish under a series of Congressional enactments which are in palpable violation of its fundamental principles. If the President elected by the Democracy enforces or permits others to enforce these Reconstruction acts, the Radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives, will control both branches of Congress, and his administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. Johnson. There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the

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white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives. The House of Representatives will contain a majority of Democrats from the North, and they will admit the Representatives elected by the white people of the South, and, with the co-operation of the President, it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution....We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress, known as the Reconstruction acts."

The Convention, having appointed committees to officially inform the candidates of their nominations, adjourned in the afternoon of July 9.

EUROPE.

The bill passed in the British House of Commons for disestablishing the Established Church in Ireland was upon its second reading in the House of Lords, June 29, defeated by a vote of 192 to 97. The Commons and the Government, backed by the Peers, being thus at variance, it is announced that Parliament will soon be dissolved and a new election ordered.—Sir Robert Napier, the leader of the Abyssinian expedition, has been created a Peer of the realm, under the title of Lord Napier of Magdala, with a pension of £2000.

Treaties in respect to the rights of naturalized citizens of the United States, similar in form with that with Prussia, noted in our Record for April, have been negotiated, or are in course of negotiation with the other States of Germany. In the British Parliament, July 17, Lord Stanley, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stated that he had sent to the United States Government an answer on the subject of naturalization, the substance of which was that the British Government was ready to accept the American view of the question; but that he declined to make a treaty at present, on the ground that the Royal Commission was still considering the general subject; and, moreover, that time would not permit the passage of a bill at the present session of Parliament.

In *Italy* the condition of the Pope, as temporal ruler of the States of the Church, grows day by day more precarious. To relieve the pressing wants of the Holy Father contributions are asked from the whole Catholic world. Efforts have been made to enlist a foreign legion from various countries to aid the Pope. Agents, apparently duly authorized for this purpose, have reached America; but the Archbishops of the Church in the United States have formally discountenanced any such movement.——On the 22d of June the Pope delivered a formal "allocution" directed against recent laws enacted in Austria. He complains that one law establishes free liberty for all opinions; gives to every sect the power of establishing schools and colleges; another law decides that sons born of "mixed marriages"—that is, of parents holding different faiths—shall follow the religion of the father, the daughters that of the mother; the influence of the Church over education is suppressed, the whole supervision being given to the State, which decrees that religious teaching in the public schools shall be placed in the hands of members of each separate confession; that any religious society may open public or private schools for members of its faith, the school-books being submitted to the approval of the civil authorities, with the exception of such books as are meant for religious instruction, which must be submitted to the approval of the competent authorities of each confession. Mere civil marriages are legalized; the authority of the Church over cemeteries is suppressed, and "Catholics are bound to allow the bodies of heretics to be buried in their church-yards, if they have not any of their own." Against all these and other similar laws, which are declared to be "abominable, and in flagrant contradiction of the doctrines of the Catholic religion," the Pope solemnly protests, pronouncing them to be "null and powerless in themselves and in their effect, both as regards the present and the future." He conjures the authors of these laws, and "especially those who congratulate themselves on being Catholics," not to forget the censures and spiritual punishments which the ecclesiastical institutions and Œcumenical councils inflict as having been deserved *ipso facto* by the violators of the rights of the Church."——On the 29th of June the Pope issued a formal notification summoning an Œcumenical Council of all the prelates of the Catholic Church throughout the world, to be convened at Rome on the 8th day of December, 1869, a day sacred to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and all others entitled to sit in a General Council, are summoned to appear in person unless withheld by some just impediment, which must in all cases be duly proved, in which case they may be represented by proxies. The Call, which is very long, recites the reasons for the Convocation, and declares that if any one ventures to oppose or contravene it, "he will incur the wrath of Almighty God and of his Apostles Peter and Paul."—The Catholic Church recognizes the authority of nineteen Œcumenical Councils (that is, those representing the whole Οἰκουμένη, or "inhabited world"). The first of these was that of Jerusalem, held by the Apostles about A.D. 50; the last that of Trent, A.D. 1545. The Convocation at Rome, held in 1854, which first authoritatively proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, is not held to be a Council. The forthcoming Council, if held, will therefore be the twentieth.

JAPAN.

For many months a civil war has been raging in Japan, the nominal parties being the Mikado, or titular Emperor, and the Shogoon, or as usually written Tycoon, an officer who has for more than two centuries exercised the actual functions of government, made treaties, and so been supposed by foreigners to be the real sovereign. Since the recent treaties, partially opening Japan to foreigners, two parties appear to have sprung up among the Daimios, or great nobles, the one favoring and the other opposing foreign intercourse. The former rallied around the Shogoon, the latter made use of the Mikado, who is a boy of fifteen. Early in the year the Shogoon was defeated, and agreed to abandon his place. The forces of the Mikado took possession of Yeddo. But the nobles of the Shogoon party rallied, and advanced upon that city, which, at the latest dates, they were beleaguering in great force. Our Government had sold the late Confederate armored vessel *Stonewall* to the Shogoon, but it was claimed by the Mikado, and our Minister to Japan refused to deliver it to either party.

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Editor's Drawer.

SEPTEMBER!—speaking of which, we found the other evening, in a quaint old volume, filled with things odd, this verse:

"Next him September marched eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of weights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned."

The beginning of autumn and the gathering in of the harvests has ever been a favorite theme of the poets. In the "Faery Queen" old Spenser writes:

"Then came the autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore;
Upon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruit the which the earth had yold."

Now that the standard-bearers of the two great political hosts have been formally proclaimed, anecdotes of each are in order. A delegate to the Chicago Convention, during the last day's session, happened to be standing near one of Indiana's noble sons who was curious to know the name of each successive speaker, and what the little axe he was supposed to be solicitous to sharpen. When Grant's nomination was announced those present will remember the effect with which a banner was disclosed on the Opera-house stage, representing "Columbia welcoming Grant to the Capitol." The Indiana delegate, sharing the enthusiasm of the occasion, fixed his admiring gaze on Columbia's noble figure, and exclaimed, "Well, *Mrs.* Grant's a pretty good-looking woman, ain't she?"

A LONG ISLAND correspondent is kind enough to mention that the accomplished Mrs. Stanton, who has succeeded in bringing the Woman's Rights movement to high and deserved prominence in the country, is very particular about the ventilation of the rooms in which she addresses her audiences. Entering a church of colored people in New York, to attend a meeting, soon after the July riots of 1863, she said to the sexton before the church began to fill up: "Please *open all the windows—it's very close here.*" The sexton, with a suppressed smile, replied: "Madam, there is not a pane of glass in the whole church; they were all broken out during the late riots!" The lady took her seat amidst the audible cachinnation of those in her immediate propinquity. The "bouquet" of the room *was* rather strong.

THE anecdote in the July Drawer, of Major Dusenbury and his wheat, recalls to the mind of a new correspondent a *vegetable joke* which has the merit, like all others of its kind, of being well authenticated:

In the years lang syne, when the beautiful village of Canandaigua boasted of its legal talent and its wealth, there existed among the members of its bar a spirit of keen but honorable emulation to excel not alone in forensic displays, but also in the acquirement of the luxuries and comforts of an elegant hospitality. In those early days the facilities of an express company were unknown, and the anxious caterer was forced to rely upon his own resources rather than upon the productions of a more genial clime to supply the earliest contributions to his table. At one of those elaborate and perfect dinners that marked that era, the question of propagating and forcing early vegetables engaged attention. One had made a specialty of a particular vegetable; another one of a different kind; but each apparently was eminently successful in his line. Between John C. Spencer and Mark H. Sibley a spirited discussion arose as to the best mode of obtaining early beans. It ended, as such discussions generally do, with the wager of a dinner, to be paid by him who failed to produce beans of his own raising first. Time passed, and as the warm spring rains forced earth's treasures forth, Mr. Spencer was observed to be unusually attentive to his garden, and was to be seen there more frequently than he was ever known to be. One morning breakfast was unaccountably delayed by his non-appearance, although it was known he had risen long before. At last he came in and took his seat, a smile of satisfaction irradiating his countenance as, with an ejaculation of relief, he said: "I've caught that fellow Sibley! He can't overreach me with his cunning!" "What is the matter?" was queried. "Why, he thought to get the advantage of me in early beans, and so the scamp bribed my gardener to transplant them wrong end uppermost! But I've matched him; for I've replanted them, *bean end downward*, confound him!" Whether Sibley was guilty of the charge or not this deponent does not say; but that he turned the laugh on his grave friend, for his peculiar display of horticultural knowledge, a grand dinner, when *bean time* came round, was the proof.

GEORGE B——, who is son-in-law of a high official on the New York Central Railroad, is not the whitest man in the world—indeed he was once advised by a "veterinary physician" of his acquaintance to drink ink to improve his complexion. George, with a party of friends, stopped at the principal hotel at Union Springs on one occasion when the darkeys of that section (as a *finale* to an excursion on Cayuga Lake) had ordered dinner at four P.M. When the regular two o'clock dinner-bell rang George with his party made a rush for the dining-room, where the head-waiter, to whom he was unknown, touched him on the shoulder, and condescendingly said: "Hold on, my good fellow, *your* people dine at four!"

OVER one hundred and fifty years ago that wise old gentleman, Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, made the remark: "I knew a very wise man that believed that 'if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation;'" which reminds us that there is one author whose name, for about the same space of one hundred and

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fifty years, has been oftener on the lips of more human beings of American extract than any other—MOTHER GOOSE! Think you she was a myth? Undeceive thyself by perusing the following veritable biography:

"Mother" Goose belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where she was born and resided for many years. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by the celebrated Cotton Mather, on the 8th of June, 1715, to an enterprising and industrious printer by the name of Thomas Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Mother Goose, like all good grandmothers, was in ecstasies at the event; she spent her whole time in the nursery, and in wandering about the house, pouring forth in not the most melodious strains the songs and ditties which she had learned in her younger days, greatly to the annoyance of the whole neighborhood—to Fleet in particular, who was fond of quiet. It was in vain he exhausted his shafts of wit and ridicule, and every expedient he could devise. It was of no use; the old lady was not thus to be put down; so he submitted. His shrewdness, however, did not forsake him. He conceived the idea of collecting the songs and ditties as they came from his good mother-in-law, and such as he could gather from other sources, and publishing them for the benefit of the world—not forgetting himself. This he did, and soon brought out a book, the earliest known edition of which bears the following title: "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing-house, Pudding Lane [now Devonshire Street], 1719.—Price two coppers."

OUR Southern brethren are as keenly alive to the grotesque incidents of the war, and as quick to put them in shape for general circulation, as we of the North. Shortly after Lee's surrender one of his soldiers applied at the Provost Marshal's office in Danville, Virginia, to take the oath of allegiance. The Marshal accordingly commenced reading the oath to him, and had nearly gotten through, when the Confederate roughly seized him by the arm, and simultaneously vociferated:

"Stop! stop, Mister! stop, Mister! Don't read the balance; for I'll be plagued if I can take it!"

Upon this the Provost Marshal, who had been nearly startled out of his seat by the Confederate's sudden grasp of his arm and sonorous tone, looked up and inquired what were his objections to the oath.

"Didn't you say," replied the Confederate, "that I must swear to support the Constitution?"

"Certainly, certainly, my friend," responded the Provost Marshal. "You must swear to support the Constitution of the United States if you take this oath of allegiance."

"Well, Mister," said the Confederate, "now wouldn't I look like a fool to swallow that oath, for darn me if I can support my wife, three children, and the Constitution too!"

A CLEVER thing is current in Paris of the younger Dumas, who is said to be perpetually worried by applications for his autograph, for epigrams—for, in fact, the smallest contributions to those albums of literary testimonials which it is now so much the fashion to display in both French and English *salons*. One day a fashionable physician at some watering-place brought Dumas his album and insisted upon a trifle from the lion, who found himself fairly caught in the toils. Dumas wrote, and the smiling physician, nodding to his admiring friends, looked over the author's shoulder. Following Dumas's pen, he read:

"So great is M. T——'s [the physician's name] skill, so marvelous his success, that since he has practiced in this place three out of five hospitals have been pulled down as useless—"

The physician, delighted with the flattery, interrupted him, protesting that the compliment was too great, was undeserved, and so forth. Dumas begged to be allowed to finish the sentence, and the permission being gladly given, he continued:

"and in their stead it has been found necessary to build *two new cemeteries!*"

Dumas the younger wasn't asked to write in *that* album again.

AN Illinois correspondent sends a late Number of the *Lake County Patriot*, containing an account of a meeting of the Old Settlers of Lake County, which took place recently at Libertyville. Some fifteen hundred were present, and what with the clever oration of the Hon. E. M. Haines, the dinner, and the little incidents related by the old folks at table, the réunion was a notable and very agreeable one. Of course stories illustrative of the vicissitudes and humor of pioneer life were given, and given as they can only be by the genuine Western man. Mr. Haines's own introduction into Lake County, in 1836, is thus sketched:

"A friend," he says, "had provided me with written directions of the route to what was then known as Gage's Lakes. The last two points in my directions were Steele's Tavern and Vardin's Grove. I had arrived at about the place where now is the village of Wheeling, when I met a man of rustic dress and appearance, whose name I learned before leaving him to be Murphy, and an early settler in that part of the country, whose peculiar brogue might at this day, in some countries—Canada, for instance—mark him as a full-fledged Fenian. I asked him how far it was to Steele's Tavern. He answered: 'Steele don't keep no tavern, nor never did!' At this I felt somewhat dubious, fearing I might possibly have taken the wrong route; but my way had been marked by a thoroughly beaten Indian trail, which I had followed for many miles, and I was satisfied that I must be right. I then inquired for Vardin's Grove, to which he rejoined: 'Vardin don't live there nuther.' I showed him my written directions, and assured him that there must be such a place as Vardin's Grove somewhere on my route, not far ahead. 'And shurely,' said he, 'I say to ye Vardin has moved away, but then the grove is there yet!'"

One of the notable excitements in the early history of the county occurred at a protracted meeting at Marble's school-house, at Fort Hill, where a hen's egg was taken, with others, from a nest in a neighboring barn. On this egg was this inscription in raised letters: "Time ends 1843." It created deep feeling. The egg was presented at the meeting, where it was received

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and viewed as one of the "signs of the times." It produced such effect upon the mind of one old man that he hastened home to prepare for the event, which, he said, he was satisfied was near at hand. He had been for some time in difficulty with several of his neighbors, all of whom he summoned to his house and confessed his wrong, adding that his life had been one of transgression, and he desired to make suitable amends, as far as he could, during the remainder of his stay. He asked them to state terms of adjustment, to which he would accede. Adjustments were effected, except in one instance, which was postponed to a day set for the concurrence of an absent party. Before that day arrived, however, eggs with like prophetic inscriptions became common in the neighborhood, whereby it was disclosed that the letters were produced by artificial means. At the appointed time the aggrieved parties repaired to the house of the repentant individual. As soon as they entered, the old man sprang toward them, and accosting them with earnestness, said: "*That egg business* is all a consummate humbug, and I'll have nothing to do with you or your settlement. Get out of my house, or I'll sue you for trespass!"

It was at this meeting that an old lady, appearing to be greatly distressed, attracted the sympathy of one of the brethren, who went to her, and, in kindly tones, asked if he could do any thing for her. He inquired if she had got religion. She took on greatly, and finally answered: "I don't know; *mebbe it's religion—mebbe it's worms!*"

Mr. Haines gives a notable instance of the facility with which the Western man constructs his fence. The early settlers were not very dilatory in taking all the necessary steps to constitute a legal claim to whatever land was attractive to them; so Nelson Landon, reputed to be now the richest farmer in Lake county, when he pitched his tent in that region put a fence all round the town of Benton—*but only one rail high!*

Well might the men of the Lake have their celebration, for right truly does it bear out the idea of a Maine man, who, riding through, and astonished at its beauty, asked: "Is this the way God left it?"

WHETHER the following "Dundrearyism" on Shakspeare (after the races) is fairly attributable to one of the stewards of the Jerome Park Course or not, we are unable to decide. If any one can give a satisfactory explanation, it is probably Mr. La-r-n-e J-r-m-e:

"Look here—I—I thay. Wh—what's that thombody thays—Sh—Shakspeare, is it?

"'The co—course of true love never did—did run smooth.' Wh—what stuff! How could a co—course run? who ever thaw a course run? Take the Darby. 'Tisn't the course that wins, is it, thtoopid? It's—it's the horses that run on the co—course; not the co-course that runs on the horses. Sh—Shakspeare was a—was a—you know—I mean—he was a lunatic!"

A GENTLEMAN with a tendency to brokerage, whose dealings in government securities are on a scale of considerable magnitude, is known among personal friends to be one of the Plymouth Rockiest of Puritans. Not only does he command that his children shall never fail in attendance at Sunday-school and church, but on returning from the latter a literal repetition of the text is promptly exacted. It is by no means uncommon in such households to hear incongruous conversation about Christianity and coupons, loans and margins, and bulls and bears, scriptural and financial. A six-year-old son of this gentleman having returned from church, where he had listened to a sermon marked by that decent debility of thought and manner characteristic of many of our fashionable places of worship, was asked the usual question as to the text, and replied, with perfect readiness: "I forget the chapter and verse, but the words were, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols: *lend* him a *loan!*'" The fond parent, thinking that images were undesirable as collaterals in Broad Street, did not persist in "improving" the subject.

MR. WM. ANDERSON, the Stenographer of the General Sessions, informs us that at a Sunday-school meeting the other evening, held in a Baptist church in Brooklyn, a speaker, in giving an account of his recent trip to the South, mentioned a coincidence that happened to him, viz., that on one occasion at the North he was introduced to an audience by a Baptist Sunday-school Superintendent who built the ram *Monitor;* and while addressing a similar assemblage at the South, a Baptist Superintendent, who constructed the rebel ram *Tennessee*, presided at the meeting. The pastor of the church, noted for his humor (who was present), promptly observed, "Brother, they were *hard shell* Baptists!"

LORD THURLOW, who was descended from parents in the very humblest walk of life, was not only not ashamed of it, but encouraged others just starting in life with no better advantage to emulate his example. It is said no Chancellor ever gave so many benefices to poor clergymen of real merit. An instance: A curate who had a numerous family, but no patron among the great, was prompted by his wants and a favorable opportunity to make a personal application to Thurlow. The Chancellor was struck with his appearance and address, and after hearing his story, whimsically asked him: "Whom have you to recommend you?" "Only the Lord of Hosts, my lord." "Well," replied Thurlow, "as it is the first recommendation I have had from his Lordship, be assured that I shall attend to it." The living was given to the meritorious applicant.

THE Drawer desires to put upon record, for the information of its hundreds of thousands of readers, the name of the author of that humorous phrase that now passes current in the wit of both hemispheres—"*The Almighty Dollar.*" The expression originated with Washington Irving, in "The Creole Village:"

"*The Almighty Dollar*, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no devotees in these peculiar villages."

In the last edition of Mr. Irving's works, in a foot-note, he says: "This phrase, used for the first time in this sketch, has since passed into current circulation, and by some has been questioned as savoring of irreverence. The author, therefore, owes it to his orthodoxy to declare that no irreverence was intended, *even to the*

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dollar itself; which he is aware is daily becoming more and more an object of worship."

A CLERICAL correspondent in Wisconsin furnishes a curious instance of the wonderful skill and power of a Spiritual doctress in one of the towns of that State. A man named Cathcart, long a sufferer from a painful disease, resolved to test the healing powers of the woman. His wife, less credulous, resolved to expose an impostor who boldly announced that by touching the palm of the hand she could pronounce a patient's complaint, and that a simple lock of hair placed in her hand would disclose the nature of the owner's disease. Having preserved some of the soft, venerable locks of her grandmother, Mrs. C. inclosed a few in a paper, and, with her husband, started. After the disposal of Mr. Cathcart's case by this wonderful palmistry, Mrs. C. stepped forward and placed grandmother's hair in the practitioner's bony paw. The practitioner closed it for a moment, and then, with the frankest and most confident tone, said: "*This child has worms!*" Mr. Cathcart with Mrs. Cathcart returned to the domestic fireside—discharged cured.

JUDY, an old servant of Doctor F——, of Louisa County, Virginia, was asked by him one day how she could go and be baptized and join the church the Sunday before, when it had not been a week since she stole that goose? This rather nonplused Judy; but rallying, and placing her arms akimbo, she replied, triumphantly: "Do *you* think I gwine 'ny Lord and Master for *one* poor goose?" Probably not.

WHO was the author of the saying: "Much may be done with a Scotchman *if he be caught young?*"

A MINNESOTA correspondent is courteous enough to communicate an incident illustrative of the tone of society in that State immediately after the last great financial collapse:

"After the fall," when selfish Eastern capitalists refused to honor our drafts, came the famous Wright County war. A new settler, named Watson, who was said to have had four hundred dollars, was brutally murdered, causing great consternation throughout the settlements. A crowd was discussing the matter one evening at the village store, all but one of whom in strong language denounced the infamous crime. The exception was Dave Gildersleeve, an old frontiersman, who slowly freed his mind as follows: "Gentlemen, I can't agree with you. If any man on the Upper Mississippi has four hundred dollars by him at this stage of the game, and won't let it out, I say kill him at once; take a knife and let his bowels out; *develop his resources*—that's my doctrine!"

As a portion of our army was returning, in November, 1863, from the celebrated Mine Run campaign, and had reached the northern bank of the Rapidan, a halt was ordered for rest. General B—— selected a sunny spot, and, stretched out in company with the staff, made his frugal breakfast. During conversation the mustering officer, who sometimes helped us to a quiet laugh, said: "General, how will Meade make his report of this movement in two words?" After bestowing the thought usually given to great moral problems, when couched in the language of conundrum, it was given up. The mustering officer simply replied, "He'll say '*mine run!*'"

How difficult to write a good advertisement! For clearness and conciseness we reproduce the following as a model—sent by the agent of the American Express Company at Algona, Iowa:

"STRAY—The under Sighned took up two young mares four or five years old a dark iron gray one had a ward on the Wright side eight miles north of Algona on the Blue Earthe rode, JOHN NIX,"

PARODIES have been popular since the days of old Homer, who is said to have written the first. If it be correct to term them a species of poetical pleasantry, produced by turning into ridicule what was intended for a serious composition, what shall be said of the following, which we find in a late Number of the London *Christian Times*, written by the late Rev. Joseph Belcher, who bent his energies, it seems, to this department of literature? It is a parody on a sentimental song, popular twenty years ago, commencing

"Gayly the troubadour
Struck his guitar,"

which the Reverend Joseph believed could be remodeled—worked over, as it were—into something that would touch the heart of the penitent. Thus:

"Softly the Penitent
Offers his prayer,
How doth his yielding soul
Heavenward repair;
Saying, 'From all my heart
Sin I dethrone;
Saviour-Lord! Saviour-Lord
Be thou mine own!'"

SOME philosopher has recorded, as the result of diligent observation, that when a man begins to trade horses he at once, to a certain extent, becomes a scoundrel. Human infirmity exhibits itself in another form in those who have an uncontrollable thirst for ardent spirits. Truthful and irreproachable in all else, when it is hinted that their breath has an objectionable bouquet, or their pedestrianism lacks tone, they indignantly deny having taken any fluid whatever of an inspiring character. There was our friend Bentley, for example, a confirmed tippler, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always denied, when a little overcome, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, with an air of triumph, cried: "Ah, Bentley! we have caught you at last! You never drink, eh?" No one supposed but that Bentley would have acknowledged the fact. Not he. With the most grave and inexpressible face he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen, my name is *not* Bentley!"

THE stories in recent Numbers of the Drawer about Colonel Isaac O. Barnes, of Massachusetts, have reminded a correspondent of two anecdotes concerning the late Benjamin F. Hallett, of Boston, who was United States District Attorney at a time when the Anti-Slavery men, at least, thought there was a systematic attempt to violate, and so

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debauch, the public sentiment of New England by enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston. No great nicety of language was used in denouncing men who, like Mr. Hallett, were active in this business. One day, as the story goes, Mr. Hallett encountered Edward Sohier, Esq., a noted wit of the Boston Bar, who did not always spare a joke at the expense of a friend. To him Mr. Hallett complained that the Abolitionists were outrageously abusive—that they even called him "Judas Iscariot." "Well," returned Mr. Sohier, "of course, Mr. Hallett, that makes no difference to *you; but what would Judas Iscariot say?*"

The other story relates to the trial of the celebrated Theodore Parker for complicity in the attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, and was told to our correspondent by Mr. Parker himself. Mr. Hallett, as District Attorney, drew up the indictment under which Theodore Parker and several others were brought to trial. The indictment proved defective, and Mr. Hallett was considerably irritated at the consequent dismissal of the case by Judge Curtis. As Theodore Parker turned to leave the court-room he encountered Mr. Hallett, who said to him, in a voice which, on occasion, could be very gruff, "Well, Mr. Parker, you have crept out through a knot-hole this time." To which Mr. Parker instantly replied, in a voice four times as gruff as Mr. Hallett's could ever have been, "I will knock a bigger hole next time."

While Mr. Parker's manner in common society was extraordinarily gentle, and his voice had almost a feminine softness, no man was better able thus to encounter and put down what he considered the arrogance of those engaged in the slavery propaganda of that day.

"Squire Johnson" was a model lawyer, as the following anecdote will evince:

Mr. Jones once rushed into the Squire's office in a great passion. "That infernal scoundrel of a cobbler, Smith, has sued me, Mr. Johnson—sued for five dollars I owe him for a pair of boots!"

"Then you owe him the five dollars?"

"To be sure I do; but he's gone and sued me—sued *me!*"

"Then why don't you pay him, if you owe him?"

"Because he's sued me; and when a man does *that*, I'll never pay him till it costs him more than he gets. I want you to make it cost him all you can."

"But it will cost you something too."

"I don't care for that. What do you charge to begin with?"

"Ten dollars; and more if there is much extra trouble."

"All right! There's the X. Now go ahead!"

No sooner was his client gone than Squire Johnson stepped across to his neighbor Smith, and offered to pay the bill, on condition that the suit should be withdrawn. The shoemaker gladly acceded—all he wanted was his pay. The lawyer retained the other five for his fee; and as the case was not "troublesome," made no further demands upon his client.

Ten days after Jones came in to see how his case was getting on.

"All right!" said the lawyer. "You won't have any trouble about that. I put it to Smith so strongly that he was glad to withdraw the suit altogether."

"Capital!" cried the exulting Jones. "You've done it up brown! You shall have all my business."

Judge L——, of Virginia, was one of the most prompt and laborious men who have done honor to the Bench. A certain Dr. R——, noted for his extortionate charges, had been called to attend a poor man during a long illness, and at its close presented a most exorbitant bill, which the patient refused to pay unless large deductions were made. The Doctor insisted upon receiving the whole, and immediately brought suit.

The case came up before Judge L——, who during its progress asked to see the account. When it was handed up it was found to consist of a single charge: "*Medical Attendance*—so much." The Judge required the Doctor, who was present, to specify the items. He refused to comply, and the case was thrown out of court.

When the court had adjourned the Doctor thus accosted the Judge: "That was an honest account, Judge L——; an honest account."

"I know nothing about it," said the Judge, in his sharp, decisive voice; "nothing about it, Sir."

After an embarrassing silence, the Doctor began again: "Judge L——, we shall all have to give an account—an account, Sir, of all the deeds done in the body."

"I know that, Sir," returned the Judge; "I know that. But it will be an item account—an item account, Sir!"

The Doctor vamosed incontinently.

Seldom has the mysterious question of miracles received more prompt or emphatic solution than in the instance of a practical-minded parson of the old school, among some of whose parishioners had sprung up an inquiring spirit, and who upon certain theological points were rather in doubt. One of these rustics, wishing to have his foggy intellect cleared up on a certain point, remained after Sunday morning service, and waited upon the rector in the vestry:

"Well, my man, what brings you here?"

"If you please, Sir, I want you to explain to me what a miracle is; I can't quite make it clear like."

"You can't, eh? Well, just step outside for a minute, and I'll talk to you presently."

Out went the inquirer, and patiently waited, thinking to have made as profound an impression on the parson as the Zulu on the Bishop of Natal. Presently out crept the minister, noiselessly, behind his parishioner's back, and dealt him a sound cuff on his doubt-haunted numskull.

"Holloa! what's that for?" exclaims the skeptical Corydon.

"Did you feel that?" calmly inquired the parson.

"Feel it—dang'd if I didn't!"

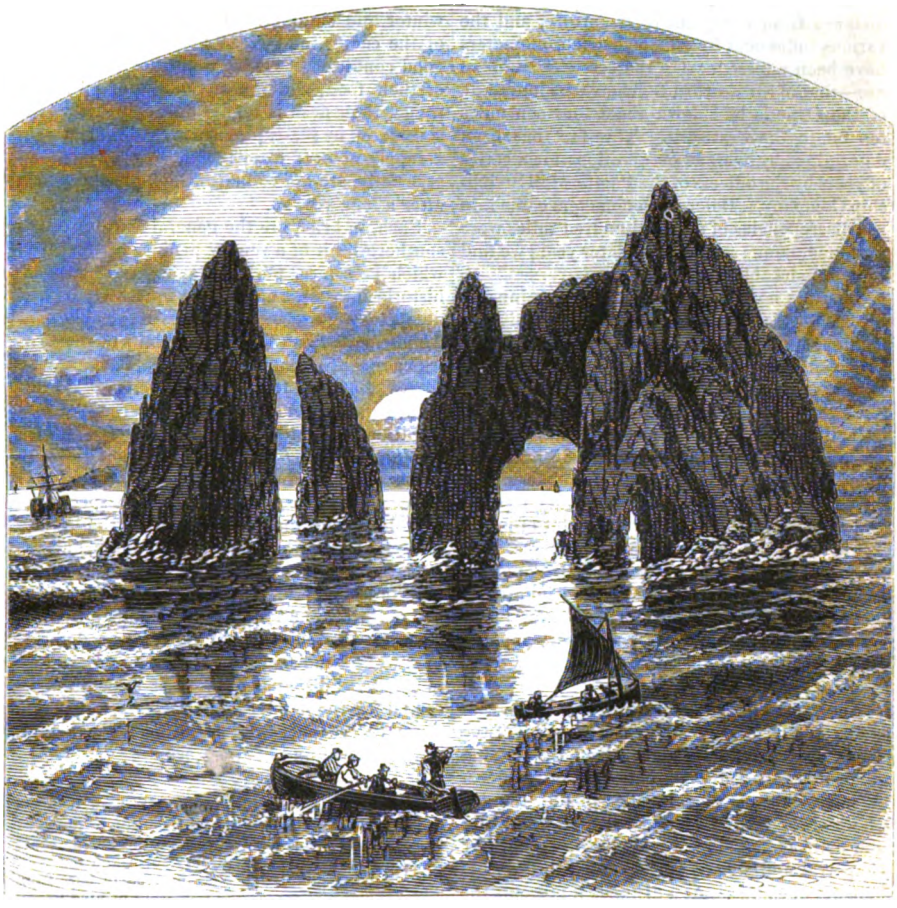
"Well, my man, if you hadn't felt it, that would have been a miracle. Good-morning!"

Thoroughly satisfied with this striking illustration of a Scriptural difficulty, the young person quietly left the presence.

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HARPER'S
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CAPE ST. LUCAS.

EXPLORATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

[First Paper.]

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

A GROUP of yellowish rocks, jutting out of the sea at the end of a narrow promontory, marks the southern limit of Lower California. On the inner side, toward the Gulf, is the harbor of Cape St. Lucas. The anchorage is deep and well protected from the northwesterly winds. To the southward and eastward nothing intervenes to break the force of those terrific gales which in September and October blow from that quarter; and vessels, unable to slip their anchors in time, have been driven ashore. Except in one aspect the harbor may be consid-

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ered an open roadstead, though in the opinion of intelligent engineers it might be improved by means of a breakwater, the expense of which, however, would be considerable.

Great difficulty seems to have been experienced by navigators in determining with accuracy the longitude of Cape St. Lucas. The early voyagers had no means of testing the accuracy of their reckoning; and those of later date have been subject to many difficulties in preserving the true time, owing to the great distance from the point of departure, and the various influences by which their chronometers have been affected. On the best chart now in use—that of Sir Edward Belcher—the longitude of the Cape is laid down about fourteen miles too far to the westward. This fact has been determined by average observations for a series of years by the officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Before chronometers came into use discrepancies of several hundred miles were not uncommon; and even in later years we find some remarkable differences.*

There is no doubt this point or terminus of the Peninsula would be a valuable acquisition to the United States. Situated on the highway from San Francisco to Panama, and to all the Pacific ports of Mexico, it is easy of access, affords good anchorage for vessels of the largest capacity, and possesses every advantage of position and climate that could be desired in a place of resort for supplies. A dépôt established here, with a dock for temporary repairs, and a light-house on the highest point of rocks, would be a great convenience to commerce. The country, it is true, can not be depended upon for any thing more than fresh beef and indifferent water; but the advantages of the location for a dépôt, where coals and other necessary supplies for steamships could be kept, are not easily overestimated.

The aspect of the country back of the harbor is not so forbidding as that of other parts of the coast, owing to a dense growth of bushes and cactus, which conveys some idea of verdure. A valley extends several miles inland, the soil of which is sandy and much cut up with sinks and arroyas. This is covered with patches of chaparral and weeds, variegated with fantastic bunches of cactus. At a distance it presents the appearance of a luxuriant pasture; but a nearer approach proves it to be as barren as the rest of the country. Wherever the inhabitants take the trouble to dig wells and irrigate the land, it is productive. Oranges, grapes, and almost all kinds of fruit and vegetables grow here with wonderful luxuriance; but every thing produced by the earth, except its natural crop of chaparral and cactus, requires laborious irrigation. The native Californians are too indolent for any kind of hard work, and there are no signs of cultivation near the Cape except in a small garden belonging to Captain Ritchie, the only foreign resident of the place. Here the experiment has resulted satisfactorily, so far, at least, as to show the capabilities of the soil. With a climate so warm and salubrious, water is the only desideratum.

As a range for cattle, the country adjacent to the Cape meets all its present requirements. Several hundred head of stock run at large here winter and summer. The mesquit bean, fruit of the cactus, and green bushes keep them in good condition. Owing to the healthful nature of their food, and the advantage of an ample range, their flesh is tender and delicate. It is considered by sea-captains a great luxury to get a supply of beef from the Cape. The sailors, especially, are apt to bestow high praise upon it after a long voyage.

Such, in brief, are the general features of the southern limit of a remote peninsular territory, which possesses, perhaps, a higher degree of historic interest, and is more intimately associated with the daring enterprises of the old Spanish navigators and the bold exploits of the British buccaneers, than any part of the Pacific coast, from Cape Horn to Cape Mendocino. To this wild region the renowned Cortéz, after the subjugation of Montezuma in 1522, directed his attention. Among the spoils of conquest were pearls of wonderful beauty and value, and emeralds, turquoises, garnets, and rich specimens of gold, silver, and copper, which the Aztecs said came from the coast of the Pacific, and regions adjacent thereto, far to the west and northwest of the capital. In that day the geographical positions and limits of remote provinces were very indefinite: but Cortéz was determined to find the source of these treasures; and in 1532 he dispatched his first expedition in search of the land called *Ciguatan*, the name given to the northwest province by the king of Michoacan and his caciques.*

* Of the early charts the most reliable is that of Abbé Chappé. In a recent chart, prepared with great care by Captain C. M. Scammon, of the United States Revenue Service, for the Lower California Company, the true bearings of Cape St. Lucas and other important points are for the first time accurately established.

* Dr. Alexander S. Taylor, of Santa Barbara, who has probably devoted more time and attention to the musty records of Spanish adventure on the Pacific coast than any man living, has kindly furnished me with the following interesting data, derived in part from original manuscripts, and in part from printed narratives written in Spanish:

"The king of Michoacan and the caciques of his province of Colima called this country of treasures *Ciguatan*, a name adopted by the conquerors until they first discovered the shores of the Gulf below 27°, when it generally went by the name of *Santiago*, from a place on the coast of Tehuantepec, whence Cortéz dispatched his first expedition of 1532. After that date it was called *Santa Cruz*, from a bay in which Ximenes, the first European who was certainly known to have landed on the Peninsula, anchored his vessel. It also obtained the name of *Islas de Perlas*, from the accounts and specimens brought to Cortéz by the companions of Ximenes; also the *Islas Amazones*, from a fable current in Mexico of a nation of female warriors in these parts; and at a later date the Bay or Gulf of *Ballenas* or 'Whales.' After the visit of Cortéz in 1535 it first acquired the name of *California*, or the *Islas de California*. On the death of Cortéz it often went by the name of *Islas Carolinas*, from the Em-

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The information obtained by Cortéz relative to the countries visited by Ximenes encouraged him to send forth another expedition, in 1532, to find the "Island of California," which it was alleged lay "on the right hand of the Indies," and was "full of gold and precious stones." The results of this voyage, though no discovery of gold and precious stones was made, induced the indefatigable explorer to fit out a third expedition in 1533; but not satisfied with the reports of his subordinates, he set forth himself in 1535 to see the land in person. An entertaining account of all these voyages and explorations is given by the good old Father Vanegas, the historian of the Jesuits. It would be beyond the limits of a Magazine article even to glance at the wonderful history of privation, suffering, heroism, and ecclesiastical zeal that followed the discoveries made by the great Spanish adventurer. A description of the country will convey the best idea of the difficulties encountered by the early explorers and the Jesuit missionaries, whose labors have made it a classic land.

In December, 1866, the writer, acting under an arrangement previously made with a company of wealthy capitalists in New York, who had obtained a grant of lands and mining privileges from the Mexican Government, embracing more than two-thirds of the Peninsula, with its islands, bays, and inlets, fitted out an expedition to explore the country from Cape St. Lucas to San Diego. A considerable amount of American capital was invested in it, and there was no accurate geological knowledge of its resources beyond the experience of some German miners at a few points in the neighborhood of San Antonio. No scientific exploration had ever been made of the vast stretch of country lying between La Paz and San Diego. Believing that the knowledge likely to result from an expedition properly organized and fitted out would be of great benefit to our Government, in view of the probable acquisition of the territory at no remote period, I employed, after consultation with Professor J. D. Whitney, then a resident of San Francisco, Mr. William M. Gabb, of the State Geological Survey, to take charge of the scientific branch of the expedition. Dr. F. Von Löhr, a graduate of the School of Mines of Freiberg, was engaged as Topographer, Mining Engineer, and Assayer. The rest of the party consisted of a cook, and the necessary guides, vaqueros, and subordinates, to be hired on our arrival in the country.



PROFESSOR GABB AND DR. VON LÖHR.

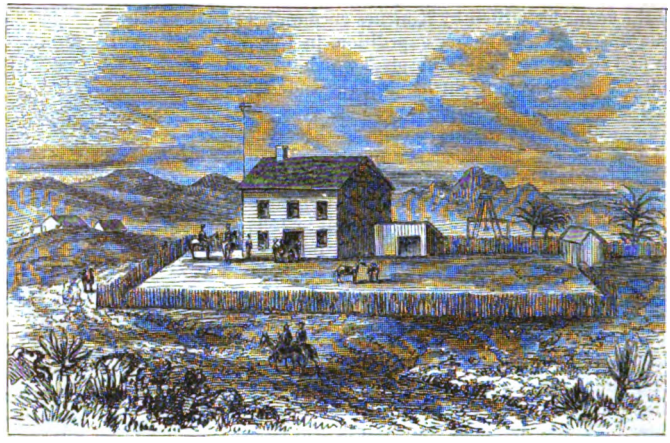
Our outfit was of the most compact and primitive kind — viz., a Spanish saddle and two pairs of blankets each; a revolver; a knapsack with a change of clothing; a few conveniences for sketching and writing; a sextant, compass, blow-pipe, and other necessary instruments for taking observations and making assays; and such miscellaneous articles of light weight for various emergencies as could not be obtained in the country. Our stock of provisions comprised only the ordinary necessaries of life — flour, sugar, coffee, bacon, salt, and pepper.

On the 28th day of December, accompanied by Mr. Brooks, Superintendent of the Triunfo Mines, we took our departure from San Francisco in the *Continental*, a screw steamer belong-

peror Charles V. or from Charles II. of Spain, under which name it is set down in many old maps and charts; even as late as that of Anson in 1740. After the Jesuit settlement of 1690 the name of *California* became more confirmed, until the publication of the Jesuit histories in 1750, when it became permanently recognized in history, navigation, and geography. From the date of the settlements of San Diego and Monterey in 1770, the lower portions of the country began to be styled *California Peninsulares*, *California Antigua* or *Vieja*, and *Baja California*; and the country beyond the junction of the Gila and Colorado and its parallel to the ocean as *Nueva California*, *California Norte*, and *Alta California*. It was not until the American conquest of 1846 that the name of the Peninsula was confirmed in commerce as *Lower California*, and the northern country as *Upper California*, by which terms they are now generally known. *Las dos Californias*, or *Las Californias*, has frequently been applied to them by the Spaniards and Mexicans since 1800; and they now sometimes use the term *La California* and *La Californiana*, 'the country appertaining to the things of the Californians.' Of the origin of the name little is known. The question has given rise to many conjectures. By some it is attributed to Indian sources, by others the derivation is traced to the Spanish word *callienta*, or 'heat'—the 'hot country,' or the 'country of heat.' Mr. E. E. Hale, of Boston, brings excellent proof of the derivation of the name. He traces it to an old crusade romance, much read in the time of Columbus and Cortéz, in which a Queen of the Amazons living in the Greek-Syrian countries is called California — for a memoir of which see Mr. Hale's papers, published in 1863-64."

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ing to the Holliday line. Nothing of special interest occurred during the passage to Cape St. Lucas. The distance is 1175 miles, and is usually made by the Pacific Mail steamers in four days and a half. Our passage was not considered bad, as the vessel was heavily freighted, and the propeller out of order.



CAPTAIN RITCHIE'S HOUSE.

A strange fact connected with our first experience of a steamer on the Mexican line was that over two hundred tons of the freight consisted of corn and potatoes. It seemed like carrying coals to Newcastle; but was characteristic of the Mexican people. With some of the finest corn and potato-growing country in the world, the vagabond races of Sinaloa, Sonora, and Lower California have to depend mainly on San Francisco for their supplies of vegetables.

On rounding the Point of Rocks we cast anchor about half a mile inside the harbor, soon after which our captain descried several boats coming out from the shore, in one of which some of the officers recognized the famous Colonel D'Artois.* Some anxiety was manifested as to the purpose of this piratical gentleman. It was well known that he had some project in view for the capture of the *Continental*. The Liberals were greatly incensed at the conduct of the Holliday Company in carrying arms to the Imperial forces during the past year; and it was with great difficulty one of the Company's vessels had escaped from Mazatlan, on the occasion of the last voyage. Nothing saved her but the presence of an American man-of-war and the firmness of her commander, Captain Dall. Guards were stationed at the gangways of the *Continental*, and express orders given to prevent any person from boarding; notwithstanding which, in the confusion of the moment, D'Artois, Captain Ritchie, and the mail-rider managed to get on board. D'Artois wanted to take passage to Mazatlan for himself and other "peaceable citizens;" but our captain was not to be prevailed upon, and the peaceful colonel went ashore much disgusted.

As soon as the way was clear we had our blankets, saddles, and provisions put in one of the ship's boats, and went ashore. Although the weather was calm, the surf broke heavily on the beach, and it was not without difficulty that we effected a safe landing.

Captain Ritchie, an old Englishman, lives here; he is the only European settler on the Cape. I can not but make passing mention of him, since he is one of the institutions of the country. Forty years ago he was a cabin-boy in a vessel belonging to his uncle. Becoming fascinated with the charms of a dark señorita at San José, he ran away, and secreted himself till the ship sailed. Ever since he has lived at or near the Cape. His history, though not remarkable for stirring adventure, is full of interest. He has been the host of all the distinguished navigators who have visited the coast during the past forty years. Smuggling, stock-raising, fishing, farming, and trading have been among his varied occupations. He now has a family of half-breeds around him, none of whom speak his native language. He has made and lost a dozen fortunes, chiefly by selling and drinking whisky. No man is better known on the Pacific coast than "Old Ritchie." He has suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Mexicans. They have robbed him, taxed him, imprisoned him, threatened to kill him, but all to no purpose; and they now regard him as an inevitable citizen of the country. At one time they confiscated his property, and carried him over to Mazatlan, where they cast him into prison; but he survived it all. An English man-of-war got him out of the difficulty, and threatened to bombard the city if ever they maltreated him again. The various injuries inflicted upon him would have destroyed any other man on earth. It will be a marvel if he ever dies.

Captain Ritchie's house at Cape St. Lucas is the home of adventurers from all parts of the world. Admirals, commodores, captains, and mates inhabit it; pirates and freebooters take refuge in it; miners, traders, and cattle-drovers

* Intelligence was received at San Francisco, several months after, that D'Artois, having been dismissed from the Liberal service by General Corona, had concocted a plan of revolutionizing the Peninsula, and reinstating the late Governor Navarette. The attempt was frustrated by Pedrin, the Governor. D'Artois was captured, and is now in prison under sentence of death.

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make it their home. In short, the latch-string is never drawn in. His hospitality is proverbial. All who have money pay if they choose; those who have none he feeds and makes drunk from sheer love of fellowship and natural generosity of heart. No traveler, weary or way-worn, ever went away from his door without rest and sustenance.

Since the opening of the San Antonio and Triunfo mines Captain Ritchie has done a good business in packing freight and passengers to the mines. Whalers also find it convenient to call at this rendezvous for fresh beef, of which he always keeps a good supply.

On the occasion of our arrival the D'Artois party had possession of the premises. They were a piratical looking set of fellows, numbering some fourteen, chiefly Americans and Irish. D'Artois himself, a handsome young man of pleasing address, was formerly an officer in the United States Army. I had known him in Oregon, where he was stationed in 1857. He now claimed to hold a commission from Corona, but the fact has been questioned.

The rest of the party were exceedingly rough and boisterous. They had borrowed or stolen a small steamer from the Spanish Consul at Mazatlan, and come across the Gulf a few days previous to our arrival, to be on hand for the *Continental*. Two months before they had captured the brig *Basco*, a vessel sailing under the Imperial flag, and confiscated what money and property they could find. The case was tried soon after in one of the courts at San Francisco. Considerable doubt was thrown upon the Corona commission. They were very violent in their denunciations of Captain Shirley of the *Suwanee*, who had just taken their vessel away, sent it back to Mazatlan, and put them ashore, promising to call for them at his earliest convenience. Captain Ritchie, in order to keep them quiet, made them drunk, and in doing so became somewhat inspired himself, so that when we reached the house there were few sober men any where visible. A party of pirates armed with revolvers, angry and intoxicated, and thirsting for somebody's blood, is not attractive in a social point of view. Fortunately for me every pirate in the gang knew me intimately, or claimed to know me, which was the same thing then. They had, according to their own account, traveled with me in divers parts of the world. One was a Virginia City friend, another an Oregon friend, another a San Francisco friend, another an Oakland friend—all friends and fellow-travelers who had roughed it with me, and were now engaged in a little private enterprise of a political character. Of course I knew them all. Any man would "know" a blood-thirsty gang of pirates under the circumstances, and even consider them his most intimate personal friends.

There being a reasonable chance of several explorers being shot if we remained much longer, as the filibustering gentlemen were getting more reckless with their fire-arms the more



OLD FRIENDS.

whisky they drank, we were exceedingly anxious to get off on our journey without delay.

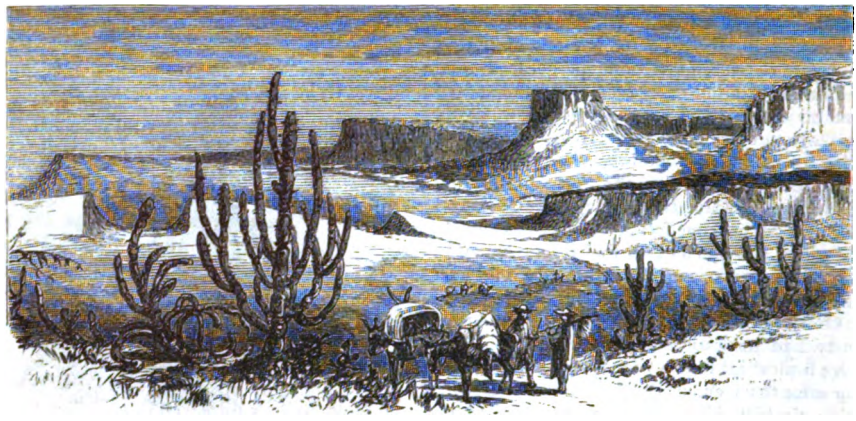
Captain Ritchie's pack-mules were out on a ranch, and could not be brought in till late in the afternoon. It was deemed advisable, therefore, to leave Cornelius Ironmonger, our cook —who had already been shot several times, stabbed, beaten on the head, bitten by rattlesnakes, and stung by scorpions—to take charge of our baggage and provisions, with instructions to follow us as soon as Captain Ritchie's mules came in. A Mexican *ranchero*, named Antoine, who lives near the beach, hired us some horses and mules, and at two P.M., after a little ground and lofty tumbling, we took our departure from Cape St. Lucas.

For the first eight miles the country is rocky and barren, with a heavy growth of cactus and small trees, principally gum and mesquit. The trail winds almost continuously over desert patches of loose sediment, interspersed with boulders of granite. Deep arroyas are washed out by the rains, which at times sweep the country, carrying away the soil.

Over the rugged points of rock that jut out into the sea we toiled for several hours, when we reached a small valley, through which courses an inconsiderable stream. All around us the country was wild and unattractive, with dry, naked rocks and sand gleaming in the sun. A few stunted willows grow on the water's edge, presenting the only exception to the general sterility of the scene. Two or three Mexican huts, around which lay the dead carcasses of cattle, constituted the only visible sign of civilization.

We watered our animals, and after a brief rest proceeded on our journey. Sometimes the trail took us along the beach, where traveling is

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ON THE TRAIL.

very tedious, owing to the heavy sands. For miles at a stretch the horses sank over their fetlocks. We crossed several points of land over which the trail winds so rugged and precipitous that it required some nerve to sit coolly in the saddle. The sea dashed against the rocks hundreds of feet below with a fearful roar, and thousands of gulls screamed around our heads, as if enraged at us for disturbing their solitude. Back from these headlands or points we sometimes turned inland, crossing over some high passes, till at last we descried in a distant bend of the shore the green palm-trees of San José del Cabo.

The mission of San José was established in 1730 by Father Nicholas Tamaral, and the site selected, according to Vanegas, was about five leagues from the sea. This would make it about the locality of Santa Anita. It was afterward moved nearer to the sea. The old mission building stands on a slight eminence about two miles from the beach, in a most beautiful part of the valley, and forms the Acropolis around which centres the pleasant little town of San José. A stream of pure water courses through groves of citrons and oranges on the lower slope of the hill, and luxuriant palms hang with tropical effect over the washing-places along the azequia, where the dusky damsels of the town assemble to work and gossip. The houses are built in the Mexican style—low, and with courts and barred windows. Some brick stores indicate the presence of foreigners. Of late years business has been rather stagnant, though there is generally a little doing in the sugar trade. A sugar factory of very primitive construction was at work boiling out *panoche* as we passed into the town.

We were kindly received by Mr. Gillespie, United States Vice-Consul, who adds to his official dignity the honorable offices of postmaster, storekeeper, and agent for Wells, Fargo, and Co. At the capacious store of our friend Gillespie we slept amidst pyramids of cheese and panoche.

The population of San José is about six or seven hundred, nearly all native Californians. Not more than a dozen foreigners live in the place. The native citizens are lazy and harmless, to suit the climate, devoting themselves chiefly to sleeping and gambling.

The valley of San José embraces the only considerable tract of land on the peninsula susceptible of cultivation. It is watered by a small stream, which in dry seasons disappears in places, and in wet becomes a raging torrent, carrying gardens, houses, and crops into the sea. The extent of the valley is two or three miles in width by twenty or thirty in length. For the most part it consists of barren stretches of sand; but at intervals, by means of irrigation, it is susceptible of profitable cultivation. Sugar-cane is the chief product. This grows luxuriantly wherever it can be irrigated, and some very flourishing little plantations lie along the stream for several miles above the Mission. Figs, oranges, citrons, grapes, pomegranates, etc., grow almost spontaneously. Few countries produce better fruit than this. The great pity is, that, with such a genial climate, there is so little water and so little land of any value.

The wine of Lower California is excellent. It is of a lightish red, very delicate in flavor, but of good body. In many respects it resembles the wines of Southern Italy. The vineyards are few and scattering, and but little wine is made any where in the country.

A much larger quantity of land could be advantageously cultivated in the San José Valley than is worked at present. The native population have no energy, and dislike the intrusion of foreigners. They seem to care for nothing but the simple means of subsistence. Speculators, who have come down from San Francisco with a view of purchasing sugar and cotton estates for a mere trifle, have found themselves much mistaken in the people. Avarice is a sign of civilization. These primitive Californians do many things from hatred and malice, but seldom do any thing for money. Sometimes they get in debt, owing to their improvident

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habits, and are forced to sell their little places; but a patch of sugar or cotton land, under ordinary circumstances, could not be bought here for ten times its actual value.

The only practical way of acquiring real estate in Lower California is to settle among the people and lend them money at usurious interest, secured by mortgage. They are never able to pay it back; and their property falls a sacrifice to their indolence or want of forethought. On the other hand, foreigners who have secured property in this way have never succeeded in making any thing by it. In the few cases that exist they would be very glad to get back their money. Among a people so inert and so unprincipled no one class can be prosperous in exception of the general rule. Prosperity in such cases is sure to engender jealousy, which, if not open, is none the less prejudicial to strangers.

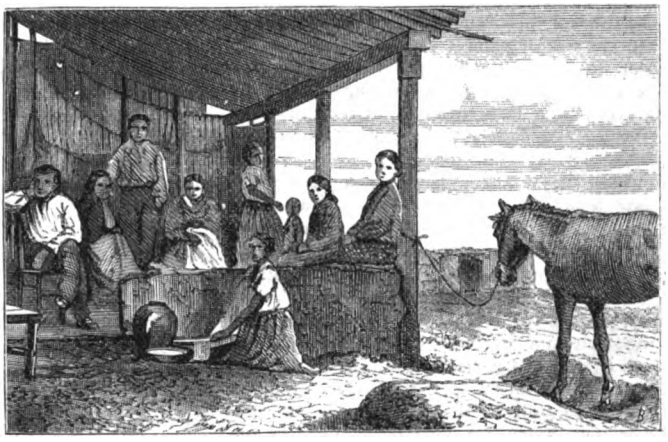
The mode of tilling the land adopted by the native Californians is rude and simple. By means of a small, forked tree, cut into something of a plow shape, with an iron point, they scratch up the earth, and let the crop grow of its own accord, giving it now and then a little water. The azequias are scraped in the sand, and are constantly changed to suit the purposes of irrigation. Yet the sugar-cane looks luxuriant, and very prolific crops can be raised. Cotton can doubtless be grown in this valley. A few experiments made by foreigners demonstrate this fact. The cotton-tree, so called, flourishes in many localities of the Peninsula, producing cotton of a very fine fibre. No use, that I am aware of, has ever been made of it. The fencing of the sugar-fields consists of poles in the ground with bushes interwoven between them. Such frail barriers afford but little protection from the encroachments of cattle, and the gaps require constant watching. These people, however, will spend months in watching their cattle rather than days in mending their fences.

The valley is subject to long droughts and sudden deluges of rain. During the month of September the *temporals* are apt to prevail. Intervals of ten or a dozen years elapse between the most violent and destructive of these visitations; but when they come in their full force, accompanied by rain, they carry off fences, houses, crops, and soil, leaving all in their track a desert of sand. The last great *temporal* occurred nearly half a century ago, but its effects are still visible. Others less destructive have occurred since — one about eight years ago, which did considerable damage to the crops and covered many thousand acres of the valley with a heavy coating of sand. In the fearful hurricanes of October 13, 1855, September 16 and 17, 1856, and September 30, 1858, some ships anchored at La Paz dragged their anchors and were thrown upon the beach.

The harbor of San José is an open roadstead, with good anchorage most of the year. Its commerce consists of a small trade in panoche and cheese, carried on by means of a schooner with the port of Mazatlan. Vessels formerly landed the goods required for the use of the town at this place, but of late the local government has restricted the port of entry to La Paz. Every possible impediment to the prosperity of the country is placed in the way by the political chiefs, to prevent rival aspirants from obtaining power in localities where there is a chance for creating a revolution. Nobody can be trusted to collect money from customs except the Governor himself, who makes use of it to purchase adherents and maintain his power.

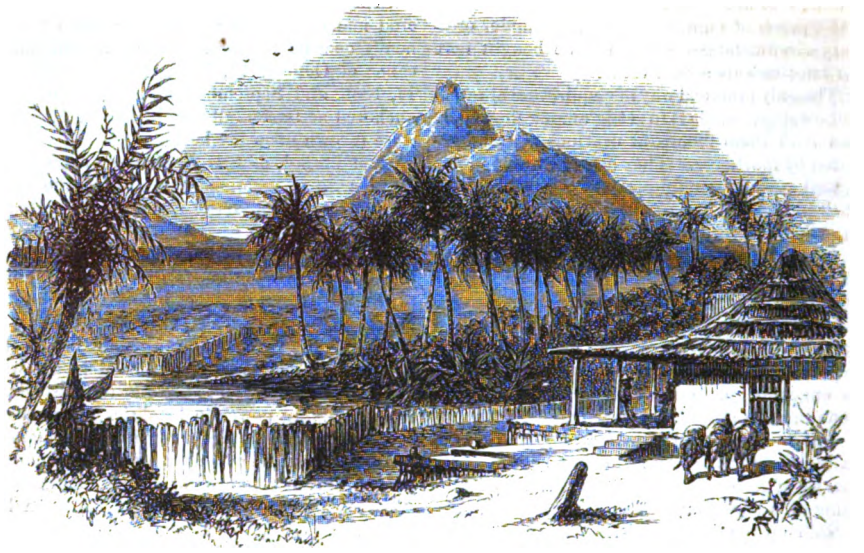
In the hands of an American population some use might be made of the San José Valley. Sugar and cotton could be grown—the former in much larger quantities than at present. The latter has not yet been attempted, except in the way of mere experiment. The arable portions of the valley, however, would not support a large colony of Americans. Wherever our people go they require extensive tracts of land to make the cultivation of the earth profitable. It would be an admirable locality for an industrious and frugal population of Chinese.

Fortunately the *Suwanee* came into the port of Cape St. Lucas half an hour after we left, and took the pirates on board; so that our man, Ironmonger, was relieved of all apprehension, and enabled to start on the same evening with our baggage and provisions. He reached San José early on the morning after our arrival. Having enjoyed the luxuries of the scen-



NATIVES.

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SANTA ANITA.

ery and climate till 2 P.M., and completed all our arrangements for the trip to San Antonio, we proceeded on our journey, under the friendly guidance of our fellow-passenger, Mr. Brooks, Superintendent of the Triunfo Mines.

Some eight or ten miles from San José we came to a curious place in the valley, with high, abrupt banks, in which were a great number of caves. The Californians call it "The Valley of the Caves." Professor Gabb found ample material for scientific investigation here; but as we had not yet entered upon the field of our official duties, we could not spare much time to dally on the way.

Turning to the left, we crossed a rise of hill, and soon entered a main branch of the valley, called Santa Anita, where dwells in patriarchal simplicity an old Mexican, by name José Carillo. No prettier spot than Santa Anita exists in Lower California. We were charmed with the tropical appearance of the place. A magnificent row of palm-trees stands in front of Don José's house, skirting the valley, which is verdant with sugar-cane. Orange and citron groves add to the luxuriant beauty of the scene, with their deep green leaves and golden crop of fruit.

The valley is quite extensive, comprising, perhaps, a thousand acres of rich alluvial land, well watered. All the available places for sugar plantations seem to be occupied; but they might be extended by clearing away the brush and cactus.

At the hospitable *casa* of the old Mexican we stopped for the night. Our animals enjoyed the sugar-cane and we enjoyed the jerked-beef and frijoles and genial warmth of the climate. The thermometer ranged at about 74°, a pleasant temperature for the month of January. As a winter climate for invalids there can be nothing on earth to surpass it. The natives, it is said, never die—they dry up and float away. Carillo had children and grandchildren around him by scores, all of whom looked the picture of health.

The next day's journey was over a "mesa" country, very barren, and abounding in arroyas. Occasional oaks are seen on this part of the route. Cactus and shrubbery abound every where along the trail. The *petaya** is the staple product of the country. The *damiana*—a small plant, the essence of which is said to be a specific remedy for infecundity—grows in great abundance. The *siempra viva*—a pretty fern-like plant, peculiar for its quality of drying up and coming to life again—is also frequent. I might mention many other interesting trees and plants, but they are so fully described by Clavigero and others that it is unnecessary to treat of them here.

Several of the large arroyas, through which we crossed during the day, contain small, arable

* Venegas speaks of the *petayuaya* as a tree not known in Europe, "with fluted branches," etc.; "without leaves," and "with fruit growing on the boughs;" and Alcede as "a large tree and very singular." Humboldt says that "at the foot of the mountains of California we discover only sand, or a stony strata, on which cylindrical cacti shoot up to extraordinary heights." Patti in his Six Years' Journeyings between 1824 and 1829 calls it "A species of tree forty or fifty feet in height, with bark resembling that of a prickly-pear." Lieutenant Hardy of the British navy, who visited the Gulf in 1825-28, says, "It is a tree from eight to twenty feet high."—*Bartlett*, Vol. II., p. 193.

It strikes me as a misnomer to call the *petaya* a tree. Professor Engelmann (see "Emory's Notes of a Military Reconnoissance," etc., Washington, 1848) correctly remarks, p. 158, "It is called in California *pitahaya*, but it appears that the Mexicans call by that name all columnar cacti the fruit of which is edible. The plant, which is commonly called *Cereus variabilis*, is widely different from this California giant. I propose for it the name *Cereus giganteus*."

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patches of ground, cultivated to some extent by the natives. Oranges, figs, sugar-cane, and cheese seem to be the principal products. The people live in adobe cabins, with brush or palm roofs, much in the style of the Panamenos.

This day we made about thirty miles to the Mission and town of Santiago, passing on the way the beautifully situated little village of Miraflores —one of the earliest of the Mission settlements. Some of the *gents de razon* date their origin here. The wife of Mr. Barron, firm of Barron, Forbes, and Co., of San Francisco, is a native of this place.

The surrounding lands bordering the arroya are comparatively fertile. Figs and oranges flourish in abundance, and the date is one of the favorite productions. If it were not for the tremendous torrents of rain that sometimes visit this region, followed by protracted seasons of drought, it might become a very valuable fruit-growing district.

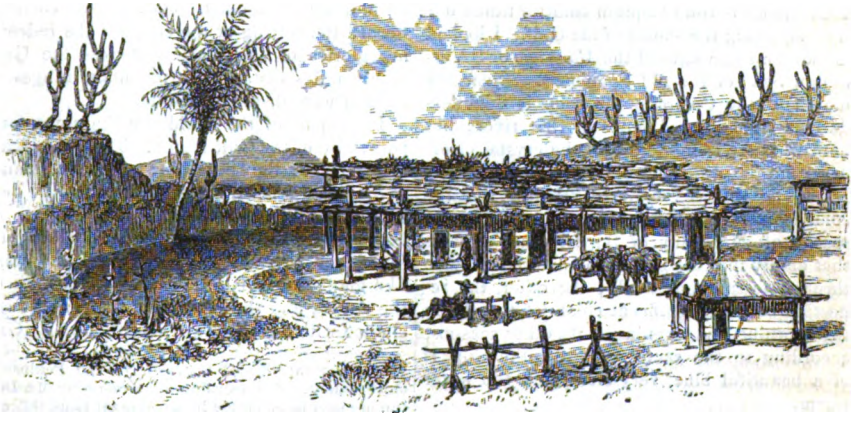
Santiago occupies two sites, each on a picturesque eminence. On one of these stands the old Mission, still in a good state of preservation. The sugar crop in the valley gave promise of an abundant supply of cane. One field was devoted to the experiment of a tobacco plantation. A German, named Schmidt, from the mines of San Antonio, failing to make mining profitable, had undertaken to make a fortune in the tobacco business. He gave $800 for about two acres of ground, and was preparing to plant his crop. The natives enjoyed the prospect of abundant supplies for their cigarritos, free of cost.

Santiago is infested with a characteristic population—half Mexican, half Indian—lazy and thriftless. Their nights they spend in gambling —their days in sleeping. It was here that the great battle took place between Navarette and Pedrin a few months before our arrival. Navarette held the reins of government; Pedrin was coming up from San José to take his place. The contending forces numbered several hundreds on each side. They fought for two days and nights, leaving a result of two dead men on the field. Both parties ran away, but finally by a stroke of fortune Pedrin obtained the mastery, and banished Navarette from the country. Revolutions of this kind occur every few months. Nobody regards them as of much consequence in a sanguinary point of view. The industrious alone suffer by having their ranches plundered.



REVOLUTIONISTS.

A sugar-mill was at work here, from which we gained some idea of the process of making panoche. It is very simple. The cane is cut into pieces, pressed between two rollers, and the juice boiled till reduced to the necessary consistency. The panoche is made in moulds or cups, containing about half a pound; when



RANCHO.

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dry, it is packed in square baskets made of tough sticks, tied at the ends in the fashion of a bird-crib. It is then transported on mule-back to La Paz, or wherever it may be required for shipment.

Fifteen miles beyond Santiago we came to the ranch of Captain Smith, an American who had lived some years at La Paz. Induced by the mining excitement to invest in property he had accumulated quite a fortune in real estate. If he had sold out in time it would have been all well, but the period of depression came, and with it embarrassments till he lost nearly every thing. Lots in La Paz for which he paid thousands of dollars would not now sell for so many hundreds. His last speculation was to put all his resources together and purchase this ranch, with a view of establishing a model American farm. The land is poor, and labor scarce and unreliable. One of Captain Smith's projects was to introduce labor-saving machines into the country. He sent to San Francisco for a corn-sheller, and offered to shell corn for the natives at one-third of what it now costs them. He demonstrated, by the most convincing practical tests, how much time and labor they were wasting, and proposed to take payment in corn at a percentage of one-third of the present cost—to all of which they politely listened, and then went on as before, leaving Captain Smith to shell his own corn in his own way. So far the task of establishing a model farm on a barren piece of earth, and with precarious labor, has not produced encouraging results. Captain Smith is an intelligent man—writes occasional letters for the *Bulletin*—and deserves success for his energy. That he will come out all right somewhere, or on some of his projects, I have no doubt; but I fear it will not be in a model farm. His lovely wife and accomplished daughter were at home, and we enjoyed a most hospitable reception. Chickens, eggs, fresh pork, and frijoles formed but trifling items in the substantial lunch provided for us.

After a rest of two hours and much pleasant conversation we proceeded on our journey. Three miles beyond Captain Smith's ranch our trail lay along the shores of the Gulf. I looked in vain for some signs of the *Mar Rojo* or "Vermilion Sea" of the old Spaniards. Near the mouth of the Colorado the color is doubtless derived from the red sands of that river; but here we were delighted with the crystal clearness and beautiful blue tinge of the water. Duplot de Mofras very justly remarks, that the color is derived from two causes: one, in the season of rain many of the tributary streams that empty into the Colorado have their course through ferruginous lands; the other, the reflection of the magnificent colors of the sky in the morning and evening. At other seasons, according to the same authority, the Gulf is of a beautiful blue, very clear, and the water warm.

It is a singular fact connected with the history of this remarkable sea that, although it was explored in 1539 by Francisco de Ulloa, and by Alarchen in 1542, at which time the latter passed up the Colorado, the Peninsula was regarded as an island until 1698 and 1701, although proofs to the contrary had been published. Fathers Kino and Sedelmeyer were the first to establish the existence of the Peninsula by an actual land expedition around the head of the Gulf, thus connecting Lower California with the main land, and opening a land communication with the missions from Sinaloa and Sonora. In the course of the Boundary Survey, authorized by Congress under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Mr. Bartlett, United States Commissioner, was exceedingly anxious to have a detailed and accurate survey made of the Gulf. He addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, urging the great importance of a thorough exploration of the Gulf shores and islands to the navigation of the Colorado, and the future commerce that might spring from it. His letter was referred to Colonel J. D. Graham, who estimated the area of the Gulf at 62,000 square miles, and said that to accomplish a survey of it in a manner to satisfy the requirements of commerce would occupy several years.

Lieutenant Hardy, of the British navy, who made an exploration of the Gulf in 1828, gives much valuable information concerning its shores and harbors. The coast from La Paz to Loreto, from Loreto to Mulega, and from Mulega to the Colorado River, is a continual succession of rocks and deserts. In this general statement all the authorities from the days of Fathers Ugarte, Consag, Kino, and Sedelmeyer down to the survey of the Stone party in 1853–54, under Mr. Denton,* fully concur.

Striking the beach-trail, three miles from Captain Smith's, we passed a few miserable rancherias on the range of sand-bluffs to the left, but nothing that gave evidence of cultivation. The entire coast, as far as the eye reaches, presents an appearance of loneliness, partly owing to the natural sterility of the soil, and partly to the perpetual revolutions by which all industry is impeded. The atmospheric tints, toward the setting of the sun, are the redeeming glories of the scene. Across the Gulf, ninety miles distant, the mountain ranges of Sinaloa were distinctly visible.

In no part of the world can the nights surpass those of the Gulf region. The sky is beautifully clear; the stars shine with the brilliancy of diamonds; the air is fragrant with the delicate odors of wild flowers; the stillness of death reigns around the camp in these profound solitudes. Tall, silver-gilt cacti stand like giant sentinels on the mystic outlines of the desert, and the very rocks and sands seem clothed with a garniture of celestial light. Gaz-

* At present Official Surveyor to the Peninsular Government. The valuable maps made by Mr. Denton are said to be on file in the general Land Office at Washington.

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A MOZO.

ing upward into the heavens, awed by the mysterious grandeur of the scene, the weary traveler is too often startled by the cry of some prowling coyote—a fit emblem of hunger and solitude. Such is night on the Peninsula in midwinter.

Turning inland from the sea, some five or six miles beyond Captain Smith's, we entered a broad arroya flanked on the left by abrupt walls of rock, and on the right by a scattered growth of mesquit and cactus. A ride of eight miles through the windings of the arroya brought us to a gorge in the mountains. It was getting late as we struck the stream upon which San Bartolo is situated.

The night came upon us in a narrow and rocky cañon. We could scarcely see a dozen feet before us, owing to the overshadowing heights of the mountain. The footing for our animals ranged over slippery boulders and around sudden and precipitous points; and it was impossible at times to know whether the next step would not be into some yawning abyss. Dr. Löhr, whose chief experience of travel had been in Germany, attempted to force his mule over a precipice of forty feet. Fortunately the mule had never traveled in Germany.

San Bartolo consists of some ten or a dozen Mexican cabins, picturesquely situated in the gorge of the mountains. It is watered by a lively little stream which dances over the rocks with a noise very pleasant to hear in this part of the world. Several patches of sugar-cane and banana lie along the bed of the creek, prettily fringed with date-trees. The huts are perched up among the cliffs, in order to be beyond the reach of sudden floods. Every available spot seems to be occupied. Strange formations of sandstone, resembling ruined towers, are to be seen at the lower end of the town.

We stopped for the night at the most aristocratic cabin we could find. Upon stating our desire to procure food for the animals, a member of our party, who kept detailed notes, was astonished to see the natives pull it down from the roof of the house, and made special mention of the fact—"Here mules and other animals

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subsist by devouring the roofs of houses!" The explanation is, that the grass is harvested in small bunches, and thrown up on the roofs for safe-keeping.

We had a pleasant journey to San Antonio. The country is better wooded. Encountered a few oak-trees on the trail, and quite a heavy growth of mesquit. The land in places looked as if it might be productive, but there is no water for a distance of ten miles. People who live in the country say wheat or maize will grow any where after a rain. The scorching heat of the sun withers it up before maturity, unless it can be irrigated.

We traveled down a broad arroya most of the way to the hills of San Antonio. Crossing a high ridge we came in sight of the town, its whitewashed houses glistening pleasantly among the green chaparral far below us, in a basin of the mountains.

The town lies near an arroya through which courses a small stream. Descending the mountain by a precipitous trail we crossed the arroya, and entered the plaza. A church stands facing the square with a detached belfry. Some hairless dogs set up a barking as we made our appearance, and a few half-breed natives appeared at the doors of the houses to ascertain the cause of the commotion. The whole place bore an appearance of lethargy, though evidently the arrival of our party had been expected for some days, and there was an unusual excitement. Proofs of American enterprise were visible even to the inexperienced eyes of strangers. Good brick houses, built during the mining excitement of 1862–63, but now abandoned or at least unoccupied, were to be seen in various parts of the town.

At the store of Señor Moreno, a native trader with whom Mr. Brooks had a friendly acquaintance, we were hospitably received by the notabilities of the town, who had congregated to receive us with due distinction. A scientific party of some repute is rather a rarity in this region. News of our expedition had been heralded in the San Francisco papers, and every body expressed great pleasure at our arrival. The country was considered all right now. The next move would be its cession to the United States. Things could not be worse than they were, and might be better. Any change would be a gain. Mr. Obercoat, Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Ernst, Dr. Wiss, Mr. Hale, Mr. Denton, and other gentlemen who had taken a great interest in the development of the mines of San Antonio, were present to greet us. I had various letters of introduction to these gentlemen from San Francisco, but letters were not needed to gain us a most cordial welcome. Every body took an interest in the object of our expedition — foreigners especially. It was considered the only chance for the redemption of the country. Nothing was doing now; the mines, with few exceptions, were lying idle for want of capital to develop them; the Government was a miserable farce; there was no stability in political affairs; revolutions and counter-revolutions were the order of the day; in short, the condition of things could not well be worse.

So far as the common people of the country were concerned, all they desired was peace and good order. They took very little interest in public affairs. As to American colonization they knew nothing about it except what they were told by the chief men of the territory. Their feelings generally were unfriendly to Americans; but that was owing principally to misrepresentation of the objects intended by parties interested in the grant.

There was a prevailing air of anxiety and depression visible on the part of our Teutonic friends very easily accounted for. The mines had failed to remunerate the holders for their investments. Much capital had been expended in the erection of pumping and hoisting works; but the result had proved unsatisfactory. The cost of working the ores — which were generally refractory — was too great to leave a margin of profit. Shipments to Freiberg, Germany, had been made with no better results. The entire value of the ores was consumed in expenses. Transportation by pack-mules to La Paz, and freight thence to Europe, with the various charges for storage and reduction, left nothing on ores of less value than $70 a ton; and the proportion of more valuable ores was small.

Great confidence was expressed in the ultimate success of all these enterprises. The San Francisco capitalists were blamed for their parsimony in attempting to open mines without adequate expenditures for labor and machinery. They had spent money enough to demonstrate the value of their mines, and then suddenly closed them, leaving their superintendents and other employés to fight it out with their creditors.

I must confess I did not, after visiting the mines, share in the confidence expressed by these gentlemen as to the value of these investments. My sympathies, if I had any, were rather with the capitalists of San Francisco who had been so badly deceived. Good ores, doubtless, had been obtained from some of the mines; but the veins generally, so far as we could detect them at all, were not well defined above the water-mark. How it might be below we could not tell; for nearly all the mines had from fifty to a hundred feet of water in them. It was the only part of the Peninsula where we found water in abundance.

Mining is a peculiar business. It requires great experience, care, and caution to make it pay under the best circumstances; but surrounded by all the disadvantages of a fluctuating and irresponsible government, vexatious laws, and municipal restraints, it is not possible that it can result in any thing but loss. There may be periods of prosperity, but, in the nature of things, they must be transitory.

San Antonio lies at the distance of twenty-five miles from Ventura Bay, the scene of the

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grand colonization scheme of the "Lower California Land and Mining Company of San Francisco." There is a gradual ascent from the beach of about fifteen hundred feet. The valley is, in the most part, a desert, covered with cactus, destitute of water, and containing a very small proportion of arable lands.

Five miles from San Antonio, in a pleasant little valley lying near the summit of the mountains, lies the Triunfo range of mines. Denton's map shows the relative positions of the San Antonio and Triunfo lodes. By some authorities they are assumed to be a continuation of the same lode, or mother vein. I have been unable to discover any reasonable ground for this theory.

A pleasant ride of five miles, over the hills and through a winding valley bordered with a thick growth of shrubbery, brought us to the hacienda of the Triunfo Mining Company, the head-quarters of our friend Mr. Brooks, who had so kindly guided us thus far on our journey. We were met about half a mile from the village by Mr. Sheldon, the Secretary of the Company, who gave us the pleasing intelligence that all was well and the prospect encouraging.

Reports of Professor Gabb and Dr. Von Löhr, both of whom made a thorough scientific examination of this district, embody its most characteristic features. In the pamphlet published by Don Sebastian Viosca, detailed statistics are given of the names, locations, ownerships, and products of the various mines named on Mr. Denton's map. It is only necessary for me to add that of the names mentioned by M. Viosca only three or four are now producing ores on any considerable scale, either for reduction or shipment. The native population do a small business in the reduction of the surface or asarghun ores by means of arastras—as they did long prior to the investment of American capital in these mines.

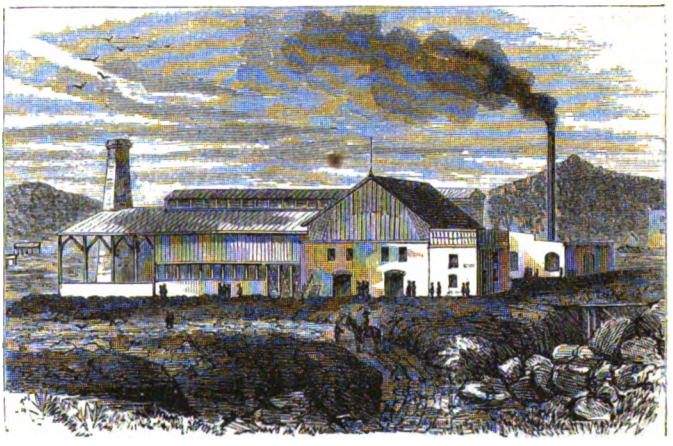
I have no doubt the Triunfo district contains some valuable lodes. Several of them which I visited looked rich, especially the Mendoceña, the Cañoa, and the Mexican. The Mendoceña belongs to the Triunfo Company, and has a well-defined vein of six to eight feet in thickness; and it is a demonstrated fact that the ores range from $70 to $120 all the way down to a depth of four hundred feet.

The Mendoceña and Cañoa have been well opened under the superintendency of Mr. Brooks, and are now in good working condition. Every precaution has been taken to insure success. Several hundred tons of ore have been taken out in advance of the erection of the new mill; wood, salt, chemicals, and all necessary supplies have been collected and properly stored; so that, if properly managed, no disappointment is probable.

The new mill contains a battery of twenty-four stamps, sixteen revolving barrels, and a series of capacious furnaces for chlorination. It is an excellent and substantial piece of work, alike creditable to the superintendent and the engineer. I may remark that it is the only mill on the Peninsula, except a little four-stamp mill near San Antonio. As such it deserves a prominent place in the history of American enterprise. When the difficulty of procuring material, the high cost of freight from San Francisco to La Paz, the inconvenience of transporting heavy machinery from that point to the hacienda, the incompetency and uncertainty of Mexican labor, and the political jealousies existing in the country are considered, none can deny that the originators of this enterprise deserve great credit for their perseverance.

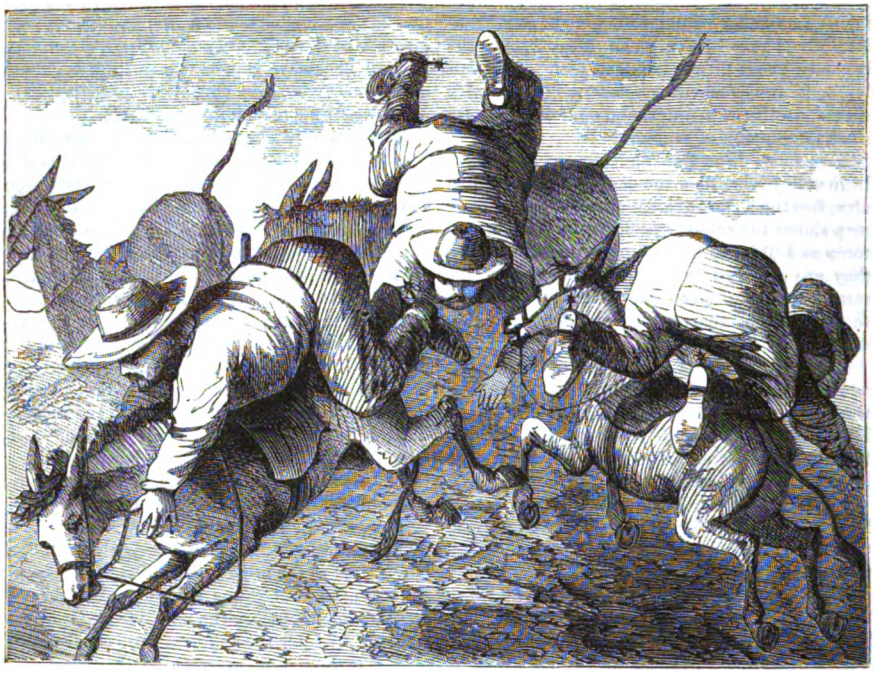
The situation of the hacienda is pleasant, and convenient to the mines. This district possesses the advantage of a fine climate, relieved from excessive heat during the summer by its elevation. In winter the temperature is delightful.

A few days' rest here, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Brooks, passed away with profit and satisfaction to us all. The only trouble we had was in procuring suitable animals for our expedition. There was no scarcity of mules, but the difficulty was to get any that were not worn out by packing ores. Nearly all that were brought to us for inspection were either sore-backed or crippled in some way, and very poor in flesh. For these, bad as they were, the most exorbitant prices were asked, generally double their market value. The ordinary price of a good mule and apparejo is $45. I was asked $75 and $100 for the worst mules that could be found. The price was not so much an object, in view of our long journey, as the



THE TRIUNFO MILL.

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THE START.

quality of the animals; and there were none of the best kind to be had. Finally, after much higgling with native speculators in mule-flesh, I was indebted to Dr. Wiss, of San Antonio, and Mr. Brooks for the only passable mules I could get. These were a little better than the average, but still not quite up to the mark. That most of them lived to get through to San Diego, with Professor Gabb's branch of the expedition, is the best evidence of their powers of endurance.

Having completed our arrangements as far as practicable, I left Mr. Löhr to make assays of the ores taken from various mines in the district; and, accompanied by Mr. Brooks and Professor Gabb, went on a visit to the port of La Paz, where I wished to present my credentials to the *Jefe Politico*, Governor Pedrin.

A good wagon-road has been opened from the mines down to La Paz, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Brooks, who was liberally seconded in his efforts by the Citizen Chief Jiver, the Governor preceding Navarette. The distance is estimated at forty-five miles; there being two intermediate stopping-places, the Calabaras and the Playetas, the one about sixteen and the other twenty miles from the Triunfo. At these points travelers can find good accommodations for the night. By starting in the afternoon, and resting at these so-called half-way stations till morning, the trip is made without fatigue or discomfort.

We saw on the way some very favorable indications of gold, and learned that the natives carry on occasional placer-mining in the adjacent hills. Scarcity of water for mining purposes is the main obstacle to any extensive operations in the way of surface diggings.

The town of La Paz is pleasantly situated on an arm of the bay of that name, extending up some twenty miles from the Gulf. The population is about eight hundred; though it is sometimes estimated as high as twelve hundred. Pichilingue, nine miles from the harbor of La Paz, is the principal port at which large vessels usually anchor in order to avoid the passage of the bar.

By decree of May 11, 1861, La Paz enjoys all the privileges in respect to the introduction of foreign goods accorded to other Mexican ports on the Pacific. Under a recent decree no foreign goods can now be landed at any other point of the Peninsula; in consequence of which great inconvenience is expressed by the people living at San José and Cape St. Lucas. The ports of Mulege, Loreto, San José, and San Inentia are open to the coasting trade. For detailed statistics of imports and exports I refer the reader to the little work of Mr. Viosca, a gentleman qualified by his official position to furnish authentic data.

Several excellent store-houses and commodious residences have been built in La Paz since 1860. The government *quartel* is a large and somewhat imposing structure, standing in a prominent position on the brow of the mesa. The town may be regarded as divided into two parts—the Upper, situated on the mesa; and

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the Lower, ranging along the beach. Its appearance from the water is exceedingly pretty and picturesque. The white houses, inclosed in masses of shrubbery and palm-tree; the rugged outlines of Cacachilla Mountains to the southward; the broad stretches of mesa, with its varieties of cactus and acacia; the magnificent atmospheric tints cast over all by the morning and evening sun, combine to form a scene unusually attractive to a visitor from the more northern regions of the coast. In summer the climate is warm, though never oppressive; in winter it is soft, balmy, and healthful. One may bathe in the waters of the harbor any day in the year.

I was anxious to procure some pearls at this famous mart of the pearl-fishery; and under the auspices of Mr. Viosca examined the stock on hand. The best specimens taken during the past season had been sent off to Europe. What remained were of an indifferent quality, and the prices demanded about fifty per cent. higher than in San Francisco.

The pearl-fishery has gradually declined for several years past; the oysters having become scarce in the waters of the best fishing-grounds, either in consequence of storms or other disturbances. The highest yield per annum for the past ten years has been about $20,000. Clavigero, Duplot de Mofras, Lieutenant Hardy, and various writers of more recent date, have given to the world such full accounts of the pearl-fishery that I deem it unnecessary to enter into details on this subject. Mr. Viosca says:

"The pearl-diving season begins in May, and lasts until about the middle of October; that is, during the warm season, and while the sea is transparent. The fisheries are divided into three sections, the Northern one, Mulege; the Central one, Loreto; and that of the South, La Paz. From Mulege ships start for Conception Bay and the Point of Santa Inez. The best fisheries are Guadalupe, Las Hornillas, Santa Domingo, Amolares, Pocitos, Manghto, and Punta Inez.

"From Loreto vessels sail to the islands of Carmar, Coronado, Monseratte, Danzantz, Puerte Escondido, Islotes, San Brune, and Arroyo Hondu. Those from La Paz sail for Cabo Palmo, the last Southern fishery, and go North to the places called Las Finas, Punta Arenas, El Medano, Boca de la Sabina, Zepetates Ventana, El Pozo, Rosario, Coyote, Canal de San Sorayo, and the islands of Serralbo, San Juan, Nepomucao, Esperito Santo, and San José."

I will only add to the accounts given by the authorities above cited, that the importance of this branch of industry has greatly diminished of late years. It now maintains but a struggling existence, and is not profitable to any of the parties concerned. If it were practicable to reach the oysters in deep water the result might be different. Few of the places mentioned by Mr. Viosca are now regarded as good fishing-grounds—the oysters migrating to other localities, or disappearing without apparent cause.



LA PAZ.

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YEH, GOVERNOR OF CANTON.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY TO THE FOREIGN POWERS.

THE great wall of China, erected to guard the Middle Kingdom against invasions of hostile Tartars, is fast falling to ruins. Though maintained for many centuries, and offering a strong barrier to the northern warriors, it was ineffectual to stay their advance into rich and populous Cathay. Since the dynasty established by Genghis Khan ascended the throne of China the great wall has been left unwatched and uncared for. Decay's effacing fingers have been actively at work, and at this day the traveler from Peking to the northern frontier of the empire is directed to a line of crumbling masonry and falling towers that marks the site of one of the most stupendous achievements of a past age.

The destruction of this barrier of brick and stone is typical of the fate of that social and political wall that so long encircled the most populous nation of the globe. More than three hundred millions of people, from generation to generation, held aloof from the outer world, and cherished the belief that the greater their seclusion the greater would be their national and individual prosperity. In their opinion China contained all of art, science, literature, and social economy that was deserving human attention; their capital was the seat of all earthly government, and the doctrines taught by their sages were all that man required for his guidance here or his happiness hereafter. Beyond the borders of the empire none cared to look, as there was naught worthy of contemplation; every thing foreign was barbarian, and with the most unbounded confidence in themselves and their country the Chinese had no thought or care to bestow upon others. They heeded no comment upon their customs or beliefs, and were quite satisfied to follow the faith of their ancestors and conform to the usages that had come down from ancient days. After the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the advance of commerce into the opulent East, China was brought into contact with the Western nations. The veracity of Marco Polo, whose stories hitherto had seemed like the fancies of

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an excited brain, began to be established when the enterprising merchants of Holland and Portugal returned from their voyages to the Indian seas. Though consenting to trade with those who sought them the Chinese did so with reluctance, and were slow to permit foreign establishments upon their soil. The merchants with whom they dealt did not hesitate to flatter the national vanity and comply with every humiliating demand if thereby profit might flow into their purses. Thus was the Chinese opinion of the outer world fully confirmed—if any confirmation were needed—and the prestige of the Middle Kingdom established beyond a doubt.

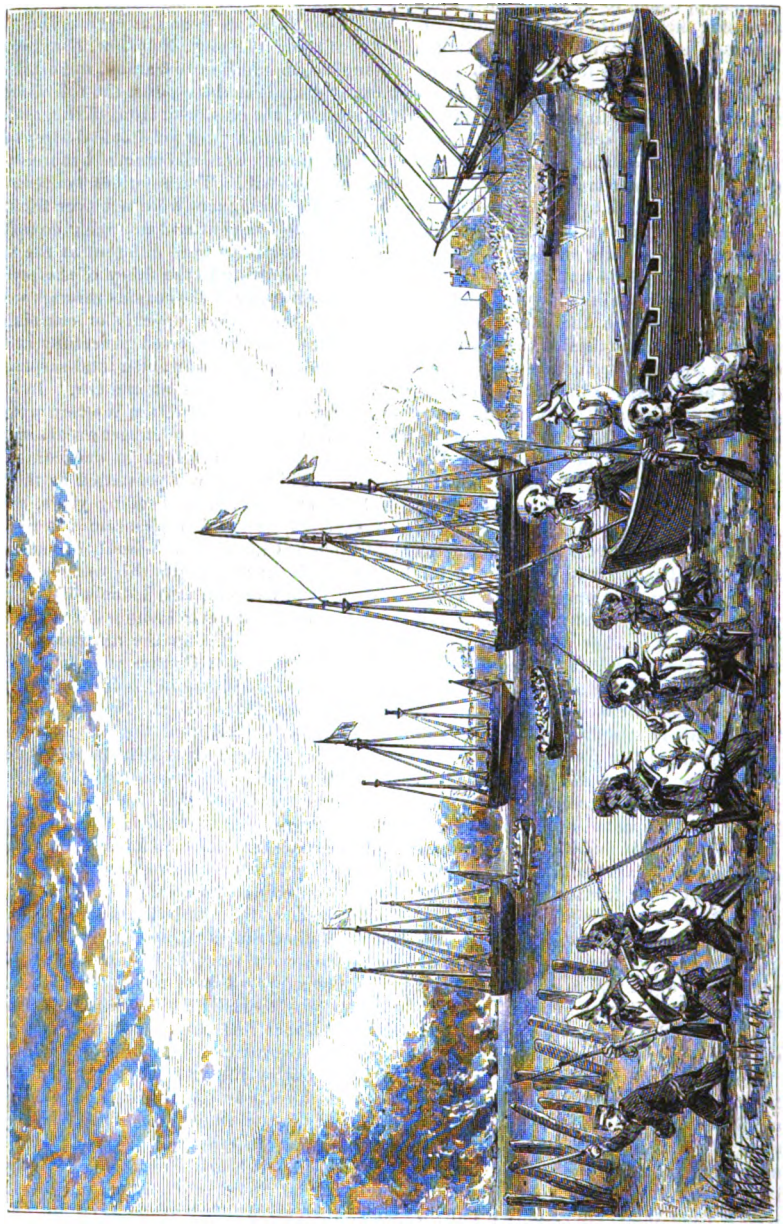
Following closely upon the track of commerce came the propagandists of the Christian religion; they sought to penetrate the interior of the empire and persuade the people to abandon their ancient faith and adopt the precepts which originated at Bethlehem. The movements of the missionaries in China were less restricted than those of merchants, but their labors were generally regarded with indifference by the government and people, and converts were not made with great rapidity. The Jesuit priests who had been sent to labor in this unplowed and untrodden field were at first discouraged by this indifference, and next endeavored to turn it to account. They established themselves near the Court at Peking, and brought their Western attainments into active use. They gave the government the benefit of their knowledge of astronomy, geography, and the arts and sciences in general, and very soon acquired considerable influence. In several provincial cities they adopted the same course, and grew into general favor until suspected of aiming at political power. When this ambition was charged upon them they were expelled from the capital, and prohibited to labor further in any part of the empire. Notwithstanding the ban they continued to smuggle themselves into China, and even to penetrate to Peking; their tenacity of purpose is worthy of all praise, especially when it is remembered that they sometimes paid with their lives the penalty of teaching Christianity to the subjects of the most august ruler of the East. The rapid advance of European arms in Asia confirmed the fears of the Chinese government, and the expulsion of the missionaries was the renewal of the policy of isolation that had been temporarily relaxed. Commerce was restricted to narrow limits, and confined to the ports farthest from the capital; only a narrow stream of traffic was permitted between the most populous nation of the world, on one hand, and the whole mass of outside barbarians on the other.

The "Opium War" of 1840, though begun with the Viceroy of Canton about local matters, had the effect to increase the intercourse between China and other nations, so far as commerce is concerned; but accomplished nothing toward establishing diplomatic relations with the Central Government. Neither the cause nor conduct of the war were calculated to exalt the foreigner in native estimation, and the old hatred continued as strong as ever. The privileges of trade at Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghae, in addition to Canton, the establishment of consuls at these ports, the toleration of Christianity, the cession of Hong-Kong, and the payment of indemnities for opium destroyed by the Government, were all obtained by force rather than good-will. The relations between the Chinese and foreigners were not over-friendly, and liable to frequent and annoying complications. Regulations were different at the various ports according to the fancy of the provincial authorities, or of the consuls through whom foreigners made their appeals or complaints. Sometimes trade progressed peacefully at one port when there was war and a total suspension of commercial relations at another. In view of the traditional policy of the Western powers, there was every reason to expect an absorption of parts of Southern China in due course of events. This result was prevented by the war of 1856, and the few succeeding years, which unexpectedly opened diplomatic intercourse and brought China into the family of nations.

The incident that began this war was, in itself, of little moment, and I doubt if the most sanguine enthusiast ever imagined it would lead to so great an end. In the autumn of 1856 the native officials at Canton seized a Chinese boat engaged in smuggling opium under protection of the British flag. Naturally enough the foreigners considered the act an outrage upon their rights, and the British consul sent a peremptory demand for satisfaction. The demand was laid before Yeh, the Governor-General of Canton; but that official refused to apologize or explain. Then followed "the last argument;" a British squadron lay close at hand, and was ordered to bombard Canton, the French fleet joined in the hostilities, and for a short time a United States frigate lent its assistance. In the following year, after delays consequent upon the suppression of the Indian rebellion, Canton was formally declared in a state of siege. Hopes had been entertained that the General Government would disavow the acts of Yeh; but on the 12th of September, 1857, China declared war against England, and made the affair national where it had before been provincial. In December of the same year the combined English and French forces occupied an island in front of Canton, and began a bombardment, which was followed by an assault. The defenses of the city were carried by storm; and on the 5th of January, 1858, the allies took formal possession of Canton, and captured its Governor-General; Yeh was sent to Calcutta as a prisoner of war, where he subsequently died.

With Canton in their possession, the allies turned their attention to the capital, with the design of striking their next blow as near as possible to the seat of the General Government. From the mouth of the Pei-Ho they sent an ultimatum to Peking, to which no answer was re-

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CAPTURE OF THE PEI-HO FORTS.

turned; after allowing a reasonable time for replying, they pushed forward, captured the forts, and succeeded in reaching Tientsin, the fort of the capital. Here diplomacy took the place of arms. Treaties were concluded with Russia, England, France, and the United States, creating four new ports, permitting interior travel, opening the Yang-tse-Kiang to foreign trade, tolerating Christianity, recognizing ministers at the Imperial Court, and indemnifying France and England for the cost of the war. The Chinese negotiators were Kweiliang, first Commissioner, whom Mr. Oliphant describes as "a venerable man of placid and benevolent expression, with a countenance full of intelligence, though his eye was somewhat dimmed, and his hand palsied with extreme age; but his manners were polished and dignified, and his whole bearing that of a perfect gentleman;" and Hwashana, a Mandarin of the same grade—a much younger man, "with a square, solid face, and a large nose," who reminded Mr. Oliphant

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of the pictures of Oliver Cromwell. The Western powers, if the truth were known, probably obtained a great deal more than they expected; and there is very little reason to doubt that China had conceded more than was hitherto dreamed in her philosophy.

Influenced by feelings of magnanimity, and not desirous of pushing heavily upon a conquered Government, the foreign ministers did not press with vigor for the fulfillment of the treaty concessions. Their action was wrongly interpreted as a sign of weakness, and the authorities at Peking were prompt to use it to their advantage. In June, 1859, the allied fleet was fired upon and met a severe reverse at the Taku forts, while endeavoring to reach Tientsin in order to exchange treaties and open full diplomatic relations at the capital. Contrary to the spirit of the arrangement of the previous year the Emperor wished to exchange the treaties at Peh-tang, and not at the capital. The American minister succeeded in reaching Peking, but was obliged to return to Peh-tang to make the exchange. The French and English ministers withdrew to Shanghae after the Taku disaster, and, as the Chinese Government did not see fit to apologize, preparations for active hostilities were begun at once. The Russians, with that shrewdness in diplomacy for which they are celebrated, did not mix in the troubles, but contented themselves with profiting by whatever the other powers accomplished. Keeping a sharp eye upon China, the Government of the Czar neglected no opportunity of turning the latter's misfortune to its own advantage. The title to the country north of the Amoor, and all that part of Manchuria east of the Ousuree, was confirmed to Russia in consequence of the disasters which had overtaken the Government at Peking during the war against France and England. Events which Russia had no hand in shaping, and which cost her nothing, added a large area to her Asiatic possessions, and gave her important commercial advantages.



KWEILIANG, FIRST COMMISSIONER.



HWASHANA, SECOND COMMISSIONER.

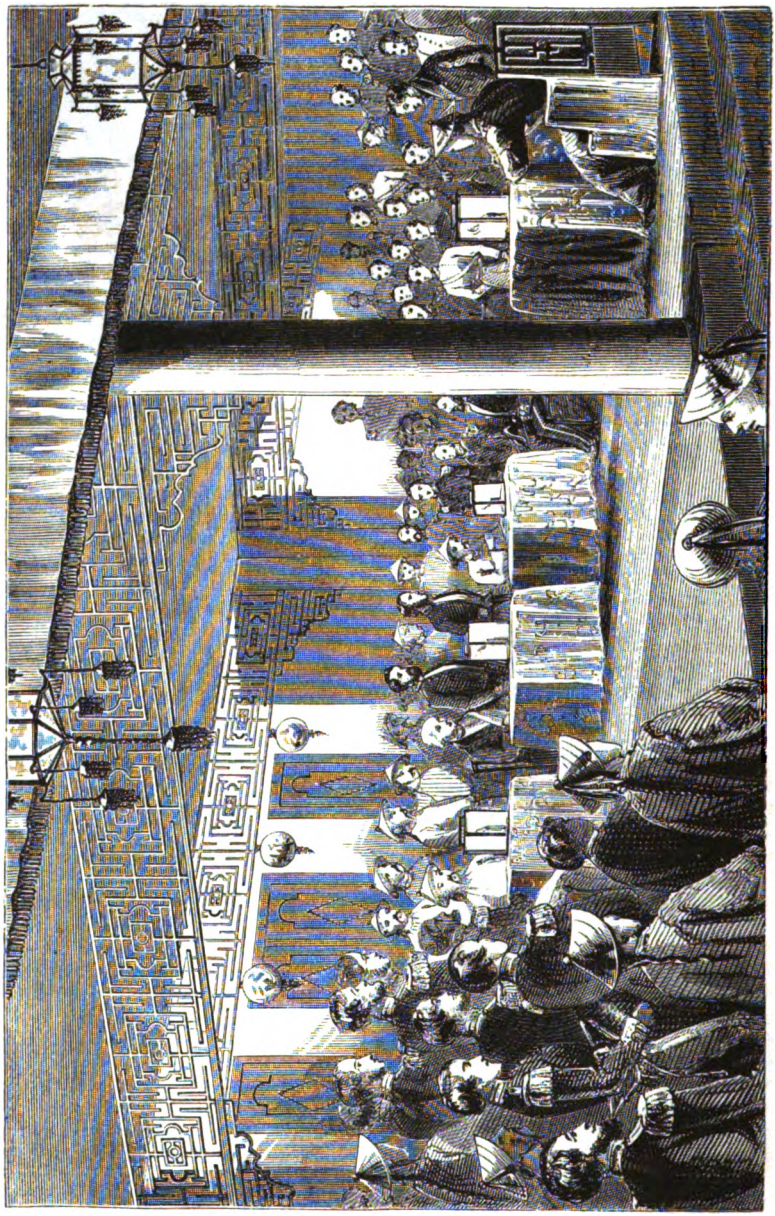
From Shanghae an ultimatum was sent to Peking, where it was promptly rejected by the Emperor. It demanded an apology for the attack at the Taku forts, the ratification of the treaties of Tientsin, and indemnification for the expense of the war and the preparations for renewed hostilities.

Soon after the rejection of the ultimatum the allies advanced up the Pei-Ho River, capturing the forts, occupying Tientsin, and halting within twelve miles of Peking. Here they began negotiations which at one time appeared near a

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satisfactory conclusion, but were suddenly broken off. The anti-foreign party was in the ascendant at the Imperial Court and completely controlled the Emperor, who at last became frightened and fled from the capital. As soon as negotiations were stopped the allies resumed the aggressive; they advanced to the walls of Peking, and destroyed the famous Summer Palace, *Yuen-min-yuen*, which had been the pride of the Chinese emperors during many successive reigns. They were in position to capture the city, but circumstances relieved them from the necessity of making an assault. The flight of the Emperor, Hienfung, was followed by the overthrow of the anti-foreign party and the passage of the regency into the hands of Prince Kung, the Emperor's brother. The new ruler was a man of marked ability, and advocated a liberal policy in all dealings with foreign powers.

In conducting the military movements toward Peking the foreign ministers were not forgetful of the causes which compelled them to the aggressive. The Government had de-



SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF TIENTSIN.

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PRINCE KUNG.

clared war, and it was the Government and not the People that should be chastised. Sir Frederick Bruce, then British Minister, earnestly advised that the people should be spared all suffering, and the invading troops rigidly forbidden to molest them. His views were fully carried out. On landing at Tientsin, and during all subsequent operations, no excesses of any kind were permitted: every thing required by the army was scrupulously paid for, and as the consumptive powers of British soldiers are something enormous the natives very soon found they had an excellent market. At Tientsin the Chinese commissary department undertook to supply the foreign forces, and performed that duty to the satisfaction of every body concerned. The people, who had been told that the foreign devils were cannibals and every thing else disagreeable, were not slow to ascertain that human flesh formed no part of the European diet, but that beef and mutton were greatly preferred. The result was that the allied troops became highly popular, and when they were finally withdrawn from Tientsin many a Chinese heaved a sigh of regret. Before Peking the allies declined to bombard the city, but struck a blow at the Government by destroying the Summer Palace and laying waste the property that especially belonged to the Imperial Court. I hardly need add that the effect of this mode of warfare was at once apparent on the people, and has every promise of permanency. An American general of some note, when excusing an act of severity, once declared, "War is cruelty—you can not refine it." I respectfully refer him to the conduct of the allies before Peking.

The war ended with the foreigners masters of the situation. The demands of the ultimatum were conceded, the Ministers were permanently established at Peking, one gate of the city was surrendered, the port of Tientsin was opened, foreigners were free to travel in all parts of China, Christianity was to be tolerated, and Christian missionaries every where protected. Diplomatic relations were fairly established between China and the Western powers, and though the guaranties of permanent peace were not absolute they seemed greater than ever before.

The Ministers of Peking had a great task before them in regulating the intercourse between China and the other nations. As stated in a previous paragraph, the local authorities and consuls at the various treaty ports had been accustomed to act without reference to the General Government; the latter, though nominally powerful, had generally thrown responsibility upon the provincial governors and allowed them to do pretty much as they pleased. Many dis-

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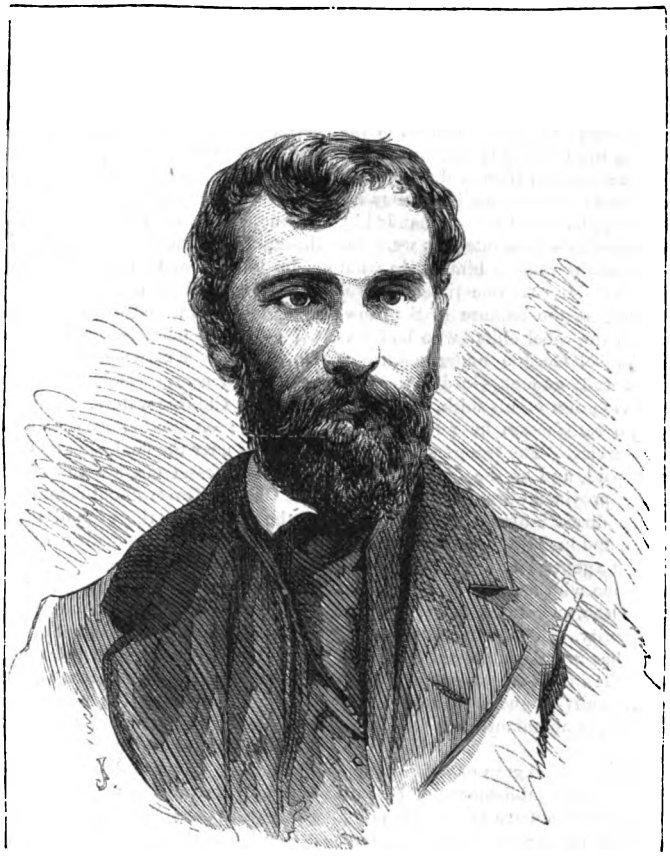


GENERAL WARD.

putes had been settled by force, and in several cases, after Peking was occupied, the provincial and consular authorities resorted to this time-honored, though questionable, form of discussion. Complications multiplied as new treaty ports were opened; the Central Government was helpless before the rebellion, which threatened to overthrow the ruling dynasty and open a period of anarchy with all its horrors. Without strength to assert itself, and even fearing for its safety, the Government turned to the foreign Ministers for counsel and assistance. The latter were able to render service that proved their good-will to China, the friendliness of the nation they represented, and their personal solicitude that the stability of the throne should not be disturbed. Prince Kung and his cabinet met them in a becoming spirit, and manifested a desire to secure harmonious action in all their relations. It could hardly be expected that an arrangement so new and untried could work to perfect satisfaction in its earliest days, especially when most of its surroundings were unfavorable. There were various little disagreements from time to time, but all were bridged over without compromising the dignity or honor of any national representative.

The greatest difficulty was in dealing with the provincial authorities and the consuls at the treaty ports. Many of these officials persisted in adhering to old customs, and refused compliance with the requirements of the treaties; the Government was unable, and to some extent unwilling, to enforce the new regulations in letter and spirit, weakened as it was by the rebellion, and the fact that the administration was in the hands of a Regent rather than of an actual Emperor. Disputes accumulated, until in 1863 there were sufficient causes for a fresh outbreak; had the foreign Ministers been men of hot blood and hasty temper, it is quite possible they would have involved their governments in another war with China. When trouble was imminently threatened the Ministers consulted as to the best means of averting it; to this end they agreed to act in concert, sinking all antagonistic interests, and giving to each of the treaty powers an equal participation in all advantages obtained. This

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CAPTAIN BURGEVINE.

arrangement, which was called "the co-operative policy," was sanctioned by the Home Governments of all the Ministers, and received a cordial welcome at the Court of Peking.

One of the first steps in the new plan of operations was to remove the fear of dismemberment and loss of territory, which was not unnaturally entertained by the Government. The integrity of China proper was guarantied by the foreign nations, each of whom was bound neither to accept nor demand concessions of territory. The treaties permitted each of the Powers to obtain building sites at the treaty ports; though these were hitherto regarded as concessions out of the jurisdiction of the Chinese Government the Ministers refused to treat them as such. Southern China was secured from the possibility of dismemberment, and the assurance that the agreement would be enforced by all the nations against each other, went very far toward restoring confidence to the Central Government.

The Tae-ping rebellion had assumed formidable proportions, and as the insurgents openly declared their intention to occupy the treaty ports it became necessary that the Ministers should take action in regard to it. To strengthen the Government and enable it to make headway against the insurrection, they agreed to assist the improvement of the Chinese army, so as to bring it to a fair state of efficiency. They advised the organization of a division, armed and drilled after the European manner, and officered to a sufficient extent by foreigners. The American, Ward, an adventurer and soldier of fortune, but a man of genius and energy, organized and led a Chinese force in the service of the Imperial Government. The efficiency of this force, and the terror it inspired among the rebels, showed that the Chinese only need proper training and equipment to become excellent soldiers. Several English and American officers were attached to the organization, and after Ward's death the command fell upon Captain Burgevine, and later upon Colonel Gordon, of her Majesty's service. Men and material were added from time to time until the foreign legion became a formidable power. Its career was marked by such regularity of success that it received the name of the "Ever Victorious" army.

The influence of this movement has been high-

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ly beneficial, not only to the new division, but to that part of the Chinese army which still retains its native and primitive character. There is yet much to be accomplished in the matter of drill and discipline, and very much in that of administration. The practice in China has been to put the troops under the control of the local authorities, the Central Government having a power more nominal then real. Hence a foreign officer could not receive his orders directly from Peking, but must be commanded by governors or generals whose interests were various, and who might require him to do what his humanity forbade. At one time the provincial Governor, at the capture of Soochow, put to death all the rebel chiefs who had surrendered to Colonel Gordon under assurance of safety. Naturally enough, Gordon was disgusted at this violation of his faith, and as he could obtain no satisfaction he retired for a time from the service. The troops were scantily and tardily paid, and as the disbursements come from the provincial treasuries, the authorities have a direct interest in limiting the number of men, and in giving them just enough money to prevent a general mutiny. The scheme of supplying China with a steam fleet failed because Captain Osborne refused to serve under provincial authority. The administration of military affairs has greatly improved in the last few years with the increasing strength of Government, and the advice and assistance of foreigners; there is yet abundant room for further progress.

Another measure which grew out of the co-operative policy was the establishment of a Board of Foreign Customs, to act at all the treaty ports. In 1854 the local authorities at Shanghae requested the foreign consuls to appoint officers who should have charge of the collection of duties on foreign exports and imports. The plan worked so well, and brought so good a revenue into the treasury that it has been extended to all the ports where there is any foreign trade. The Government has labored hard to promote its efficiency, and readily adopted the suggestions of the foreign Ministers; it has been fortunate in selecting the best men among the various foreign applicants to fill the highest offices. The present Director of Customs is Mr. Robert Hart, a gentleman who has long resided in China, and who has the reputation of being thoroughly informed upon matters relating to his position. Most of the responsible places are filled by foreigners; but as the Government grows self-reliant, and comprehends the peculiarities of the innovation, it will doubtless replace its foreign servants by native ones. Probably this is the only branch of government service in China where good salaries are paid, and strict honesty is demanded. In the army, and in all provincial and civil appointments, the regular pay is ridiculously low, and it is well understood that an official must make "economies" out of his position. Peculation, if confined to certain limits, is considered entirely compatible with honesty, and may be indulged with impunity. Of course such a system leads to endless fraud and corruption, for which there is little possibility of punishment. The Government is beginning to learn that it is better to pay decent salaries than poor ones, and that better service is rendered where there is a standard of absolute honesty. The principle of integrity and responsibility which has been introduced with the organization of the Customs department will, it is hoped, ultimately extend through all branches of the administration.

In 1865, after two years had been spent in making a translation, the Government published Wheaton's "International Law," and distributed copies to officials throughout the empire. During the war between Denmark and Prussia a Prussian corvette seized a Danish bark anchored in Chinese waters, within three miles of the shore; on another occasion a Prussian ship, anchored near the land, sent its boats to capture a Danish vessel outside the three-mile limit. The Chinese Government demanded the release of the prizes, on the ground that the captors had violated the neutrality of the Emperor. The principles established by Wheaton were cited to support the demand, and the Government officers referred to cases exactly analogous which had been decided in English courts.

In its intercourse with the foreign ministers and consuls the Government very early saw the disadvantage of having no interpreters of its own, and took measures to supply the want. A school, under the name of the "University of Peking," was established at the capital, and especially devoted to teaching the foreign languages and the sciences that have their greatest perfection in the West. The presidency of this school was given to one of the most accomplished Chinese scholars; while teachers of known ability were engaged from Russia, France, England, and other countries of the Occident. The course of instruction is thorough, and the examinations for degrees are said to be searching and severe. The interpreters for the Burlingame embassy came from this school, and the special design of the University is to educate men for service abroad, or at the treaty ports wherever there is intercourse with foreigners. When first established the Chinese looked upon this school with indifference; but very soon they began to consider it favorably, and many sought to enjoy its privileges. Every year its facilities have been increased, and, as the scholarships are selected with great care, the University of Peking will soon acquire a reputation second to that of very few schools in the world.

In commercial matters the Chinese have shown quite as much progress as in those peculiarly pertaining to government. Many of the steamboats plying on the Yang-tse-Kiang and other waters are owned by Chinese who have bought them from foreign hands, and show themselves fully equal to their management. The foreign systems of insurance and banking

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have been adopted at the treaty ports, and are rapidly spreading to the interior. Railways are talked of, and an English company has been started for supplying China with a complete railway system. An American organization—the East India Telegraph Company—which has its bureau of direction at New York, is arranging to connect all the treaty ports of China by electric lines, and hopes to complete its work before 1870. The Chinese Government has made a concession for the enterprise, and is fully alive to its importance. Explorations have been made with a view to developing the coal and other mines of China. Much light has been thrown upon this matter by an American engineer, Mr. Raphael Pumpelly, who devoted considerable time to the work.

The co-operative policy proved so advantageous to China that the Government would have shown the basest ingratitude in declining to acknowledge the services of the foreign Ministers. To Mr. Burlingame and Sir Frederick Bruce, the leaders in the adoption of this policy, Prince Kung expressed his warmest thanks, and assured them of his high personal esteem. Deep regret was manifested at the recall of Sir Frederick Bruce from Peking, and a like expression was tendered Mr. Barthemy, who had moved hand in hand with the Ministers of England and America. At his departure in 1865 Mr. Burlingame received many wishes for a prosperous voyage and speedy return, and on his arrival a year later the greetings he received were of the most cordial character. In 1867 he prepared to leave Peking for Europe and America, expecting to take up his residence near San Francisco, where he had previously purchased an attractive country seat.

But an unexpected development of the effects of the co-operative policy made a change in his plans. I doubt if the foreign Ministers, when they first determined to act together, ever dreamed of the ultimate result of their concurrence.

The progress made by China in her relations with the rest of the world could not end with the reception of the Ministers of other nations at her capital. Full diplomatic intercourse could exist only when China should have representatives residing near the courts of the nations with whom she had made treaties. The Government appreciated this fact, and was desirous of placing itself on equal footing with the outer world. But none of the high officials attached to the Court of Peking were considered competent to represent their country in regions where they had never traveled, and of whose language, customs, and peculiarities they knew little. The school at Peking might in time prepare men for diplomatic service abroad; but, under the most favoring circumstances, they would have the disadvantage of inexperience and lack of precedent. The Government knew not whom to select, either from its older or its younger men, to represent the Middle Kingdom before the Western Powers.

Early in November, 1867, Mr. Burlingame announced his intention of returning to America; the announcement was received with deep regret at the Court of Peking, and the Chinese Ministry personally appealed to him to relinquish his purpose. His determination was already made, and plans arranged so that he could not comply with the request to remain at Peking. Prince Kung invited him to a farewell entertainment, which was attended by all the high officials of the Government, and conducted according to the strict formalities of Chinese etiquette. It is a peculiarity of dinner parties in the Eastern as well as the Western world, that they warm the heart and develop whatever it contains of kindliness and good-will. This dinner was no exception to the rule; at least it was far from being cool and indifferent. From commencement to close there was an atmosphere of warmth and confidence, and the speeches of hosts and guest abounded in something more than empty compliments. The Mandarins made reference to the great services Mr. Burlingame had rendered to China, both at Peking and in his visit to America two years earlier; the latter professed his readiness to act at all times as the friend of the people among whom he had passed six years of his life.

During the conversation Prince Kung asked Mr. Burlingame if he would not undertake to represent China to the Western Powers. Mr. Burlingame replied that he would always plead the cause of the country wherever his advocacy could be of benefit. The Government consulted with Mr. Hart, the Director of Customs, and Mr. Brown, of the British Legation, upon the propriety and possibility of inducing Mr. Burlingame to act as the official envoy of China. These gentlemen warmly urged the appointment, and in two days after the dinner the Minister of Foreign Affairs called upon Mr. Burlingame, and tendered him the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary of the Empire of China to all the treaty nations of the world. After a consultation with his colleagues, and finding they all heartily approved the measure, Mr. Burlingame accepted the appointment, and only stipulated that the embassy should be placed on the highest diplomatic footing. His wishes were most completely met, and possibly exceeded. Personally he received appointment to the highest Chinese rank, and was to be accompanied by two officials of the second rank, as associate high envoys and ministers. A week after the appointment was offered and accepted Prince Kung visited Mr. Burlingame at the United States Legation, and presented him with an imperial decree, engrossed on yellow silk, and bearing the great seal of the Empire, as well as the personal one of the Emperor.

Mr. J. M'Leavy Brown, of the British Legation, and Mr. E. Deschamps, a French gentleman who had been acting Commissioner of Customs, were named Secretaries of the Embassy. Both Prince Kung and Mr. Burlingame desired these appointments, as they would re-

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THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

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move all possibility of feeling in England and France that American interests were paramount to others. Of Chinese attachés to the Embassy there were six student interpreters, two of them speaking English, two French, and two Russian. Then there were two Chinese writers, a native doctor, and about fifteen servants, to complete the party. The two higher officials were sent, not so much for present service as to fit themselves for future use as embassadors. Mr. Burlingame declared his intention of doing nothing of a diplomatic character without consulting these gentlemen to the fullest extent. Though naturally proud of being chief of the first embassy from China to the West, he preferred that the officials to accompany him should be equals and companions rather than holding a subordinate character. The two high envoys, Chih Kang and Sun Chia Ku, are both decorated with the red buttons and peacock's feathers of mandarins of the second rank. They are said to be men of intelligence and liberality, and highly popular at the Court of Peking.

The imperial decree appointing Mr. Burlingame to a life position as embassador of China was promulgated on the 21st of November, 1867. On the morning of the 25th the newly-made official took his departure, and was escorted beyond the outer walls by all the foreign population of Peking. Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British Minister, was the first to make the parting salutation, and was followed by the Russian, Spanish, French, and Prussian Ministers in succession. The escort-men of the English and Russian legations were drawn up in line, and as the train of palanquins, litters, carts, sedans, baggage mules, and saddle ponies wound away to the southward cheer upon cheer was sent up, and many hearts wished a safe and prosperous journey to the departing travelers.

The journey to Tientsin was considerably relieved of monotony. The distance was about ninety miles, and the party expected to make it in two days' time if no accident occurred. About half-way from Peking to Tientsin news came that a party of Chinese brigands or guerrillas was a short distance ahead laying waste the country and inviting the peasantry to join them. Affairs looked so serious that the travelers halted at the village of Hoo-see-woo and took possession of a Chinese inn, which they converted into a place of defense. Here they remained two whole days in momentary fear of attack, and determined to make the best fight possible. Early during the halt messengers were dispatched to Peking and Tientsin to ask for assistance, which was promptly sent. Lieutenant Dunlop, of the British gun-boat *Dove*, at Tientsin, took twelve sailors and marines, mounted them on horses, and moved by a forced march to Hoo-see-woo. General Brown, the drill-master of the Chinese troops, took twenty of his best men and accompanied Lieutenant Dunlop. From Peking there came the escort-men of the English Legation and the Cossacks of the Russian one. It is not often that so many nationalities of soldiers and sailors are represented in a fighting or fight-desiring force of less than a hundred men.

The journey from Peking to Tientsin occupied five days instead of two, as originally expected. Probably it is not a pleasant reflection at the Chinese capital that the Embassador came so near capture within a day's ride of the imperial court.

At Tientsin Lieutenant Dunlop tendered the *Dove* to Mr. Burlingame and his party as far as the Taku forts, where they met the United States steamer *Ashuelot*, which had been sent north to convey Mr. Burlingame to the treaty ports. As the vessels parted Captain Febiger, of the *Ashuelot*, ordered the rigging manned, and three hearty cheers given, in compliment to the gallantry of the English Lieutenant in going to the rescue of the besieged party. At Shanghae Mr. Burlingame remained until the arrival of Mr. Brown and Mr. Deschamps, with the Chinese members of the embassy, all of whom went overland from Peking. The journey, which would be made in less than two days upon an American railway, occupied nearly a month on the great road between the capital of China and its most important sea-port. Probably the high envoys that accompany Mr. Burlingame appreciate before this the value of railways to a densely-peopled country like their own. Chinese carts and palanquins are at best but a sorry comparison to the traveling comforts that abound in the Western World. During the many hundred years of their use they have been little improved, and the people of all grades seem quite content to keep them as they are. Railways would be popular on account of their rapidity of transit rather than for their superior ease: the Chinese will be quicker to appreciate the former than the latter quality.

In February, 1868, the Embassy left Shanghae for America, by way of Japan, where Mr. Burlingame met his old friend and fellow-voyager, General Van Valkenburg. Each was able to congratulate the other upon what he had accomplished, the former in China, and the latter among the Japanese. Unfortunately Japan was at that time disturbed by a revolution, from which the foreign Ministers held carefully aloof,



SEDAN CHAIRS.

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and took no action beyond tendering advice and counsel. The representative of the United States had been called upon for official and personal opinions oftener than his colleagues, and was able to render important and lasting service to every body concerned.

In due time the Embassy entered the Golden Gate of our western coast, and was safely landed at San Francisco. Of its reception at that point, and its progress afterward, the account is abundantly given in the newspapers of the day.

The object of the Embassy is one of peace and good-will to the whole Western World. China has treaties with the United States, England, France, Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Spain. The Embassy will visit the capital of each of these countries, and be presented at its Court. It may negotiate new treaties (it expects to conclude one with Austria), discuss or amend the old ones, or do any thing else that seemeth good in its sight. Of course it has its diplomatic secrets, which I will not attempt to give. Diplomacy is nothing unless diplomatically conducted, and who ever heard of a discreet embassador allowing the whole world to know what he was about? I opine, however, that the first Chinese Embassy to the foreign powers has no authority or design to ask or offer to any one of the "favored nations" any thing that could rouse the jealousy or awaken the indignation of the rest. To use the words of Mr. Lincoln, the embassadors come "with charity for all, and with malice toward none." They will doubtless be met every where in a spirit of the most hearty good-will.

"This mission," says Mr. Burlingame, "means progress. It means that China desires to come into warmer and more intimate relations with the West. It means that she desires to come under the obligations of international law, to the end that she may enjoy the advantages of that law. It means that China, conscious of her own integrity, wishes to have her questions stated; that she is willing to submit her questions to the general judgment of mankind. It means that she intends to come into the brotherhood of nations. It means commerce; it means peace; it means a unification in its own interests of the whole human race. It means that it is one of the mightiest movements of modern times. And though the ephemeral mission may pass away, that great movement will go on. The great deed is done. The fraternal feeling of four hundred millions of people has commenced to flow, through the land of Washington, to the older nations of the West, and it will flow on forever."

THE FIRE-LOG.

On a summer morn a woodman
  Cleft a monarch oak in twain,
And through all the golden autumn
  Ebbed his blood from heart and grain;
And the north wind, through the larches,
Through the yellow forest arches,
  O'er him sang a funeral strain.

And above him spread the maple
  Shroud of gold and broidered red;
And the beech her crimson mantle
  Softly drew around his head;
And in silent grief around him
Stood they till the winter found him,
  And white tribute paid the dead.

To the forest, through the snow-drifts,
  With his glittering axe in hand,
Strode again the stalwart woodman,
  Nature's regent o'er the land;
Little cared he for the whistling
Of the wind, his rough beard bristling,
  Filling with an icy sand.

Came he where, within an opening,
  Lay the fallen oaken tree,
With his brawny arms uplifted,
  As in his last agony;
Gone was all his regal splendor,
Dead the ruler and defender
  Of the forest monarchy.

"Thou wert once a king, brave oak-tree!"
  Said the woodman standing by;
"But as men, trees, soon or later,
  In this changing world must die;
But thy worth we will remember
In the red and glowing ember,
  When the fire-light rises high."

Then he cut a great log, reaching
  To the burly branches' swell;
And the white chips, scattered broadcast,
  Told he knew the woodcraft well;
While the sharp reverberating,
Quick and keen and ne'er abating,
  Sounded far through wood and dell.

It is night: within the farm-house
  Comfort takes the place of care;
Blooming youth, and sturdy manhood,
  Feeble age, are gathered there;
On the hearth the Fire-Log glowing,
Banishes the thought of snowing,
  Makes a summer in the air.

Round the genial fire they gather,
  First to join in some old game,
Then to list to tales of wonder,
  Told by youth or aged dame;
And their fancies rise the higher,
With each curling tongue of fire,
  With each cheerful, steady flame.

But consuming is the Fire-Log;
  Ended is the social play;
And from out the dying embers
  All the sprites and fairies gay,
While the hearth grows cold and colder,
Each one looking o'er its shoulder,
  Up the chimney troop away.

Blessings on thee, Fire-Log; blessings
  Gavest thou unto thine end;
Living, grateful shade afforded,
  Dead, thou wast a generous friend;
Time may ties of pleasure sever,
But our joyful thoughts will ever
  On thy memory attend.

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GEORGE AND ROBERT STEPHENSON.*

TEN years ago Samuel Smiles published a Life of George Stephenson, which, both in England and in this country, proved one of the most interesting and successful biographies ever issued. In this case, as in all his other biographical works, Mr. Smiles chose a subject identified with the progress of the age. The present volume is a revised edition, containing a life of Robert Stephenson, and also a history of the invention and introduction of the railway locomotive. Not the least interesting feature of the work is the abundance of excellent illustrations, several of which we present in connection with this article.

During the ten years which have intervened since the appearance of this biography in its original form the construction of railways has made extraordinary progress. The length of lines then open in Europe was estimated at about 18,000 miles; it is now more than 50,000 miles. Although Great Britain, first in the field, had then expended nearly £300,000,000 in the construction, after twenty-five years' labor, of 8300 miles of railway, it has during the last ten years expended about £200,000,000 more in constructing 5600 additional miles. But on the Continent equal progress is to be noted. France has now 9624 miles at work; Germany (including Austria), 13,392 miles; Spain, 3161 miles; Sweden, 1100 miles; Belgium, 1073 miles; Switzerland, 795 miles; Holland, 617 miles; besides railways in other states. These have for the most part been constructed and opened during the last decade, while a considerable length is still under construction. Austria is engaged in carrying new lines across the Hungarian plains to the frontier of Turkey, which Turkey is preparing to meet by lines carried up the valley of the Lower Danube; and Russia, with 2800 miles already at work, is occupied with extensive schemes for connecting Petersburg and Moscow with her ports in the Black Sea on the one hand, and with the frontier stations of her Asiatic empire on the other. The length of Italian lines in 1866 was 2752 miles, of which nearly 700 were opened in that year. Already a direct line of communication has been opened between Germany and Italy through the Brenner Pass, by which it is now possible to make the entire journey by railway (except the short sea-passage across the English Channel) from London to Brindisi on the southeastern extremity of the Italian peninsula; and in a few more years a still shorter route will be opened through France, when the seven-mile tunnel under Mont Cenis shall have been completed. In India Fox's reproach, made in 1783, is no longer applicable, that "England has built no bridges, made no high-roads, cut no navigations.....Were we to be driven out of India this day nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed.....by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger." Some of the greatest bridges of modern times—such as those over the Sone near Patna, and over the Jamna at Allahabad—have been erected in connection with the Indian railways, of which there are already 3637 miles at work, and above 2000 more in process of construction.

Turning now to America, we find that in 1857 the Canadian system of railways was in its infancy. The Grand Trunk was only begun, and the Victoria Bridge—the greatest of all railway structures—was not half erected. That colony has now more than 2200 miles in active operation along the valley of the St. Lawrence. But it is in the United States that we find the most remarkable progress in railway construction. This country was the first to avail itself of steam locomotion, after the practicability of the scheme had been proved on the Stockton and Darlington and Liverpool and Manchester railways. The first sod of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway was cut on July 4, 1828, and the line was opened for traffic in 1829. In 1864 not less than 35,000 miles had been completed, while over 15,000 were in process of construction. In 1870 the length of railway lines completed will exceed the entire length of all the European lines combined. Then will be nearly, if not entirely, completed the great Pacific Railroad, connecting the lines in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri with San Francisco, by which it will be possible to make the journey from England to Hong Kong, *via* New York, in little more than a month.

Strange as it may seem to the large number of railway passengers of to-day, their accommodation was not contemplated in the original scheme. A writer of eminence of that time—not long ago was it, either—declared that he would as soon think of being fired off on a ricochet rocket as travel on a railway at twice the speed of the old stage-coaches. So great was the alarm which existed as to the locomotive in England that the Liverpool and Manchester Committee pledged themselves "not to require any clause empowering its use;" and as late as 1829 the Newcastle and Carlisle Act was conceded on the express condition that it should not be worked by locomotives but by horses only. The first locomotives used in hauling coal trains ran at from four to six miles an hour. What would those "old fogies" have thought of express trains—carrying passengers, too—running at a speed of from fifty to sixty miles an hour! While in 1834 the number of stage-coach passengers in Great Britain was about thirty millions a year, in 1866 the number of railway passengers in that country numbered over 313 millions. George Stephen-

* *The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son Robert Stephenson; containing also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive.* By SAMUEL SMILES. Harper and Brothers, New York.

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NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE AND THE HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE.

son's prediction "that the time would come when it would be cheaper for a working-man to make a journey by railway than to walk on foot" is already realized. The degree of safety with which this great traffic is conducted is not the least remarkable of its features. To be struck by lightning is one of the rarest of all causes of death; yet more persons were killed by lightning in 1866 in Great Britain than were killed on railways from causes beyond their own control. That speaks well for England, but we are afraid that in the mortuary statistics of the United States the locomotive would beat the lightning "all hollow."

The shattering idea of the fifteenth century was that conveyed by Columbus, that the earth was round, *and could be got around.* It swept away at one brush the cobwebs of superstition which had been spinning for centuries. Not more astonishing was it for what it obliterated than for what it revealed. Like the thunderbolt, it at the self-same moment stunned and illuminated the world. The darkness which it dispelled was displaced by brilliant El Dorados which invited to adventure. The romance of the Crusades, terminating in the temporary possession of the Holy Sepulchre, had also awakened commerce with the East. But the romance of holy places, and this consequent awakening of Oriental commerce, were nothing as compared with the romance of this New World and the adventure which it called forth. But neither the Crusades nor the discoveries—nor even the invention of the Printing-press—

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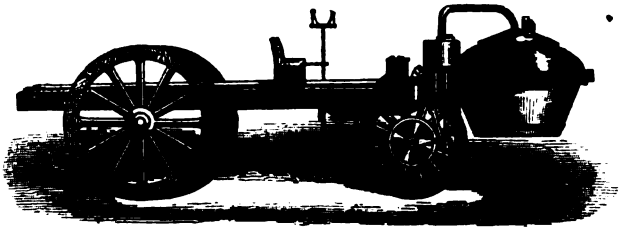
PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY.

were to be compared as to their results with the introduction of the Steam Locomotive. Electricity, made available for the uses of man, ministers chiefly to the intellect—to human curiosity; but steam puts upon man the seven-league boots of the giant, and virtually annihilates space as an obstruction to his enterprise. Indeed, the telegraph would be of little use but for the corresponding use of steam, with which it is co-operative. Confining our consideration for the moment to our own country: but for steam the vastness of our national territory would crush us, as Rome was crushed by her immense provinces. And, in like manner, it may be said that but for steam and the telegraph the Russian Empire, in its present and ever-increasing extent, would be as unstable as were the vast conquests of the ancient Scythians. Give to a nation popular freedom, free labor, industry, intelligence, and, in addition to these, the results of modern mechanical progress, and the career of that nation will disprove all the axioms which were applicable to ancient empires.

In this country above all others is steam the great organ of civilization, though its operation is mainly negative, *inasmuch as it only removes difficulties*. It distributes its benefits alike to the metropolitan centres and to the vast interior; to the former it brings supplies of food, fuel, and timber, while it develops the resources and furnishes a market for the productions of the latter. Other things being equal, the test of the prosperity, and therefore of the progress of a nation, is afforded by its population. The introduction of steam has doubled the ratio of increase in the population of London since 1841. It is reasonable to suppose that it has done the same for our sea-board cities. But while this increase goes on at the great centres of population, the demand upon the resources of the interior is proportionally increased. Thus an opportunity for growth is afforded at once to the cities and to our vast agricultural domain.

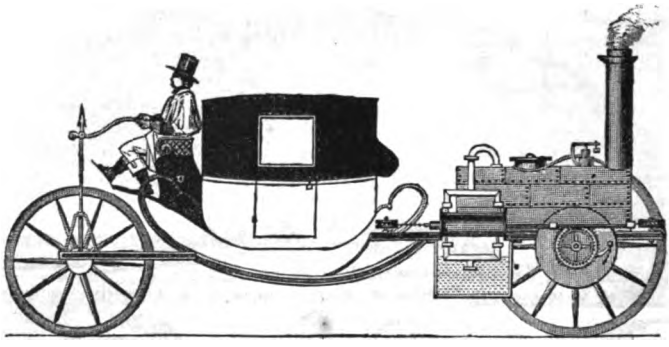
Like most inventions, that of the Steam Locomotive was very gradually made. The idea of it, born in one age, was revived in the ages that followed. It was embodied first in one model, then in another—the labors of one inventor being taken up by his successors—until at length, after many disappointments and many failures, the practicable working locomotive was achieved.

The railway proper doubtless originated in the coal districts of the North of England and of Wales, where it was found useful in facilitating the transport of coals from the pits to the shipping-places. At an early period the coal was carried to the boats in panniers, or in sacks upon horses' backs. Next carts were used, and tramways of flag-stone were laid, along which they were easily hauled. Then pieces of planking were laid parallel upon wooden sleepers, or imbedded in the ordinary track. In 1676 this practice of laying wooden rails had become extensively adopted. Saint Fond, a French traveler in 1791, describes the colliery wagon-ways in the neighborhood of Newcastle



CUGNOT'S ENGINE.

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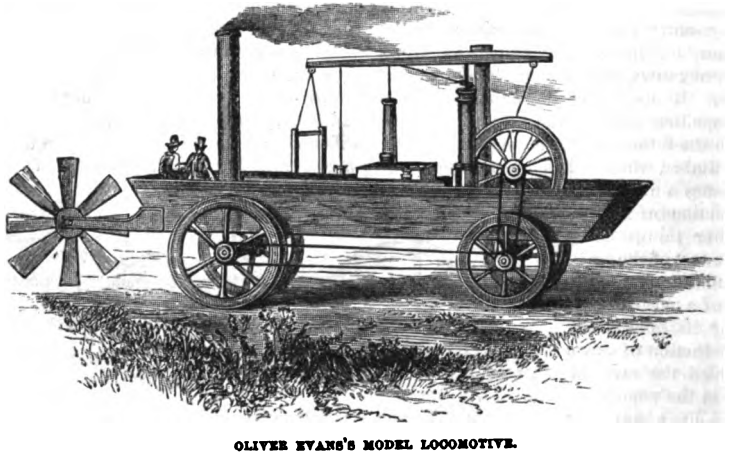


SYMINGTON'S MODEL STEAM-CARRIAGE, 1786.

as superior to any thing of the kind he had seen. The wooden rails were formed with a rounded upper surface, like a projecting moulding, and the wagon-wheels, being "made of cast iron, and hollowed in the manner of a metal pulley," readily fitted the rounded surface of the rails. These rude wooden tracks were the germ of the modern railroad. Soon thin plates of iron came to be nailed upon the upper surface of the rails, to protect the parts most exposed to friction. From this arrangement the transition was natural to the system of cast iron rails, which were first laid in 1738 at Whitehaven.

Down to the end of the last century, and, indeed, down to a time within the memory of the present generation, the only power used for haulage was the horse. Transportation by this means was costly, and at length became unsatisfactory. Something must take the place of the horse. But what? The power of wind was one of the earliest expedients proposed; but this, though available for navigation, had not proved successful upon land. But it had been tried. One Simon Stevinius, a Fleming, had invented a sailing-coach toward the end of the sixteenth century, but, after all, it had proved only a curiosity; the wind could not be depended upon. A century later this expedient was revived in Wales, by Sir Humphrey Mackworth, and again in the eighteenth century by Mr. Edgeworth, but with no better result.

Long before it was practically attempted steam-locomotion was the subject of much curious speculation. Sir Isaac Newton, in his "Explanation of the Newtonian Philosophy," in 1680, figured a spherical generator, supported on wheels, and provided with a seat for a passenger in front, and a long jet-pipe behind, stating that "the whole is to be mounted upon little wheels, so as to move easily on a horizontal plane; and if the hole or jet-pipe be opened the vapor will rush out violently one way, and the wheels and the ball at the same time will be carried the contrary way." About the middle of the last century Benjamin Franklin, then agent in London for the United Provinces of America, was engaged in a correspondence with Matthew Boulton of Birmingham and Erasmus Darwin of Lichfield, relative to steam as a motive power. Boulton had made a model of a fire-engine which he sent to London for Franklin's inspection; and though the original purpose for which the engine had been contrived was the pumping of water, it was believed to be practicable to employ it as a means of loco-



OLIVER EVANS'S MODEL LOCOMOTIVE.

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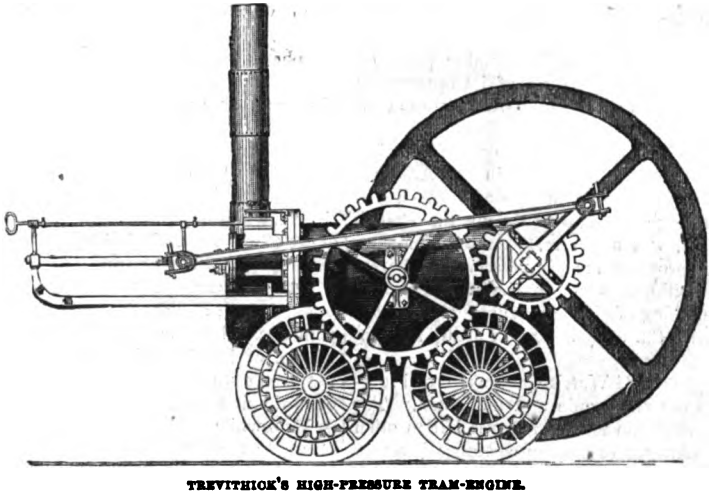
motion. Franklin was too much occupied by grave political questions to pursue the subject at the time; but the sanguine and speculative Darwin was inflamed by the idea of a "fiery chariot," and he pressed his friend Boulton to prosecute the contrivance of the necessary steam-engine. This Darwin was a country physician of the last century, who, on his rides, used to carry with him in his sulky a pile of books on one side reaching up to the front window of the carriage, and on the other a hamper well stored with sweetmeats, cream, and sugar. But although his medical practice interfered with his prosecution of the scheme of a "fiery chariot," he at least succeeded in inspiring his young friend Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and inducing him to direct his attention to the introduction of steam-locomotion. In a letter written by Dr. Small to Watt in 1768 we find him describing Edgeworth as "a gentleman of fortune, young, mechanical, and indefatigable, who has taken a resolution to move land and water carriages by steam." The following prophecy of Dr. Darwin, published in 1791, before any practicable locomotive or steam-boat had been invented, is very remarkable:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their flutt'ring kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

As early as 1759 the application of steam power to the propulsion of wheel-carriages upon common roads had been brought under the notice of James Watt by his young friend John Robison, then a student in the University of Glasgow. Watt was then only twenty-three years old, and had just established his business as a mathematical instrument maker. He proceeded to make a model from Robison's rough sketches, in which the latter proposed to place the cylinder with its open end downward, to avoid the necessity of a working-beam. The model did not answer Watt's expectations; and when, shortly after, Robison left college to go to sea, he laid the project aside, and did not resume it for many years.

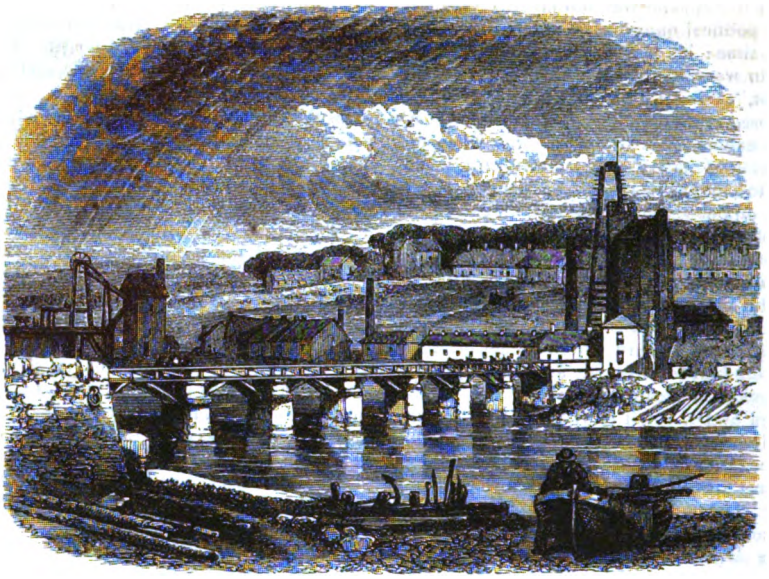
In the mean time Monsieur Cugnot, an ingenious French mechanic, in 1769, constructed a steam-carriage, running upon three wheels, and put in motion by an engine composed of two single-acting cylinders, the pistons of which acted alternately on the single front wheel. It only traveled two miles and a quarter an hour, and would work only for twelve or fifteen minutes at a time. But it was an important experiment. The French Minister of War authorized Cugnot to proceed with the construction of a new and improved machine, which was finished and ready for trial in the course of the following year. The new locomotive was composed of two parts, one being a carriage supported on two wheels, somewhat resembling a small brewer's cart, furnished with a seat for the driver; while the other contained the machinery, which was supported on a single driving-wheel four feet two inches in diameter. The engine consisted of a round copper boiler with a furnace inside provided with two small chimneys, two single-acting thirteen-inch brass cylinders communicating with the boiler by a steam-pipe, and the arrangements for communicating the motion of the pistons to the driving-wheel, together with the steering gear.

The two parts of the machine were united by a movable pin and a toothed sector fixed on the framing of the front or machine part of the carriage. When one of the pistons descended the piston-rod drew with it a crank, the catch of which caused the driving-wheel to make a quarter of a revolution by means of the ratchet-wheel fixed on the axle of the driving-wheel. At the same time a chain fixed to the crank on the same side also descended and moved a lever, the opposite end of which was thereby raised, restoring the second piston to its original posi-



TREVITHICK'S HIGH-PRESSURE TRAM-ENGINE.

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WYLAM COLLIERY AND VILLAGE.

tion at the top of the cylinder by the interposition of a second chain and crank. The piston-rod of the descending piston, by means of a catch, set other levers in motion, the chain fixed to them turning a half-way cock so as to open the second cylinder to the steam and the first to the atmosphere. The second piston, then descending in turn, caused the driving-wheel to make another quarter revolution, restoring the first piston to its original position; and the process being repeated, the machine was thereby kept in motion. To enable it to run backward the catch of the crank was arranged in such a manner that it could be made to act either above or below, and thereby reverse the action of the machinery on the driving-wheel. It will thus be observed that Cugnot's locomotive presented a simple and ingenious form of a high-pressure engine; and though of rude construction, it was a highly-creditable piece of work, considering the time of its appearance and the circumstances under which it was constructed.

It met with an accident at one of its trials in Paris, and was locked up in the Arsenal; but Cugnot was granted a pension of 300 livres, which, though interrupted during the French Revolution, was again restored by Napoleon. Cugnot's locomotive is still preserved at Paris; and it is, without exception, the most venerable and interesting of all the machines extant connected with the early history of steam locomotion.

As late as 1784 Watt's views as to road locomotion were still crude and undefined. The progress of steam locomotion was left to other hands. Among the steam-carriages invented at this time we should especially mention William Symington's, of which we give an illustration.

The machine consisted of a carriage and locomotive behind, supported on four wheels. The boiler was cylindrical, communicating by a steam-pipe with two horizontal cylinders, one on each side of the engine. When the piston was raised by the action of the steam, a vacuum was produced by the condensation of the steam in a cold-water tank placed underneath the engine, on which the piston was again forced back by the pressure of the atmosphere. The motion was conveyed to the wheels by rack-rods connected with the piston-rod, which worked on each side of a drum fixed on the hind axle; the alternate action of which rods upon the tooth and racket wheels with which the drum was provided producing the rotatory motion. Symington's engine was partly atmospheric and partly condensing—the condensation being effected by a separate vessel and air-pump, as patented by Watt; and though the arrangement was ingenious, it is clear that, had it ever been brought into use, the traction would have been of the slowest kind.

Symington's attention was then diverted to river navigation, resulting in the construction of the *Charlotte Dundas* in 1801, which may be regarded as the first practical steamboat ever built. Practical it was, yet it was not introduced into practical use; and Symington, after many disappointments, became a waif among the vast population of London, died in March, 1831, and not even a stone marks the grave of the inventor of the first practicable steamboat.

Meanwhile in America the idea of applying steam to the propulsion of carriages had occurred to John Fitch in 1785; but he did not

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pursue the subject "for more than a week," being diverted from it by his scheme of applying the same power to navigation. About the same time Oliver Evans, a native of Newport, Delaware, was occupied with a project for driving steam-carriages on common roads; and in 1786 the Maryland Legislature granted him the exclusive right for that State. But his friends looked upon his scheme as chimerical, and he could not raise the means for the accomplishment of his object. In 1800 or 1801 Evans began a steam-carriage at his own expense; but he soon altered his intention, and applied his engine to the driving of a small grinding-mill, in which it was found efficient. In 1804 he constructed an engine at Philadelphia, working on the high-pressure principle, placed on a large scow, mounted upon wheels. "This," says his biographer, "was considered a fine opportunity to show the public that his engine could propel both land and water conveyances. When the machine was finished Evans fixed under it, in a rough and temporary manner, wheels with wooden axle-trees. Although the whole weight was equal to 200 barrels of flour, yet his small engine propelled it up Market Street and round the circuit to the Water-works, where it was launched into the Schuylkill. A paddle-wheel was then applied to its stern, and it thus sailed down that river to the Delaware, a distance of 16 miles, in the presence of thousands of spectators."

The railway locomotive has been introduced within the memory of men now living. In 1800 it was simply a conception in the minds of a few inventors; but it never became a practical realization until on the 21st of February, 1804, Richard Trevithick introduced his high-pressure engine on the Merthyr tramway in Cornwall, Wales. Trevithick was a native of this rich mining district, and his father being a purser at several of the mines, much of the boy's time had been spent in wandering about the mines, or in picking up information abont pumping engines and mining machinery. While still a boy he obtained an appointment as engineer. Boulton and Watt's patent at length expired in 1800, and the Cornish engineers were free to make engines after their own methods. From an early period Trevithick had entertained the idea of making the expansive force of steam act directly on both sides of the piston on the high-pressure principle, thus getting rid of the process of condensation as in Watt's engines. Trevithick's engine was simple and ingenious, solid, strong, and portable, enabling the power of steam to work with very great rapidity, economy, and force. In these respects it was unlike any previous attempt. The boiler was cylindrical, like those which had been used by Evans of Delaware, thus avoiding the danger of bursting from internal pressure, and also economizing fuel. Trevithick's steam-carriage accommodated half a dozen persons, and underneath was the engine and machinery inclosed, the whole being supported by four wheels—two in front, guiding it, and two behind, driving. The crank-axle revolved between the double parts of the piston-rod. The motion was communicated by gearing to the driving wheels. The steam-cocks were operated from the crank-axle, as were also the force-pump for supplying the boiler with water and the bellows to blow the fire. The high-pressure tram-engine, or the first practicable railway locomotive, of which we give an illustration on



HIGH STREET HOUSE, WYLAM.

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STEPHENSON'S COTTAGE AT WILLINGTON QUAY.

page 609, was operated on the same principle. The pressure of steam was 40 pounds. On its first trial it drew ten tons of iron bar for a distance of nine miles, at the rate of 5½ miles an hour.

Trevithick struck out many inventions, but left them to take care of themselves. He lacked perseverance. His imagination outran his judgment. Hence his life was but a series of beginnings, leading to few accomplishments. He began a Thames tunnel, and abandoned it. He went to South America with the prospect of making a gigantic fortune, but he had scarcely begun to gather in his gold than he was forced to fly, and returned home destitute. Even when he had the best chances, Trevithick threw them away. When he had brought his road locomotive to London to exhibit, and was beginning to excite the curiosity of the public respecting it, he suddenly closed the exhibition in a fit of caprice, removed the engine, and returned to Cornwall in a tiff. The failure also of the railroad on which his locomotive traveled so provoked him that he at once abandoned the enterprise in disgust. There may have been some moral twist in the engineer's character, into which we do not seek to pry; but it seems clear that he was wanting in that resolute perseverance, that power of fighting an up-hill battle, without which no great enterprise can be conducted to a successful issue. In this respect the character of Richard Trevithick presents a remarkable contrast to that of George Stephenson, who took up only one of the many projects which the other had cast aside, and by dint of application, industry, and perseverance, carried into effect one of the most remarkable but peaceful revolutions which has ever been accomplished in any age or country.

Our readers all remember the important connection between coals and Newcastle. In no quarter of England have greater changes been wrought by the successive advances made in the practical science of engineering than in the extensive colliery districts of which Newcastle-upon-Tyne is the centre and capital. When fuel became scarce, and the southern English forests proved inadequate to supply the increasing demand for fuel, attention was turned to the rich stores of coal lying underground in the neighborhood of Newcastle and Durham. It then became an article of increasing export, so that an old writer describes Newcastle as "the Eye of the North and the Hearth that warmeth the South parts of this kingdom with Fire." The quantity of coal exported has increased from year to year, until the coal raised from these mines amounts to upward of 16,000,000 tons a year, of which 9,000,000 tons are annually conveyed away by sea. And thus, from a walled medieval town of monks and merchants, Newcastle has grown to be a busy centre of commerce and manufactures, inhabited by nearly 100,000 people.

About eight miles west of Newcastle is the colliery village of Wylam, on the north bank of the Tyne. A few hundred yards from its eastern extremity stands a humble detached dwelling—the birth-place of George Stephenson, known as the High Street House. In the lower room on the west end of this house George Stephenson was born, the second of a family of six children, June 9, 1781. The walls were unplastered, the floor was of clay, and the bare rafters were exposed overhead, and so they have remained to this day. The father, known as "Old Bob," and his wife Mabel, were a respectable, hard-working cou-

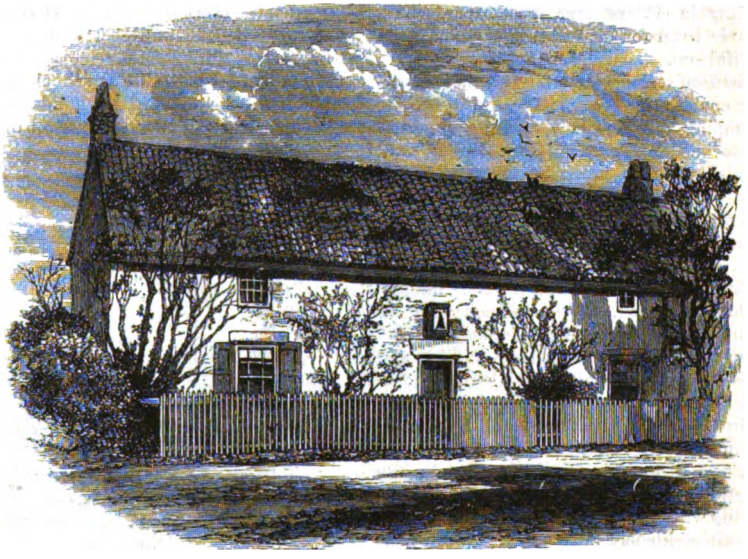
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ple. George's grandfather, a Scotchman, came to England in the capacity of a gentleman's servant. The boy's mother had a delicate constitution, and was troubled with "the vapors," though complimented by her Northumbrian neighbors as "a real canny body." "Old Bob" was a laborer at the Wylam colliery, employed as fireman of the old pumping engine. Earning only twelve shillings a week, there was, of course, nothing to spare for the education of his children. "Bob's fire-engine" was the most popular resort in the village, especially among the children, whose young imaginations the fireman feasted with tales of Sinbad the Sailor and Robinson Crusoe, besides others of his own invention. He had also a remarkable affection for birds and animals, and many were the tame favorites of both sorts which were as fond of resorting to his engine fire as the boys and girls of the village.

When George was eight years old his father removed to Dewley Burn. We soon find him earning his two-pence a day in "herding" Widow Ainslie's cows, with plenty of spare time on his hands, which he spent in birds'-nesting, making whistles out of reeds, and erecting Lilliputian mills on the little water-streams that run into Dewley Bog. But his favorite amusement was making clay engines with his playmate, Bill Thirlwall. This playmate afterward became a skillful engineer, holding an important position at Shilbottle for nearly thirty years. But to George Stephenson was reserved a braver work than the herding of cows or the hoeing of turnips. He wanted to be at the colliery, studying engines. He succeeded in obtaining an inferior position there, with the wages of six-pence per day; and being promoted to the driving of the gin-horse, his daily salary was advanced to eight-pence.

Two miles across the fields from Dewley Burn is the Black Callerton Colliery, to which George was transferred to drive the gin there. He is described at this time as "a grit growing lad, with bare legs an' feet," and "very quick-witted, and full of fun and tricks; indeed, there was nothing under the sun but he tried to imitate." Next we find the boy promoted to assist his father at Dewley, with the wages of a shilling per day; and the little fellow, then only fourteen years old, used to hide himself when the owner of the colliery came round, lest he should be thought too young for the work, with such recompense.

Soon the coal at Dewley is exhausted, and the Stephenson family move to Newburn, farther south; and here, in the "Mid Will Winnin" Colliery, George becomes fireman on his own account. Then he is transferred to Throckley Bridge, where he works another engine at twelve shillings a week. He was then, to use his own language, "a made man for life!" At seventeen years of age George stands ahead of his father, being plug-man upon an engine where his father is fireman. All this time George had been studying the machinery and practical working of the engines. He did not know as yet how to read, but he had mechanical instinct. Still he wanted to know about Watt and Boulton's engines, of which he had heard so much. He can only find this in books, and must therefore learn to read. Three nights in the week he takes lessons in spelling and reading at a night-school, and soon afterward dives into the mysteries of arithmetic. At the age of twenty he is brakesman at the Black Callerton Colliery, earning from one pound fifteen shillings to two pounds a fortnight, to which he adds by shoemaking. At twenty-one he is married to Frances Henderson, and is given charge of the engine at



STEPHENSON'S COTTAGE, WEST MOOR.

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George Stephenson

Frances Henderson

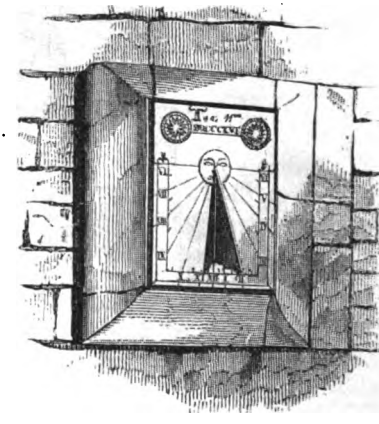
Willington Ballast Hill. He takes up his residence at Willington Quay, on the north bank of the Tyne, six miles below Newcastle. His cottage is a small two-storied dwelling, standing back of the quay, with a bit of garden ground in front; but he only occupies the upper room in the west end of the house. The signatures of this couple in the register, given above, were evidently both written by the husband. In October, 1803, the first and only son was born in this cottage at Willington Quay—the son Robert, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

In the mean time George has kept up his studies of mechanics. He has tried a perpetual motion machine, but has failed. After working for three years as a brakesman at Willington he removes to the West Moor Colliery, Killingworth, seven miles north of Newcastle. He soon meets with a sad loss in the death of his wife by consumption. Shortly after this event he receives an invitation, which he accepts, to go to Montrose, in Scotland, to superintend the working of one of Boulton and Watt's engines. He leaves his son Robert behind, and after a year's absence returns to Killingworth, having saved out of his earnings twenty-eight pounds. Here he finds his old father helpless, pays off his debts, amounting to fifteen pounds, and removes him, together with his aged mother, to a comfortable cottage near West Moor, where the couple lived for many years, supported by the dutiful son.

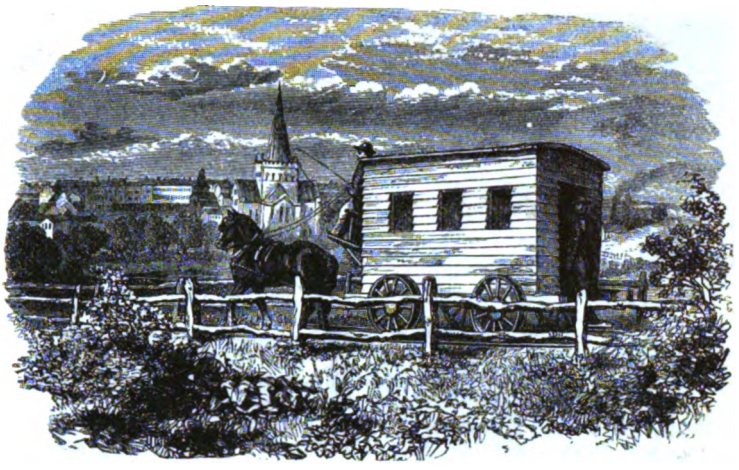
Stephenson's elaborate study of engine machinery enabled him to remedy the defects of the pumping engines, and thus he came at length to be dubbed an "engine-doctor," and was called upon to prescribe for all the old, wheezy, and ineffectual pumping machines in the neighborhood.

By-and-by appointed engine-wright of the colliery, George Stephenson was easier in his circumstances. Knowing how deficient his own education had been, he determined that his son should not labor under the same defect; and by mending his neighbors' clocks and watches at night, after his daily labor was done, he procured the means of educating Robert. Thus, in 1815, Robert was sent to Mr. Bruce's school in Percy Street, Newcastle. His father bought him a donkey, on which he rode into Newcastle and back daily; and there are many still living who remember the little boy, dressed in his suit of homely gray stuff cut out by his mother, cantering along to school upon the "cuddy," with his wallet for the day and his bag of books slung over his shoulder. The father made his son's education instrumental to his own. Robert, after spending some of his spare hours at the rooms of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institute, went home in the evening and recounted to his father the results of his reading. Robert was fond of reducing his scientific reading to practice. After studying Franklin's description of the lightning experiment he proceeded to expend his store of Saturday pennies in purchasing about half a mile of copper wire at a brazier's shop in Newcastle. Having prepared his kite, he sent it up in the field opposite his father's door, and bringing the wire, insulated by means of a few feet of silk cord, over the backs of some of Farmer Wigham's cows, he soon had them skipping about the field in all directions with their tails up. One day he had his kite flying at the cottage door as his father's galloway was hanging by the bridle to the paling, waiting for the master to mount. Bringing the end of the wire just over the pony's crupper, so smart an electric shock was given it that the brute was almost knocked down. At this juncture his father issued from the house, riding-whip in hand, and was witness to the scientific trick just played off upon his galloway. "Ah! you mischievous scoondrel!" cried he to the boy, who ran off—himself inwardly chuckling with pride, nevertheless, at Robert's successful experiment.

While Robert was still at school, his father proposed to him during the holidays that he should construct a dial, to be placed over their



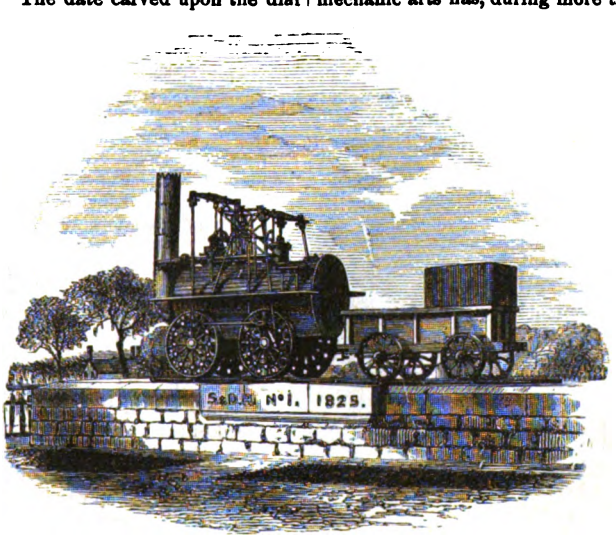
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THE FIRST RAILWAY COACH.

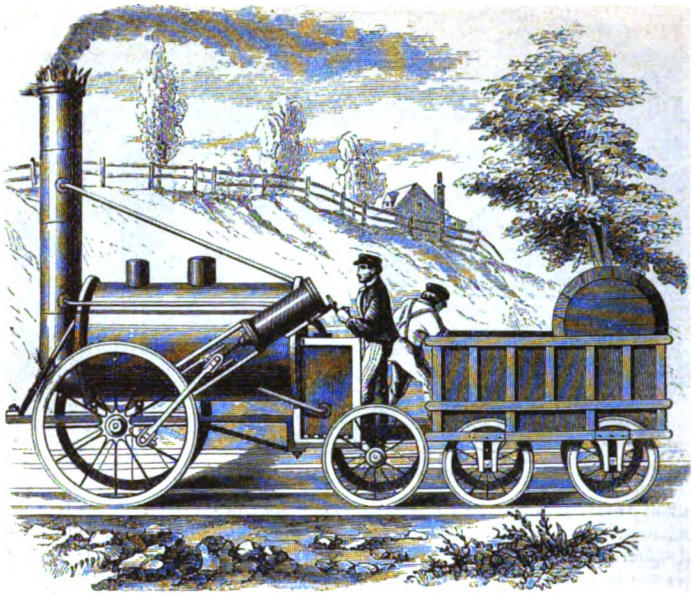
cottage door at West Moor. "I expostulated with him at first," said Robert, "that I had not learned sufficient astronomy and mathematics to enable me to make the necessary calculations. But he would have no denial. 'The thing is to be done,' said he; 'so just set about it at once.' Well, we got a 'Ferguson's Astronomy,' and studied the subject together. Many a sore head I had while making the necessary calculations to adapt the dial to the latitude of Killingworth. But at length it was fairly drawn out on paper, and then my father got a stone, and we hewed, and carved, and polished it, until we made a very respectable dial of it; and there it is, you see," pointing to it over the cottage door, "still quietly numbering the hours when the sun shines. I assure you, not a little was thought of that piece of work by the pitmen when it was put up, and began to tell its tale of time." The date carved upon the dial is "August 11, MDCCCXVI." Both father and son were in after-life very proud of their joint production. Many years after, George took a party of savans, when attending the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, over to Killingworth to see the pits, and he did not fail to direct their attention to the sundial; and Robert, on the last visit which he made to the place, a short time before his death, took a friend into the cottage, and pointed out to him the very desk, still there, at which he had sat when making his calculations of the latitude of Killingworth.

Before long the subject of the locomotive engine occupied George Stephenson's attention, although it was still generally regarded in the light of a curious and costly toy, of comparatively little use. It can hardly have escaped the reader's attention that the progress of the mechanic arts has, during more than a genera-



THE NO. 1. ENGINE AT DARLINGTON.

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THE "ROCKET."

tion, been largely dependent upon the existence of coal. It is in connection with coal-mining that both the railway proper and the locomotive were first introduced.

As we have already said, Trevithick did not push the work which he had so bravely entered upon to its consummation. But the locomotive was not forgotten. In 1811 Mr. Blenkinsop revived Trevithick's scheme of employing steam in lieu of horses to haul coals along his tramway near Leeds. He made some important modifications. Thus he employed two cylinders instead of one; his boiler was of cast iron; and the axles merely served to carry the engine, and were unconnected with the working parts. This engine was plied regularly for twenty years, and proved a success, doing the work of sixteen horses, and running under a light load ten miles an hour.

In 1813 Mr. Hedley, of the Wylam Colliery, took out a patent for an engine with smooth wheels. From the first the fallacy had prevailed that with smooth wheels the adhesion to the rails would not be sufficient, but the moment their trial was fairly made the friction was proved sufficient, and thus the clumsy expedients hitherto resorted to were done away. This improvement was introduced under the auspices of Mr. Blackett, owner of the Wylam Colliery. While Blackett was experimenting at Wylam, George Stephenson was anxiously studying the same subject at Killingworth. The latter resolved to acquaint himself with what had already been done. Blackett's engines were working daily at Wylam, past the cottage where he had been born; and thither he frequently went to inspect the improvements which had been made. An efficient and economical locomotive engine was the object of his study and labor. Could he not do for the locomotive what Watt had done for the steam-engine? He brought the subject before the lessees of the Killingworth Colliery in 1813, and was authorized by Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, to proceed with the construction of a locomotive. "I said to my friends," he said, afterward, "there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, if the works could be made to stand."



STEPHENSON'S HOUSE AT ALTON GRANGE.

Stephenson to some extent followed Blenkinsop's plan. The wrought-iron boiler was cylindrical, eight feet long, and thirty-four inches in diameter. The engine had two

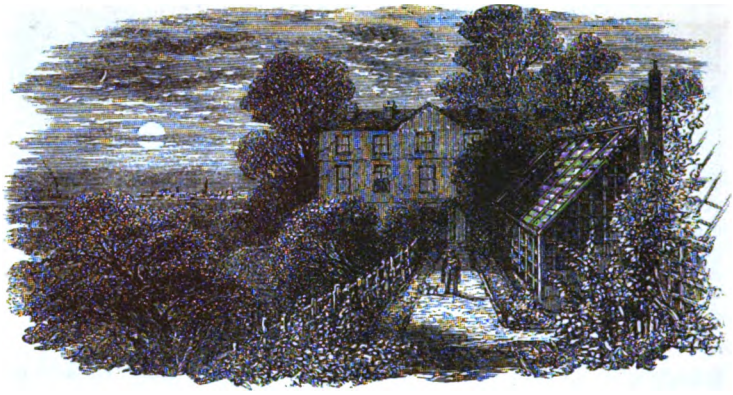
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ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK.

vertical cylinders, of eight inches diameter and two feet stroke, let into the boiler. The power of the two cylinders was combined by means of spur-wheels, which communicated the motive power to the wheels supporting the engine on the rail. The wheels were all smooth. The engine was placed upon the Killingworth Railway July 25, 1814, and, on an ascending grade of one foot in four hundred and fifty, succeeded in drawing thirty tons four miles an hour. This, then, was a failure. In 1815 Stephenson, after various experiments, introduced a locomotive which included the following important improvements on all previous attempts in the same direction: simple and direct communication between the cylinder and the wheels rolling upon the rails; joint adhesion of all the wheels, attained by the use of horizontal connecting-rods; and, finally, a beautiful method of exciting the combustion of fuel by employing the waste steam which had formerly been allowed uselessly to escape. This latter method was the result of Stephenson's observation of the greater velocity with which the waste steam escaped as compared with that of the smoke from the chimney. He therefore conceived the idea of conveying the eduction steam into the chimney, which steam imparted its own velocity to the escaping smoke, thus by the stimulation of combustion more than doubling the power of the engine. This invention of the steam-blast was that upon which the success of the locomotive has chiefly depended. It introduced a new era in locomotion.

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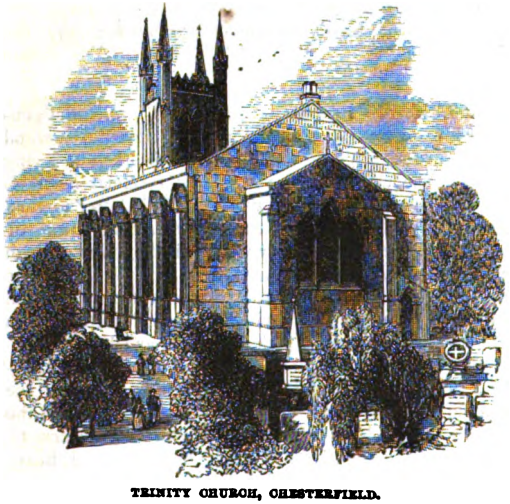


VIEW IN TAPTON GARDENS.

It was in this same year (1815) that Stephenson invented his safety-lamp, prior by some months to that invented by Sir Humphrey Davy.

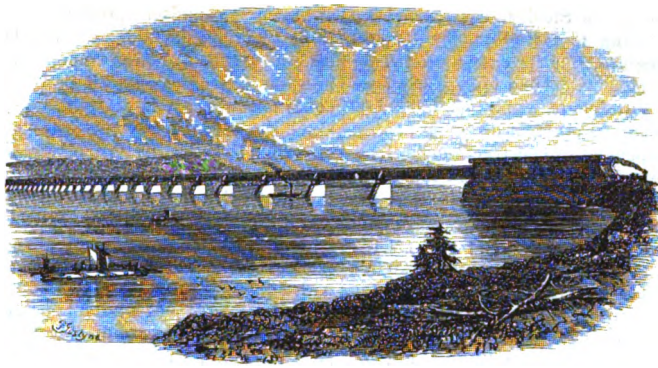
About this time the first steamers were plying upon the Tyne, and George Stephenson conceived the idea of emigrating to America, and making his fortune by introducing steam navigation upon the great inland lakes. But this idea was never carried out. In 1820 he married his second wife, Elizabeth Hindmarsh, the daughter of a respectable farmer at Black Callerton. Robert was in 1822 sent to the Edinburgh University to complete his education. During the six months of his stay there he took careful notes of the lectures which he heard, and transcribed them for his father's benefit. So long as George Stephenson lived this co-operation in study and in work continued.

After patient waiting the inventor's schemes were realized. He was appointed engineer in 1822 by the Directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, whom he had been able to convince of the practicability of steam locomotion upon common roads. Mr. Pease, the chief patron of this road, established a manufactory for the express purpose of making locomotives. We may easily imagine the anxiety felt by George Stephenson during the progress of the works toward completion, and his mingled hopes and doubts (though his doubts were but few) as to the issue of this great experiment. When the formation of the line near Stockton was well advanced, the engineer one day, accompanied by his son Robert and John Dixon, made a journey of inspection of the works. The party reached Stockton, and proceeded to dine at one of the inns there. After dinner Stephenson ventured on the very unusual measure of ordering in a bottle of wine, to drink success to the railway. John Dixon relates with pride the utterance of the master on the occasion. "Now, lads," said he to the two young men, "I venture to tell you that I think you will live to see the day when railways will supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highways for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a workingman to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as you now hear me. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive introduced thus far, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth." The result, however, outstripped even George Stephenson's most sanguine expectations; and Robert, shortly after his return from America in 1827, saw his father's locomotive adopted as the tractive power on railroads generally. The Stock-



TRINITY CHURCH, CHESTERFIELD.

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VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

ton and Darlington Railway was opened on September 27, 1825. It was a general holiday, and a great concourse of people assembled to witness the experiment, as shown in our illustration on page 607. Strange to say, a man on horseback headed the procession! As the locomotive was supposed to be able to move only at the rate of from four to six miles an hour, it was not deemed a dangerous position for the daring horseman; but he was glad to "clear the way" when the speed of the engine reached twelve miles an hour, and soon advanced to fifteen miles. The load carried amounted to ninety tons, including 450 passengers. The railway passenger-coach, which formed part of the procession, was a somewhat uncouth machine, more like a showman's caravan than a passenger-car of any extant form, and was drawn by horse-power. It was several years before passengers were hauled over the road by steam.

Not long afterward the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was projected. After great difficulty the Parliamentary Enabling Act was passed. Even then it was a question whether the locomotive should be used — Stephenson standing as almost its sole advocate. At length a prize of £500 was offered by the Directors of the road for the best locomotive engine which, on a certain day, should be produced on the railway, and perform certain specified conditions in the most satisfactory manner.* The trial took place on the 6th of October, 1829. The following engines were entered for the prize:

1. Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson's "Novelty."
2. Mr. Timothy Hackworth's "Sanspareil."
3. Messrs. R. Stephenson and Co.'s "Rocket."
4. Mr. Burstall's "Perseverance."

The "Rocket" eclipsed the performances of the other engines, and outstripped even the sanguine anticipations of Robert Stephenson. It showed that a new power had been born into the world, full of activity and strength, with boundless capability of work. It was the simple but admirable contrivance of the steam-blast, and its combination with the multitubular boiler, that at once gave locomotion a vigorous life, and secured the triumph of the railway system. Soon the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened, with the "Rocket" as locomotive, running at a speed of thirty miles an hour.

In the mean time Robert Stephenson was appointed engineer for the construction of the Leicester and Swannington Railway, and next for the construction of a road between London and Birmingham. The following striking comparison has been made between this latter railway and one of the greatest works of ancient

* The conditions were these:

1. The engine must effectually consume its own smoke.

2. The engine, if of six tons weight, must be able to draw after it day by day twenty tons weight (including the tender and water-tank), at *ten miles* an hour, with a pressure of steam on the boiler not exceeding fifty pounds to the square inch.

3. The boiler must have two safety-valves, neither of which must be fastened down, and one of them be completely out of the control of the engine-man.

4. The engine and boiler must be supported on springs, and rest on six wheels, the height of the whole not exceeding fifteen feet to the top of the chimney.

5. The engine, with water, must not weigh more than six tons: but an engine of less weight would be preferred on its drawing a proportionate load behind it; if of only four and a half tons, then it might be put on only four wheels. The Company to be at liberty to test the boiler, etc., by a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch.

6. A mercurial gauge must be affixed to the machine, showing the steam pressure above forty-five pounds per square inch.

7. The engine must be delivered, complete and ready for trial, at the Liverpool end of the railway, not later than the 1st of October, 1829.

8. The price of the engine must not exceed £550.

Many persons of influence declared the conditions published by the Directors of the railway chimerical in the extreme. One gentleman of some eminence in Liverpool, Mr. P. Ewart, who afterward filled the office of Government Inspector of Post-Office Steam-Packets, declared that only a parcel of charlatans would ever have issued such a set of conditions; that it had been *proved* to be impossible to make a locomotive engine go at ten miles an hour; but if it ever was done he would undertake to eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast!

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times. The Great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by 300,000—according to Herodotus by 100,000—men. It required for its execution twenty years, and the labor expended upon it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 of cubic feet of stone one foot high. Whereas, if the labor expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway be in like manner reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 of cubic feet *more* than was lifted for the Great Pyramid; and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men in less than five years. And while the Egyptian work was executed by a powerful monarch concentrating upon it the labor and capital of a great nation, the English railway was constructed, in the face of every conceivable obstruction and difficulty, by a company of private individuals out of their own resources, without the aid of Government or the contribution of one farthing of public money.

Railways were now started in all portions of England, especially in the midland and northern counties; and the Stephensons were busy men. They were known all over Europe and in the United States. They were also rapidly accumulating wealth. The Stephenson residence had been transferred to Liverpool, and soon afterward to Alton Grange, near the Leicester and Swannington line. In 1841 it was again transferred to Tapton, near Chesterfield, where the Stephensons were occupied in an extensive coal-mining adventure. Tapton House, as this new home was called, is a large, roomy brick mansion, beautifully situated amidst woods, upon a commanding eminence, about a mile to the northeast of the town of Chesterfield. Green fields dotted with fine trees slope away from the house in all directions. The surrounding country is undulating and highly picturesque. North and south the eye ranges over a vast extent of lovely scenery; and on the west, looking over the town of Chesterfield, with its church and crooked spire, the extensive range of the Derbyshire hills bounds the distance. The Midland Railway skirts the western edge of the park in a deep rock cutting, and the locomotive's shrill whistle sounds near at hand as the trains speed past. The gardens and pleasure-grounds adjoining the house were in a very neglected state when Mr. Stephenson first went to Tapton; and he promised himself, when he had secured rest and leisure from business, that he would put a new face upon both. The first improvement he made was in cutting a woodland foot-path up the hill-side, by which he at the same time added a beautiful feature to the park and secured a shorter road to the Chesterfield station. But it was some years before he found time to carry into effect his contemplated improvements in the adjoining gardens and pleasure-grounds. He had so long been accustomed to laborious pursuits that he could not at once settle down into the habit of quietly enjoying the fruits of his industry.

George Stephenson is described at this time as having "a handsome, ruddy, expressive face, lit up by bright dark-blue eyes." During 1845 his son's office in Great George Street, Westminster, was crowded with persons of various conditions seeking interviews, presenting very much the appearance of the levee of a minister of state. The burly figure of Mr. Hudson, the "Railway King," surrounded by an admiring group of followers, was often to be seen there; and a still more interesting person, in the estimation of many, was George Stephenson, dressed in black, his coat of somewhat old-fashioned cut, with square pockets in the tails. He wore a white neckcloth, and a large bunch of seals was suspended from his watch-ribbon. Altogether he presented an appearance of health, intelligence, and good-humor, that it gladdened one to look upon in that sordid, selfish, and eventually ruinous saturnalia of railway speculation.

In 1845 Robert Stephenson and J. K. Brunel came into collision in regard to the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, then about to be constructed. Brunel advocated the use of atmospheric pressure as a locomotive power in place of steam, and was opposed by Stephenson, who conquered his rival in Parliament. This line has no fewer than 110 bridges—some under and some over it—the viaducts over the Ouseburn, the Wansbeck, and the Coquet being of considerable importance. But by far the most formidable piece of masonry-work on this railway is at its northern extremity, where it passes across the Tweed into Scotland, immediately opposite the formerly redoubtable castle of Berwick.

At the age of sixty George Stephenson had retired from business as connected with railways, leaving his son Robert in full career as a railway engineer. He devoted himself in the closing years of his life to his extensive collieries and lime-works, and to the cultivation of his grounds at Tapton. He died on the 12th of August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, after about ten days' illness of severe fever. His body was interred with great honor in Trinity Church, Chesterfield, where a simple tablet marks the great engineer's last resting-place.



TABLET IN TRINITY CHURCH, CHESTERFIELD.

Robert Stephenson, shortly after his father's death, retired from business, but he lived to

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complete his tubular bridges in Egypt and Canada. That in Canada, across the St. Lawrence, known as the Victoria Bridge, is one of the greatest triumphs of modern art. It is the final link which completes the Canadian system of railways. For gigantic proportions and vast length and strength there is nothing to compare with it in ancient or modern times. It lacks only 60 yards of being *two miles* in length. The two-mile tube rests on 24 piers, leaving 25 spans for the several parts of the tube, all but one of which are 242 feet wide—the centre span being 330 feet. These piers are of immense strength. Those close to the abutments contain about 6000 tons of masonry each; while those which support the great centre tube contain about 12,000 tons. The former are 15 feet wide, and the latter 18. Scarcely a block of stone used in the piers is less than seven tons in weight, while many of those opposed to the force of the breaking-up ice weigh fully ten tons. The first stone of the bridge was laid July 22, 1854; and on the 17th of December, 1859, the first train passed over. It was the greatest of Robert Stephenson's bridges, and worthy of being the crowning and closing work of his life. But two months before its completion he passed from the scene of all his labors. He died October 12, 1859, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Both the Stephensons, father and son, were remarkable men—men whom this age delights to honor. Of each we can say, with Burns:

> "Before the proudest of the earth
> We stand, with an uplifted brow;
> Like us, thou wast a toiling man,
> And we are noble now!"

Well may they have refused the honors of knighthood, which were tendered to each of them, for they themselves were royal powers upon earth, conferring knighthood and divine dignity upon all human labor!

THE DAY OF MY DEATH.*

ALISON was sitting on a bandbox. She had generally been sitting on a bandbox for three weeks, or on a bushel basket, or a cupboard shelf, or a pile of old newspapers, or the baby's bath-tub. On one occasion it was the baby himself. She mistook him for the rag-bag.

If ever we had to move again—which all the beneficence of the penates forbid!—my wife should be locked into the parlor, and a cargo of Irishwomen turned loose about the premises to "attend to things." What it is that women find to do with themselves in this world I have never yet discovered. They are always "attending to things." Whatever that may mean, I have long ago received it as the only solution at my command of their superfluous wear and tear, and worry and flurry, and tears and nerves and headaches. A fellow may suggest Jane, and obtrude Bridget, and hire Peggy, and run in debt for Mehetabel, and offer to take the baby on 'Change with him, but has he by a feather's weight lightened Madam's mysterious burden? My dear Sir, don't presume to expect it. She has just as much to do as she ever had. In fact, she has a little more. "Strange, you don't appreciate it! Follow her about one day, and see for yourself!" No, Sir; the sooner you learn to accept the situation the better. Accustom yourself to dying and giving no sign—it's the only way for you.

What I started to say, however, was that I thought it over often—I mean about that invoice of Irishwomen—coming home from the office at night, while we were moving out of Artichoke Street into Nemo's Avenue. It is not pleasant to find one's wife always sitting on a bandbox. I have seen her crawl to her feet when she heard me coming, and hold on by a chair, and try her poor little best to look as if she could stand twenty-four hours longer; she so disliked that I should find a "used-up looking house" under any circumstances. But I believe that was worse than the bandbox.

On this particular night she was too tired even to crawl. I found her all in a heap in the corner, two dusters and a wash-cloth in one blue-veined hand, and a broom in the other; an old corn-colored silk handkerchief knotted over her hair—her hair is black, and the effect was good; and her little brown calico apron-string literally tied to the baby, who was shrieking at the end of his tether because he could just not reach the kitten and throw her into the fire. On Alison's lap, between a pile of shirts and two piles of magazines, lay a freshly opened letter. I noticed that she put it into her pocket before she dropped her dusters and stood up to lift her face for my kiss. She forgot about the apron-strings, and the baby tipped up the wrong way, and hung dangling in mid-air.

After we had taken tea—that is to say, after we had drawn around the ironing-board put on two chairs in the front entry, made the cocoa in a tin dipper, stirred it with a fork, and cut the bread with a jack-knife—after the baby was fairly off to bed in a Champagne basket, and Tip disposed of his mother only knew where—we coaxed a consumptive fire into the parlor grate, and sat down before it in the carpetless, pictureless, curtainless, blank, bare, soapy room.

"Thank Fortune this is the last night of it!" I growled, putting my booted feet against the wall—my slippers went over to the avenue in a water-pail that morning—and tipping my chair back drearily—my wife *so* objects to the habit!

Allis made no reply, but sat looking thoughtfully, and with a slightly perplexed and displeased air, into the sizzling wet wood that snapped and flared and smoked and hissed and blackened and did every thing but burn.

* The characters in this narrative are fictitious. The author does not profess to have witnessed the incidents recorded in it. But they are given as related by eye-witnesses whose testimony would command a verdict from any honest jury. The author, however, draws no conclusions and suggests none.

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"I really don't know what to do about it," she broke silence at last.

"I'm inclined to think there's nothing better to do than to look at it."

"No; not the fire. Oh, I forgot—I haven't shown it to you."

She drew from her pocket the letter which I had noticed in the afternoon, and laid it upon my knee. With my hands in my pockets—the room was too cold to take them out—I read:

"DEAR COUSIN ALISON,—I have been so lonely since mother died that my health, never of the strongest, as you know, has suffered seriously. My physician tells me that something is wrong with the periphrastic action, if you know what that is" [I suppose Miss Fellows meant the peristaltic action], "and propheseies something dreadful (I've forgotten whether it was to be in the head, or the heart, or the stomach) if I can not have change of air and scene this winter. I should dearly love to spend some time with you in your new home (I fancy it will be dryer than the old one), if convenient to you. If inconvenient, don't hesitate to say so, of course. I hope to hear from you soon. In haste, your aff. cousin,

"GERTRUDE FELLOWS.

"P.S.—I shall of course insist upon being a boarder if I come. G. F."

"Hum-m. Insipid sort of letter."

"Exactly. That's Gertrude. No more flavor than a frozen pear. If she had one distinguishing peculiarity, good or bad, I believe I should like her better. But I'm sorry for the woman."

"Sorry enough to stand a winter of her?"

"If we hadn't just been through this moving. A new house and all—nobody knows how the flues are yet, or whether we can heat a spare room. She hasn't had a home, though, since Cousin Dorothy died. But I was thinking about you, you see."

"Oh, she can't hurt me. She won't want the library, I suppose; nor my slippers, and the small bootjack. Let her come."

My wife sighed a small sigh of relief out from the depths of her hospitable heart, and the little matter was settled and dismissed as lightly as are most little matters out of which grow the great ones.

I had just begun to dream that night that Gertrude Fellows, in the shape of a large wilted pear, had walked in and sat down on a dessert plate, when Allis gave me a little pinch and woke me.

"My dear, Gertrude has *one* peculiarity. I never thought of it till this minute."

"Confound Gertrude's peculiarities! I want to go to sleep. Well, let's have it."

"Why, you see, she took up with some Spiritualistic notions after her mother's death; thought she held communications with her, and all that, Aunt Solomon says."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Of course. But Fred, dear, I'm inclined to think she *must* have made her sewing-table walk into the front entry; and Aunt Solomon says the spirits rapped out the whole of Cousin Dorothy's history on the mantle-piece, behind those blue china vases—you must have noticed them at the funeral—and not a human hand within six feet."

"Alison Hotchkiss!" I said, waking thoroughly, and sitting up in bed to emphasize the opinion, "when I hear a spirit rap on *my* mantle-piece, and see *my* tables walking about the front entry, I'll believe that—not before!"

"Oh, I know it! I'm not a Spiritualist, I'm sure, and nothing would tempt me to be. But still that sort of reasoning has a flaw in it, hasn't it, dear? The King of Siam, you know—"

I had heard of the King of Siam before, and I politely informed my wife that I did not care to hear of him again. Spiritualism was a system of refined jugglery. Just another phase of the same thing which brings the doves out of Mr. Hermann's empty hat. It might be entertaining if it had not become such an abominable imposition. There would always be nervous women and hypochondriac men enough for its dupes. I thanked Heaven that I was neither, and went to sleep.

Our new house was light and dry; the flues worked well, and the spare chamber heated admirably. The baby exchanged the Champagne basket for his dainty pink-curtained crib; Tip began to recover from the perpetual cold with which three weeks' sitting in draughts, and tumbling into water-pails, and playing in the sink, had sweetened his temper; Allis forsook her bandboxes for the crimson easy-chair (very becoming, that chair), or tripped about on her own rested feet; we returned to table-cloths, civilized life, and a fork apiece.

In short, nothing at all worth mentioning happened till that one night—I think it was our first Sunday—when Allis waked me at twelve o'clock with the announcement that some one was knocking at the door. Supposing it to be Bridget with the baby—croup, probably, or a fit—I unlocked and unlatched it promptly. No one was there, however; and telling my wife, in no very gentle tone if I remember correctly, that it would be a convenience on such cold nights if she could keep her dreams to herself, I shut the door with an emphasis, and returned to my own.

In the morning I observed a little white circle about each of Allis's blue eyes, and after some urging she confessed to me that her sleep had been much broken by a singular disturbance in the room. I might laugh at her if I chose, and she had not meant to tell me, but somebody had rapped in that room all night long.

"On the door?"

"On the door; on the mantle; on the foot of the bed; on the head-board. Fred, right on the head-board! I listened till I grew cold listening, but it rapped and it rapped, and by-and-by it was morning, and it stopped."

"Rats!" said I.

"Then rats have knuckles," said she.

"Mice!" said I, "wind! broken plaster! crickets! imagination! dreams! fancies! blind headache! nonsense! Next time wake me up, and fire pillows at me till I'm pleasant to you.

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Now I'll have a kiss and a cup of coffee. Any sugar in it?"

Tip fell down the cellar stairs that day, and the baby swallowed a needle and two gutta-percha buttons, which I had been waiting a week to have sewed on my vest, so that Alison had enough else to think about, and the little incident of the rats was forgotten. I believe it was not recalled by either of us till after Gertrude Fellows came.

It was on a Monday and in a drizzly storm that I brought her from the station. She was a thin, cold, phantom-like woman, shrouded in water-proofs and green barège veils. Why is it that homely women always wear green barège veils? She did not improve in appearance when her wraps were off, and she was seated by my parlor grate. Her large green eyes had no speculation in them. Her mouth—an honest mouth, that was one mercy—quivered and shrank when she was addressed suddenly, as if she felt herself to be a sort of foot-ball that the world was kicking about at pleasure—your gentlest smile might prove a blow. She seldom spoke unless she were spoken to, and fell into long reveries, with her eyes on the window or the coals. She wore a horrible sort of ruff—"illusion," I think Allis called it—which, of all contrivances that she could have chosen to encircle her sallow neck, was exactly the most unbecoming. She was always knitting blue stockings—I never discovered for what or whom; and she wore her lifeless hair in the shape of a small toy cart-wheel, on the back of her head.

However, she brightened a little in the course of the first week, helped Alison about the baby, kept herself out of my way, read her Bible and the *Banner of Light* in about equal proportion, and became a mild, inoffensive, and, on the whole, not unpleasant addition to the family.

She had been in the house about ten days, I think, when Alison, with a disturbed face, confided to me that she had spent another wakeful night with those "rats" behind the head-board; I had been down with a sick headache the day before, and she had not wakened me. I promised to set a trap and buy a cat before evening, and was closing the door upon the subject, being already rather late at the office, when the expression of Gertrude Fellows's face detained me.

"If I were you I—wouldn't—really buy a very expensive trap, Mr. Hotchkiss. It will be a waste of money, I am afraid. I heard the noise that disturbed Cousin Alison," and she sighed.

I shut the door with a snap, and begged her to be so good as to explain herself.

"It's of no use," she said, doggedly. "You know you won't believe me. But that makes no difference. They come all the same."

"*They?*" asked Allis, smiling. "Do you mean some of your spirits?"

The cold little woman flushed. "These are not *my* spirits. I know nothing about them. I did not mean to obtrude a subject so disagreeable to you while I was in your family; but I have seldom been in a house in which the Influences were so strong. I don't know what they mean, nor any thing about them, but just that they're here. They wake me up twitching my elbows nearly every night."

"Wake you up *how?*"

"Twitching my elbows," she repeated, gravely.

I broke into a laugh, from which neither my politeness nor the woman's heightened color could save me; bought the cat and ordered the rat-trap without delay.

That night, when Miss Fellows had "retired"—she never "went to bed" in simple English like other people—I stole softly out in my stockings and screwed a little brass button outside of her door. I had made a gimlet-hole for it in the morning when our guest was out shopping; it fitted into place without noise. Without noise I turned it, and went back to my own room.

"You suspect her, then?" said Alison.

"One is always justified in suspecting a Spiritualistic medium."

"I don't know about that," Allis said, decidedly. "It may have been mice that I heard last night, or the wind in a bottle, or any of the other proper and natural causes that explain away the ghost stories in the children's papers; but it was not Gertrude. Women know something about one another, my dear; and I tell you it was not Gertrude."

"I don't assert that it was; but with the bolt on Gertrude's door, the cat in the kitchen, and the rat-trap on the garret stairs, I am strongly inclined to anticipate a peaceful night. I will watch for a while, however, and you can go to sleep."

She went to sleep, and I watched. I lay till half past eleven with my eyes staring at the dark, wide awake and undisturbed and triumphant.

At half past eleven I must confess that I heard a singular sound.

Something whistled at the keyhole. It could not have been the wind, by-the-way, for there was no wind that night. Something else than the wind whistled in at the keyhole, sighed through into the room as much like a long-drawn breath as any thing, and fell with a slight clink upon the floor.

I lighted my candle and got up. I searched the floor of the room, and opened the door and searched the entry. Nothing was visible or audible, and I went back to bed. For about ten minutes I heard no further disturbance, and was concluding myself to be in some undefined manner the victim of my own imagination, when there suddenly fell upon the head-board of my bed a blow so distinct and loud that I involuntarily sprang at the sound of it. It wakened Alison, and I had the satisfaction of hearing her sleepily inquire if I had caught that rat yet? By way of reply I relighted the can-

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dle, and gave the bed a shove which sent it rolling half across the room. I examined the wall; I examined the floor; I examined the headboard; I made Alison get up, so that I could shake the mattresses. Meantime the pounding had recommenced, in rapid, irregular blows, like the blows of a man's fist. The room adjoining ours was the nursery. I went in with my light. It was empty and silent. Bridget, with Tip and the baby, slept soundly in the large chamber across the hall. While I was searching the room my wife called loudly to me, and I ran back.

"It is on the mantle now," she said. "It struck the mantle just after you left; then the ceiling, three times, very loud; then the mantle again—don't you hear?"

I heard distinctly; moreover, the mantle shook a little with the concussion. I took out the fire-board and looked up the chimney; I took out the register and looked down the furnace-pipe; I ransacked the garret and the halls; finally, I examined Miss Fellows's door—it was locked as I had left it, upon the outside, and that locked door was the only means of egress from the room, unless the occupant fancied that of jumping from a two-story window upon a broad flight of stone steps.

I came thoughtfully back across the hall; an invisible trip-hammer appeared to hit the floor beside me at every step; I attempted to step aside from it, over it, away from it; but it followed me pounding into my room.

"Wind?" suggested Allis. "Plaster cracking? Fancies? Dreams? Blind headaches?—I should like to know which you have decided upon?"

Quiet fell upon the house after that for an hour, and I was dropping into my first nap, when there came a light tap upon the door. Before I could reach it it had grown into a thundering blow.

"Whatever it is I'll have it now!" I whispered, turned the latch without noise, and flung the door wide into the hall. It was silent, dark, and cold. A little glimmer of moonlight fell in and showed me the figures upon the carpet, outlined in a frosty bar. No hand or hammer, human or superhuman, was there.

Determined to investigate matters a little more thoroughly, I asked my wife to stand upon the inside of the doorway while I kept watch upon the outside. We took our position, and I closed the door between us. Instantly a series of furious blows struck the door; the sound was such as would be made by a stick of oaken wood. The solid door quivered under it.

"It's on your side!" said I.

"No, it's on yours!" said she.

"You're pounding yourself to fool me," cried I.

"You're pounding yourself to frighten me," sobbed she.

And we nearly had a quarrel. The sound continued with more or less intermission till daybreak. Allis fell asleep, but I spent the time in appropriate reflections.

Early in the morning I removed the button from Miss Fellows's door. She never knew anything about it.

I believe, however, that I had the fairness to exculpate her in my secret heart from any trickish connection with the disturbances of that night.

"Just keep quiet about this little affair," I said to my wife; "we shall come across an explanation in time, and may never have any more of it."

We kept quiet, and for five days so did "the spirits," as Miss Fellows was pleased to pronounce the trip-hammers.

The fifth day I came home early, as it chanced, from the office. Miss Fellows was writing letters in the parlor. Allis, up stairs, was sorting and putting away the weekly wash. I came into the room and sat down by the register to watch her. I always liked to watch her sitting there on the floor with the little heaps of linen and cotton stuff piled like blocks of snow about her, and her pink hands darting in and out of the uncertain sleeves that were just ready to give way in the gathers, trying the stockings' heels briskly, and testing the buttons with a little jerk.

She laid aside some under-clothing presently from the rest. "It will not be needed again this winter," she observed, "and had better go into the cedar closet." The garments, by-the-way, were marked and numbered in indelible ink. I heard her run over the figures in a busy, housekeeper's undertone, before carrying them into the closet. She locked the closet door, I think, for I remember the click of the key. If I remember accurately, I stepped into the hall after that to light a cigar, and Alison flitted to and fro with her clothes, dropping the baby's little white stockings every step or two, and anathematizing them daintily—within orthodox bounds, of course. In about five minutes she called me; her voice was sharp and alarmed.

"Come quick! Oh, Fred, look here! All those clothes that I locked into the cedar closet are out here on the bed!"

"My dear wife," I blandly observed, as I sauntered into the room, "too much of Gertrude Fellows hath made thee mad. Let me see the clothes!"

She pointed to the bed. Some white clothing lay upon it, folded in an ugly way, to represent a corpse, with crossed hands.

"Is it meant for a joke, Alison? You did it yourself, I suppose!"

"Fred! I have not touched it with the tip of my little finger!"

"Gertrude, then?"

"Gertude is in the parlor writing."

So she was. I called her up. She looked surprised and troubled.

"It must have been Bridget," I proceeded, authoritatively, "or Tip."

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"Bridget is out walking with Tip and the baby. Jane is in the kitchen making pies."

"At any rate, these are not the clothes which you locked into the closet, however they came here."

"The very same, Fred. See, I noticed the numbers: 6 upon the stockings, 2 on the night-caps, and—"

"Give me the key," I interrupted.

She gave me the key. I went to the cedar closet and tried the door. It was locked. I unlocked it, and opened the drawer in which my wife assured me that the clothes had lain. Nothing was to be seen in it but the linen towel which neatly covered the bottom. I lifted it and shook it. The drawer was empty.

"Give me those clothes, if you please."

She brought them to me. I made in my diary a careful memorandum of their naming and numbering; placed the articles myself in the drawer—an upper drawer, so that there could be no mistake in identifying it; locked the drawer, put the key in my pocket; locked the door of the closet, put the key in my pocket; locked the door of the room in which the closet was, and put that key in my pocket.

We sat down then in the hall, all of us; Allis and Gertrude to fill the mending-basket, I to smoke and consider. I saw Tip coming home with his nurse presently, and started to go down and let him in, when a faint scream from my wife arrested me. I ran past Miss Fellows, who was sitting on the stairs, and into my room. Allis, going in to put away Tip's little plaid aprons, had stopped, rather pale, upon the threshold. Upon the bed lay some clothing, folded, as before, in rude, hideous imitation of the dead.

I took each article in turn, and compared the name and number with the names and numbers in my diary. They were identical throughout. I took the clothes, took the three keys from my pocket, unlocked the "cedar room" door, unlocked the closet door, unlocked the upper drawer, and looked in. The drawer was empty.

To say that from this time I failed to own—to myself, if not to other people—that some mysterious influence, inexplicable by common or scientific causes, was at work in my house, would be to accuse myself of more obstinacy than even I am capable of. I propounded theory after theory, and gave it up. I arrived at conclusion upon conclusion, and threw them aside. Finally, I held my peace, ceased to talk of "rats," kept my mind in a state of passive vacancy, and narrowly and quietly watched the progress of affairs.

From the date of that escapade with the under-clothes confusion reigned in our corner of Nemo's Avenue. That night neither my wife nor myself closed an eye, the house so resounded and re-echoed with the blows of unseen hammers, fists, logs, and knuckles.

Miss Fellows, too, was pale with her vigils, looked troubled, and proposed going home. This I peremptorily vetoed, determined if the woman had any connection, honest or otherwise, with the mystery, to ferret it out.

The following day, just after dinner, I was writing in the library, when a child's cry of fright and pain startled me. It seemed to come from the little yard behind the house, and I hurried thither, to behold a singular sight. There was our apple-tree in the yard—an old, stunted, crooked thing; and in that tree I found my son and heir, Tip, tied fast with a small stout rope. "Tied" does not express it; he was gagged, manacled, twisted, contorted, wound about, crossed and recrossed, held without a chance of motion, scarcely of breath.

"You never tied yourself up here, child?" I asked, as I cut the knots.

The question certainly was unnecessary. No juggler could have bound himself in such a fashion; scarcely, then, a four-years' child. To my continued, clear, and gentle inquiries the boy replied, persistently and consistently, that nobody tied him there—"not Cousin Gertrude, nor Bridget, nor the baby, nor mamma, nor Jane, nor papa, nor the black kitty;" he was "just tooken up all at once into the tree," and that was all there was about it. He "s'posed it must have been God, or something like that, did it."

Poor Tip had a hard time of it. Two days after that, while his mother and I sat discussing the incident, and the child was at play upon the floor, he suddenly threw himself at full length, writhing with pain, and begging to "have them pulled out, quick!"

"Have *what* pulled out?" exclaimed his terrified mother. She took the child into her lap, and found that he was stuck over from head to foot with large white pins.

"We haven't so many large pins in all the house," she said, as soon as he was relieved.

As she spoke the words thirty or forty *small* pins pierced the boy. Where they came from no one could see. How they came there no one knew. We looked, and there they were, and Tip was crying and writhing as before.

For the remainder of that winter we had scarcely a day of quiet. The rumor that "the Hotchkisses had rented a haunted house" leaked out and spread abroad. The frightened servants gave warning, and other frightened servants took their place, to leave in turn. My wife was her own cook and nursery-maid a quarter of the time. The disturbances varied in character with every week, assuming, as time went on, an importunity which, had we not quietly settled it in our own minds "not to be beaten by a noise," would have driven us from the house.

Night after night the mysterious fingers rapped at the windows, the doors, the floors, the walls. Day after day uncomfortable tricks were sprung upon us by invisible agencies. We became used to the noises, so that we slept through them easily; but many of the phenomena were so strikingly unpleasant, and so sin-

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gularly unsuited to the ordinary conditions of human happiness and housekeeping, that we scarcely became—as one of our excellent deacons had a cheerful habit of exhorting us to become—"resigned."

Upon one occasion we had invited a small and select number of friends to dine. It was to be rather a recherché affair for Nemo's Avenue, and my wife had spared no painstaking to suit herself with her table. We had had a comparatively quiet house the night before, so that our cook, who had been with us three days, consented to remain till our guests had been provided for. The soup was good, the pigeons better, the bread was *not* sour, and Allis looked hopeful, and inclined to trust Providence for the gravies and dessert.

It was just as I had begun to carve the beef that I observed my wife suddenly pale, and a telegram from her eyes turned mine in the direction of General Popgun, who sat at her right hand. My sensations "can better be imagined than described" when I saw General Popgun's fork, untouched by any human hand, dancing a jig on his plate. He grasped it and laid it firmly down. As soon as he released his hold it leaped from the table.

"Really—aw—very singular phenomena," began the General; "very singular! I was not prepared to credit the extraordinary accounts of spiritual manifestations in this house, but—aw— Well, I must say—"

Instantly it was Pandemonium at that dinner-table. Dr. Jump's knife, Mrs. M'Ready's plate, and Colonel Hope's tumbler sprang from their places. The pigeons flew from the platter, the caster rattled and rolled, the salt-cellars bounded to and fro, and the gravies, moved by some invisible disturber, spattered all over Mrs. Elias P. Critique's moiré antique.

Mortified and angered beyond endurance, I for the first time addressed the spirits—wrenched for the moment into a profound belief that they must be spirits indeed.

"Whatever you are, and wherever you are," I shouted, bringing my hand down hard upon the table, "go out of this room and let us alone!"

The only reply was a furious mazourka of all the dishes on the table. A gentleman present, who had, as he afterward told us, studied the subject of spiritualism somewhat, very skeptically and with unsatisfactory results, observed the performance keenly, and suggested that I try a gentler method of appeal. Whatever the agent was—and what it was he had not yet discovered—he had noticed repeatedly that the quiet modes of meeting it were most effective.

Rather amused, I spoke more softly, addressing the caster, and intimating in my blandest manner that I and my guests would feel under obligations if we could have the room to ourselves till after we had dined. The disturbance gradually ceased, and we had no more of it that day.

A morning or two after Alison chanced to leave half a dozen tea-spoons upon the side-board in the breakfast-room; they were of solid silver, and quite thick. She was going to rub them herself, I believe, and went into the china-closet, which opens from the room, for the silver-soap. The breakfast-room was left vacant, and it was vacant when she returned to it, and she insists, with a quiet conviction which it is hardly reasonable to doubt, that no human being did or could have entered the room without her knowledge. When she came back to the side-board every one of those spoons lay there *bent double*. She showed them to me when I came home at noon. Had they been pewter toys they could not have been more completely twisted out of shape than they were. I took them without any remarks (I began to feel as if this mystery were assuming uncomfortable proportions), put them away, just as I found them, into a small cupboard in the wall of the breakfast-room, locked the cupboard door with the only key in the house which fitted it, put the key in my inner vest pocket, and meditatively ate my dinner.

About half an hour afterward a neighbor "dropped in" to groan over the weather and see the baby, and Allis chanced to mention the incident of the spoons.

"Really, Mrs. Hotchkiss," said the lady, with a slight smile, and that indefinite, quickly-smothered change of eye which signifies, "I don't believe a word of it!" "Are you sure that there is not a little mistake somewhere, or a little mental hallucination? The story is very entertaining, but—I beg your pardon—I should be interested to see those spoons."

"Your curiosity shall be gratified, Madam," I said, a little testily; and taking the key from my pocket, I led her to the cupboard and unlocked the door. I found those spoons as straight, smooth, and fair as ever spoons had been—not a dent, not a wrinkle, not a bend nor untrue line could we discover any where upon them.

"*Oh!*" said our visitor, significantly. That lady, be it recorded, then and thenceforward spared no pains to found and strengthen throughout Nemo's Avenue the theory that "the Hotchkisses were getting up all that spiritual nonsense to force their landlord into lower rents—and such respectable people, too, to say nothing of their being members in good and regular standing! It did seem a pity, didn't it?"

One night I was alone in the library. It was late; about half past eleven, I think. The brightest gas jet was lighted, so that I could see to every portion of the small room. The door was shut. There was no furniture but the book-cases, my table, and chair; no sliding doors or concealed corners; no nook or cranny in which any human creature could lurk unseen by me; and I say that I was alone.

I had been writing to a confidential friend a somewhat minute account of the disturbances in my house, which were now of about six weeks' duration. I had begged him to come and ob-

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serve them for himself, and help me out with a solution—I myself was at a loss for a reasonable one. There certainly seemed to be evidence of superhuman agency; but I was hardly ready yet to commit myself thoroughly to that view of the matter, and—

In the middle of that sentence I laid down my pen. A consciousness, sudden and distinct, came to me that I was not alone in that bright little silent room. Yet to mortal eyes alone I undoubtedly was. I pushed away my writing and looked about. The warm air was empty of outline; the curtains were undisturbed; the little recess under the library table held nothing but my own feet; there was no sound but the ordinary rap-rapping on the floor, to which I had by this time become so accustomed that often it passed unnoticed. I rose and examined the room thoroughly, until quite satisfied that I was its only visible occupant; then sat down again. The rappings had meantime become loud and impatient.

I had learned that very week from Miss Fellows the spiritual alphabet with which she was in the habit of "communicating" with her dead mother. I had never asked her, nor had she proposed, to use it herself for my benefit. I had meant to try all other means of investigation before resorting to it. Now, however, being alone, and being perplexed and annoyed by my sense of having invisible company, I turned and spelled out upon the table so many raps to a letter till the question was complete:

"*What do you want of me?*"

Instantly the answer came rapping back:

"*Stretch down your hand.*"

I put my fingers under the table, and I felt, as indubitably as I ever felt a touch in my life, the grasp of a *warm, human hand.*

I added to the broken paragraph in my friend's letter a brief account of the occurrence, and reiterated my entreaties that he would come at his earliest convenience to my house. He was an Episcopal clergyman, by-the-way, and I considered that his testimony would uphold my fast-sinking character for veracity among my townspeople. I began to have an impression that this dilemma in which I found myself was a pretty serious one for a man of peaceable disposition and honest intentions to be in.

About this time I undertook to come to a little better understanding with Miss Fellows. I took her away alone, and having tried my best not to frighten the life out of her by my grave face, asked her seriously and kindly to tell me whether she supposed herself to have any connection with the phenomena in my house. To my surprise she answered promptly that she thought she had. I repressed a whistle, and "asked for information."

"The presence of a medium renders easy what would otherwise be impossible," she replied. "I offered to go away, Mr. Hotchkiss, in the beginning."

I assured her that I had no desire to have her go away at present, and begged her to proceed.

"The Influences in the house are strong, as I have said before," she continued, looking through me and beyond me with her vacant eyes. "Something is wrong. They are never at rest. I hear them. I feel them. I see them. They go up and down the stairs with me. I find them in my room. I see them gliding about. I see them standing now, with their hands almost upon your shoulders."

I confess to a kind of chill that crept down my back-bone at these words, and to having turned my head and stared hard at the book-cases behind me.

"But they—I mean Something—rapped one night before you came," I suggested.

"Yes, and they might rap after I was gone. The simple noises are not uncommon in places where there are no better means of communication. The extreme methods of expression, such as you have witnessed this winter, are, I doubt not, practicable only when the system of a medium is accessible. They write all sorts of messages for you. You would ridicule them. I do not repeat them. You and Cousin Alison do not see, hear, feel as I do. We are differently made. There are lying spirits and true, good spirits and bad. Sometimes the bad deceive and distress me, but sometimes—sometimes my mother comes."

She lowered her voice reverently, and I was fain to hush the laugh upon my lips. Whatever the thing might prove to be to me, it was daily comfort to the nervous, unstrung, lonely woman, whom to suspect of trickery I began to think was worse than stupidity.

From the time of my midnight experience in the library I allowed myself to look a little further into the subject of "communications." Miss Fellows wrote them out at my request whenever they "came" to her. Writers on Spiritualism have described the process so frequently that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it at length. The influences took her unawares in the usual manner. In the usual manner her arm—to all appearance the passive instrument of some unseen, powerful agency—jerked and glided over the paper, writing in curious, scrawly characters, never in her own neat little old-fashioned hand, messages of which, on coming out from the "trance" state, she would have no memory; of many of which at any time she could have had no comprehension. These messages assumed every variety of character from the tragic to the ridiculous, and a large portion of them had no point whatever.

One day Benjamin West desired to give me lessons in oil-painting. The next, my brother Joseph, dead now for ten years, asked forgiveness for his share in a little quarrel of ours which had embittered a portion of his last days—of which, by-the-way, I am confident that Miss Fellows knew nothing. At one time I received a long discourse enlightening me on the arrange-

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ment of the "spheres" in the disembodied state of existence. At another, Alison's dead grandfather pathetically reminded her of a certain Sunday afternoon at "meetin'" long ago, when the child Allis hooked his wig off in the long prayer with a bent pin and a piece of fish-line.

One day we were saddened by the confused wail of a lost spirit, who represented his agonies as greater than soul could bear, and clamored for relief. Moved to pity, I inquired,

"What can we do for you?"

Unseen knuckles rapped back the touching answer:

"Give me a piece of squash pie!"

I remarked to Miss Fellows that I supposed this to be a modern and improved version of the ancient drop of water which was to cool the tongue of Dives. She replied that it was the work of a mischievous spirit who had nothing better to do; they would not infrequently take in that way the reply from the lips of another. I am not sure whether we are to have lips in the spiritual world, but I think that was her expression.

Through all the nonsense and confusion of these daily messages, however, one restless, indefinite purpose ran; a struggle for expression that we could not grasp; a sense of something unperformed which was tormenting somebody.

One week we had been so much more than usually annoyed by dancing of tables, shaking of doors, and breaking of crockery, that I lost all patience, and at length vehemently dared our unseen tormentors to show themselves.

"Who and what are you?" I cried, "destroying the peace of my family in this unendurable fashion. If you are mortal man, I will meet you as mortal man. Whatever you are, in the name of all fairness, let me see you!"

"If you see me it will be death to you," tapped the Invisible.

"Then let it be death to me! Come on! When shall I have the pleasure of an interview?"

"To-morrow night at six o'clock."

"To-morrow at six, then, be it."

And to-morrow at six it was. Allis had a headache, and was lying down up stairs. Miss Fellows and I were with her, busy with Cologne and tea, and one thing and another. I had, in fact, forgotten all about my superhuman appointment, when, just as the clock struck six, a low cry from Miss Fellows arrested my attention.

"I see it!" she said.

"See what?"

"A tall man wrapped in a sheet."

"Your eyes are the only ones so favored, it happens," I said, with a superior smile. But while I spoke Allis started from the pillows with a look of fear.

"*I* see it, Fred!" she exclaimed, under her breath.

"Women's imagination!" for I saw nothing.

I saw nothing for a moment; then I must depose and say that I *did* see a tall figure, covered from head to foot with a sheet, standing still in the middle of the room. I sprang upon it with raised arm; my wife states that I was within a foot of it when the sheet dropped. It dropped at my feet—nothing but a sheet. I picked it up and shook it; only a sheet.

"It is one of those old linen ones of grandmother's," said Allis, examining it; "there are only six, marked in pink with the boar's-head in the corner. It came from the blue chest up garret. They have not been taken out for years."

I took the sheet back to the blue chest myself—having first observed the number, as I had done before with the underclothes—and locked it in. I came back to my room and sat down by Allis. In about three minutes we saw the figure standing still as before, in the middle of the room. As before I sprang at it, and as before the drapery dropped, and there was nothing there. I picked up the sheet and turned to the numbered corner. It was the same that I had locked into the blue chest.

Miss Fellows was inclined to fear that I had really endangered my life by this ghostly rendezvous. I can testify, however, that it was by no means "death to me," nor did I experience any ill effects from the event.

My friend, the clergyman, made me the desired visit in January. For a week after his arrival, as if my tormentors were bent on convincing my almost only remaining friend that I was a fool or a juggler, we had no disturbance at all beyond the ordinary rappings. These, the reverend gentleman confessed, were of a singular nature, but expressed a polite desire to see some of the extraordinary manifestations of which I had written him.

But one day he had risen with some formality to usher a formal caller to the door, when, to his slight amazement and my secret delight, his chair—an easy-chair of good proportions—deliberately jumped up and hopped after him across the room. From this period the mystery "manifested" itself to his heart's content. Not only did the rocking-chairs, and the cane-seat chairs, and the round-backed chairs, and Tip's little chairs, and the affghans chase him about, and the heavy *tête-à-tête* in the corner evince symptoms of agitation at his approach; but the piano trundled a solemn minuet at him; the heavy walnut centre-table rose half-way to the ceiling under his eyes; the marble-topped stand, on which he sat to keep it still, lifted itself and him a foot from the ground; his coffee-cup spilled over when he tried to drink, shaken by an unseen elbow; his dressing-cases disappeared from his bureau and hid themselves, none knew how or when, in his closets and under his bed; mysterious, uncanny figures, dressed in his best clothes and stuffed with straw, stood in his room when he came to it at night; his candlesticks walked, untouched by hands, from the mantle into space; keys and chains fell from the air at his feet; and raw turnips dropped from the solid ceiling into his soup-plate.

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"Well, Garth," said I one day, confidentially, "how are things? Begin to have a 'realizing sense' of it, eh?"

"Let me think a while," he answered.

I left him to his reflections, and devoted my attention for a day or two to Gertrude Fellows. She seemed to have been of late receiving less ridiculous, less indefinite, and more important messages from her spiritual acquaintances. The burden of them was directed at me. They were sometimes confused, but never contradictory, and the sum of them, as I cast it up, was this:

A former occupant of the house, one Mr. Timothy Jabbers, had been in early life connected in the dry-goods business with my wife's father, and had, unknown to any but himself, defrauded his partner of a considerable sum for a young swindler—some five hundred dollars, I think. This fact, kept in the knowledge only of God and the guilty man, had been his agony since his death. In the parlance of Spiritualism, he could never "purify" his soul and rise to a higher "sphere" till he had made restitution—though to that part of the communications I paid little attention. This money my wife, as her father's sole living heir, was entitled to, and this money I was desired to claim for her from Mr. Jabbers's estate, then in the hands of some wealthy nephews.

I made some inquiries which led to the discovery that there had been a Mr. Timothy Jabbers once the occupant of our house, that he had at one period been in business with my wife's father, that he was now many years dead, and that his nephews in New York were his heirs. We never attempted to bring any claim upon them, for three reasons: In the first place, because we knew we shouldn't get the money; in the second, because such a procedure would give so palpable an "object" in people's eyes for the disturbances at the house that we should, in all probability, lose the entire confidence of the entire non-spiritualistic community; thirdly, because I thought it problematical whether any constable of ordinary size and courage could be found who would undertake the process necessary to summon the witness to testify in the County Court at Atkinsville.

I mention the matter only because on the theories of Spiritualism it appeared to give some point and occasion to the phenomena, and their infesting that particular house.

Whether poor Mr. Timothy Jabbers felt relieved by having unburdened himself of his confession I can not state; but after he found that I paid some attention to his messages he gradually ceased to express himself through turnips and cold keys; the rappings grew less violent and frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Shortly after that Miss Fellows went home.

Garth and I talked matters over the day after she left. He had brought his "thinking" to a close, whittled his opinions to a point, and was quite ready to stick them into their places for my benefit, and leave them there, as George Garth left all his opinions, immovable as the everlasting hills.

"How much had she to do with it now—the Fellows?"

"Precisely what she said she had, no more. She was a medium, but not a juggler."

"No trickery about the affair, then?"

"No trickery could have sent that turnip into my soup-plate, or that candlestick walking into the air. There *is* a great deal of trickery mixed with such phenomena. The next case you come across may be a regular cheat; but you will find it out—you'll find it out. You've had three months to find this out, and you couldn't. Whatever may be the explanation of the mystery, the man who can witness what you and I have witnessed, and pronounce it the trick of that incapable, washed-out woman, is either a liar or a fool.

"You understand yourself and your wife, and you've tested your servants faithfully; so we're somewhat narrowed in our conclusions."

"Well, then, what's the matter?"

I was, I confess, a little startled by the vehemence with which my friend brought his clerical fist down upon the table, and exclaimed:

"The devil!"

"Dear me, Garth, don't swear; you in search of a pulpit just at this time, too!"

"I tell you I never spoke more solemnly. I can not, in the face of facts, ascribe all these phenomena to human agency. Something, that comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither, is at work there in the dark. I am driven to grant to it an extra-human power. Yet when that flabby Miss Fellows, in the trance state, undertakes to bring me messages from my dead wife, and when she attempts to recall the most tender memories of our life together, I can not"—he paused and turned his face a little away—"it would be pleasant to think I had a word from Mary, but I can not think she is there. I don't believe good spirits concern themselves with this thing. It has in its fair developments too much nonsense and too much positive sin; read a few numbers of the *Banner*, or attend a convention or two, if you want to be convinced of that. If they're not good spirits they're bad ones, that's all. I've dipped into the subject in various ways since I have been here; consulted the mediums, talked with the prophets; I'm convinced that there is no dependence to be placed on the thing. You never learn any thing from it that it is worth while to learn; above all, you never can trust its *prophecies*. It is evil—*evil* at the root; and except by physicians and scientific men it had better be let alone. They may yet throw light on it; you and I can not. I propose for myself to drop it henceforth. In fact, it looks too much toward putting one's self on terms of intimacy with the Prince of the Powers of the Air to please me."

"You're rather positive, considering the difficulty of the subject," I said.

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The truth is, and it may be about time to own to it, that the three months' siege against the mystery, which I had held so pertinaciously that winter, had driven me to broad terms of capitulation. I assented to most of my friend's conclusions, but where he stopped I began a race for further light. I understood then, for the first time, the peculiar charm which I had often seen work so fatally with dabblers in Spiritualism. The fascination of the thing was upon me. I ransacked the papers for advertisements of mediums. I went from city to city at their mysterious calls. I held *séances* in my parlor, and frightened my wife with messages—some of them ghastly enough—from her dead relatives. I ran the usual gauntlet of strange seers in strange places, who told me my name, the names of all my friends, dead or alive, my secret aspirations and peculiar characteristics, my past history and future prospects.

For a long time they never made a failure. Absolute strangers told me facts about myself which not even my own wife knew: whether they spoke with the tongues of devils, or whether, by some unknown laws of magnetism, they simply *read my thoughts*, I am not even now prepared to say. I think if they had made a miss I should have been spared some suffering. Their communications had sometimes a ridiculous aimlessness, and occasionally a subtle deviltry coated about with religion, like a pill with sugar, but often a significant and fearful accuracy.

Once, I remember, they foretold an indefinite calamity to be brought upon me before sunset on the following Saturday. Before sunset on that Saturday I lost a thousand dollars in mining stock which had stood in all Eastern eyes as solid as its own gold. At another time I was warned by a medium in Philadelphia that my wife, then visiting in Boston, was taken suddenly ill. I had left her in perfect health; but feeling nevertheless uneasy, I took the night train and went directly to her. I found her in the agonies of a severe attack of pleurisy, just preparing to send a telegram to me.

"Their prophecies are unreliable, notwithstanding coincidences," wrote George Garth. "Let them alone, Fred, I beg of you. You will regret it if you don't."

"Once let me be fairly taken in and cheated to my face," I made reply, "and I may compress my views to your platform. Until then I must gang my own gait."

I now come to the remarkable portion of my story—at least it seems to me the remarkable portion under my present conditions of vision.

In August of the summer following Miss Fellows's visit and the manifestations in my house at Atkinsville I was startled one pleasant morning, while sitting in the office of a medium in Washington Street in Boston, by a singularly unpleasant communication.

"The second day of next May," wrote the medium—she wrote with the forefinger of one hand upon the palm of the other—"the second of May, at one o'clock in the afternoon, you will be summoned into a spiritual state of existence."

"I suppose in good English that means I'm going to die," I replied, carelessly. "Would you be so good as to write it with a pen and ink, that there may be no mistake?"

She wrote it distinctly: "The second of May, at one o'clock in the afternoon."

I pocketed the slip of paper for further use, and sat reflecting.

"How do you know it?"

"*I* don't know it. I am told."

"Who tells you?"

"Jerusha Babcock and George Washington."

Jerusha Babcock was the name of my maternal grandmother. What could the woman know of my maternal grandmother? It did not occur to me, I believe, to wonder what occasion George Washington could find to concern himself about my dying or my living. There stood the uncanny Jerusha as pledge that my informant knew what she was talking about. I left the office with an uneasy sinking at the heart. There was a coffin-store near by, and I remember the peculiar interest with which I studied the quilting of the satin lining, and the peculiar crawling sensation which crept to my fingers' ends.

Determined not to be unnecessarily alarmed, I spent the next three weeks in testing the communication. I visited one more medium in Boston, two in New York, one in New Haven, one in Philadelphia, and one in a little out-of-the-way Connecticut village where I spent a night, and did not know a soul. All of these people, I am confident, had never seen my face nor heard my name before.

It was a circumstance calculated at least to arrest attention, that these seven people, each unknown to the other, and without concert with the other, repeated the ugly message which had sought me out through the happy summer morning in Washington Street. There was no hesitation, no doubt, no contradiction. I could not trip them or cross-question them out of it. Unerring, assured, and consistent, the fiat went forth:

"On the second of May, at one o'clock in the afternoon, you will pass out of the body."

I would not have believed them if I could have helped myself. I sighed for the calm days when I had laughed at medium and prophet, and sneered at ghost and rapping. I took lodgings in Philadelphia, locked my doors, and paced my rooms all day and half the night, tortured by my thoughts, and consulting books of medicine to discover what evidence I could by any possibility give of unsuspected disease. I was at that time absolutely well and strong; absolutely well and strong I was forced to confess myself, after having waded through Latin adjectives and anatomical illustrations enough to make a ghost of Hercules. I devoted two days to medicino-genealogical studies, and was

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rewarded for my pains by discovering myself to be the possessor of one great-aunt who died of heart disease at the advanced age of two months.

Heart disease, then, I settled upon. The alternative was accident. "Which will it be?" I asked in vain. Upon this point my friends the mediums held a delicate reserve. "The Influences were confusing, and they were not prepared to state with exactness."

"Why *don't* you come home?" my wife wrote in distress and perplexity. "You promised to come ten days ago, and they need you at the office, and I need you more than any body."

"I need you more than any body!" When the little clinging needs of three weeks grew into the great want of a lifetime—oh, how could I tell *her* what was coming?

I did not tell her. When I had hurried home, when she came bounding through the hall to meet me, when she held up her face, half laughing, half crying, and flushing and paling, to mine—the poor little face that by-and-by would never watch and glow at my coming—I could not tell her.

When the children were in bed and we were alone after tea she climbed gravely up into my lap from the little cricket on which she had been sitting, and put her hands upon my shoulders.

"You're sober, Fred, and pale. Something ails you, you know, and you are going to tell me all about it."

Her pretty, mischievous face swam suddenly before my eyes. I kissed it, put her gently down as I would a child, and went away alone till I felt more like myself.

The winter set in gloomily enough. It may have been the snow-storms, of which we had an average of one every other day, or it may have been the storm in my own heart which I was weathering alone.

Whether to believe those people, or whether to laugh at their predictions; whether to tell my wife, or whether to keep my silence—these questions tormented me through many wakeful nights and dreary days. My fears were in nowise allayed by a letter which I received one day in January from Gertrude Fellows.

"Why don't you read it aloud? What's the news?" asked Alison. But at one glance over the opening page I folded the sheet, and did not read it till I could lock myself into the library alone. The letter ran:

"I have been much disturbed lately on your behalf. My mother and your brother Joseph appear to me nearly every day, and charge me with some message to you which I can not distinctly grasp. It seems to be clear, however, as far as this: that some calamity is to befall you in the spring—in May, I should say. It seems to me to be of the nature of death. I do not learn that you can avoid it, but that they desire you to be prepared for it."

After receiving this last warning certain uncomfortable words filed through my brain for days together:

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt surely die."

"Never knew you read your Bible so much in all your life," said Alison, with a pretty pout. "You'll grow so good that I can't begin to keep up with you. When I try to read my polyglot the baby comes and bites the corners, and squeals till I put it away and take him up."

As the winter wore away I arrived at this conclusion: If I were in fact destined to death in the spring my wife could not help herself or me by the knowledge of it. If events proved that I was deluded in the dread, and I had shared it with her, she would have had all her pain and anxiety to no purpose. In either case I would insure her happiness for these few months; they might be her last happy months. At any rate happiness was a good thing, and she could not have too much of it. To say that I myself felt no uneasiness as to the event would be affectation. The old sword of Damocles hung over me. The hair might hold, but it was a hair.

As the winter passed—it seemed to me as if winter had never passed so rapidly before—I found it natural to watch my health with the most careful scrutiny; to avoid improper food and undue excitement; to refrain from long and perilous journeys; to consider whether each new cook who entered the family might have occasion to poison me. It was an anomaly which I did not observe at the time, that while in my heart of hearts I expected to breathe my last upon the second of May, I yet cherished a distinct plan of fighting, cheating, persuading, or overmatching death.

I closed a large speculation on which I had been inclined in the summer to "fly"—Alison could never manage petroleum ventures. I wound up my business in a safe and systematic manner. "Hotchkiss must mean to retire," people said. I revised my will, and held one long and necessary conversation with my wife about her future should "any thing happen" to me. She listened and planned without tears or exclamations; but after we had finished the talk she crept up to me with a quiet, puzzled sadness that I could not bear.

"You are growing so blue lately, Fred! Why, what can 'happen' to you? I don't believe God can mean to leave me here after you are gone; I don't believe He *can* mean to!"

All through the sweet spring days we were much together. I went late to the office. I came home early. I spent the beautiful twilights at home. I followed her about the house. I made her read to me, sing to me, sit by me, touch me with her little soft hand. I watched her face till the sight choked me. How soon before she would know? How soon?

"I feel as if we'd just been married over again," she said one day, pinching my cheek with a low laugh. "You are so good! I'd no idea you cared so much about me. By-and-by, when you get over this lazy fit and go about as you used to, I shall feel so deserted—you've no idea! I believe I will order a little widow's cap, and put it on, and wear it about—now,

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what do you mean by getting up and stalking off to look out of the window? Fine prospect you must have, with the curtain down!"

It is, to say the least, an uncomfortable state of affairs when you find yourself drawing within a fortnight of the day on which seven people have assured you that you are going to shuffle off this mortal coil. It is not agreeable to have no more idea than the dead (probably not as much) of the manner in which your demise is to be effected. It is not in all respects a cheerful mode of existence to dress yourself in the morning with the reflection that you are never to half wear out your new mottled coat, and that this striped neck-tie will be laid away by-and-by in a little box, and cried over by your wife; to hear your immediate acquaintances all wondering why you *don't* get yourself some new boots; to know that your partner has been heard to say that you are growing dull at trade; to find the children complaining that you have engaged no rooms yet at the beach; to look into their upturned eyes and wonder how long it is going to take for them to forget you; to go out after breakfast and wonder how many more times you will shut that front-door; to come home in the perfumed dusk and see the faces pressed against the window to watch for you, and feel warm arms about your neck, and wonder how soon they will shrink from the chill of you; to feel the glow of the budding world, and think how blossom and fruit will crimson and drop without you, and wonder how the blossom and fruit of life can slip from you in the time of violet smells and orioles.

April, spattered with showers and dripped upon a little with ineffectual suns, slid restlessly away from me, and I locked my office door one night reflecting that it was the night of the first of May, and that to-morrow was the second.

I spent the evening alone with my wife. I have spent more agreeable evenings. She came and nestled at my feet, and the fire-light painted her cheeks and hair, and her eyes followed me, and her hand was in mine; but I have spent more agreeable evenings.

The morning of the second broke without a cloud. Blue jays flashed past my window; a bed of royal pansies opened to the sun, and the smell of the fresh, moist earth came up where Tip was digging in his little garden.

"Not feeling exactly like work to-day," as I told my wife, I did not go to the office. I asked her to come into the library and sit with me. I remember that she had a pudding to bake, and refused at first; then yielded, laughing, and said that I must go without my dessert. I thought it highly probable that I *should* go without my dessert.

I remember precisely how pretty she was that morning. She wore a bright dress—blue, I think—and a white crocus in her hair; she had a dainty white apron tied on, "to cook in," she said, and her pink nails were powdered with flour. Her eyes laughed and twinkled at me. I remember thinking how young she looked, and how unready for suffering. I remember—I remember a variety of simple little things that happened that morning—that she brought the baby in after a while, and that Tip came all muddy from the garden, dragging his tiny hoe over the carpet; that the window was open, and that while we all sat there together a little brown bird brought some twine and built a nest on an apple-bough just in sight.

I find it difficult to explain the anxiety which I felt as the morning wore on that dinner should be punctually upon the table at half past twelve. But I now understand perfectly, as I did not once, the old philosophy: "Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."

It was ironing-day, and our dinners were apt to be light upon ironing-days. I concluded that if the soup were punctual, and not too hot, I could leave myself ten or perhaps fifteen unoccupied minutes before one o'clock. It strikes me as curious now, the gravity with which this thought underran the fever and pain and dread of the morning.

I fell to reading my hymn-book about twelve o'clock, and when Alison called me to dinner I did not remember to consult my watch.

The soup was good, though hot. A grim Epicurean stolidity crept over me as I sat down before it. A man had better make the most of his last chance at mock-turtle. Fifteen minutes were enough to die in.

I am confident that I ate more rapidly than is consistent with consummate elegance. I remember that Tip imitated me, and that Allis opened her eyes at me. I recall distinctly the fact that I had passed my plate a second time.

I had passed my plate a second time, I say, and had just raised the spoon to my lips, when it fell from my palsied hand; for the little bronze clock upon the mantle struck one.

I sat with drawn breath and glared at it; at the relentless silver hands; at the fierce, and, as it seemed to me, *living* face of the Time on its top, who stooped and swung his scythe at me.

"I would like a very *big* white potato," said Tip, breaking the solemn silence.

You may or may not believe me, but it is a fact that that is all which happened.

I slowly turned my head. I resumed my spoon.

"The kitchen clock is nearly half an hour too slow," observed Alison. "I told Jane that you would have it fixed this week."

I finished my soup in silence.

It may interest the reader to learn that up to the date of this article "I still live."

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THE MILITARY FORM OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

"LET us alone!"

That was the passionate cry of the people of the South—the insincere demand of their authorities. It had become clear that Washington could neither be seized by a band of conspirators, nor captured by an army such as could then be brought into the field. After her overthrow at Bull Run the republic was stunned for a moment, but it was only for a moment. Any observer of what she forthwith prepared to do might be satisfied that it was no longer a battle, but a war that was at hand.

While the Confederate troops were commencing their movement toward Manassas, the President of the Confederacy, in a message to his Congress, declared: "We feel that our cause is just and holy. We protest solemnly, in the face of mankind, that we desire peace at any sacrifice save that of honor. In independence we seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no cession of any kind from the states with which we have lately confederated. All we ask is to be let alone."

But Davis and his co-laborers for many months past—as was declared by the national Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War—"had been actively and openly making preparations to defy the jurisdiction of the government, and resist its authority. They had usurped the control of the machinery of one state government after another, and had overawed the loyal people of those states. They had even so far control of the national government itself as to make it not only acquiesce for the time being in measures for its own destruction, but to contribute to that end. They had seized its arms and munitions of war. They had scattered and demoralized its army. They had sent its navy to the most distant parts of the world. They had put treason in the executive mansion, treason in the cabinet, treason in the Senate and House of Representatives, treason in the army and navy, treason in every department, bureau, and office. They had taken possession, almost without resistance, of every fort and harbor on their sea-coast, Fort Pickens at Pensacola, and the isolated fortifications and harbors of Tortugas and Key West being the only exceptions. They were masters of the territory of the revolted states, much of which had been purchased with the national money, and for part of which the nation still remained in debt—a debt which they rejected. Dépôts, arsenals, fortifications had been seized by them. A speedy march upon the capital, a speedy overthrow of the legal government, a speedy submission of a people too pusillanimous to maintain its rights, and a speedy subjection of the whole country to their assumptions, were their expectations."

Such was the accusation brought against them in the Congress of the nation. It denied that they were an oppressed, a much-enduring, an innocent people. It declared that they had themselves initiated war, and had made resistance not only necessary, but unavoidable. Government does not mean influence—it means force; a government which has neither the resolution nor the power to prevent itself being assassinated has no right to live.

So thought the free North. She foresaw that the partition of the republic meant the end of all representative government on this continent. It meant a cordon of custom-houses on the boundary-line, and, more than that, vast standing armies. If friends could not make laws without their being nullified, could aliens make treaties without their being broken? The history of the republic had demonstrated that the slave power, in the necessities of its existence, was essentially aggressive; to invigorate it would not deprive it of that quality. Self-preservation compelled the North to resist. She saw that every thing she prized was at stake. Peace based upon partition was, in the very nature of things, illusory. In the former and happier days of the Union, nothing had given rise to more bitterness of feeling than the escape and non-restoration of fugitive slaves. Across the separating line of the two nations would they cease to flee? and was it to be supposed that they would ever be returned? But if not—what then? Very clearly the condition of the slave power in America was this—it must either dominate all over the continent or die.

But in the clamor, "Let us alone," there was something deeply connected with the topic which has to be considered in this chapter—the form of the war. It needed but little penetration to perceive that the South had already intuitively discovered her inevitable position in the coming contest. Whatever her wishes, her passions might be, in the momentous conflict she had provoked she was compelled to take the defensive.

It is the autumn after Bull Run. Let us scale, in any place that we may, the rampart of the Border States, and peer into the recesses of the Confederacy beyond. Confederacy of states! is that what we see? Are there governors, and Senates, and Houses of Representatives enacting and executing independent laws? No! but sitting in Richmond there is one man who is holding the telegraphs and railroads. Along the former he is sending forth his mandates which no one may disobey; along the latter he is drawing from places near or distant their reluctant men and bounteous means. The aristocracy that lords it over those white cotton lands, those fields of tobacco and maize, has engendered its natural, its inevitable product. It is no political confederacy that we look upon—it is a Despotism.

Along the sea-coast, on every fort a flag is flying—not those of the various sovereign states. It is the flag of a central power, every where the same. Men are constructing fortifications

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in all directions—some in the interior, some on the line of the Mississippi, some along the sea. Cannon, the spoils of Norfolk Navy Yard, are being dragged to these works. In every town, and court-house, and hamlet, men are drilling; their uniform clothing in gray answers to the uniform flag. The pursuits of peace are turned over to slaves. The factories that are busy are armories, machine-shops, founderies for shot and shell, gunpowder laboratories. White tents that are dotting it all over tell us that this is not the agricultural country it used to be. It is a vast military camp.

A despotism and a military camp! No matter under what name things may be passing, that is the reality to which they have come!

To the eye of the national military critic, looking from the North, the country it is now proposed to assail presents three distinctly marked regions, to which he gives the designations of the right, the central, the left, respectively. They are not bounded by merely imaginary lines, but parted by grand geographical objects. The right region is all that portion of the insurgent territory west of the Mississippi River; the central region is the country lying between the Mississippi and the Alleghany Mountains; the left is that lying between those mountains and the Atlantic Ocean. The great natural lines of separation thus dividing the Confederacy are the Mississippi River and the Alleghany Mountains.

These three military regions are not of equal importance. The right, or trans-Mississippi, is necessarily weaker, since it is separated from the others by a broad and difficult river, across which communication may be interrupted: it is intrinsically of little military value, sparsely peopled, unhealthy, its resources comparatively little developed, its roads and lines of transportation imperfect. On the other hand, in the left region, or that included between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean, are many great cities, among them the capital of the Confederacy. This region has a dense population, many lines of locomotion, and abundant facilities for transportation. Virginia, which is its most northerly portion, stands like a vast bastion to the Confederacy, its flanked angle projecting toward the Free States. The upheaval of the Alleghanies in former ages has given her a system of longitudinal valleys running to the northeast: her mountain ranges consist of majestic folds of the earth's crust, with those depressions between them. Here and there transversal and secondary valleys cross through the mountain lines—gaps, in the country language. Screened from observation, through the main valleys as through sally-ports the forces of the Confederacy may securely move.

Such was the general aspect of the South. Her capacity for war lay in the staple products she had on hand and those that her slaves might be found willing to raise. Her financial strength, which was the measure of her war-strength, turned on the possibility of converting those products into gold. None but desperate gamesters would undertake to conduct vast military movements by an unlimited issue of paper based upon nothing; but the rattle of dice was already audible in the council chamber at Richmond. There were, however, many able and patriotic men in the seceding states, who, accepting as an accomplished fact the calamity into which their country had been plunged, and willing to make the best of it, unceasingly urged upon the Confederate government the seizure of the cotton and its rapid shipment to Europe. As is commonly the case in the uproar of rebellions and revolutions, the voice of wisdom was not heard.

And now arose before the National Government the question how it should reduce this insurgent population—a population brave enough and numerous enough to accomplish its intention, if only it were rich enough. But this population had never clothed itself, never fed itself. It depended on foreign sources. If such had always been its condition in a state of peace, much more must it be so now in a state of war: rifles, cannon, munitions of every kind must be brought from abroad. Three million bales of cotton might, perhaps, be raised by the slave force: this would go far to meet these wants if it had an unobstructed transit across the sea.

Such considerations, therefore, settled the question as to what, for the National Government, was the proper form of war. A closure of the Southern ports or their blockade was the correct antagonism. In the urgency of the moment a blockade was adopted. Perhaps it had been better had a simple closure been preferred. Practically, however, so far as the Government and its opponent were concerned, the same force must be resorted to in either case.

Thus the character or aspect which the war must needs assume was quickly manifested. The issue obviously turned on this: Had the Government sufficient physical power to enforce and maintain such a beleaguering? Could it make the Atlantic an impenetrable sea?

But more—it must arrest ingress and egress along the north front of the Border States, and along the west front of the trans-Mississippi regions. To accomplish all this it must call into existence powerful navies and vast armies.

It must shut up hermetically an area of 733,144 square miles; it must guard by armies an interior boundary-line 7081 miles in length, and by ships a coast-line of 8523 miles, a shore-line of 25,414 miles—that is, actually more than the entire circumference of the earth (24,895 miles).

What—viewed as a military operation—was all this? Was it not a vast siege, throwing into nothingness all previous sieges in the world's history?

We may, then, excuse the incredulity with which foreign nations regarded the attempt of the republic to carry out her intention of reducing to obedience twelve millions of people intrenched in what seemed to be impregnable

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works. Especially may we do this when we recall the fact that the initial military force by which it was to be accomplished was an army of 16,000 men, and a navy of 42 ships.

But it was not merely a passive encircling of the Confederacy which was needed; there must also be offensive and aggressive movements. Hence it was necessary to determine what were the proper points of the application of force, and which the correct lines of its direction.

At this time the military topography of the country was little known, and many mistakes were made in dealing with this problem. It was long before those generals who had true professional views on the subject could secure their adoption, and accomplish a separation of crude political intentions from scientific military movements. In the inexperience of the times, instead of one grand and overwhelming plan of operations, a dozen little ones were resorted to. Wherever there was political influence there was a political clamor, and to that point a military force must be sent. In the beginning of 1862, the period we have now more particularly under consideration, "there were not less than ten different national armies, and as many different lines of operation, all acting more or less concentrically on the theatre of war. Not one was so strong but that the Confederates might have concentrated a stronger against it." The ablest military critics were loudly declaiming against such a violation of the rules of their art.

In deciding on warlike operations, two things must be considered: 1st. The political object proposed to be attained. 2d. The military movements necessary for its accomplishment. Not unfrequently these seem to involve contradictions.

The opening of the Mississippi was the political object of the West; the capture of Richmond that of the East; but, in a military sense, neither of these could in itself be decisive, and, so far as they might be made the ultimate object of the warlike operations, they could be considered only as mistakes.

At first it was supposed that the opening of the Mississippi must be accomplished by operations on its waters, an opinion much strengthened by the brilliant success of Farragut in the capture of New Orleans; but that great officer himself was destined to furnish a proof of the inadequacy of this method. In the attack he made on Vicksburg, though many hundred shot and shell were thrown into the place, no impression whatever was made upon it; not a single gun was dismounted; only seven men were killed, and fifteen wounded.

Once more let us reconnoitre the recesses of the Confederacy, examining not its political, but its military condition. What do we see?

There is one long line of railroad reaching from Memphis, on the Mississippi, to Charleston, on the Atlantic. It is the only complete east and west bond connecting the Confederacy through its breadth. What if this vital line were snapped? It would be the severing of the Confederacy. The Atlantic portion would be parted from the Mississippi portion. The unity of the Confederacy hangs on a very slender thread.

The Richmond government plainly discerns how much is depending on this line. Slender though it may be, it is indispensably necessary to them. For its protection, for the avoidance of the catastrophe which must follow its rupture, they have established parallel to it, and one hundred and fifty miles to the north of it, a military line consisting of fortresses, armies, an intrenched camp. That military line extends from Columbus, on the Mississippi, through Forts Henry and Donelson, to Bowling Green.

The work of an assailant is, therefore, manifestly to burst through the military line, and break the railroad line beyond.

But, furthermore, there is a navigable river, the Tennessee, flowing perpendicularly through the first of these lines, and running parallel to the second. That is the invader's true path. Plainly along it, and not down the impregnably fortified and impassable Mississippi, blows fatal to the Confederacy may be delivered. The Mississippi itself is not the true line of attack. Even if it were seized, the great railroad is not necessarily touched. Moreover, it is a military consequence that the strong fortresses on the Mississippi must be surrendered on the passage of an army in their rear.

Two great events will therefore necessarily follow the passage of an army strong enough to maintain itself along the Tennessee. They are: 1st. The bisection of the Confederacy, its eastern and western portions being severed. 2d. The gratification of the popular demand that the Mississippi should be opened.

With the railroad untouched, the Confederate government can rapidly mass its troops on the Atlantic or on the Mississippi region, and hurl them at pleasure, right or left, on its antagonist. With the railroad broken, such movements become very difficult, perhaps even impracticable.

If the eye follows the line of this road from Memphis, on the Mississippi, eastwardly, it is seen to divide when it reaches the great strategical position Chattanooga: its upper branch runs northeastwardly to the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond; its lower branch runs southeastwardly to the important cities Savannah and Charleston. Chattanooga and its immediate environs present, therefore, a vital military point.

To General Halleck must be given the credit of the solution of the Mississippi problem. He showed that the correct movement was a march on the line of the Tennessee. The truth of this principle was strikingly exemplified by the event. The victories on that river opened the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis, and, in the opinion of a very great military authority, had Halleck's army at that time possessed the tenacity of Sherman's in 1864, he could have

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completed the opening by continuing his march south from Corinth to Mobile.

Such were the views taken by the national generals who successfully solved the problem of the military destruction of the Confederacy. On the other hand, their antagonists, thrown from the beginning on the defensive, recognized with equal precision the correctness of these principles. When one military line was broken through, they attempted to establish a second in a parallel direction. When the Memphis and Charleston Railroad was effectually severed, they made haste to construct a parallel one by completing the more southerly line from Meridian to Selma. This likewise was, in its turn, destroyed.

Considered thus, so far as military topography is concerned, it was plain that decisive operations must commence in the central region with a view to the destruction of the east and west line of communication, and securing possession of the strategic point Chattanooga. The opening of the Mississippi followed as a corollary upon their successful issue. The great result, however, would be the partition of the Confederacy.

Whatever armed force the Confederacy might have in the Atlantic region would now be placed between two antagonists, one threatening it from the north of Richmond, the other through the portal of Chattanooga.

The whole male population of the Confederacy being in the armies, there could be no resistance except where those armies were. The decisive result could alone be reached by their destruction.

In the Atlantic region of the Confederacy, to the correct military eye, the proper objective was therefore the great army of Virginia. Richmond and Charleston were in themselves nothing. The Confederacy could afford to lose one, or both, or a dozen such, and would not be weakened thereby. And that these views were correct the event showed. Charleston fell by the march of Sherman, who never took the trouble to go to it; and Richmond fell by the operations of Grant, who disdained to enter it.

The military object to be aimed at was, therefore, not the political object proposed. It was not the occupation of a city or territory, but the extermination of the opposing army.

Battles conducted by generals of not unequal skill, and ending without a signal catastrophe, usually exhibit losses not far from equal on the opposing sides. In armies of equal strength, and operating in a similar region, the waste of life in the hospitals may also be considered as equal.

A general who is acting upon these principles, and is aiming, not at the seizure of territory, but at the life of the antagonist army, will foresee an inevitable issue to his campaign. If he can bring into play during the whole operation two hundred thousand men, and his antagonist only one hundred and fifty thousand, he will certainly secure his result when, by this process of attrition, each side has lost one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Now the available military force of the South was never numerically equal to that of the North, and the disparity became still greater when the slaves were armed by the North. Military errors or catastrophes were therefore of far more serious moment to the insurgents than to the government. There was danger that exhaustion would ensue. It actually did at last occur.

Doubtless there is something very dreadful in a method which looks with indifference on the issue of battles, whether there has been a victory or a defeat, but inquires with earnestness how many of the enemy have been destroyed, and discerns with a frigid, a Machiavelian satisfaction the mathematically inevitable superiority of the greater mass after equal attrition of both conflicting bodies.

The duration of resistance of the weaker party in this process of attrition or extermination will necessarily turn on the magnitude of the political object at stake, and the facility or possibility of effecting an ostensible compromise. But it is politically impossible that an aggressive Aristocracy and an aggressive Democracy should coexist in the same nation after they had once been in open conflict. And that was the real character of the contending antagonists of this Civil War. Moreover, though the South, at the beginning, derived most important advantages in accomplishing the unifying of her entire population by putting forth the preservation of Slavery as the grand object of the war, it led eventually to a fatal result. The slave became at last, not fictitiously, but in reality, the stake played for. The South could not lose him without absolute ruin. It was the loss of her labor-force, without which her lands were worth nothing.

Persons who thus considered the subject perceived that the war would be no affair of ninety days, but that it would go on until the weaker party was utterly exhausted and the great stake won.

By those skillful officers who brought the war to a close, these principles were clearly recognized, as may be seen from the strategy they adopted. They looked upon all operations in the right region as without effect; they considered it as incorrect to have many converging lines of operation; they perceived the true function of the central region, and the inevitable effect of a powerful movement through it. They did not fall a second time into the blunder of making the main operation in the left region a combined one of the army and navy, as was done in the Peninsular campaign. Coast operations and expeditions they regarded in the light of mere indecisive adventures. They raised no cry for the capture of Richmond; they did not even deign to enter it in triumph when it was spontaneously falling, but pursued the fugitive remnant of the ruined army with

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inexorable energy, applying the military principle that had been inaugurated in the Wilderness, until Appomattox Court-house was reached.

Viewed in the manner thus presented, the various operations of the war stand in their proper position, and are capable of easy interpretation. The battle of Bull Run, as we have seen, was nearly without military significance; politically, it meant the failure of that portion of the plan of the Confederacy which had reference to the capture of Washington. Nor is there any importance to be attached to the affairs of Big Bethel, Ball's Bluff, Drainesville. They were merely personal encounters.

In fact, true warlike operations can not be said to have begun until the issue of Lincoln's order directing the movements of the armies on February 22d, 1862. The issue of that order followed the appointment of Stanton as Secretary of War, and was due to his suggestions.

Though the completion of the organization of the Army of the Potomac by General McClellan marks the close of the preparatory period and the commencement of military movements properly speaking, these movements still continued to be of a mixed kind—not purely military, but influenced also by political considerations. There may be discerned on the part of the government an intention to give to certain officers the opportunity of acquiring military reputation. But this can not be regarded as altogether blameworthy. A government influenced by profound convictions that the principles on which it is acting are those most certain to insure the welfare of the nation is entitled to bring into fitting prominence men who will carry those principles into effect.

The quality of the armies themselves by degrees underwent an observable change. It is a great step from McDowell's army of Bull Run to McClellan's of the Peninsula, but it is a still greater to Grant's army of the final Virginia campaign. The cohesion, mobility, and coordination of all its parts, which makes an army like a beautiful machine, is only slowly attained. "Not until after Vicksburg did the armies begin to assume the form and consistency of real armies; not until after that can their generals be held to a closer criticism." Halleck's campaign, ending in the breaking of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, is the transition to the great campaigns of Grant and Sherman, which were conducted with purely military intentions, and on purely military principles.

The possibility of putting the Confederacy in a state of siege demonstrated, in the most unmistakable manner, the predominating power of the North; but that predominance was not to be measured by the relative population of the two sections. It was commonly said that the population of the insurgent states was twelve millions; that of the loyal states eighteen; but the disparity between them was vastly greater than is indicated by those numbers. The machine power of the South bore no appreciable proportion to the machine power of the North; and more particularly was this true of marine machinery; but it was upon that form that the capability of maintaining an effective blockade depended.

The South was thus thrown upon the defensive from the beginning of the struggle, and very soon effectually beleaguered. Her four great military movements, culminating at Antietam, Murfreesborough, Gettysburg, and Nashville, present the aspect of sorties.

There was another fact which manifestly and seriously diminished the intrinsic power of the South. Of the estimated twelve millions of her population, one third was negro slaves. As long as her antagonist, from political motives, refrained from touching this element, it added a delusive strength to the Confederacy. The slave prepared food and forage in the fields while the master and his sons were in the army. It was, however, impossible that such a condition of things should continue long. Legitimately as a measure of war, the government might detach that dangerous class from the side of the South—a measure which, under the circumstances, could not fail to be decisive of the strife.

ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire the culture of the ancient world was crushed under the inflowing tide of barbarism. In this respect it shared the fate of Christianity. But Christianity was modified to suit its new circumstances; if the Church swallowed at one gulp the heathenism of the western barbarians, and found the meal indigestible, it was not without a remedy against absolute extinction. It adapted itself to the ignorance of the newly baptized nations, and survived death by undergoing this metamorphosis. To ancient culture this change was impossible; it therefore died out and was buried. Fortunately it found a partial sepulture in the medieval monasteries, and thus stood a chance of partial resurrection when its time should come.

One division of literary labor—that connected with theological subjects—had received such an impetus from the imperial acknowledgment of Christianity that it retained its importance and influence even after the fall of the Empire. The demand for copies of the Holy Scriptures and of the writings of the Fathers continued as great as before, and even increased.

The shock of the barbarian invasions had scarcely affected the eastern portion of the Empire, which, though it had lost all its distant provinces, still formed a nucleus for the maintenance of the forms of ancient civilization. Thus at Constantinople the professional transcriber of books still carried on the business of his craft. Theodosius (378–395 A.D.) constantly employed seven copyists, under the direction of the chief librarian, in order to increase the literary stores of the library; and under Leo

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the Isaurian, in the 8th century, twelve transcribers were employed for the same purpose; but on account of their refusal to join in the imperial raid against image-worship, Leo caused the library to be surrounded by vast piles of fagots, which being fired at a given signal, the whole building, together with its dozen scribes, chief librarian, above 30,000 volumes of valuable manuscripts, and numerous works of art, was totally destroyed.

In the West the work of copying was carried on with professional regularity only in the monasteries; but the books copied were principally for the churches, and great pains and labor were bestowed upon their caligraphy and embellishment. There was no longer a numerous body of domestic slaves who could be made available for the production of books; and even if there had been, the demand for books was insignificant. From the 5th to the 12th century such books as were written for individuals were almost exclusively the luxuries of churchmen; while the volumes intended for the churches, weighty with the bulk of vellum and ivory, were rather pieces of ecclesiastical furniture than means of preserving and circulating ideas.

These manuscripts are noticeable in two points especially. In the first place, many of them excel the earliest specimens of printed books, both in clearness of outline and in regularity of form. And, secondly, the characters as written determined those afterward used in printing.

In a former paper we showed that the ancients, at the very culminating point of their civilization, had no printing-press because slave-labor answered the same purpose, *i. e.*, trained slaves copied all the works required to satisfy the demand for books even in the palmiest days of Rome. The popular impression that the printing-press was invented in the 15th century, and that the process upon which this invention was based was a novel discovery, is entirely incorrect. The press was then for the first time brought into use. That is indisputable. But the process involved in printing is as old as the first medal which was ever struck. Stupid indeed must the Romans of Cicero's time have been, *if for want of ingenuity* they had not made this process available for the production of books. The fact is that the printing-press was not needed by the Romans, and, therefore, was not used.

But the case was far different in the 15th century, when there was a revival of learning, and contemporaneously with this revival a demand for the publication of books. *Then* the purposes of publication were not answered by slave-labor. Hence the necessity of a mechanical substitute, which was found in the printing-press.

The Chinese were the first who adopted a systematic method of multiplying writings from a single copy by means of obtaining a series of impressions from an engraving. The characters were cut in relief upon a tablet of wood, and then charged with ink, and by placing upon this block a sheet of linen or paper the required impressions were produced. Solid substances were first used for the reception of impressions, and afterward linen, silk, and paper. Books produced in this way were really *Block-books*, and in the production of these the Chinese were centuries in advance of the Europeans. Marco Polo, after his return from China in 1295, especially refers to books printed from tablets of wood, some specimens of which he had brought home with him. Engraving on wood had been known in Europe before Polo's time. Images of saints were produced in this manner as early as the 9th century, and the art of printing patterns on stuffs by means of engraved tablets of wood or metal was in use in the 12th century. It seems highly probable, however, that, even if previously existing in a rude state, the art received an entirely new impetus about the time of Marco Polo's return from the East, at which period the Oriental trade of the Venetians was at its zenith; and if so it is more than probable that it was from the introduction of those Oriental specimens of the art brought by Marco Polo, which could not have failed to interest the skilled artisans of Venice; in fact we find that the Venetians soon afterward established manufactories of playing-cards executed by that process on an extensive scale. Hémnecken, however, claims the honor of the commercial application of wood-engraving for Germany; while Meerman, with greater show of reason, pleads for Holland. But yet there is some reason to suppose that Italy, the cradle of so many of the modern arts, may also have been that of wood-engraving.

The earliest Italian artists in this kind of work who attained to any reputation did not flourish till the beginning of the 16th century, long after the great German wood-engravers had run their course. But at that time, especially after Albert Durer's visit to Venice, Italian wood-engravers of merit appeared; and their style is more refined and elegant than that of the Germans. In Holland we find the earliest and best executed specimens of the superior book-blocks, and there is every reason to believe that wood-engraving, as an art of really high character, first fully developed itself in that country.

Block-books in Europe do not date earlier than the beginning of the 15th century, and then they were, at first, mere picture books, consisting of a series of subjects in outline, often very rude, accompanied by brief descriptions. Though inferior to books transcribed by hand they were much cheaper. One of the earliest examples is the "Biblia Pauperum," which was an exact imitation of a manuscript book which had been popular as a religious work for the instruction of the ignorant for five or six centuries—the work having been composed by St. Ausgarius in the beginning of the 9th century. This saint had laid the foundation of a library in the Monastery of Corvey, which was the

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means of preserving many valuable classical works from destruction, and among others, it is said, the Annals of Tacitus. These block-books rank among the costliest of the bibliographic rarities; in 1815 the Duke of Devonshire for a copy of the "Biblia Pauperum" paid £201.

Laurens Koster, of Haärlem, was, there is every reason to believe, the ingenious artist who substituted movable types for the wooden blocks. But the advocates of Gutenberg's claim to priority are slow to give way before the accumulated and still accumulating evidence in favor of Koster; and some will not even listen to the claims of Holland as against those of Germany. But the entire credit of the invention of printing belongs not to any one person or any one people. It was the result of the gradual growth of centuries, though it sprang at last upon the world suddenly, like the birth of Minerva from Jove's brain. The real occasion of printing was the demand for cheaper and more convenient books than those great vellum manuscripts which could only be the privileged possession of the few. This *demand* was more significant than that which it occasioned—it was an indication that modern civilization had passed beyond its infancy. The printing-press was due to the general progress of society. Cicero, in the second book of his "De Natura Deorum," clearly put forth the "idea" of printing books. So the Marquis of Worcester conceived the idea of the application of steam power to machinery, though he did not invent the steam-engine any more than Cicero invented the printing-press. When the need came for the press then came its inventors; and when the steam-engine was really wanted then came Watt.

Koster appears to have made his first essays with separate wooden types about 1426; and from that step eventually perfected a system of metallic ones, and finally reducing them to practical use within about ten years of his first experiment. Let us take a rapid glance at the state of Europe at this memorable epoch.

England had not yet advanced beyond its Plantagenet era, and the wars of the York and Lancaster factions had not yet burst forth. The weak reign of Henry VI. had just begun to drag its slow length along; and the year before Joan of Arc had raised the siege of Orleans, and commenced that series of successes which led to the entire expulsion of the English from France. Charles VII. had been already crowned at Rheims. Ireland, in sullen subjection to the superior power of England, was in a state of comparative tranquillity; while in Scotland James I., after his long captivity in England, was revenging himself by the infliction of cruel tortures upon those who had seized the reins of government during his absence.

The state of France has been partially described; but it should be borne in mind that the France of the time of Koster was a truly medieval France, very restricted in extent of territory, and resembling modern France neither geographically nor politically. The hereditary provinces of England—Normandy and Aquitaine—had hitherto formed a large portion of the French territory, and were under the dominion of English princes, who scarcely went through the idle forms of occasional homage to the suzerainty of France. The lesser titular barons of the French monarchy also governed their petty territories almost as independent sovereigns; while in England the feudal lord had already lost his legal and absolute independence, as a right, though still irregularly asserting it in turbulent outbreaks, which were soon to culminate in the Wars of the Roses.

Spain was divided into separate kingdoms; for though Leon and Castile had been united, and some of the smaller principalities had been absorbed by their more powerful neighbors, Arragon, Portugal, and Navarre were still separate states, forever raging with petty jealousies that led to wars equally petty and purposeless. But a better time was near at hand. A spirit of intellectual inquiry was awakening from its long medieval sleep; and the new art of Printing was destined to give it a body and permanence, and spread its influence over nearly the whole of Europe. Alphonso V., who at this period occupied the throne of Arragon, was, after a fashion, a patron of learning; and his contemporary, John II. of Castile and Leon, was a protector of literature, the cultivation of which became a leading feature of his Court. The Moors of Spain, though stripped of much of their territory, still held the kingdom of Granada, and were in many respects more civilized than their Gothic neighbors. They were, however, preparing their own fall by intestine strife. Prince Henry, son of John I. of Portugal, was surrounding himself with a knot of learned and scientific men, and planning those maritime expeditions which led to the immediate discovery of Madeira and a considerable portion of the northwest coast of Africa, hitherto unknown to modern navigators. He was, in fact, laying the foundation of that spirit of maritime enterprise which subsequently led to those discoveries of Columbus which burst like a flash of lightning upon Europe some fifty years later.

In Italy all was political dissension and confusion. It was the era of the double Papacy. A schism had long been agitating the Church, and had led to the divided rule of a French Pope at Avignon, and an Italian Pope at Rome, whence the Romans were about to expel Eugenius IV., as they had done several of his predecessors. The last of the Visconti was ruling in the duchy of Milan; while various petty sovereigns, acknowledging no superior power, oppressed other portions of the Italian peninsula, Naples and Sicily being especially the scene of a dynastic contest between the Spanish house of Arragon and the French house of Anjou. Nevertheless light was fast breaking. Cosmo de Medici had established his enlightened rule

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at Florence; and Dante, followed by Boccaccio and Petrarch, had recently laid the foundations of modern literature in putting forth their works in the living language of their country instead of addressing them to the learned few, clothed in the obscure veil of dead Latin. The government of Venice was as yet the only European power that had developed an enlarged system of commerce, having turned the crusading mania into a means of seizing several stations in the Levant as counters for an indirect trade with the far East. But these boasted possessions were already threatened by the alarming growth of the Turkish power, to which they were destined eventually to succumb.

In Germany, Sigismund, King of Bohemia and Hungary, enjoyed a somewhat empty title as Emperor; the host of petty princes of which the German federation was composed being almost entirely independent of any central controlling power, while only a small number had a direct influence in conferring the imperial title, the prince-bishops being among the most turbulent and resolutely independent of the Electors. Yet Germany, like the rest of Europe, was on the eve of a great advance. The German mind was rapidly ripening, and was preparing itself to become the champion of the impending Reformation.

Poland was an elective monarchy, but semi-barbarous in its social condition. As yet there was no Prussia, and the dukes of Moscow were but just throwing off their subjection to the barbaric power of the Tartar dynasties that still faintly represented the power of the ancient Scythians. Parts of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway had only been recently christianized; and as European powers having any influence beyond their own frontiers, those northern states may almost be said to have been unknown.

To the East the Turkish power was attaining to its height of power, threatening Europe with an all-conquering invasion, such as that which had formerly emanated from the Moorish section of Islamism in the 7th century. This threatening attitude of Turkish invasion kept all Europe in continual dread, and more than once the fate of Christendom trembled in the balance. Of the vast regions of Asia Europe had then no accurate knowledge. It was, however, known that the vast Turkish power had already spread itself all across Asia, and subjugated some of the fairest portions of India—a name at that time surrounded by darkness, and full of mystery to the European mind. America was as yet undreamt of. This age of comparative ignorance, of plate-armor, of tilts and tournaments, of monks and monasteries, of despotisms and feudalism, seems more in harmony with scribes and their manuscripts than with the first throes of the Printing-Press, which nevertheless were then taking place.

The great feature of the age was the revival of learning. Manuscripts were very expensive. A manuscript Bible cost 500 gold crowns. Evidently, therefore, in order to supply the re-awakened demand for books, some method must be discovered for reducing their expense. From the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens, at the beginning of the 7th century, papyrus had almost ceased to be imported into Europe until the close of the 10th, about which time the manufacture of paper from cotton rags seems to have been introduced. This manufacture was the most important material element involved in the preparation for the full triumph of the early printers of the 15th century.

The proofs in support of Koster's claim to priority in the discovery and use of movable types have been carefully collected by Mr. Humphreys. We give our readers a summary of these in the order in which he presents them:

1. A German chronicle printed at Cologne in 1499 by Ulrich Zell, originally of Mayence, and a well-known follower of Gutenberg, says: "Although the art, as now practiced, was discovered at Mayence, the first idea came from Holland."

2. This statement is corroborated by a memorandum of Mariangelus Accursius, a distinguished Neapolitan scholar. This memorandum has been frequently misquoted. "For instance, in the excellent 'Dictionaire Universelle, etc., par une Société de Savans, français et étrangers,' and in which one would not expect to find any glaring mistake of any kind, we have the memorandum in question enriched with extraordinary amplifications and alterations, as follows: 'John Fust, Burgomaster of Mayence, maternal uncle of John Schoeffer, invented the art of printing with brass types, etc.' This strangely garbled passage reminds the reader of the itinerant preacher, who, mingling and misplacing Scripture passages in a by no means dissimilar manner, astonished his congregation by exclaiming, 'And Moses, after he had been forty days and forty nights in the whale's belly, said, Verily thou almost persuadest me to become a Christian!'"

3. John Van Zuyren, burgomaster of Haärlem, in his "Dialogue on the first Invention of the Art of Typography" (1561), unhesitatingly claims for his countryman the glory of having made the first rude steps in the art, stating at the same time that he does not wish to detract from the credit of the great printers of Mayence who first brought it to perfection and popularized it.

4. Theodore Volchart Coonhert, in the preface to his Dutch translation of Cicero's "Offices" (Haärlem, 1561), says: "I have often been assured from well-informed persons that the art of printing was originally invented in the town of Haärlem, although in a rude manner; the knowledge of the art having subsequently been treacherously carried to Mayence by an unfaithful workman, and there brought to great perfection."

5. In the "Civitates Orbis Terrarum" (Co-

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logne, 1570–1588) there is a map of Haärlem, accompanied by an account of the city, to which is assigned the honor of having given birth to the art of printing. Here we have a German authority for the claims of Holland.

6. The claims of Holland are also set forth by Eytzinger in his volume on the Low Countries (1583).

7. A fuller statement occurs in Guicciardini's "Descrizione di tutti i Paesi Bassi" (Antwerp, 1567). It runs thus: "According to the common tradition of the country, the evidence of several authors, and also of *ancient monuments*, the art of printing was first invented in this town, as well as that of casting letters (in moulds); and the inventor having died before he had carried his work to full perfection, one of his workmen went to Mayence, where he divulged the secret of practicing the art, and in that place so much care and attention was bestowed upon it that it was brought to great completeness; and hence arose the opinion that it originated there."

8. Hadrian Junius, one of the most learned men of his day, in his "History of Holland," written in 1568, says: "About 128 years ago there lived at Haärlem, in a house of considerable size and facing the royal palace, one Laurence, son of John, surnamed Koster.....It is this man who merits a glory superior to that of all conquerors, and who can justly claim the honor of the invention of the typographic art, an honor at the present day usurped by others."

The first work printed by means of movable types was the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," about 1430. The Germans, on the other hand, have nothing to show in the shape of a book earlier than Gutenberg's Bible, printed in 1456.

John Gutenberg (the family name was Gooseflesh) was born at Mayence shortly before the year 1400. The family was of noble descent; and in 1420 we find John obliged to quit his native city on account of the democratic violence then being directed against the upper classes. He took refuge in Strasburg; and there is existing a legal document referring to a suit brought against him in 1436 by Anne zur Eisernen Thür (Anne of the Iron Door) for "breach of promise." The law appears to have decided in favor of the lady. As Gutenberg was at this time engaged in certain ingenious inventions, it may be that the money required for these undertakings came partly from the iron chest of this lady of the Iron Door; and in this way the young knight may have been induced to make rash promises, leading to the unpleasant sequel already alluded to. If so he was wiser afterward; for when, in 1438, he required money to carry out his printing enterprise, instead of appealing to the susceptibilities of the softer sex, he entered into a contract with three gentlemen—Hans Riffe, Drilzehen, and Heilmann—who were to advance money to the extent of 500 florins and receive a share in the profits. The great fair of Aix-la-Chapelle was to take place in the following year, and it was intended that the first-fruits of German printing should be ready on that occasion. The work was carried on with great secrecy. The ladies were of course irritably inquisitive; but all they could gather from these secret manufacturers, who spent most of their time at their shop outside of the walls of the town in the old monastery of St. Abrogaste, was that they were making "looking-glasses" for the fair. And so indeed they were. The Latin for looking-glass is *speculum*; and Gutenberg, seeing what success Koster had just been having in the production of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," was preparing a rival edition of that work.

The scheme proved a failure, probably owing to the fact that Gutenberg's types were of lead. In 1450 Gutenberg formed a new partnership with Fust at Mayence, and with brass types undertook the preparation of the Bible. This was completed about 1456; it was printed in two columns, with spaces left for the headings and for large initials to be filled by the rubricator, so that when completed the book had much the same appearance as one of the illuminated manuscripts of the period. Its sale was slow and difficult, and Gutenberg was deprived of any of the profits of his enterprise, being unable to meet the conditions of his contract with Fust, who therefore took possession of the entire establishment. Gutenberg lived to a good old age and in comfortable circumstances, dying a year after his old partner Fust, who had fallen a victim to an epidemic at Rome. A copy of his Bible would now command from $4000 to $5000 in gold.

Thus was ushered in that great organ of modern civilization the Printing-Press, the discovery of which, says M. Didot, "is the incident that forms the true separation of the ancient and the modern world, opening up a more brilliant and wider horizon to the genius of man, who from that epoch became endowed with a higher and entirely different kind of existence." The marvelous rapidity of its development and extension is illustrated by the fact that Schoeffer—the successor of Fust—who had witnessed the struggles of Gutenberg, not only lived to see the brilliant and widely-extended triumphs of the art, in the thousands of volumes that were annually poured forth from teeming presses in all the great cities of Europe, during the next fifty years, but also the master-pieces of exquisite workmanship which appeared about the opening of the great 16th century.

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THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



EDNA AND HER SONS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"MAMMA, only listen."

"Please do, mammy darling!"

"Lovey! we'll be so good."

"Children, will you hold your tongues, and not speak more than three at a time? The dear old mother is perfectly deafened with you."

Mrs. Stedman smiled at her eldest son—her "right hand," as she often called him—her grave, kind, helpful Julius; but it being, as he said, quite impossible for her to hear herself speak just then, she only shook her head with a Burleigh-like solemnity, and waited till the outburst subsided.

She had all her young flock at home for the holidays, which, especially in winter, most mothers will recognize as a position not the easiest in the world. Yet Edna was well fitted to be the mother of boys. Within her tiny feminine body lurked a spirit unconquerable even by the husband who adored her, and the sons who inherited their own from her. Bright, brave, active, decided, she had learned to hold her own in the midst of the most tumultuous state of things, as she did this day. And however gently she might utter it, all knew and recognized that her yea was yea, and her nay nay. No one ever attempted to gainsay or dispute either.

There are bad women—God have mercy on them! fallen angels, worse than any men—by whom lovers, husbands, sons, are led on to destruction: but almost worse than these are weak women, who have sufficient good in them to make them half loved while they are wholly despised, by the men belonging to them. Now,

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whether Mrs. Stedman's sons loved her or not, it was at once seen that they respected her; respected her as gentle, wise firmness is ever respected; and relied on her, as upon quiet strength, whether of man or woman, children always learn to rely.

Silence being restored, she said—

"No, boys; I am very sorry for you, but you can not go skating to-day. The ice is not thick enough."

"But, mamma, I saw ever so many on it when Bob and I took Cæsar down to the Serpentine after breakfast."

"You did not go on it yourselves?"

"Of course not. We promised, you know," said Will, with an injured air, at which his mother patted him on the shoulder tenderly.

"That's my good boy—my good boys, whom I can always rely on. It is hard for you, I allow that; and many harum-scarum fool-hardy lads may tell you your mother is a great coward—"

"No, no, no!" cried all the lads in chorus, and declared she was the "pluckiest" little mother that ever lived.

"Very well," she answered, laughing; "I am glad you think so." And then seriously, "No, boys, I hope I can bear inevitable risks, nor do I shrink from lawful dangers. Julius will have one of these days to take his turn at the fever hospital; Will may go in for a Civil Service examination, and be off to India; and Robert turn sheep farmer in Australia, as soon as his schooling is done. I'll hinder none of you from risking life in doing your duty; but I will hinder you, so long as you are in my care, from throwing away your lives in any reckless manner. A pleasant thing for papa and me if you went out this forenoon, and were brought home at dinner-time—drowned!"

"Ju says I'm born to be hanged, and so I shall never be drowned," observed Bob, dryly.

"Drowned," repeated Will, meditatively. Will was the clever one of the family; always striking out new and brilliant ideas. "It would be a curious thing to try what drowning is like. People say it is the easiest death that any one can die—quite pleasant indeed. Mamma, did you ever know any body who was drowned?"

"Hush!" said the eldest brother, quick to notice the slightest shadow in his mother's face. "You forget Uncle Julius was drowned."

No more questions were asked. Though the children knew no particulars, they were well aware that over the life and death of this unknown uncle, their father's only brother, hung a tender sad mystery, which made their mother grave whenever his name was mentioned; and their father sometimes looked at Will, who was thought to resemble him—looked, and turned away with a sigh. And when sometimes, being deluded, as fathers delight to be, into telling tales of his own boyhood to his boys, these adventures chanced to include Uncle Julius, he would break off abruptly, and his hearty merriment changed into the saddest silence. Also the elders noticed that, except concerning those boyish days, their father never spoke much of Uncle Julius. Whether the latter had done something "naughty," though nobody ever hinted at such a thing, or whether he had been very unhappy or very unfortunate, the lads could none of them satisfactorily decide, though they often held long arguments with one another on the subject. But one thing was quite clear—Uncle Julius must have been a remarkable person, and very deeply loved by both their parents.

So, being boys trained from babyhood in the sweet tact which springs from lovingness, they let Will's malapropos remark pass by without comment, and hung round their mother caressingly till they brought her back to her own bright self again.

"Yes," she said, laughing, "you are very good boys, I own, though you do worry mamma pretty well sometimes."

"Do we, darling? We'll never do so any more."

"Oh no, not till the next time. There, there, you babies."

And she resigned her little fur-slippered foot for the twins to cuddle—the rosy, fat, good-tempered twins, rolling about like Newfoundland puppies on the hearth-rug—laid one hand on Bob's light curls, suffered Will to seize the other, and leaned her head against the tall shoulder of her eldest son, who petted his mother just as if she had been a beautiful young lady. Thus "subdivided," as she called it, Edna stood among her five sons; and any stranger observing her might have thought she had never had a care. But such a perfect life is impossible; and the long gap of years that there was between Robert and the twins, together with one little curl—that, wrapped in silver paper, lay always at the bottom of the mother's housekeeping purse—could have told a different tale.

However, this was her own secret, hidden in her heart. When with her children, she was as merry as any one of them all.

"Come now," said she, "since you are such good boys, and give up cheerfully your pleasures, not because mother wishes it, but because it is right—"

"And also because mother wishes it," lovingly remarked Julius.

"Well, well, I accept it as such; and in return I'll make you all a handsome present—of my whole afternoon."

Here uprose a shout of delight, for every one knew that the most valuable gift their mother could bestow on them was her time, always so well filled up, and her bright, blithe, pleasant company.

"It is settled then, boys. Now decide. Where will you take me to? Only it should be some nice warm place. Mother can not stand the cold quite as you boys do. You must remember she is not so young as she used to be."

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"She is—she is!" cried the sons in indignant love; and the eldest pressed her to his warm young breast almost with the tears in his eyes. That deep affection—almost a passion—which sometimes exists between an eldest son and his mother, was evidently very strong here.

"I know what place mamma would like best—next best to a run into the country, where, of course, we can't go now—I propose the National Gallery."

Which was rather good of Bob, who, of himself, did not care two-pence for pictures; and when the others seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously, his mother smiled a special "Thank you" to him, which raised the lad's spirits exceedingly.

It was a lively walk through the Christmas streets, bright with holly and evergreens, and resplendent with every luxury that the shops could offer to Christmas purchasers. But Edna's boys bought nothing, and asked for nothing. They and she looked at all these treasures with delighted but unenvious eyes. They had been brought up as a poor man's children, even as she was a poor man's wife—educated from boyhood in that noble self-denial which scorns to crave for any thing which it can not justly have. There was less need for carefulness now, and every time the mother looked at them—the five jewels of her matron crown—she thanked God that they would never be dropped into the dust of poverty; that, humanly speaking, there would be enough forthcoming, both money and influence, all of their father's own righteous earning, to set them fairly afloat in the world—before William and she laid down their heads together in the quiet sleep after toil—of which she began to think perhaps a little more than she used to do, years ago.

Yet when the boys would stop her before tempting jewelers' or linen-drapers' shops, making her say what she liked best, Edna would answer to each boy's questions as to what he should give her "when he got rich—"

"Nothing, my darling, nothing. I think your father and I are the richest people in all this world."

And when she got into the National Gallery, and more than one person turned to look after her—the little mother with such a lot of tall boys—Mrs. Stedman carried her head more erect than usual, and a Cornelia-like conceitedness dimpled round her mouth. Then, she being slightly fatigued—she was not the very strongest little woman in the world—Julius settled her carefully in the most comfortable seat he could find, and left her there in the midst of the pre-Raphaelite saints and martyrs, and medieval Holy Families, to spend some quiet minutes in pleasures which throughout her busy life had been so rare. For many of Edna's special tastes, as well as her husband's, had been of necessity smothered down. In the long uphill struggle of their early married life luxuries had been impossible. During all the years when her little ones were young she had read few books, scarcely seen a picture, and confined her country pleasures to watching the leaves bud and grow green and fall, in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens. It was rarely that the busy mother got even a few minutes' rest like this to go back to the day-dreams of her youth—now fading away in the realities, sad or sweet, of her maturer days.

She almost felt like a girl again, as after a brief rest she rose, and took leisurely the circuit of the room, where many an old familiar picture looked at her with ghostly eyes—pictures fixed on her memory during the days when Letty and Julius, she and William, used to haunt this place. The years between seemed to collapse into nothing, and for a moment or two she felt almost as she felt then—at the outset of her life, in the tender dawn of her love: her heart full of hope that colored every thing rose-hue, and faith in God and man that never knew a cloud.

Well, that time had gone by for them all four. She and William were middle-aged parents now; Letty and Julius—poor Letty! poor Julius!—she hardly knew which to grieve over most, the living or the dead.

So had passed all these passing shows of mortal life, fleet as a shadow that departeth; and still the fair Saint Catherine stood beside her wheel, smiling her martyr's smile, and Del Piombo's ghostly Lazarus arose out of the dark sepulchre, and the numberless Madonnas who used to thrill Edna's heart with an exquisite foreboding of what mother-bliss must be, sat, calm as ever, holding their Divine children in their arms—always children, who never grew up, never died. And Edna thought of her own little lost baby—her one girl-baby of three months old—and tried to fancy how she looked now, perhaps not unlike these. Continually, among all her living children—her perpetual daily blessings—came the memory of this one, a blessing too, as our dead should always be to us, more and more perhaps the older we grow, since they bridge over the gulf between us and the world unseen. Edna was not the less a happy and a cheerful mother, that besides all these breathing, laughing, loving children, she had still another child—a little silent angel, waiting for her in the celestial land.

While she was thinking of these things in her own peaceful way, and enjoying the old delicious atmosphere of beauty and grace, which had been the fairy-land of her youth, her boy Robert, after romping about, tormenting alternately his two elders and the twins, came back to her.

"Mamma," said he, in a loud whisper, "there's a very grand lady staring at you, and has been for ever so long. She looks as if she wanted to speak to you, but couldn't make up her mind. Do you know her?"

Edna looked round. No mistaking the stately figure, the sweeping satin robes.

"Yes, I know her," blushing while she spoke, and startled at the difficulty of explaining to

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her boy that it was her own flesh and blood sister, as near to her as Julius or Will to him, who thus met her, looked, and—would she pass by? "I know her, Robert, but do not let us turn that way. She has seen me; she can come and speak to me if she chooses. It is your aunt, Mrs. Vanderdecken."

"Oh!" said Bob, with difficulty repressing a whistle. "What a stunning woman she is! But why doesn't she come and speak to you, mamma—"

"Hush, she is coming."

She came, slow and stately, and held out her hand with a patronizing air.

"You here, Edna? I thought you never went any where."

"Oh yes, I do sometimes, when my children carry me off with them. And you—who would have expected to find you here?"

"I came with my little girl. She is learning drawing under a celebrated artist—a lady artist of course, who brings her here once a week or so to study the old masters. I leave them to go round together while I sit still. I don't care for pictures."

Edna was silent.

"Besides, I am rather glad to give the child something to amuse her, for she has been rather mopy of late."

"Not ill, I hope?"

"Oh no, only cross. Do your children never take sullen or obstinate fits, Edna? and how do you contrive to manage them? I wish you could teach me how to manage mine," and Mrs. Vanderdecken sighed.

While speaking her distantly polite manner had changed into a sort of querulous appeal—Letty's old helplessness and habit of leaning upon every body, especially her sister. She made room for Mrs. Stedman beside her with something of a sisterly air.

Now Edna and her husband, without much speaking, had tacitly made up their minds on the subject of the Vanderdeckens. They both felt that ties of blood, so far as the duty of showing kindness goes, are never abrogated—but intimacy is a different thing. To keep up a show of respect where none exists—of love when it has been long killed dead—is the merest folly, or worst, falsehood. The doctor's wife had not an atom of pride in her, and the condescending airs of her magnificent sister fell upon her perfectly harmless, almost unperceived, but Letty's total ignoring of the past, and meeting her, both on the two former occasions and to-day, as indifferently as if she were a common acquaintance, was such a mockery of kinship that she who had believed in flesh and blood ties with the passionate fervor of all loving hearts—until they are forced into disbelief—drew back within herself, utterly repelled and wounded—until she heard that sigh. Then she said, kindly—

"Letty, if I can help or advise you I would gladly do it. I have been a mother so many years now."

"Ah, yes. How many children have you? I quite forget. But they are all boys. Now, I do think one girl is more trouble than half a dozen boys; at least, if she is such a self-willed little puss as mine. I often tell Gertrude I wish when she was a baby I had broken that obstinate will of hers."

"Don't say so," replied Edna, earnestly. "I like my children to have a will of their own. I would never break it—only guide it."

"But do they obey you? Are they at all afraid of you? Gertrude is not one bit afraid of me."

"Children that obey from fear mostly turn out either hypocrites or cowards. We rule ours by the pure sense of right. God's will, which we try to teach them, is the real will to be obeyed, far beyond either their father's or mine."

"Ah, I can't understand you—I never could. But Edna"—falling into the confidential tone of old days—"what would you do if one of your children had formed an acquaintance which you objected to, though you could not absolutely forbid it, and let you argue as you might with them they wouldn't give it up?"

"Robert," whispered his mother, "run back and stay with your brothers for a little. I want to talk to your aunt."

And Robert, though dying with curiosity, obeyed.

"There, your boy obeys you in a minute, Edna. Now I might reason with my girl for an hour on the subject of that horrid old soldier. But I will just tell you the whole matter."

She drew closer to Mrs. Stedman, and in vexed and injured tones explained, in her own lengthy and contradictory fashion, how Gertrude had made acquaintance with some poor invalided soldier who lived in the village, had taken a great fancy to him, and now that he was laid up ill at his lodgings wanted to go and see him. When refused, she had sulked and fretted till she made herself quite ill.

"The child must have a tender heart," remarked Edna.

"Of course she has, and I'm sure I encourage it as much as possible. In her position she will have to be very charitable, so I always take her with me on district visiting, and put her name down below my own in subscription lists. But this is quite another matter. I told her I would give the poor man money, or send him his dinner every day, but as to her going to see him, it was quite impossible. Why, he lodges at a small public house."

"Is he a bad man, or a man of low character?"

"How can I say? soldiers often are. But to tell the plain truth"—the plain truth generally came out at the tail end of Mrs. Vanderdecken's confidences—"I don't like to say too much against him, for he certainly once saved the child's life—pulled her from under a railway train; and though I must own he has tak-

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MRS. VANDERDECKEN AND SISTER.

en no advantage of this as yet, I mean in extorting money, still he might do so, and that would make Mr. Vanderdecken so angry."

"Indeed! but you, I should have thought—"

"Ah, Edna, one isn't always a rich woman because one is married to a rich man. I have every thing I want—can run up bills to any amount, but—would you believe it?—I rarely have a sovereign in my pocket to do what I like with. Not that I think Mr. Vanderdecken means to be unkind; it's just his way; the way of all men, I suppose."

"Not all," said Edna, and thought of her own open-handed Will, who trusted her with every thing; who, like herself, never wantonly wasted a penny, and therefore had always an honest pound to spare for those that needed. And she looked with actual pity at her sister—so wealthy, yet so helplessly poor. "Yes, I can see yours is not an easy position. But does the child still fret? What does her father say?"

"Oh, he knows nothing at all about it. We never tell papa any thing. At least," noticing Edna's intense surprise, "we are obliged to be very careful what we tell him. You see, Edna, my marriage is not exactly like yours. I being so very much younger than Mr. Vanderdecken, and perhaps—well, perhaps a little more taking in my appearance," she smiled complacently, "he is apt to be just a bit jealous. He can not bear the least reference to my old ties, which accounts for my not seeing as much of you, dear, as I might do."

"I understand," replied Edna, gravely.

"And to tell the whole truth," it was dropping out bit by bit, "if I were to say to him that that poor soldier came from Calcutta, as Gertrude informs me he did, my husband, who has never forgotten the—the rather peculiar circumstances of my marriage, would be quite furious. It's natural perhaps, but," with a martyr-like sigh, "of course it is a little awkward for me."

"A little awkward!" Edna Stedman turned upon her sister full, steady, indignant eyes. "A little awkward!" she repeated, and stopped.

And this was all that remained of the past; the terrible tragedy which even yet she and her husband could hardly bear to speak of; the

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agony of suspense which had darkened their life for months and years, until it was ended by receiving chance evidence which convinced them that Julius was not lost, but dead. His story was brief enough. On coming down to meet his betrothed at the ship, and finding her gone—she having quitted it at the Cape of Good Hope to be married to Mr. Vanderdecken—he had suddenly disappeared.

Disappeared totally, leaving his lodgings just as they were—and lying on the table, in an envelope addressed to Messrs. Marchmont and Co., a brief holograph will, bequeathing every thing he had to his brother, adding, "that he would never be heard of more."

He never was. At first it was thought he might have committed suicide—gone voluntarily to face his Maker and ask Him the never-answered question of so many miserable lives; but when the news was communicated to Dr. Stedman, he refused to believe this. He thought rather that a fit of frantic despair had induced his brother to run away, so as to lose himself and his own identity for the time. So he instituted wide inquiries, and inserted advertisements in newspapers half over the world. But in vain.

At last Julius's Indian servant brought to the office of Marchmont and Co. an old coat of his master's, and a pocket-book, in which was written "Julius Stedman." Both these he said he had got from an English sailor, who took them from a drowned "body," quite unrecognizable, that had floated past his boat, down the Hoogly, three years before. How far the story was true could never be proved, but, in default of all other evidence, it was at last accepted and believed.

So that was the end. After another year's clinging to desperate hope, the will was proved, the family put on mourning; and now for more than twelve years Julius Stedman had been numbered among the dead.

How much of all this Letty knew, Edna could not say. She herself having told her only the final fact in a letter which was never answered. Yet when she looked at her sister and remembered Julius, whom she had so often watched sauntering about these very rooms with his beloved on his arm, Mrs. Stedman thought, had Letty forgotten? Was it possible she could forget?

"Gertrude, you stupid child, don't you see how you are trampling on my dress?"

The peevish tone, the entire absorption in this small annoyance of her little girl's rough but affectionate ways—yes, Letty had forgotten! All that fearful history of a ruined life—ruined, by whose doing?—was regarded by her as "a little awkward," nothing more.

But it was useless to speak, or to feel, in the matter; indeed Edna was incapable of a word. She only drew her little niece to her side and caressed her, in that lingering loving way with which she always looked at little girls now. And then lifting up her eyes, she saw entering the room, and glancing eagerly round in search of her, her husband.

"I had actually a spare hour this afternoon, Edna, so I thought I would follow you. Nurse told me where you were gone. I found the boys at once. Now lads, off with you home, for it is growing dark. Mamma and I will just idle about for a little and drive home together."

And Dr. Stedman sat down beside his Edna with the air of a man who, after nearly a score of married years, still enjoys a stolen half hour of his wife's company, and thinks her society the pleasantest in the world. The lady sitting on her other side he never noticed at all.

Now Edna knew her husband well; his strong, faithful, tender heart, which yet, under all its tenderness, had a keen sense of right and wrong, honor and dishonor, that no warmth of friendship or nearness of blood could ever set aside. She was well aware how he felt regarding Letty, and dreaded, with a kind of sick dismay, any meeting between them. But there was no alternative; it must take place.

"William," she said, touching his hand, "this is my sister. You did not recognize her, I see."

The blood rushed all over Dr. Stedman's face, and he stepped back a moment with uncontrollable repugnance. Then he seemed to remember that at least they were a man and a woman—a gentleman and a lady. He bowed courteously, and when Letty offered him her hand he did not refuse it.

"I hope your husband is well? Is this your daughter?"

"Yes. Gertrude, shake hands with Dr. Stedman. She is a little like Edna, is she not?"

"Oh no," he replied, hastily; "oh no!"

And this was all that passed.

For a minute or two more the three stood together, as they had stood so often on this very floor;—with a fourth, who was now—where? They must have thought of him, they could not but have done so, yet none of them gave the least sign. Alas, if we were all to speak out loud concerning these ghostly memories that rise up at many a festive board, or walk beside us with soundless feet down many a noisy street, what good would it be? Better keep a decent silence, and go on patiently between the two awful companies, which are ever surrounding us—the seen and the unseen—the living and the dead.

Though all preserved their composure, the position was so painful that even Mrs. Vanderdecken perceived she had better end it.

"I must go now," she said. "Dr. Stedman, would you allow one of your boys to call up my carriage?"

"I will see you myself to it, Mrs. Vanderdecken."

Coldly but courteously he offered her his arm, and they went descending the staircase together.

Edna, hardly knowing what she was about, so like a dream did it all seem, wandered mechanically on, looking at the mute pictures

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round her, chiefly portraits of dead men and women, on whose faces were strange histories —the equal histories of living men and women now.

Preoccupied as she was, she involuntarily stopped at one—Andrea Del Sarto's portrait of himself. Robert Browning must have had it in his mind when he painted that wonderful word-picture of Del Sarto and his wife, "his beautiful Lucrezia, whom he loved." All that sad story is plainly foreshadowed in the face —full of a man's passion and a woman's sensitiveness, perhaps also a woman's weakness, which looks out from the centuries-old canvas; a face, typical of the artist-nature, in all ages: often, too, foreboding the artist's fate.

While looking, and moralizing over it, Edna suddenly recognized why the portrait had struck her with a strange familiarity. It was almost as like him as if it had been painted from him —poor lost Julius!

She stood absorbed, for it seemed to speak to her with its sad soft eyes, out of the depths of years, when she felt a hand on her shoulder, and turned round to her husband.

"Edna, what were you looking at?"

"That head. Don't you see the strong resemblance?"

Dr. Stedman, less imaginative than his wife, might have passed it by, but the emotion in her countenance guided him at once. He too saw, as if it had risen up out of the grave, not Del Sarto's face, but his dead brother's, full of genius, life, and hope, whereon was no possible foreboding of the fate to come—a fate from which neither brother nor sister could save him.

Cain's appeal, "Am I my brother's keeper?" though uttered by a murderer, is not wholly untrue or unjust. Beyond a certain point no human being can help or save another. We think we can; we are strong and fearless, till taught in many a bitter and humbling way that we are poor and blind, weak and miserable, and that in God's hands alone are the spirits of all flesh, their guidance and their destinies.

But this is a hard lesson to learn. Edna saw, as she had seen many a time before during those heavy years when her husband went mourning for his brother—ay, at times even amidst the happiness of his most happy home —the sharp pain amounting almost to self-reproach, as if surely something had been left undone, or done unwisely, by him, or Julius's career would never have ended thus, in a grief the mystery of which was ten times worse than that of ordinary death.

She answered, as she sometimes ventured to do, the unspoken thoughts which by long experience she had learned to trace in William's mind, almost as accurately as if they were in her own.

"Nay, dearest, you must not grieve. You could not help it—nor I. It was not our doing, and he is at rest now."

"Yes, he is at rest. But—she?"

Will spoke beneath his breath—fiercely too—so that his wife knew well enough how much, for her sake, he had suppressed during the last half hour. Nor could she deny the truth—which he felt, though he did not utter it—that if ever a man's life was wasted and destroyed, it was that of poor Julius; and it had been Letty's doing. And yet—and yet—oh, if God reckoned up against us, not only the evil that we meant to do, but that which we have been either carelessly or foolishly instrumental in doing, where should any of us stand?

"Forgive her!" implored Edna, as some such thought as this passed through her mind —she, the mother of five children, who had all these young hearts in her hand, as it were, and knew not how in the unseen years to come they might be sinned against or sinning—needing from others the pity or pardon which their mother was not there to show. "Husband—forgive her! I think even Julius would do it, now."

"I'll try."

Dr. Stedman pressed his wife's arm close to him and abruptly turned away.

For a little while longer they wandered about the rooms, talking of indifferent topics, for Edna knew that there are some things too sore to be spoken much about, even between husband and wife: until the rare comfort of an idle hour together soothed them both, and made them feel, as married people do—that all trouble is bearable so long as each is left to the other. Perhaps even after then—for such love is not a mortal but an immortal possession.

Then they descended, arm in arm, to where, in the chilly dark of Trafalgar Square, the doctor's comfortable brougham was waiting.

"I am glad I have a warm cozy carriage to put my darling into now," said William, as he wrapped her well up, and stepping in beside her, took her hand with lover-like tenderness.

Edna laughed—almost the laugh of her girlhood—to hide the fact of two big tears which came now as quickly to her eyes as they used to do then.

"Will, you are so conceited;" and then leaning against his shoulder—creeping as close to him as the propriety of Pall Mall allowed, she whispered, "Oh, how happy we are—what a blessed life has been given to us—God make us thankful for it all!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Gertrude missed and fretted after her friend the soldier for many days. He and his stories had taken firm hold of her imagination, and his feebleness and sickliness, together with the fact of his having saved her life, had made a strong impression upon her fond little heart.

Being questioned, she had told her mother, as she always did when catechised, every thing she was asked: so Mrs. Vanderdecken now knew all particulars regarding John Stone that were known to Gertrude herself. But this

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roused in her shallow and self-absorbed mind no suspicion beyond an uneasy feeling that her daughter's propensity for "low" society—gardeners, keepers, and the common people generally—must be stopped, and that this was a good opportunity for doing it. So having ascertained, in a roundabout way, that Stone was still lying ill at the "Goat and Compasses"—though not dying, or likely immediately to die—she communicated these facts to Gertrude, and promised, in the half-and-half way in which the weak mother often pacified the strong-willed child, to send and inquire for him every day—in return exacting a promise that Gertrude would on no account demean herself by going personally to see him.

This precaution taken, the lady left the whole matter to chance, and troubled herself no more about it: Letitia Vanderdecken being, like Letty Kenderdine, one of the many people who never shut the stable-door until the steed is stolen.

But one luckless day, when she rolled away in her splendid carriage for a three hours' drive, her little daughter having contrived to get rid of Nurse, went roaming the park in weary longing for something to do, somebody to play with—a permanent want with the rich man's daughter. At last, in a sort of despair, poor little Miss Vanderdecken was driven to perch herself, like any common child, on the stile which divided Holywell Park from the furzy moor, where she could watch, and envy not a little, the groups of common children who, just turned out of the school-house, were disporting themselves there.

It was one of those soft days, mild as spring, which had followed the breaking up of the frost, and the January sunshine, pale but sweet, slanted across the moorland like a sick man's smile. Crawling along like a fly upon a wall, and like herself, idly watching the school children, Gertrude perceived her friend John Stone.

Now, her mother had forbidden her to go and see him, and Gertrude always literally kept to her promises; but she had never promised not to speak to him if she met him; Mrs. Vanderdecken, who had heard, not without a vague sense of relief, that the sick man was not likely soon to get better, having never thought of providing against such a possibility. Consequently, the first thing the little maid did was to jump down from her stile and greet him in an ecstasy of delight, at which Stone was much bewildered.

He must have been very ill, so ill as almost to confuse his mind, for he regarded the little red-cloaked elf as if he had never seen her before.

"I don't remember you. What do you want?"

Gertrude was a quick child, and possessed by instinct that precocious motherliness which some little girls show to all sick people whom they have to do with. She said, gently—

"Oh, I dare say you have forgotten me, you have been so ill. I am Gertrude Vanderdecken, the little girl you used to tell stories to, and I have missed you so much."

"Missed me? Is there any body in the world who would have missed me?"

"Oh yes, and I would have come and seen you had I been allowed, but mamma said—"

"Who is your mamma?" Then, as if memory came back in a sudden flash, overwhelming him and changing his dull apathy into that fierce half insane look which always made the child shrink, though she was too ignorant to be much afraid. "Oh yes, I know, I remember. Go away, I want to get rid of you, of all belonging to you. Leave me; let me die quietly—quietly."

He stopped, and fell into such a paroxysm of coughing that it left him quite exhausted. He found himself sitting on the stile, with the little girl holding his hand.

"You have not left me, child? I told you to go."

"But I did not wish to go," said Gertrude, who had been slowly making up her mind to a proceeding, daring indeed, and worthy of the tender romance which lay deep in her nature. She determined, henceforward, to take this poor sick man under her immediate protection, though in what way she did not quite know; and the first step was to get over her mother's violent prejudice against him. She thought if they could once meet, if her mamma could but talk with him quietly, his poor worn sickly face and shrunken figure, and above all the air of refinement, which made him so different from the "common people," as Mrs. Vanderdecken called them, would make her as much interested in him as Gertrude was herself.

So she concocted a plan for a sudden and unexpected interview between the two—her mother and the poor soldier—which did her little brain considerable credit, and was almost as romantic as the stories she read, or those she was in the habit of making "out of her own head."

"This is far too cold a place for you to sit in," said she, demurely. "Come with me, and I'll take you to our winter garden, where you'll find it so warm; almost like being in India."

"Oh!" said Stone, shivering, "if I could only get warm. I feel as if I should never be warm again;" and the impulse of physical suffering, which seemed uppermost in him now, added to that state of weakness in which a sick person can be persuaded by any body to any thing, made him submit to Gertrude's guidance, almost in spite of himself. She took him by the hand and led him across the park; but when they came in sight of the white, stone-fronted, handsome house, she stopped.

"Is your mother there?"

"I think not: she is out driving—at least she was out."

"No prevarication; no weak deceptions; you'll learn them soon enough. Where is your mother?"

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"I don't know," said the child, boldly, "and if I did I wouldn't tell you, for you look as if you meant to be rude to her, and you ought not, for she has never done you any harm, and would be very kind to you if she knew you—I am sure she would. She is exceedingly charitable to"—poor people, Gertrude was going to say, but stopped.

"Exceedingly charitable! A most amiable generous lady—quite a Lady Bountiful! And that is the house she lives in; whence she would kindly throw a crumb or two to a poor wretched fellow like me, or if I laid me down at her gate she would send her lap-dog out to lick my sores. Excellent—excellent!"

Gertrude was no coward, or she might have been frightened at the way the man talked and looked. But when she set her mind upon doing a thing, she rarely let it slip undone.

"Come," she said, taking firm hold of his hand again, "don't talk, talking is bad for you. Just come with me into the winter garden." And he came.

It was one of those floral palaces, originated by Sir Joseph Paxton, and now often to be seen in the domains of our merchant princes, who, like Mr. Vanderdecken, seldom enjoy or appreciate, but only pay for them. Under a high circular glass dome grew fresh, as if in their native clime, all sorts of tropical bulbs—palms, bananas, and so on—while ranged round in that exquisite art which knows its best skill is to imitate nature, were a mass of flowering plants, which burst upon the eye in such a glory of form and color as to transform January into June.

When, the instant Gertrude opened the door, the moist, warm, perfumed atmosphere greeted Stone's delicate senses, he drank it in with a deep breath of delight.

"Truly this feels like what Mrs. Fox would call 'another and a better world,' which a week since I was supposed to be going to. I wish I were there now."

"Where?" asked Gertrude, innocently.

"In heaven, if there be such a place. Do you think there is, child?"

She looked puzzled, half shocked, and answered, a little primly, "Mamma says we ought not to talk about those sort of things except on Sundays."

"Ha, ha! Of course not. What should she know about heaven any more than I? But tell her, when she gets there, as no doubt she will, being such a very benevolent lady—tell her to look over the gates of it at me, frying slowly, down in the other place."

Here, catching Gertrude's horrified look, Stone paused, struck by the same vague compunction which makes the profligate hold his tongue before an innocent girl, or the drunkard snatch from the young boy's hand the accursed glass.

"Never mind me, I was talking nonsense. I often do. My head is not quite right. I wish somebody would put it right." And he sighed, in that sad helplessness which went to the very bottom of the little maiden's heart.

She planned, with the quickness of lightning, the rest of her scheme.

"I know somebody who would cure you at once. Did you ever go to see him, as you said you would—Aunt Edna's husband, Dr. Stedman?"

Stone sprang up from the easy garden chair where the child had placed him, and glared round him with the eye of a hunted animal.

"Don't speak about him, don't remind me of him, or tell him of me. Let me go! I am a poor lost miserable man, that only wants to lay him down and die, in any quiet corner, out of every body's reach. I have changed my mind now—I'll promise to harm nobody, punish nobody, only let me die."

"But I don't want you to die," said Gertrude, upon whose childish ignorance two-thirds of his wild talk fell quite harmlessly—considered, as he said, to be mere "nonsense." "If you went to Dr. Stedman he would make you well. I am certain he would, for I have seen him myself now, and he looks so clever and so kind. I would go and tell him or Aunt Edna all about you, only something happened last week."

"What happened? Any of them dead?"

"Oh no!"

"That's right. They must live and be happy. Nobody ought to die except me. And I can not. Oh that I could! I am so tired, so tired."

He looked up at the child, as she stood over him, in her precocious womanly protectingness. Her little firm face trembled, but only with pity. She was not one bit irresolute or afraid.

"It is great nonsense talking about dying," said the little maid, imperatively. "You are not nearly so old as papa, and I won't let him die for many years yet, for I love him dearly, and he is very good to me, even though he was cross at that thing which happened."

"What was it?"

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you. Mamma said I had better not talk about it, it was not respectable to have coolness between relations; but one day when we were in London we met the Stedmans—Aunt Edna, and her husband, and all the boys—and when I told papa, for he asked me, as he always does, where I had been and who I had seen, and, of course, I was obliged to speak the truth—wasn't I now?—he was so excessively angry, and told mamma he would not let his little girl have any thing to do with them, for he hated the very name of Stedman."

"Why? Did he say why?"

"I think, because of that uncle I told you about, the poor man who was drowned. He must have known about him, and disliked him, for he began speaking of him to mamma, abusing him very much, called him a penniless worthless fellow, and that every body must have been glad when he died."

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"Every body glad when he died!" repeated Stone beneath his breath.

"Papa said it, and mamma seemed to think so too; but then she never dares contradict papa when he is in one of his passions. Still, for all that," continued Gertrude, chattering, and as if glad to have out in words what she seemed to have been deeply thinking about, "I can't get the poor man out of my head. I feel sorry for him. He might not have been a very bad man, or would have grown better if he had had any body to be kind to him. But away from his brother and Aunt Edna, living out there in India quite alone, with nobody to take care of him or be fond of him, what could he do?"

"Children and fools speak truth," cried Stone, violently. "But I've heard enough. What does it matter? He is dead now—dead and forgotten. What's the use of prating about him?"

Gertrude turned upon the soldier the wondering reproach which nature—no, Heaven—often puts into the innocence of children's eyes:—"Why, do not you, too, feel sorry for the poor man?"

"Sorry? Not I. There is a saying, 'As you make your bed, you must lie upon it.' He did. But no! he did not make it: it was made for him—full of briers and thorns and stinging serpents. A wicked woman did it all!"

Gertrude opened her eyes in the utmost astonishment.

"Should you like to hear about her, child? It would be a pretty tale—a very pretty tale—as interesting as any you ever heard. And you could tell it to your mother afterward. Ay, tell her—tell her. That is a grand idea! I wonder I never thought of it before."

Stone's whole frame quivered with excitement as he spoke; but Gertrude's own curiosity was too eager for her to notice his agitation much.

"Oh, do tell me—I should so like to know! But how did you come to know about him—this Julius Stedman—was not that his name?"

"Yes," answered Stone, slowly. "Julius Stedman—that was his name. He was the friend—of a friend of mine."

"And what was he like? Did you ever see him?—with your very own eyes?"

Stone paused again ere he answered, with a queer sort of smile, "No, I never met him."

Then, regaining forcibly his self-possession, he began, and in his old fashion—he had in a remarkable degree the artist faculty of graphic narration—he told, as vividly as any of his other stories, the story of the young painter and the beautiful lady with whom he was so passionately in love.

Nature stirs in a child's heart often sooner than we think: there are very few little maidens of twelve who can not understand and appreciate a love story. Gertrude listened, intensely interested.

"And was she very beautiful? As beautiful as"—the child stopped for a comparison—"as mamma?"

Stone laughed.

"You may laugh!" said Gertrude, rather angrily, "but mamma was once very beautiful. Every body says so; and she has lots of portraits of herself, done when she was young—only she keeps them locked up in a drawer, for papa can not bear the sight of them. But they are so lovely, you don't know! Mamma must have been quite as handsome as that lady—what was her name?"

"What is your mamma's name?"

"Letitia; but I heard Aunt Edna call her Letty."

The soldier dropped his head within his hands. Some ghostly memory, sweet as the hyacinth-breaths beside him, which every spring comes freshly telling us of many a spring departed—dead, and yet for ever undying—must have swept over him, annihilating every thing but the delusive, never-to-be-forgotten dream of passionate love; for he said to the child—the child so utterly unlike her mother that her flesh-and-blood presence affected him less than this accidental word—

"Not Letty. No, we'll not call her Letty. It was such a pretty name—such a sweet, dear name! And she was a wicked woman, as I said. She murdered him!"

Gertrude drew back, horrified.

"I don't mean that she killed him bodily—with a pistol or dagger. But there are other ways of murdering a man besides these. I'll tell you how she did it. And you'll not forget, child?—you'll tell it, word for word, to your mother, some day?"

"Oh yes," said Gertrude, and again bent all her mind to listen.

It was a touching story, even to a child. How, far away in India, the young man had worked—at work he did not care for—to make a home for his betrothed bride: how he had strained his means to the utmost, that she should have therein every luxury she could care for ("She liked luxuries—pretty clothes, handsome jewelry," said Stone, in parenthesis); and how, almost beside himself with happiness, he had gone down to the ship to meet her—his all but wife—his very, very own.

"And she came?" cried Gertrude, breathless with emotion.

"The ship came," said Stone, in a cold, hard voice. "She was not there."

Gertrude almost sobbed. "Was she—was she dead?"

"Oh no! only married."

And then he related, in a few sharp, biting words—for his breath seemed almost gone—how, on the voyage, a rich man had fallen in love with her ("She was so very beautiful, you know!"), and she had landed at a port half-way, where his estate was, and married him.

"What a wicked, wicked woman! I hate her." And as she said this Gertrude clenched

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her little hand. Tears—those holy childish tears which burst out irrepressibly at any story of cruelty or wrong—fell thick and fast; and her whole frame was trembling with more than sorrow—indignation. "I hate her!"

Stone had said revenge was sweet. He tasted it fully now. But the taste could not have been quite so sweet as he expected; for, instead of exulting over it, he rather drew back.

"Hush, child—don't say you hate her!"

"But she was wicked—you told me so."

"If I did, you need not say it. Children can not understand these things."

And a strange remorse came over him—the childless man—for having put into any daughter's hand a weapon that might pierce her mother to the heart. He had not thought of this at first: he had thought only of revenge—revenge, no matter how, or by what means—but now, when he heard the child's words, and saw her little face glowing with righteous wrath, he shrank back from the fire his own hands had kindled.

"Stop a minute," he said. "The world might not judge her so harshly. Many people would say she had only made a prudent marriage: and that the man—her lover—if he had any manhood in him, ought to have got over it, lived an honest life, and died beloved and respected."

"But he did die: he was drowned, I know. Where was it?—how?"

Stone could not answer. Even a hardened liar might have been staggered by the accusing earnestness of the child's eyes. And this man, once so gentle—who, however often sinning, never sinned without repenting—he knew not what to do; until, whether for good or ill, fate interposed.

Fate, sweeping along in the purple silken robes and white ermine mantle of Mrs. Vanderdecken herself.

"Gertrude! Bless me! My dear Gertrude!"

No wonder, perhaps, at the reproving sharpness of the lady's tone. It was a trial. To see—sitting in her beautiful conservatory, and beside her very own daughter—a man, not merely one of the "lower orders," as she termed them, but the very man for whom, from being indebted to him for an unpaid kindness (weak people so shrink from the burden of gratitude!) she had conceived as much repugnance as her easy nature was capable of feeling. The more, as he paid her none of the almost servile respect which Mrs. Vanderdecken was accustomed to receive from her inferiors; made no attempt to rise or bow, did not even take off his hat, but sat doggedly there, staring at her. Once, as her voice and the rustle of her dress reached his ears, he shivered. It might have been a blast of cold air from the opened door, or else—who knows?—some breath that the still beautiful woman had brought with her from the rose-gardens of his passionate youth—those lost love-roses, of which, though form and color have been obliterated in dusty death, the perfume never wholly dies.

As to Mrs. Vanderdecken, all she beheld was



MRS. VANDERDECKEN AND THE SOLDIER.

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a shabby-looking, bearded man, with a pair of gleaming eyes, which looked as if they would burn her up—devouring all her grace and quiet grandeur, though without—and she felt this, dull as she was—without having the slightest awe of either.

"Gertrude," she said, uneasily, "who is this—this person?"

"Mamma, don't you remember him? Mr. Stone—whom Bran bit—who was so good to me. He has been very, very ill, and I brought him in here because it is so nice and warm. He likes warmth—he has just come from India, you know."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Vanderdecken, carelessly.

Gertrude whispered in earnest entreaty, "Mamma, please speak to him—be a little kind to him."

"I am sure, my dear, I am always ready to show kindness to any poor people who need it, and especially to poor people in whom you are interested. But, really, you sometimes choose such extraordinary sort of folk to make friends with, and show your charity in such an unsuitable way! In this instance"—and her cold eye wandered carelessly over the shabby soldier, and she spoke with the tone of dignified rebuke which she was in the habit of using to the drunkards and slatterns of her district—"you must perceive, my good man, that for you to meet Miss Vanderdecken in this way, and let her bring you into our own private domains, is quite unpardonable. In fact"—growing more angry under the absolute silence of her hearer—"I consider it a most impertinent intrusion, and desire that it may never occur again."

"Mamma—oh, mamma!" pleaded Gertrude, but Stone took no notice whatever. He sat, as if in a dream, staring blankly at Mrs. Vanderdecken.

The lady at last grew a little uncomfortable, so fixed was the gaze, so impassive the attitude of this strange fellow, who seemed to exercise over Gertrude a perfect fascination.

"Come in, child—tea has been waiting this half hour, and I have to dress. You forget we have a dinner-party to-night. For you," turning to Stone, "as my daughter says you are an invalid, I will overlook your rudeness—for once; and since she is kind enough to take an interest in you, I shall be glad to assist you—with soup tickets, or out of my village clothing fund, if you will give me your name and address, also—I always exact this—a certificate of character."

"No," thundered out the broken-down man confronting the elegant rich woman. "I'll give you nothing—I'll accept nothing from you. Let me go."

He rose, and staggered past her, then turned, and seeing her left hand hanging down—white, glittering with many rings—he seized it, regarded it a minute, crushed it in his own with a fierce pressure, and flung it away.

Mrs. Vanderdecken gave a little scream, but the conservatory door had closed, and he was gone. Then her indignation, not unmixed with fear, burst out.

"Gertrude, this *protégé* of yours is the rudest fellow I ever saw—a perfect boor. A thief, too! for I am certain he meant to rob me. Didn't you see him make a snatch at my rings? I wonder if they are safe—one, two, three—yes, all right. What a mercy! Only think, if he had stolen these beautiful diamonds."

"Mamma!" cried Gertrude, half in reproach, half in entreaty, for she did not know what to say. Undoubtedly the poor soldier had been very rude, and yet she could not believe him to be a thief. But all her little plan had fallen to the ground. She saw her mother was seriously displeased, and her common-sense told her it was not without cause. The poor child thought she would never try romantic schemes for doing people good again.

Perplexed and miserable, she walked by her mother's side into the house, where she received her cup of tea, and the severe scolding which accompanied it, with a sad humility, and then waited beside Mrs. Vanderdecken while she dressed for a dinner-party. The little plain child had an ardent admiration for her mamma's beauty, and while she was meditatively watching the maid comb out those masses of long light hair, in which there was scarcely a gray thread visible, Mrs. Vanderdecken, chancing to turn round, saw her little girl's earnest looks, and smiled, mollified.

"Come, my dear," said she, holding out her hand, "I'll not scold you any more. We will be the best of friends, if only you promise to have nothing more to do with that ruffianly soldier."

"But I can't promise; and he isn't a ruffian, indeed," said Gertrude, piteously, yet very decidedly. She was an obstinate little thing, and had a trick of always holding fastest to her friends when they happened to be down in the world. "You would not say so, mamma, if you once heard him talk as he talks to me—as he had been talking all this afternoon."

"All the afternoon!" cried the mother, in dismay; "a young lady like you to be talking a whole afternoon with a low fellow like him! It's dreadful to think of. I am perfectly ashamed of you. What on earth were you talking about? Tell me every word. I command you!"

Here Gertrude became much perplexed. Somehow or other, whenever she spoke of the Stedmans, she had always got into trouble with either father or mother, or both; and so she had resolved in that strong reserved little heart of hers to shut them up tight there, and never refer to any of them again. She had kept this resolution so well that, in spite of the charming excitement of this afternoon's discovery concerning poor Uncle Julius, for the last half hour she had borne her mamma's reproaches in perfect silence, nor let herself be betrayed into the slightest allusion to the story which had inter-

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ested her so much. Now, being plainly questioned, she was obliged to speak out.

"I'll tell you any thing you choose, mamma," said she, sullenly, "but I know it will only make you cross. I was hearing a long story about a person whom neither you nor papa like, and whom you told me never to speak about, and I wouldn't speak, if you didn't ask me."

"What nonsense, child! Who was it?"

"Uncle Stedman's brother—Julius."

Had a ghost risen up before her Mrs. Vanderdecken could not have been more startled. Her very lips whitened as she said,

"There must be some mistake. Gertrude, how could you possibly know—"

"Of course I know, mamma. Didn't I hear you and papa talking about him? and didn't you yourself tell me who he was, and that he was drowned? I know all about him now," added the child, with childish conceit. "Mr. Stone told me his whole story."

"His whole story?"

"Yes, mamma, about his being an artist when he was young, and his falling in love with a beautiful lady, and his giving up painting and going to India to make a fortune for her sake; how she promised to come out to him and marry him; how—"

"Stop, child," interrupted Mrs. Vanderdecken, with a subdued and even frightened air; "please don't go chattering on so fast. I can't attend to you. Wait till I am dressed. Take your book and be quiet for a little."

Gertrude obeyed, yet still cast furtive glances at her mother, who arranged her dress and clasped her ornaments in a hurried, absent manner, quite unusual for one who was generally so particular about these things.

"Mamma, what is the matter with you? Are you ill? You look so white."

"Nonsense, child."

No more passed until the maid was dismissed, and the lady sat down on the sofa by the fire, her toilet complete—and an especially resplendent toilet it was; but, for once, it proved no consolation to her.

Mrs. Vanderdecken was very nervous; nervous was the word—not startled, or shocked, or grieved, but merely frightened. A vague apprehension seized her of something going to happen. Was it because, after this long safe blank of many years, somebody had turned up who knew something of her past life, or merely because of the surprise of hearing from her little daughter's lips that once familiar name? True, it was only a name. Julius Stedman was dead, and could not harm her. Living he might, or she fancied so, being a coward in her heart, and knowing well her husband's jealous temper, nurtured by that faint fear similar to the one which Brabantio first puts into the mind of Othello:

"Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

For—such is human nature, and so surely does fate take its revenge—it had been one of the troubles in Mrs. Vanderdecken's married life to be not seldom taunted for her broken pledge by the very man for whom she had broken it. Mr. Vanderdecken, of course, had known all about Julius Stedman at the time, but, being passionately in love, he had seen in her falseness to one man no obstacle to her marriage with another, since that other happened to be himself. Afterward, when the desperation of love had cooled down into the indifference that was sure, at best, to be the outcome of such a marriage, he despised his wife, and took care to let her see that he did, for doing that which he himself had persuaded her to do. It was natural, perhaps, and still, poor woman! it was rather hard.

"Gertrude," she said, turning with a helpless appeal to her child, who, thinking still that she was not well, had stolen up to her and taken her hand. "Gertrude, you must not vex your poor mother, who has nobody to be a comfort to her but you. You must make her your chief companion, and tell her every thing, instead of taking queer fancies for old soldiers and such like."

"But, mamma, I never take any fancies that make me forget you," said the little girl, earnestly. "And that story, it was no secret. He said I might tell it you whenever I liked."

"Did he? Who is he? Oh, you mean the man John Stone? Didn't you tell me that was his name? Did he ever know that—that person?"

"Uncle Stedman's brother, whom you dislike so? No; he told me he had never seen him in his life."

Mrs. Vanderdecken breathed freer. Struck with a vague apprehension, she had been beating about the bush, afraid, and yet most anxious to find out how much her daughter knew; but now she ventured to say, carelessly, taking out her watch:

"I have just ten minutes left. You may tell me the story if you like, and if it amuses you."

"It wasn't at all amusing, mamma. I think it was the saddest story I ever heard. Just listen."

And then with the vividness with which Stone's words had impressed it on her mind, and with a childish simplicity that added to its touchingness, she repeated, almost literally, what she had just heard.

Her mother listened, too much startled—nay, terrified—to interrupt her by a word. The whole history was accurate down to the remotest particulars, facts so trifling that it seemed impossible for any stranger to have heard them—nay, they had escaped her own memory, till revived like invisible writing, by being thus brought to light in such an unforeseen and overwhelming manner. It seemed as if an accusing angel spoke to her from the lips of her own child; as if, after all this lapse of years and change of circumstances, the sins of her youth, which she had glossed over and palliated, and almost believed to be no sin at all, because no punish-

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ment had ever followed them, rose up and confronted her. Also, her condemnation came from the one creature in the world whom she loved dearly, purely, and unselfishly—her only child.

"Was she not a wicked woman, mamma?" said Gertrude, lifting up her glowing face and looking straight into her mother's. "After she had made him miserable so long, first pretending she liked him, then to change her mind and refuse him? When she had at last faithfully promised to marry him, and he was expecting her, and was so happy, to break her word and go and marry another man!"

"Who was the man?" asked the mother, in an agony of dread. "Did—did he tell you the name?"

"No; only that he was rich and Mr. Stedman was poor. That was why she did it. Wasn't it a wicked, cruel thing? Oh, mamma," cried Gertrude, in a burst of indignation, "if ever, when I grow up, I were to meet that lady I should hate her. I know I should. I couldn't help it."

Mrs. Vanderdecken shivered. All through her fineries—her silks, and laces, and jewels, she shivered; and clutched the hand of her little daughter as if she were drowning—like that poor, drowned Julius—and her child's affection were the only plank to which she clung.

But soon every other feeling was absorbed in apprehension—the overpowering, irrational terror which seizes upon all weak natures when brought face to face with a difficulty the extent of which their cowardice momentarily exaggerates. Therefore, she did what such folks generally do, she adopted the line of pacification and deprecation.

"Gertrude, my dear, I am glad you have told me this story. It is exceedingly interesting, and it was kind of you to be so sorry for the poor man. Perhaps he never meant to rob me, only just to look at my diamonds. I wonder how he came to know these facts, if they are facts. Did he tell you any thing more?"

"No, mamma."

"I should almost like to speak to him myself. He might have heard particulars which the family would be glad to know."

"Oh, mamma, if only you would see him! May I go to him and tell him you will?"

"No, no!" said Mrs. Vanderdecken, hastily. "Not upon any account, my dear. Don't go near him, and if you meet him promise me—hark! isn't that your father?"

And the sound of heavy boots coming up stairs made her not wince and look annoyed, as was her wont, but actually tremble.

"Gertrude," she cried, in an agony, "promise me that you will not breathe a word to your father of all this?"

"Very well, mamma," said Gertrude, greatly puzzled and a little vexed; but she was used to her mother's feeblenesses and inconsistencies, and had learned to regard them with a patience not wholly unallied to contempt.

Yet she was fond of her, and when, ere her dismissal, she got a warmer kiss than usual, Gertrude went away quite happy.

Not so Mrs. Vanderdecken. Out of the smooth surface of her dull, easy life had risen up a great fear. Avenging Fate, whipping her with the cruelest scourge by which wrong-doing is ever punished, had humiliated her before, and caused her to stand in actual dread of, her own child.

THE MOONSTONE MASS.

THERE was a certain weakness possessed by my ancestors, though in nowise peculiar to them, and of which, in common with other more or less undesirable traits, I have come into the inheritance.

It was the fear of dying in poverty. That, too, in the face of a goodly share of pelf stored in stocks, and lands, and copper-bottomed clippers, or what stood for copper-bottomed clippers, or rather sailed for them, in the clumsy commerce of their times.

There was one old fellow in particular—his portrait is hanging over the hall stove to-day, leaning forward, somewhat blistered by the profuse heat and wasted fuel there, and as if as long as such an outrageous expenditure of caloric was going on he meant to have the full benefit of it—who is said to have frequently shed tears over the probable price of his dinner, and on the next day to have sent home a silver dish to eat it from at a hundred times the cost. I find the inconsistencies of this individual constantly cropping out in myself; and although I could by no possibility be called a niggard, yet I confess that even now my prodigalities make me shiver.

Some years ago I was the proprietor of the old family estate, unencumbered by any thing except timber, that is worth its weight in gold yet, as you might say; alone in the world, save for an unloved relative; and with a sufficiently comfortable income, as I have since discovered, to meet all reasonable wants. I had, moreover, promised me in marriage the hand of a woman without a peer, and which, I believe now, might have been mine on any day when I saw fit to claim it.

That I loved Eleanor tenderly and truly you can not doubt; that I desired to bring her home, to see her flitting here and there in my dark old house, illuminating it with her youth and beauty, sitting at the head of my table that sparkled with its gold and silver heir-looms, making my days and nights like one delightful dream, was just as true.

And yet I hesitated. I looked over my bank-book—I cast up my accounts. I have enough for one, I said; I am not sure that it is enough for two. Eleanor, daintily nurtured, requires as dainty care for all time to come; moreover, it is not two alone to be considered, for should children come, there is their education, their maintenance, their future provision and portion,

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to be found. All this would impoverish us, and unless we ended by becoming mere dependents, we had, to my excited vision, only the cold charity of the world and the work-house to which to look forward. I do not believe that Eleanor thought me right in so much of the matter as I saw fit to explain, but in maiden pride her lips perforce were sealed. She laughed though, when I confessed my work-house fear, and said that for her part she was thankful there was such a refuge at all, standing as it did on its knoll in the midst of green fields, and shaded by broad-limbed oaks—she had always envied the old women sitting there by their evening fireside, and mumbling over their small affairs to one another. But all her words seemed merely idle badinage—so I delayed. I said—when this ship sails in, when that dividend is declared, when I see how this speculation turns out—the days were long that added up the count of years, the nights were dreary; but I believed that I was actuated by principle, and took pride to myself for my strength and self-denial.

Moreover, old Paul, my great-uncle on my mother's side, and the millionaire of the family, was a bitter misogynist, and regarded women and marriage and household cares as the three remediless mistakes of an overruling Providence. He knew of my engagement to Eleanor, but so long as it remained in that stage he had nothing to say. Let me once marry, and my share of his million would be best represented by a cipher. However, he was not a man to adore, and he could not live forever.

Still, with all my own effort, I amassed wealth but slowly, according to my standard; my various ventures had various luck; and one day my old Uncle Paul, always intensely interested in the subject, both scientifically and from a commercial point of view, too old and feeble to go himself, but fain to send a proxy, and desirous of money in the family, made me an offer of that portion of his wealth on my return which would be mine on his demise, funded safely subject to my order, provided I made one of those who sought the discovery of the Northwest Passage.

I went to town, canvassed the matter with the experts—I had always an adventurous streak, as old Paul well knew—and having given many hours to the pursuit of the smaller sciences, had a turn for danger and discovery as well. And when the *Albatross* sailed—in spite of Eleanor's shivering remonstrance and prayers and tears, in spite of the grave looks of my friends—I was one of those that clustered on her deck, prepared for either fate. They—my companions—it is true, were led by nobler lights; but as for me, it was much as I told Eleanor—my affairs were so regulated that they would go on uninterruptedly in my absence; I should be no worse off for going, and if I returned, letting alone the renown of the thing, my Uncle Paul's donation was to be appropriated; every thing then was assured, and we stood possessed of lucky lives. If I had any keen or eager desire of search, any purpose to aid the growth of the world or to penetrate the secrets of its formation, as indeed I think I must have had, I did not at that time know any thing about it. But I was to learn that death and stillness have no kingdom on this globe, and that even in the extremest bitterness of cold and ice perpetual interchange and motion is taking place. So we went, all sails set on favorable winds, bounding over blue sea, skirting frowning coasts, and ever pushing our way up into the dark mystery of the North.

I shall not delay here to tell of Danish posts and the hospitality of summer settlements in their long afternoon of arctic daylight; nor will I weary you with any description of the succulence of the radishes that grew under the panes of glass in the Governor's scrap of moss and soil, scarcely of more size than a lady's parlor fernery, and which seemed to our dry mouths full of all the earth's cool juices—but advance, as we ourselves hastened to do, while that chill and crystalline sun shone, up into the ice-cased dens and caverns of the Pole. By the time that the long, blue twilight fell, when the rough and rasping cold sheathed all the atmosphere, and the great stars pricked themselves out on the heavens like spears' points, the *Albatross* was hauled up for winter-quarters, banked and boarded, heaved high on fields of ice; and all her inmates, during the wintry dark, led the life that prepared them for further exploits in higher latitudes the coming year, learning the dialects of the Esquimaux, the tricks of the seal and walrus, making long explorations with the dogs and Glipnu, their master, breaking ourselves in for business that had no play about it.

Then, at last, the August suns set us free again; inlets of tumultuous water traversed the great ice-floes; the *Albatross*, refitted, ruffled all her plumage and spread her wings once more for the North—for the secret that sat there domineering all its substance.

It was a year since we had heard from home; but who staid to think of that while our keel spurned into foam the sheets of steely seas, and day by day brought us nearer to the hidden things we sought? For myself I confess that, now so close to the end as it seemed, curiosity and research absorbed every other faculty; Eleanor might be mouldering back to the parent earth—I could not stay to meditate on such a possibility; my Uncle Paul's donation might enrich itself with gold-dust instead of the gathered dust of idle days—it was nothing to me. I had but one thought, one ambition, one desire in those days—the discovery of the clear seas and open passage. I endured all our hardships as if they had been luxuries: I made light of scurvy, banqueted off train-oil, and met that cold for which there is no language framed, and which might be a new element; or which, rather, had seemed in that long night like the vast void of ether beyond the uttermost star,

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where was neither air nor light nor heat, but only bitter negation and emptiness. I was hardly conscious of my body; I was only a concentrated search in myself.

The recent explorers had announced here, in the neighborhood of where our third summer at last found us, the existence of an immense space of clear water. One even declared that he had seen it.

My Uncle Paul had pronounced the declaration false, and the sight an impossibility. The North he believed to be the breeder of icebergs, an ever-welling fountain of cold; the great glaciers there forever form, forever fall; the ice-packs line the gorges from year to year unchanging; peaks of volcanic rock drop their frozen mantles like a scale only to display the fresher one beneath. The whole region, said he, is Plutonic, blasted by a primordial convulsion of the great forces of creation; and though it may be a few miles nearer to the central fires of the earth, allowing that there are such things, yet that would not in itself detract from the frigid power of its sunless solitudes, the more especially when it is remembered that the spinning of the earth, while in its first plastic material, which gave it greater circumference and thinness of shell at its equator, must have thickened the shell correspondingly at the poles; and the character of all the waste and wilderness there only signifies the impenetrable wall between its surface and centre, through which wall no heat could enter or escape. The great rivers, like the White and the Mackenzie, emptying to the north of the continents, so far from being enough in themselves to form any body of ever fresh and flowing water, can only pierce the opposing ice-fields in narrow streams and bays and inlets as they seek the Atlantic and the Pacific seas. And as for the theory of the currents of water heated in the tropics and carried by the rotary motion of the planet to the Pole, where they rise and melt the ice-floes into this great supposititious sea, it is simply an absurdity on the face of it, he argued, when you remember that warm water being in its nature specifically lighter than cold it would have risen to the surface long before it reached there. No, thought my Uncle Paul, who took nothing for granted; it is as I said, an absurdity on the face of it; my nephew shall prove it, and I stake half the earnings of my life upon it.

To tell the truth, I thought much the same as he did; and now that such a mere trifle of distance intervened between me and the proof, I was full of a feverish impatience that almost amounted to insanity.

We had proceeded but a few days, coasting the crushing capes of rock that every where seemed to run out in a diablerie of tusks and horns to drive us from the region that they warded, now cruising through a runlet of blue water just wide enough for our keel, with silver reaches of frost stretching away into a ghastly horizon—now plunging upon tossing seas, the sun wheeling round and round, and never sinking from the strange, weird sky above us, when again to our look-out a glimmer in the low horizon told its awful tale—a sort of smoky lustre like that which might ascend from an army of spirits—the fierce and fatal spirits tented on the terrible field of the ice-floe.

We were alone, our single little ship speeding ever upward in the midst of that untraveled desolation. We spoke seldom to one another, oppressed with the sense of our situation. It was a loneliness that seemed more than a death in life, a solitude that was supernatural. Here and now it was clear water; ten hours later and we were caught in the teeth of the cold, wedged in the ice that had advanced upon us and surrounded us, fettered by another winter in latitudes where human life had never before been supported.

We found, before the hands of the dial had taught us the lapse of a week, that this would be something not to be endured. The sun sank lower every day behind the crags and silvery horns; the heavens grew to wear a hue of violet, almost black, and yet unbearably dazzling; as the notes of our voices fell upon the atmosphere they assumed a metallic tone, as if the air itself had become frozen from the beginning of the world and they tinkled against it; our sufferings had mounted in their intensity till they were too great to be resisted.

It was decided at length—when the one long day had given place to its answering night, and in the jet-black heavens the stars, like knobs of silver, sparkled so large and close upon us that we might have grasped them in our hands—that I should take a sledge with Glipnu and his dogs, and see if there were any path to the westward by which, if the *Albatross* were forsaken, those of her crew that remained might follow it, and find an escape to safety. Our path was on a frozen sea; if we discovered land we did not know that the foot of man had ever trodden it; we could hope to find no *caché* of snow-buried food—neither fish nor game lived in this desert of ice that was so devoid of life in any shape as to seem dead itself. But, well provisioned, furred to the eyes, and essaying to nurse some hopefulness of heart, we set out on our way through this Valley of Death, relieving one another, and traveling day and night.

Still night and day to the west rose the black coast, one interminable height; to the east extended the sheets of unbroken ice; sometimes a huge glacier hung pendulous from the precipice; once we saw, by the starlight, a white, foaming, rushing river arrested and transformed to ice in its flight down that steep. A south wind began to blow behind us; we traveled on the ice; three days, perhaps, as days are measured among men, had passed, when we found that we made double progress, for the ice traveled too; the whole field, carried by some northward-bearing current, was afloat; it began to be crossed and cut by a thousand crevasses; the cakes, an acre each, tilted up and

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down, and made wide waves with their ponderous plashing in the black body of the sea; we could hear them grinding distantly in the clear dark against the coast, against each other. There was no retreat—there was no advance; we were on the ice, and the ice was breaking up. Suddenly we rounded a tongue of the primeval rock, and recoiled before a narrow gulf—one sharp shadow, as deep as despair, as full of aguish fears. It was just wide enough for the sledge to span. Glipnu made the dogs leap; we could be no worse off if they drowned. They touched the opposite block; it careened; it went under; the sledge went with it; I was left alone where I had stood. Two dogs broke loose, and scrambled up beside me; Glipnu and the others I never saw again. I sank upon the ice; the dogs crouched beside me; sometimes I think they saved my brain from total ruin, for without them I could not have withstood the enormity of that loneliness, a loneliness that it was impossible should be broken—floating on and on with that vast journeying company of spectral ice. I had food enough to support life for several days to come, in the pouch at my belt; the dogs and I shared it—for, last as long as it would, when it should be gone there was only death before us—no reprieve—sooner or later that; as well sooner as later—the living terrors of this icy hell were all about us, and death could be no worse.

Still the south wind blew, the rapid current carried us, the dark skies grew deep and darker, the lanes and avenues between the stars were crowded with forebodings—for the air seemed full of a new power, a strange and invisible influence, as if a king of unknown terrors here held his awful state. Sometimes the dogs stood up and growled and bristled their shaggy hides; I, prostrate on the ice, in all my frame was stung with a universal tingle. I was no longer myself. At this moment my blood seemed to sing and bubble in my veins; I grew giddy with a sort of delirious and inexplicable ecstasy; with another moment unutterable horror seized me; I was plunged and weighed down with a black and suffocating load, while evil things seemed to flap their wings in my face, to breathe in my mouth, to draw my soul out of my body and carry it careering through the frozen realm of that murky heaven, to restore it with a shock of agony. Once as I lay there, still floating, floating northward, out of the dim dark rim of the water-world, a lance of piercing light shot up the zenith; it divided the heavens like a knife; they opened out in one blaze, and the fire fell sheetingly down before my face—cold fire, curdingly cold—light robbed of heat, and set free in a preternatural anarchy of the elements; its fringes swung to and fro before my face, pricked it with flaming spiculæ, dissolving in a thousand colors that spread every where over the low field, flashing, flickering, creeping, reflecting, gathering again in one long serpentine line of glory that wavered in slow convolutions across the cuts and crevasses of the ice, wreathed ever nearer, and, lifting its head at last, became nothing in the darkness but two great eyes like glowing coals, with which it stared me to a stound, till I threw myself face down to hide me in the ice; and the whining, bristling dogs cowered backward, and were dead.

I should have supposed myself to be in the region of the magnetic pole of the sphere, if I did not know that I had long since left it behind me. My pocket-compass had become entirely useless, and every scrap of metal that I had about me had become a loadstone. The very ice, as if it were congealed from water that held large quantities of iron in solution; iron escaping from whatever solid land there was beneath or around, the Plutonic rock that such a region could have alone veined and seamed with metal. The very ice appeared to have a magnetic quality; it held me so that I changed my position upon it with difficulty, and, as if it established a battery by the aid of the singular atmosphere above it, frequently sent thrills quivering through and through me till my flesh seemed about to resolve into all the jarring atoms of its original constitution; and again soothed me, with a velvet touch, into a state which, if it were not sleep, was at least haunted by visions that I dare not believe to have been realities, and from which I always awoke with a start to find myself still floating, floating. My watch had long since ceased to beat. I felt an odd persuasion that I had died when that stood still, and only this slavery of the magnet, of the cold, this power that locked every thing in invisible fetters and let nothing loose again, held my soul still in the bonds of my body. Another idea, also, took possession of me, for my mind was open to whatever visitant chose to enter, since utter despair of safety or release had left it vacant of a hope or fear. These enormous days and nights, swinging in their arc six months long, were the pendulum that dealt time in another measure than that dealt by the sunlight of lower zones; they told the time of what interminable years, the years of what vast generations far beyond the span that covered the age of the primeval men of Scripture—they measured time on this gigantic and enduring scale for what wonderful and mighty beings, old as the everlasting hills, as destitute as they of mortal sympathy, cold and inscrutable, handling the two-edged javelins of frost and magnetism, and served by all the unknown polar agencies. I fancied that I saw their far-reaching cohorts, marshaling and manœuvring at times in the field of an horizon that was boundless, the glitter of their spears and casques, the sheen of their white banners; and again, sitting in fearful circle with their phantasmagoria they shut and hemmed me in and watched me writhe like a worm before them.

I had a fancy that the perpetual play of magnetic impulses here gradually disintegrated

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the expanse of ice, as sunbeams might have done. If it succeeded in unseating me from my cold station I should drown, and there would be an end of me; it would be all one; for though I clung to life I did not cling to suffering. Something of the wild beast seemed to spring up in my nature; that ignorance of any moment but the present. I felt a certain kinship to the bear in her comfortable snowiness whom I had left in the parallels far below this unreal tract of horrors. I remembered traditions of such metempsychoses; the thought gave me a pang that none of these fierce and subtle elements had known how to give before. But all the time my groaning, cracking ice was moving with me, splitting now through all its leagues of length along the darkness, with an explosion like a cannon's shot, that echoed again and again in every gap and chasm of its depth, and seemed to be caught up and repeated by a thousand airy sprites, and snatched on from one to another till it fell dead through the frozen thickness of the air.

It was at about this time that I noticed another species of motion than that which had hitherto governed it seizing this journeying ice. It bent and bent, as a glacier does in its viscous flow between mountains; it crowded, and loosened, and rent apart, and at last it broke in every direction, and every fragment was crushed and jammed together again; and the whole mass was following, as I divined, the curve of some enormous whirlpool that swept it from beneath. It might have been a day and night, it might have been an hour, that we traveled on this vast curve—I had no more means of knowing than if I had veritably done with time. We were one expanse of shadow; not a star above us, only a sky of impenetrable gloom received the shimmering that now and again the circling ice cast off. It was a strange slow motion, yet with such a steadiness and strength about it that it had the effect of swiftness. It was long since any water, or the suspicion of any, had been visible; we might have been grinding through some gigantic hollow for all I could have told; snow had never fallen here; the mass moved you knew as if you felt the prodigious hand that grasped and impelled it from beneath. Whither was it tending, in the eddy of what huge stream that went, with the smoke of its fall hovering on the brink, to plunge a tremendous cataract over the limits of the earth into the unknown abyss of space? Far in advance there was a faint glimmering, a sort of powdery light glancing here and there. As we approached it—the ice and I—it grew fainter, and was, by-and-by, lost in a vast twilight that surrounded us on all sides; at the same time it became evident that we had passed under a roof, an immense and vaulted roof. As crowding, stretching, rending, we passed on, uncanny gleams were playing distantly above us and around us, now and then overlaying all things with a sheeted illumination as deathly as a grave-light, now and then shooting up in spires of blood-red radiance that disclosed the terrible aurora. I was in a cavern of ice, as wide and as high as the heavens; these flashes of glory, alternated with equal flashes of darkness, as you might say, taught me to perceive. Perhaps tremendous tide after tide had hollowed it with all its fantastic recesses; or had that Titanic race of the interminable years built it as a palace for their monarch, a temple for their deity, with its domes that sprung far up immeasurable heights and hung palely shining like mock heavens of hazy stars; its aisles that stretched away down colonnades of crystal columns into unguessed darkness; its high-heaved arches, its pierced and open sides? Now an aurora burned up like a blue-light, and went skimming under all the vaults far off into far and farther hollows, revealing, as it went, still loftier heights and colder answering radiances. Then these great arches glowed like blocks of beryl. Wondrous tracery of delicate vines and leaves, greener than the greenest moss, wandered over them, wreathed the great pillars, and spread round them in capitals of flowers; roses crimson as a carbuncle; hyacinths like bedded cubes of amethyst; violets bluer than sapphires—all as if the flowers had been turned to flame, yet all so cruelly cold, as if the power that wrought such wonders could simulate a sparkle beyond even the lustre of light, but could not give it heat, that principle of life, that fountain of first being. Yonder a stalactite of clustered ruby—that kept the aurora and glinted faintly, and more faintly, till the thing came again, when it grasped a whole body-full of splendor—hung downward and dropped a thread-like stem and a blossom of palest pink, like a transfigured Linnæa, to meet the snow-drop in its sheath of green that shot up from a spire of aqua marine below. Here living rainbows flew from buttress to buttress and frolicked in the domes—the only things that dared to live and sport where beauty was frozen into horror. It seemed as if that shifting death-light of the aurora photographed all these things upon my memory, for I noted none of them at the time. I only wondered idly whither we were tending as we drove in deeper and deeper under that ice-roof, and curved more and more circlingly upon our course while the silent flashes sped on overhead. Now we were in the dark again crashing onward; now a cold blue radiance burst from every icicle, from every crevice, and I saw that the whole enormous mass of our motion bent and swept around a single point—a dark yet glittering form that sat as if upon the apex of the world. Was it one of those mightier than the Anakim, more than the sons of God, to whom all the currents of this frozen world converged? Sooth I know not—for presently I imagined that my vision made only an exaggeration of some brown Esquimaux sealed up and left in his snow-house to die. A thin sheathing of ice appeared to clothe him and give the glister to his duskiness. Insensible as I had thought

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myself to any further fear, I cowered beneath the stare of those dead and icy eyes. Slowly we rounded, and ever rounded; the inside, on which my place was, moving less slowly than the outer circle of the sheeted mass in its viscid flow; and as we moved, by some fate my eye was caught by the substance on which this figure sat. It was no figure at all now, but a bare jag of rock rising in the centre of this solid whirlpool, and carrying on its summit something which held a light that not one of these icy freaks, pranking in the dress of gems and flowers, had found it possible to assume. It was a thing so real, so genuine, my breath became suspended; my heart ceased to beat; my brain, that had been a lump of ice, seemed to move in its skull; hope, that had deserted me, suddenly sprung up like a second life within me; the old passion was not dead, if I was. It rose stronger than life or death or than myself. If I could but snatch that mass of moonstone, that inestimable wealth! It was nothing deceptive, I declared to myself. What more natural home could it have than this region, thrown up here by the old Plutonic powers of the planet, as the same substance in smaller shape was thrown up on the peaks of the Mount St. Gothard, when the Alpine aiguilles first sprang into the day? There it rested, limpid with its milky pearl, casting out flakes of flame and azure, of red and leaf-green light, and holding yet a sparkle of silver in the reflections and refractions of its inner axis—the splendid Turk's-eye of the lapidaries, the cousin of the water-opal and the girasole, the precious essence of feldspar. Could I break it, I would find clusters of great hemitrope crystals. Could I obtain it, I should have a jewel in that mass of moonstone such as the world never saw! The throne of Jemschid could not cast a shadow beside it.

Then the bitterness of my fate overwhelmed me. Here, with this treasure of a kingdom, this jewel that could not be priced, this wealth beyond an Emperor's—and here only to die! My stolid apathy vanished, old thoughts dominated once more, old habits, old desires. I thought of Eleanor then in her warm, sunny home, the blossoms that bloomed around her, the birds that sang, the cheerful evening fires, the longing thoughts for one who never came, who never was to come. But I would! I cried, where human voice had never cried before. I would return! I would take this treasure with me! I would not be defrauded! Should not I, a man, conquer this inanimate blind matter? I reached out my hands to seize it. Slowly it receded—slowly, and less slowly; or was the motion of the ice still carrying me onward? Had we encircled this apex? and were we driving out into the open and uncovered North, and so down the seas and out to the open main of black water again? If so—if I could live through it—I must have this thing!

I rose, and as well as I could, with my cramped and stiffened limbs, I moved to go back for it. It was useless; the current that carried us was growing invincible, the gaping gulfs of the outer seas were sucking us toward them. I fell; I scrambled to my feet; I would still have gone back, but, as I attempted it, the ice whereon I was inclined ever so slightly, tipped more boldly, gave way, and rose in a billow, broke, and piled over on another mass beneath. Then the cavern was behind us, and I comprehended that this ice-stream, having doubled its central point, now in its outward movement encountered the still incoming body, and was to pile above and pass over it, the whole expanse bending, cracking, breaking, crowding, and compressing, till its rearing tumult made bergs more mountainous than the offshot glaciers of the Greenland continent, that should ride safely down to crumble in the surging seas below. As block after block of the rent ice rose in the air, lighted by the blue and bristling aurora-points, toppled and mounted higher, it seemed to me that now indeed I was battling with those elemental agencies in the dreadful fight I had desired—one man against the might of matter. I sprang from that block to another; I gained my balance on a third, climbing, shouldering, leaping, struggling, holding with my hands, catching with my feet, crawling, stumbling, tottering, rising high and higher with the mountain ever making underneath; a power unknown to my foes coming to my aid, a blessed rushing warmth that glowed on all the surface of my skin, that set the blood to racing in my veins, that made my heart beat with newer hope, sink with newer despair, rise buoyant with new determination. Except when the shaft of light pierced the shivering sky I could not see or guess the height that I had gained. I was vaguely aware of chasms that were bottomless, of precipices that opened on them, of pinnacles rising round me in aerial spires, when suddenly the shelf, on which I must have stood, yielded, as if it were pushed by great hands, swept down a steep incline like an avalanche, stopped halfway, but sent me flying on, sliding, glancing, like a shooting-star, down, down the slippery side, breathless, dizzy, smitten with blistering pain by awful winds that whistled by me, far out upon the level ice below that tilted up and down again with the great resonant plash of open water, and conscious for a moment that I lay at last upon a fragment that the mass behind urged on, I knew and I remembered nothing more.

Faces were bending over me when I opened my eyes again, rough, uncouth, and bearded faces, but no monsters of the pole. Whalemen rather, smelling richly of train-oil, but I could recall nothing in all my life one fraction so beautiful as they; the angels on whom I hope to open my eyes when Death has really taken me will scarcely seem sights more blest than did those rude whalers of the North Pacific Sea. The North Pacific Sea—for it was there that I was found, explain it how you may—whether the *Albatross* had pierced farther to the west than her sailing-master knew, and had lost her

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reckoning with a disordered compass-needle under new stars—or whether I had really been the sport of the demoniac beings of the ice, tossed by them from zone to zone in a dozen hours. The whalers, real creatures enough, had discovered me on a block of ice, they said; nor could I, in their opinion, have been many days undergoing my dreadful experience, for there was still food in my wallet when they opened it. They would never believe a word of my story, and so far from regarding me as one who had proved the Northwest Passage in my own person, they considered me a mere idle maniac, as uncomfortable a thing to have on shipboard as a ghost or a dead body, wrecked and unable to account for myself, and gladly transferred me to a homeward-bound Russian man-of-war, whose officers afforded me more polite but quite as decided skepticism. I have never to this day found any one who believed my story when I told it—so you can take it for what it is worth. Even my Uncle Paul flouted it, and absolutely refused to surrender the sum on whose expectation I had taken ship; while my old ancestor, who hung peeling over the hall fire, dropped from his frame in disgust at the idea of one of his hard-cash descendants turning romancer. But all I know is that the *Albatross* never sailed into port again, and that if I open my knife to-day and lay it on the table it will wheel about till the tip of its blade points full at the North Star.

I have never found any one to believe me, did I say? Yes, there is one—Eleanor never doubted a word of my narration, never asked me if cold and suffering had not shaken my reason. But then, after the first recital, she has never been willing to hear another word about it, and if I ever allude to my lost treasure or the possibility of instituting search for it, she asks me if I need more lessons to be content with the treasure that I have, and gathers up her work and gently leaves the room. So that, now I speak of it so seldom, if I had not told the thing to you it might come to pass that I should forget altogether the existence of my mass of moonstone. My mass of moonshine, old Paul calls it. I let him have his say; he can not have that nor any thing else much longer; but when all is done I recall Galileo and I mutter to myself, "*Per si muove*—it *was* a mass of moonstone! With these eyes I saw it, with these hands I touched it, with this heart I longed for it, with this will I mean to have it yet!"

OUR NEIGHBORS THE BIRDS.

KIND reader, you whose love for Nature is as great as mine, whose greatest pleasure is in finding out her wildest haunts, and communing with her through her marvelous works, come with me away out into the woods and fields, and there let us together enjoy the feast spread out for us.

I know of most lovely dells in which tinkling little brooks are always weaving silver threads through gray and mossy rocks; dells so quiet and so shaded that, save the sweet song of the Mavis, or of some amorous Grosbeak, or the Tanager, no sound breaks through the whisper of the leaves, the tinkle of the brook, for all the livelong day. I know of woods that cover hills, and then, descending them, throw out across the swamps the fringe of their broad mantle, in which the Warblers and the Thrushes love to dwell. I know of groves through which, for hours, we may wander, our feet moving with noiseless tread upon the soft green turf and moss; the sun's rays but now and then glinting down upon us through the leaves, the winds sighing and singing a soft accompaniment to all the chorus being sung around us.

Then come with me, and I will give you all the history of the birds we meet.

The first note that we hear, as we cross the pasture and approach the outskirts of the woods, is the sweet, the peaceful song of our own favorite, the Vireo. Drawing near, we recognize at once his cap of ashy blue, his eyes of pink, coat of bright olive-green, and waistcoat of unsullied white; and as we stand beneath his perch, and watch him as he sings, can you wonder that, of all the feathered tenants of the woods, he is our own especial favorite? Is not his song the very expression of calmest, quietest content? Are not all his movements marked by grace and elegance? I love to recline upon a mossy knoll in the deep oak woods and watch this little songster, and as I watch I wonder whose perfect, pardoned spirit lives within his little body. I often wish that if there is any truth in the transmigration of souls, I might be good and favored enough to, some time hence, become a Vireo. All the summer long, in sunshine or in storm, from early morn to dewy eve, his sweet soliloquy, his beautiful hymns are heard—hymns breathing of love and gratitude for all the goodness of Nature's God—soliloquies of peace and good-will for all the world. Ah, the Vireo is really an angel among the birds, and all should do him reverence!

See the little one how busily he keeps employed, searching each leaf, each bud and twig, for dainty morsels of insect food; and as he moves among the foliage, now leisurely poising on some waving branch, now fluttering at the end of some leaf-capped twig, how like a little elf does he appear!

He has flown; but his flight was short, for there he has alighted on the branch from which his pensile nest rocks to and fro before the summer breeze. Let us examine the nest, for it is the type of all the dwellings of his family. Was ever neater model seen? How cunningly are twined and braided long and flexible strips of grape-vine bark, and silvery birch, and bass, into as perfect a basket as ever birds did weave; and how strongly the strands are sewn and tied around the forked twig; does it seem possible that birds could make so strong yet light a fabric? Ah, my friend; but birds are the best

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house-builders in the world, and each has always had a model of his own, that has proved since earliest time the very best of all for his own particular wants. Looking into the nest, for it hangs just low enough for us to peer inside its walls, we see the female bird patiently sitting upon her eggs. Leaning over to scan her a little closer, we crack a twig beneath our feet, and the sudden noise, rather than our presence—for she is no suspicious bird, but tolerates the near approach of man—drives her from the nest.

How neatly is the dwelling lined; how carefully are arranged the finer strips of bark and rootlets around the bottom and the sides; and on this lining are the eggs. They are five in number, four of them of perfect form, their thin, white shells rose-tinted by the germ within, on each egg a few scattered dots and spots of brown and black. These are the Vireos, the rightful tenants of the nest. The fifth egg, of a coarser form, of grayish color, with thickly-spattered dots of brown and black, is the egg which the parasitic Troopial, the Cow-Bunting, has laid, depending upon the patient care and watchfulness of the Vireo to hatch and rear its offspring. One would surely think that with a family in prospective of four, the Vireos might be spared the imposition of having others' children thrust upon them; but the Troopial, shiftless, lazy, and unloving, always leaves its eggs in others' nests, and cowardly chooses those whose weakness is its own security. I always, when I find its egg laid in the nest of some small bird, destroy it, and so we'll do with this. We remove it carefully, lest our fingers might crush the tender shells of the other eggs, and drop it to the ground.

See what a grateful look the Vireos give us; and in the oft-repeated song that the male is singing can you not hear how plainly he is thanking us? But come, we have intruded on their privacy full long enough, and the good wife is anxious to again settle upon her nest. Adieu, sweet birds, and may your chicks—which soon will burst their coverings—grow up to be such good and happy birds as you are now!

A little farther in the woods, just where some oaks and chestnuts, scattered with some pines and other evergreens, make a deep-shaded spot, we hear a wondrous sweet and flute-like song. Let us quietly approach the spot, for the Song-Thrush, who is singing, is none too fond of man's intrusion. There is the singer, perched upon the lower limb of yonder pine. Is he not a handsome bird? His coat and all his upper dress a brown and reddish olive, beneath pure white, with thickly spotted arrow-heads of black upon the breast. Is not his song a marvel of melody? Now ringing like a martial fife, now simulating the tender strains of a lover's flute, anon tinkling like a silver bell. Of all his family none approaches him in power and melody of song except the Hermit-Thrush, and which is the better singer I can not say.

I often, in the wilds of Northern Maine, have heard the Hermit's song, and, until I saw the bird, and proved him what he was, supposed him to be a Song-Thrush with a marvelous voice and talent. But the Song-Thrush and the Hermit sing not in the same wood. With the former lives the Tawny-Thrush, he with the reddish coat and simple song; with the Hermit lives the Olive-Back, whose song, though sweet, is short and plain. No, two such songsters could not live together; their lives would be sung away in tuneful rivalry. The Hermit sings to the northern wilderness and the mountains, and is silent, in the spring and autumn, when passing through the other's domains; the Song-Thrush to the lower plateaus and more southern valleys.

Both birds are of similar habits, living chiefly upon the ground, subsisting upon the smaller berries and grubs and insects, and singing at morn and early eve and through the dark and cloudy days. They, with the Vireos, make glad the woods when rainy weather is upon them and other birds are silent, and nothing can be sweeter than their song when heard among the pattering rain-drops through the leaves. Our friend yonder is singing to his mate, who has just left her nest in the fork of that low cedar.

You never saw a Song-Thrush's nest? Come with me, then, and examine this; it is just high enough in the tree to permit us, standing tip-toe, to see inside it. This species always chooses a low tree for its nesting-place, while the Tawny or Wilson's Thrush prefers the ground, as does the Hermit and often the Olive-Back. You notice that the lower part of the nest is composed of fine twigs and grasses, upon which is built the strongly made mud structure. The interior is lined with fine roots and grass, and I doubt if you could distinguish either the nest or the handsome bluish-green eggs from those of the Robin, so much do they resemble them. The eggs of our other thrushes can be readily distinguished by the pale blue of the Hermit, the emerald-green of the Wilson's, and the red-and-brown-spotted blue of the Olive-Back. The Brown Thrush, or Brown Mavis, as it is often called, the bird which perches on a birch or maple in May and sings the livelong day, seeming to imitate the songs of all the other birds, but really pouring forth a medley of its own original thoughts—funny and unique, of course, but still its own—belongs not to the same family as the Song-Thrush, but is placed by naturalists among the Mocking Birds. So also is our Cat-Bird, that droll and whimsical one, who sometimes sings for hours a passing sweet and varied song, that, though all its own, seems to be parts of songs of all the others.

The Cat-Bird always seemed to me to have a great resemblance to a plain young prima donna that I know, who, while singing sweetly, and singing much and often, is yet a little shrew and scolds most terribly. She has a voice attuned to melody of song; but when she rates

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her husband it grates most harshly and unmelodiously. To hear the Cat-Bird singing, and then approaching it to hear it scold—(a friend of mine calls it the common scold of all the woods)—and you would be surprised to find both accents issuing from the self-same bird.

Let us ascend into yonder cool and shady glen, where strangers' footsteps rarely wander, and we may, perhaps, discover some rarer tenant of the woods, for in such quiet nooks, where heavy foliage turns daylight into twilight, many of our loveliest birds seek homes and pass the summer away.

Stop just a moment, for see, before us in that bush a small bird has left its nest, and is flitting nervously in the shrubbery there. Watch it, and in the few glimpses of it that we catch we will find, by its green and black striped and mottled back, its yellow crown, its pure white dress beneath, with sides of throat and body of reddish-brown, that it is the Chestnut-Side, one of our prettiest and now most common Warblers, though in the days of Wilson and Nuttall it was quite rare.

It belongs to the genus *Dendroica* of ornithologists, of which we have twenty and odd species in the United States. It is the principal division of what was the *Sylvia* of former naturalists; but as peculiarities of form and habits in some species were discovered on careful study to be so marked and different from those of others, "Sylvia" was divided into *Dendroica*, the true Warblers; and *Setophaga*, the Redstarts, and *Parula* and *Mniotilta*, the Creeper-Warblers, and several others with equally marked characteristics. For a general name for them all, *Sylvians*, or "Wood-Inhabiters," is good and appropriate. They comprehend the handsomest and most graceful of all our birds.

The nest before us is a good type of the nests of all the bush-building Warblers, being neatly made of grasses and rootlets and fine twigs twined together; and the interior is lined with finer rootlets and horse-hairs, which the birds by chance found in the woods, or perhaps brought from the pasture a mile away. The eggs are of a pretty, creamy white, spotted and splashed with brown and reddish and lavender; they so much resemble the eggs of many of the other Warblers that it must be a critical eye indeed that could distinguish them. If we had not seen the bird, and seen it well, I confess that I would have hesitated in naming these eggs.

But this moment, as I glanced up into the foliage of the pine above our heads, my attention was attracted to the movements of another small bird. Stay! there it is again; and now, as it moves about the tree, would you not call it a Warbler, and now a Creeper, and now a small Flycatcher—so much does it mimic each and all of these?

What a lively fellow it is! now running along a branch with nimble foot, now fluttering upon the end of some small twig, now hanging like a titmouse, its head downward, attentively examining a leaf or bud for insects' eggs or caterpillars. Now taking a short, quick flight, pursuing a flying insect, and now descending suddenly to a lower branch, following a spider, which, to escape, had dropped, hanging to its slender web until the danger passed.

Now we have a nearer view of the bird; and as we see its upper coat of blue, with its broad and flaming patch of yellow, and under-dress of yellow and white, with reddish band across the breast, we know the bird to be, what I at first suspected, the Blue and Yellow-Backed Warbler—the *Parula Americana* of modern writers. Such a beauty as he is, and such a curious song; like the words *preacher, preacher, preacher*, uttered at first loud, then gradually subduing to simply *preach*, which is so faintly lisped that we hardly hear it; or if we do, we imagine it to be a cricket or grasshopper taking its first lessons in vocalism.

The bird sometimes breeds in our own forests, though it usually seeks retirement in higher latitudes; perhaps, if we look carefully, we may find the nest. The bird has disappeared. An instant since it perched beside that huge bunch of hoary moss hanging from that high limb; now he is gone. But what a curious form the moss has! Like an iron-gray wig, or old man's beard, untidy and uncombed, it seems, with knots and snarls on every side. I who am used to climbing trees will climb up this and get the moss; it will be a pleasant souvenir of our walk to-day.

As I climb up toward the bunch of moss the Warbler, who has again appeared, flutters and expostulates before me. The nest must be in this tree, or the bird would be less demonstrative. Did you see that? Just as I stretched out my hand to grasp the waving bunch a bird flew out from within its folds, and now she joins her mate in loud entreaties and scoldings. The nest is in the moss, and curiously it is made; the ends of many fibres are sewn together and twisted up into a pouch; inside this are carried and woven finer pieces of the same material which are bent around each other neatly yet loosely; as if the bird had, at the outset, a mind to make an elaborate structure, yet when half done grew tired of the labor and finished hurriedly. The whole fabric is so thin and sparse that I readily see through its densest part; yet here the bird has laid her eggs. Four they are—tiny, pinkish-white, with spots of brown and purple; and here she means to rear her family, the winds rocking them in their lofty cradle, mother and all, for day and night, until the fledgelings leave the nest. We will spare this bunch of moss, at any rate until the birds have flown. By-and-by, before the snows are falling, perhaps we will come this way again, and then we will climb and get it.

What did you say? That a hen and chickens just ran across that flat rock yonder? You are surely mistaken, for we are two long miles from any house, and no sensible barn-yard fowl

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would trust herself and family out here among the foxes and hawks. But I see now how you were misled; for behind that old log is skulking a female Grouse, while her little ones are hiding among the dead leaves on the ground. Carefully approach them, and we will be able, perhaps, to capture one of the chicks. How they twitter and "peet," precisely like a week-old brood of chickens at home! Be careful; the old bird mistrusts us and will make a rush at one of us. It is only a few days since that I was with a friend in the Maine woods when, as we chanced to pass an old grouse with her brood, she, in her intrepid courage, flew in his face and gave him a severe beating with her wings.

There is one of the chicks crouching beneath that sprig of juniper, and, stealing cautiously upon it, I have it in my hand. What a soft, downy little thing it is! How strong its limbs are as it makes the efforts of a wild animal to escape from me! Yes, the Ruffed Grouse is untamable, and, though the eggs be placed beneath the domestic fowl and hatched, the chicks will, at the earliest moment, escape to the woods. See, the old bird has led her brood away into the thicket, where she is clucking for her missing one, and we will let our little prisoner free. How suddenly the little midge has disappeared! It is a peculiarity of all gallinaceous birds, living in a state of nature, that they can most adroitly hide and escape from their pursuers, hugging to the earth here, squeezing between and under a few leaves there; dodging behind a pebble yonder, and they are gone! As you say, it is an interesting bird; from the great breadth of its habitat it is one of the most important of all our game-birds.

The Ruffed Grouse is distributed throughout almost all portions of the continent east of the Rocky Mountains, and is probably one of the best known of our game-birds. Unfortunately it is cursed by a multiplicity of names in different localities; and it is this synonymic affluence that has caused (not with this species alone) no little confusion among scientific men and others. For instance, this bird is called in some portions of Maine the Birch-Partridge and Gray-Partridge; in Massachusetts it is simply called Partridge; in New York, Grouse, or Wood-Fowl, or Pheasant; and in Pennsylvania, Pheasant, and Ruffed Grouse—the last of which appellations is the only proper one.

While in Ohio, in the spring of 1866, I found a nest of this species containing eight eggs; the nest was beneath an old fallen trunk of a tree, the bark of which I was for at least fifteen minutes knocking off in searching for beetles, during which time the old bird remained on her nest without moving, and only left it when my foot almost touched her. As she was the first that I had seen in that section I inquired, when I returned to the farm-house where I was stopping, if there were many grouse in that neighborhood.

"Grouse!" repeated my host, arching his eyebrows with surprise, "why, Sir, we don't have any grouse at all out here; none nearer than the prairies out West."—I have always noticed that Western people speak of localities "out West," and have wondered what they do in California and Oregon.

Knowing that he meant the Pinnated Grouse, or Prairie-Chicken, which prefers open prairie countries to wooded ones, which the Ruffed Grouse always inhabits, I replied that I did not mean Prairie-Hens, but Partridges, as we call them in New England.

"Partridges, certainly," he replied; "we have heaps of them. Don't you hear them whistling in all the fields?"

"Whistling! Partridges don't whistle," said I; but instantly remembering that the "Quail" of New England is properly enough in the West called "Partridge," I hastily continued, "that is, the Partridges I mean, which live in deep woods, have a ruff of black feathers about the throat; the male stands on old logs, and drums."

"Ah, you mean the Pheasant," replied the man, recognizing the bird from my description; "nothing like calling things by their proper names. Yes, there are a right smart lot here some seasons; in others, they are scarcer."

As I before remarked the Ruffed Grouse prefers an uneven, wooded country, and is most abundant where gently sloping hills lead into swamps in which springs and brooks are abundant, and the whole of which are covered with a thick growth of alders, birches, and maples. I do not wish to imply that it is only in thinly settled countries that this bird is met with; for they are found in the near vicinity of villages and towns, and in some localities even make their homes in pastures quite near farm-houses: of course, in such places they are more shy and wild than in the far-off wilderness, and more difficult to approach. In fact, I have seen them so tame in the Northern forests that I could walk up to within a few yards of them, they remaining standing, quietly looking at me, like so many domestic poultry, and when I tried to flush them they only retreated into a thicket, skulking as if they had no thought of flying.

About the first of May the female selects a retired spot in the woods, where, usually beneath a thicket of evergreen or a bunch of brush, or a log, she scrapes together a few leaves into a loose nest, and deposits from eight to twelve eggs. These are usually of a yellowish white, sometimes a darker color, sometimes nearly pure white. They resemble in form and size the eggs of a bantam hen, and could easily be mistaken for them.

A very curious fact in the breeding habits of this Grouse has come to my knowledge, which I have not seen mentioned in works on natural history. If the female is persistently molested when resting on the ground, her eggs being destroyed by man or vermin, she, as a last resort, takes refuge in an abandoned nest of a Crow or other large bird, or the top of a broken stump,

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in which she lays another complement of eggs. Several instances have occurred that I have learned of, and the trait seems well verified.

This departure from nature, although very remarkable, is rivaled by another which I learned of from a gentleman in New Brunswick. A female Dusky Duck, *Anas obscura*, a bird that has been considered to invariably nest on the ground, was found, on the shores of one of the Schoodic lakes, sitting on her nest full of eggs in a high yellow birch which leaned over the water. To those who are acquainted with the habits of this Duck this incident will have no little interest, and it shows how widely birds will, in some circumstances, depart from their natural habits.

Another instance: Recently, while boarding in a farm-house in New Hampshire, I noticed great numbers of Barn Swallows often alight in a large garden near the house, and run about on the ground as if in search of food. I went out into the garden, and, on approaching near the birds, discovered that they were chasing and capturing, like so many chickens, a small dipterous insect which fed upon the leaves of the turnip. That Swallows—birds, as is universally known, of the greatest and most continued powers of wing—should thus depart from their natural mode of capturing their insect prey, seems almost impossible; and I confess, if I had not repeatedly witnessed the occurrence, I should have received an account of it with incredulity. The male Ruffed Grouse, during the season of incubation, generally remain apart from the females, and do not join them until the young birds are two-thirds grown.

A peculiarity of this species is its habit of "drumming," which is done by the male birds. I have heard this drumming as early as February, and as late as October and even November; but usually it is not heard much before the first of April. The bird resorts to a fallen trunk of a tree or log, and, while strutting like the male turkey, beats his wings against his sides and the log with considerable force. This produces a hollow drumming noise, that may be heard to a considerable distance; it commences very slowly, and, after a few strokes, gradually increases in velocity, and terminates with a rolling beat very similar to the roll of a drum.

I know not by what law of acoustics, but this drumming is peculiar in sounding equally as loud at a considerable distance off as within a few rods. I have searched for the bird when I have heard the drumming, and while supposing him to be quite near have not found him within twenty rods, and *vice versa*.

Another peculiarity of the Ruffed Grouse, and I am done with it. I would refer to its habit of diving into the deep snow to pass the night in cold weather; this it does very frequently, and its snowy covering affords it a warm and effectual protection. But if rain falls during the night, and then the weather changes to freezing, the Grouse, imprisoned beneath the crust that forms on the surface of the snow, soon dies; and it is noticed that in seasons after winters when the weather frequently changes from raining to freezing there is a scarcity of these birds. It is a common occurrence to find them in the spring dead, having perished from this cause.

But we must continue our walk, and now that we are on the edge of the swamp let us penetrate into its fastnesses, and we may meet with something worthy of our attention. Step carefully on those stiff, tall tussocks of grass, and avoid those bright green patches, soft and smooth; for they are deceitful, being nothing but thin coverings to almost unfathomable depths of quagmire. After all, there is something exciting in such a passage, leaping as we do over hidden dangers, when a false step or a short jump may send us down out of sight. Often have I in pursuing wounded birds traveled across whole bogs, jumping and crawling; and when I turned to retrace my steps, the excitement of the chase having passed, I was almost appalled at the distance I had come and the difficulties to be surmounted in returning.

But we are now getting on famously; the ground seems to be rising, as it often does in the interior of a swamp, and tinkling little rills run through it here and there, carrying off the superfluous moisture. Let us pause here at this cool bubbling spring and drink of its delicious waters.

What, you can not stoop to it! Pooh! my friend, your education has been sadly neglected; but for this occasion, with a strip from yonder silvery birch, I will fashion a woodman's cup; and now drink. Is not the water satisfying? is it not cooler and more grateful than if ice were in it, and does it not taste delicious in my birchen cup? Some of the happiest recollections of my life are connected with draughts of cold spring water in just such a rustic vessel as this.

Again we start; and now as we approach the deepest portion of the swamp observe the growth of cedars and spruces and firs that is springing up—soon shall we be among them, and, doubtless, they will soon show a taller stature.

"What is that hideous noise, that Babel of screams and choking cries, as if a crowd of maniacs were trying to outdo each other in making most uncouth and unbecoming outcries," did you ask? Do you not know that we are now approaching a colony of Night-Herons, the Qua-Birds or Quawks of rustic naturalists? See, the old birds, quick-eared and suspicious, have heard our approach and are flying above the trees, around us, quawking fiercely at our intrusion. If we had a gun with us we could quickly disperse them and silence their clamor; but as we have not we must submit to it, even to being overpowered in our voices.

Here we are in the midst of the colony; see on almost every tree are two, three, or four nests. Of course those loose bunches of twigs and sticks laid across each other so carelessly in the fork of the tree are nests. and in them

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are laid the eggs of the birds and reared the young. Does the confusion make you nervous? Bless you, if all the eggs that are in the nests were hatched and the young birds half grown, the present noise would seem half stillness to what we then would hear. As it is but few of the young birds are hatched, as we may readily determine by the absence of small dead fishes on the ground beneath the trees.

The Herons bring abundant supplies of fish-food for their young, and drop it to the nestlings from above. Of this a large portion falls to the ground, causing the air, in warm weather, to be filled with odors far from pleasant. You do not feel like climbing up to some of the nests? Well, as I am more interested in the birds, I will ascend to a few of the nests, and secure a small supply of the eggs. There is little comfort, after all, in climbing up to Herons' dwellings, for the birds are not the most cleanly in their habits; but here is a nest complement of four eggs, which I will drop to you, singly, if you will catch them. As you say, they are precisely of the form and size of the eggs of the domestic hen, but are of a beautiful greenish-blue in color. They are, when fresh, good on the table, so I am told; but you know prejudice goes a great way in the matter of our food.

In this nest that I have just come to are two young birds, possibly ten days old. They are funny little wretches, covered with long, soft down, with mouths wide enough to take in one's hand; their claws are sharp enough, as they cling to me when I take them from the nest, to almost penetrate my flesh. We will carry them home and rear them, giving them for food fishes and frogs and pieces of meat. I often have adopted such protégés, and they richly paid me for all my trouble with a fund of comicalities almost endless.

The Crows are hovering above us, cawing and scolding for our interference with their comforts; for I will tell you that a Heron colony is a great comfort to a family of Crows, the eggs and young Herons furnishing a most acceptable diet to the black marauders. Of course the parent Herons expostulate, and even sometimes attack the pirates, but with poor success; for your Crow is a crafty rogue, and knows exactly how to outwit such poor clumsy birds as Quawks.

As you have seen enough of heronries to last you one season, at least, we will retrace our steps; and we must hurry a little, for the sun is about sinking behind the western hills, and the mosquitoes and midges are coming at us in myriads.

We, who are a bit scientific, know why mosquitoes were created, and what good they accomplish to balance the misery they inflict upon us poor mortals who love the woods; but why midges and black flies were sent here I never could imagine, unless Nature meant to be consistent with her great plan that all mundane delights should have attendant sorrows. What delicious, what glorious lives we could live in the Northern woods if none of those insects were in existence! Bless you! I have seen the time when I was salmon-fishing in New Brunswick that I could almost imagine myself in Paradise, such magnificent scenery, such delightful surroundings as were about me. But the black flies and the midges! Conceive of all the mosquitoes in the world, and they would hardly make a respectably small swarm of black flies, and their bites would be comfort when compared with the others'. I have seen fishermen with their faces so bitten by these tormentors that they were puffed out to nearly double their natural size; their eyes were closed, and the whole system in a state of high fever. In the day black flies; at dusk midges; and at evening and through the night mosquitoes! And yet with them all we love the woods, and glad would we be to always live among them.

At last we are out of the swamp and climbing the brushy hill toward our home. Every bird, "as fades the glowing landscape on the sight," seems in chorus to be thanking God in sweetest songs for his great and manifold blessings. And what sweeter choirs than these in Nature's temples ever sing his praises? How insignificant does man, in all his pomp and vanity of great cathedrals, seem beside these humble yet most devout worshipers?

The Song-Thrush; the Vesper-Bird; the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, that magnificent songster who loves to wake the echoes of the deepest woods through day and moonlight night; the White-throated Sparrow, he who has been justly called the Nightingale of America; the Tanager, gaudy in dress, yet sweet in song; the Vireos, and all the Warblers and other singers, are joining in one grand anthem. And now the Whip-poor-Will takes up the theme, singing sadly yet sweetly all the legends of the forests.

The bird is to the superstitious rustic all that is weird and mysterious; but he is nothing but a bird; a strange bird, if you will, a sweet songster if I have any ear for music. He is a good and lovable bird, and with his cousin the Night-Hawk as interesting as any of the others. The other night, as I sat beneath the shadows of the grand White Hills, three of these birds were singing together in tuneful rivalry, and pen of mine can never half describe the sweetness of their music. I wonder whose souls are placed in the bodies of these birds. I fancy, as I hear them singing in the dark and quiet woods, their songs echoing from hill-side to hill-side, through valleys, and down into deep and most mysterious glens, that every Whip-poor-Will was once a fair and pious nun, singing her whole life sweet hymns amidst the quiet cloisters, and praying that all her sins and all the world's may be forgiven.

Sing on, sweet birds; attune your voices in purest melody. The world is all your own. Of torrid heat or arctic cold you have no fear, for both are at your pleasure or your avoidance.

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MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO.

WITHIN the last forty years there have been over seventy revolutions or different governments in Mexico, averaging two a year. Among the various parties which have distracted this unhappy country there has ever been one in favor of a monarchy. The men forming this party belonged generally to the European or Latin race. There were but about a million of the descendants of that race in Mexico. The remaining seven millions were native Indians, negroes, and mixed breeds. There were but few men of intelligence in the whole country. The masses of the people were in a very low state of ignorance and debasement.

The monarchical party thought it impossible to choose a sovereign who would be able to maintain his throne from among the rival chieftains who were struggling for the supremacy. They avowed the necessity of selecting some distinguished man of foreign birth, thus avoiding the mutual jealousy of the military chieftains. They also hoped in this way to be able to secure foreign aid, in money and arms, without which it was thought impossible that a stable government could be established. These monarchists, many years ago, offered the crown to Joseph Bonaparte. As he declined, it was then offered to a son of Louis Philippe, and afterward to General Scott, when he occupied, with his victorious armies, the halls of the Montezumas.

When, in the year 1861, England, France, and Spain entered into an alliance for the invasion of Mexico, to redress grievances and to collect debts, the monarchists were animated with the hope that these three powers might be willing to aid their party in establishing a throne; and thus, as they represented it, to give to Mexico a stable government, which would recognize the rights of foreigners, and which would respect its national obligations.

With this object Generals Miramon and Almonte, distinguished Mexicans of the monarchical party, visited the Courts of London, France, and Spain with the most urgent entreaties for the intervention of these powers to establish a monarchy. They declared that this was the desire of the great majority of the Mexicans. Mexico was intensely Roman Catholic. The church party was strong. To secure its support a Catholic prince must be selected. Protestant England could not consistently aid in giving such support to a system of religion against which it protested. England made a private settlement of its grievances and withdrew from the alliance. Spain regarded Mexico as a revolted province. She would gladly lend her aid to establish a Bourbon prince over Mexico, which would virtually bring Mexico back into subjection to Spain. France, professing to love liberty and popular rights, could not take part in such a transaction. The feeble Spanish monarchy could not contend against the influence of the powerful French empire. Spain made a private settlement with Mexico and withdrew.

France was now left alone, with a small fleet in the harbor of Vera Cruz, and a few thousand men encamped several miles in the interior. The French Government was then greatly embarrassed in consequence of the American war. The failure of the usual supply of cotton from America had, in a single department, thrown one hundred and thirty thousand men out of employment. The Government was compelled to feed these starving multitudes. Under these circumstances, with an encampment already in Mexico, France undertook to aid the Mexicans to establish a monarchy, should it appear that the majority of the Mexicans desired it.

The avowed reasons for this intervention were that the war in America proved how dangerous it was for France to rely upon a single country for the supply of so important an article as cotton; that the establishment of a stable government in Mexico, reviving the arts of industry, would open to France not only a new market for the purchase of cotton, but would also open a new region for the sale of French goods. And again, that the Mexicans, grateful to France for rescuing them from otherwise apparently hopeless anarchy, would be disposed to enter into peculiarly friendly commercial relations.

Reinforcements were sent to the French army. They marched to the capital, after several bloody battles. All of the parties opposed to the monarchy combined against them. The capital was mainly under the influence of the descendants of the Europeans. The monarchical and church party was apparently in the ascendency. The French were received with great enthusiasm. Those opposed to them had fled or were silent. In the crowded metropolis there was no voice heard to dissent from the general acclaim. Perhaps had Juarez, the President of the Republic, entered the streets with a victorious army, he might have been received with equal enthusiasm. The monarchists would probably have retired or kept silence, and the republicans might have crowded the streets with shouts of welcome. However this may be, it is certain the French were received with great enthusiasm. The bells rang merrily. Music and the voice of cannon and the shouts of the multitude filled the air. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, congratulatory addresses were made, and ladies greeted the military array with waving handkerchiefs and smiles from windows festooned with flowers.

General Forey, in command of the French troops, judged that the representations of the Mexican delegation to Europe were correct, and that the Mexicans, with great unanimity, and especially the more intelligent and wealthy classes, desired the creation of a monarchy by foreign aid. He issued a manifesto declaring

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that it was his object to obtain redress of past grievances, and to assist the Mexicans to establish any stable government which they might choose; but that government must be adopted by the people themselves, and that it must respect property, punish crime, levy taxes impartially, and protect perfect freedom of conscience in worship.

A Provisional Government was organized under the protection of the French troops. First, a Superior Council was appointed, consisting of thirty-five of the most distinguished Mexican citizens. This Council chose three executive officers called the Regency, consisting of General Almonte, General Salas, and the Archbishop of Mexico. This Regency summoned an assembly of Mexican Notables two hundred and fifteen in number. This Provisional Government, thus consisting of a Regency of three members, a Council or Senate of thirty-five members, and a General Assembly of two hundred and fifteen members, met on the 10th of July, 1863, and voted with almost entire unanimity to establish an Imperial Government, and to invite the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to accept the throne.

Maximilian was a young man thirty years of age, of much moral worth, and of good abilities well cultivated. The testimony in his favor is unvarying. His morals were pure, his character elevated, and his bearing remarkably frank and genial. The thoroughness of his education and his studious tastes were evinced by the fact that he spoke fluently several languages, and, young as he was, several volumes, journals of travels, highly creditable in their literary character, had already been published from his pen. His connections were such that he could probably bring more influence to his support than any other prince in Europe. The Emperor of Austria was his elder brother; Leopold, King of the Belgians, was his father-in-law; Victoria Queen of England, Isabella Queen of Spain, and the Kings of Italy and Sweden, were his cousins; the Emperor of the French was his personal friend. Maximilian was liberal in his political views and universally popular.

We have now lying before us the journal of his travels, recently published in London, in three volumes, entitled, "Recollections of My Life, by Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico." A few extracts from these volumes, written for his friends alone, will give the reader some idea of the mind and heart of the Archduke.

In August, 1851, Maximilian was traveling in Italy. He was then nineteen years of age. No tourist will ever forget the descent of Vesuvius in the yielding ashes. Maximilian thus describes it:

"Here a pleasure of the rarest kind awaited us. The famous gliding through the ashes was to be gone through. I had often heard of such a thing at home, but could never form a distinct idea of it. With mad delight I threw myself forward and jumped into the ashes, the whole company after me. The feeling is indescribably agreeable. One gets a notion of the splendid feelings of a bird of prey when winging itself from the height of the air down into the deep valley. Thus it was with us. Half dead with laughing, we vied, nevertheless, with each other in jumping with a feeling of mad rapture. I often jumped yards wide into the sloping ashes. Sometimes I stopped for a moment to prolong the pleasure and to recover breath for fresh laughing, and to observe my companions in the different phases of jumping. One was so glad to be once again allowed to be a child with all one's heart, and on a legitimate occasion to give unrestrained vent to merriment.

"Vesuvius is a remnant of chaos. Thus the past speaks to us through the spirit of fire, and also gives us a warning of the future. As the fire purifies, and as out of mist and smoke the earth arose in its splendor, and God himself enjoyed his work and said, *It is good*, so once again will smoke and mist arise and withdraw this foul old ball from the blessed eye of the Creator. But let us fly before these awful thoughts to the little church of the hermitage, to pray for the forgiveness of our sins. When the whole company was assembled in the poor chapel the priest read the holy mass, and then we returned in quick time, between splendid vineyards, to Resina."

Under date of August 18, 1851, Maximilian wrote from Naples:

"All put on their holiday dress and prepared for High Mass, which was to be read, in celebration of the birthday of our Emperor, at ten o'clock. Our ship chaplain, a very worthy young man, read with calm devotion the holy mass, and sung after it the *Te Deum*. I felt very sad during the service; for it was the first time I had not been with my brother on this happy day. I was alone, quite alone, in strange seas, under another sky. Besides I had thought so long and so deeply of one of my beloved at home, about whom my heart was anxious, that I was in one of those forlorn dispositions of mind in which a man feels a sort of sweet despair and longs for home. My family had made me too happy at home. But it is well that such a life should have an end; and these heavy hours are a bitter but a wholesome medicine. To celebrate the day I invited the officers of the ship and the chaplain to dinner."

The following were his reflections upon visiting a Carthusian cloister in the valley of the Arno:

"A tall, serious young man, picturesquely dressed in white, entered the hall from his room, astonished at the sight of visitors, and avoiding speech with them in every possible way. It was the master of novices. What could have induced him to choose the solitude of death? Will he not, at times, lean on a stone support of his altar and look down upon the sunny, laughing, joyous valley, where all is full of hope and happiness, where the children of earth playfully hasten over blooming fields as free as the birds of the air; or when, on the evening of St. John, the cupola of the cathedral is glorified with hundreds of lights, and the bridges of the Arno are reflected in its silver waves, and the merry songs of the moving crowds are heard in the cloister—will he not, at these times, be seized with an unfathomable woe, by an irresistible longing for a moment of pleasure and joy, for one hour of terrestrial delight?

"Pitiable, very pitiable man! You are proud of your life, which is pure because temptation is removed. You have consecrated your heart to death, and death alone will give it its icy rest. We left the cell, and the novice-master remained. How I should have liked to bring him back to nature—to life! But he is dead to the world; the Carthusian monastery is his tomb; and who knows whether it will not, at last, bring to him, as to many others, rest and peace?"

At Syracuse he writes as follows:

"There are some things which stamp themselves on our memory with melancholy impression. This I found here; for far from the world, and quite forgotten, is the grave of an American cadet, eighteen years old, who, separated by the wide, wide ocean from his

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fatherland and his relatives, from all that was dear to him, lies in strange ground among foreign people and people of a different religion.

"This young man, in the bloom of youth, was killed by a bullet in a duel. They have granted him, in the Latomia, a narrow little place in the rocky wall, quiet as death; and the wide ocean flows between him and his family. I can not express how sad I felt when I saw this grave, and I still think frequently, with sorrow, of the poor young American in the Latomia of hot Syracuse."

On the 6th of July, 1852, he wrote from Madeira:

"I had hardly opened my eyes when the sweet tones of our national hymn sounded in my ears, and suggested solemn thoughts to my mind on my entrance into my twenty-first year. This was a kind of surprise on the part of our courteous consul, who inaugurated the day with this grandest hymn of noble Austria. I was twenty years of age, and had arrived at an important period of my life. Notwithstanding my youth many grave and solemn thoughts dwelt in my mind on that morning. Externally the attainment of my majority would cause but little change in my life; as before it I was already, so far as my position would allow, my own master; and even in material points had not been fettered by the usual restrictions upon minors. If there be any prophetic warning in the manner in which one's birthday is spent, then the year to come will be gay, bright, and free from care; for never did I pass this anniversary in so joyous and enchanting a manner. Quite early in the morning I escaped, with a circle of friends, from the ship, to spend the day as travelers in country fashion."

In Albania, on the 1st of August, he wrote:

"The building before us was called a Christian church. It consisted of stone-walls with a decayed roof, containing within its desolate space only a few solitary intimations of its august purpose, and these almost effaced or destroyed. And yet the spirit of the Almighty still dwelt within this little church, for we were almost involuntarily drawn into it, and amidst dust and decay the men from the north and the south uncovered their heads and made the sign of the cross, that symbol of peace by which we brethren may recognize each other in all parts of this vast globe, whatever be our language, whatever our station in life."

The following touching description of a death-scene, on board the ship of which Maximilian was commander, affords very interesting insight to his character:

"A commander who understands his position and considers himself a true sailor loves his subordinates. After a time there is a bond that unites the whole crew. Dangers are experienced together, pleasures enjoyed together, seas are crossed in pleasant company, and every one feels that on the wide ocean he belongs to a little world linked together by common occurrences of daily life. If one of that large family becomes endangered one must be devoid of feeling not to feel anxious. Some days ago one of our sailors said that he was unwell. He was now hovering between life and death. He had been carried on deck in a hammock to enjoy the fresh air. The doctors did all that their unfortunately too precarious art advised, but to no avail. The lamp of life slowly burned to its end, and the vital spark flickered more and more faintly. I frequently asked the dying man how he was. But his glassy eye could recognize me no more, and his lips only stammered unintelligible words.

"When the doctor reported to us that death would soon certainly take place I ordered to send for a priest as speedily as possible. Messengers were sent out in all directions, and telegraphic signs agreed on from the coast, in order to announce his arrival; but hours passed, and spiritual consolation could not be found. However, I could not allow an Austrian sailor to end his life like a soulless piece of flesh and blood. I requested those of the crew who crowded sympathizingly and wonderingly round the dying man to recite some pious prayers for the departing. But none of them had the courage to do it. The crowd stood around, mute and awe-stricken, while the all-important moment might easily be lost. I did not hesitate, but hurried to my cabin, whence I returned with a splinter of the holy cross and my prayer-book. I attached the former to the hammock, and knelt on the deck near the dying man. That seemed to break the spell, and all joined in devout prayers for the salvation of this poor soul. When the sun shed his last beams on the anxious group the poor young man had breathed his last. The ship's bell was tolling tremulously, and the coming night soon spread its pall over the departed.

"I had never before witnessed a death, and it required a great effort for me to remain to the last. It was especially moving to witness the dying man in his last moments, as he strove to spring from his hammock, while his companions had to restrain him by holding him. At last he suddenly dropped his head and died. It was horrible for me to witness all this, although after it dying appeared much easier than I imagined. The moment was solemn, and, I thank God, devoted to prayer. I saw many a tear in the eyes of our young officers, who otherwise would perhaps have thought of any thing but death. It was altogether a bitter but very beneficial lesson for me and for all."

We will give one more extract—an important one—expressing the writer's views upon the subject of slavery:

"There are four causes, three of which may be termed negative, which contribute to destroy domestic life in Brazil: the want of an old established home belonging to the head of the family, in which generation after generation lives, in the same style and with the same habits; the total absence of all idea and all feeling of conscience; the entire want of a religious principle; the fourth and the most hideous, and never sufficiently to be deprecated, is that of slavery, which it is the duty of every Christian man, be his nation and rank what it may, to wage war against, both by word and deed. Slavery unites within herself, and, alas! reproduces the three former evils. How can the blessing of home dwell side by side with slavery? How can conscience exist, when there are men beyond the pale of the law—when beings who have souls depend exclusively on the arbitrary power and caprices of some few of their fellow-creatures? Is not religion a mockery and an empty jest, when the white man arrogates the right to treat those who are, equally with himself, born in the image of the Creator, like beasts of burden or like bales of goods?

"True progress and real prosperity can never be spoken of in Brazil so long as slavery exists. Slaves and respectable immigrants can not live side by side. Slave-owners can not be just. To break through slavery, therefore, should be the first act of modern Brazil. It could not be done without some pain; but all natural vigor begins in pain. What revolting reasons do not cold-hearted sophists give for a continuance of slavery? Why do not people who uphold such institutions return to the worship of heathen gods? It would be much more consistent and convenient. If Brazil would thrive and prosper among the empires of the world, it must have an iron-handed regenerator, a white despot, basing his principles on justice. His would be the melancholy lot not to be understood by the men of his time, to be hated by his Brazilian contemporaries. But history would accord him a high rank among those who work for the future, and he would be blessed by future generations."

These brief extracts will give the reader an idea of the character of Maximilian such as could be obtained in no other way. In the summer of 1863, when the Provisional Government was organized in Mexico, Maximilian, with his young wife, Carlota, was residing in his

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palace of Miramar, near Trieste. The Archduke then held the high position of Governor-General of Lombard-Venice. His bride, the Princess Maria Carlota Amelia, usually called Carlota, was daughter of Leopold, the King of the Belgians. Leopold's first wife was Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. of England, and heiress to the British throne. His second wife, the mother of Carlota, was the daughter of Louis Philippe. The father of Carlota was a Protestant; her mother was a very earnest Catholic. Carlota was at this time twenty-three years of age. The French was her vernacular tongue; and yet it is said that she spoke with equal fluency German, English, Spanish, and Italian. Her education had been very carefully conducted, and we know not that any voice has ever spoken to her detriment. She was tall, beautiful, and graceful, and remarkably mild and affectionate in her disposition. Both her father and mother were morally and intellectually superior characters, and Carlota inherited the virtues and the excellences of both.

There perhaps was never a more perfect and affectionate union. Carlota had no taste for fashionable life, and was earnestly devoted to the welfare of the people. The poor ever found in her a friend. It is not easy to imagine a more enviable position to be occupied in this world than was then occupied by Maximilian and Carlota.

Upon the shores of the Adriatic Sea, about three miles from the city of Trieste, is situated the beautiful castle of Miramar. It is one of the most attractive palaces of Europe, in the midst of scenery of rare loveliness, and in a delicious clime. In the rear of the castle are gardens, parks, and lawns, embellished with all the attractions which wealth and taste can confer. A massive marble staircase descends from the eastern front to the tideless waters of the sea. On the one side one was cheered by the breathing of the wind through the forest, the foliage, and the flowers, and the songs of birds. On the other the spirit was lulled to repose by the soft murmurs of the sea.

The castle is built of cream-colored stone. It is 60 feet high, 84 feet wide, and is flanked by a tower which rises to the height of 140 feet above the surface of the water. In its interior arrangements it has all the elegance and convenience which modern art and wealth can confer. Here Maximilian and Carlota were residing, apparently in the enjoyment of every blessing earth could confer—youth, health, wealth, rank, and the enthusiastic homage of all who surrounded them.

On the 3d of October, 1863, the Mexican deputation visited the Castle of Miramar to announce to Maximilian that the Mexican nation had adopted for its form of government a limited, hereditary monarchy, and offered the crown to His Imperial Highness, the Archduke, with the title of Emperor of Mexico. This delegation consisted of nine distinguished Mexicans. Señor Estrada, the President of the Commission, addressed the Archduke in a carefully prepared speech, in which he alluded to the anarchy with which Mexico had been devastated for nearly half a century; to the unsuccessful attempts to establish republican institutions, which, he said, were contrary to the traditions, customs, and inclinations of the people; to the absolute necessity of some foreign aid to enable Mexico to escape from the confusion which had so long reigned, in consequence of the struggles of rival chieftains; and, finally, to the almost universal desire of the Mexican people that Maximilian should accept the crown. He said:

"We, who are but feeble interpreters of the general applause, of love, of the hopes and prayers of a whole nation, come to present, in that nation's name, to your Imperial Highness the crown of the Mexican Empire, which the people offer you, Prince, freely and spontaneously, by a solemn decree of the Notables, already ratified by many provinces, and which will soon be, as every one says, by the entire nation."

The Archduke, in a very graceful reply, declined accepting the throne unless its acceptance were the clearly defined wish of the Mexican people. The vote of the Notables alone was not in his view sufficient to establish that point; but he assured the delegation that he was ready to undertake the task of the regeneration of Mexico, if he were called to the task by the voice of universal suffrage.

The commission returned to Mexico to obtain, as far as possible, this popular vote. Six months passed away. On the 10th of April, 1864, the delegation again visited the Castle of Miramar. Maximilian had been apprised of its coming, and that the deputation had obtained for his election, as far as possible, the sanction of the popular vote. In preparation for the ceremony of accepting the proffered crown the Archduke had the day before renounced all claims to the succession to the throne of Austria. The solemn ceremony took place at Miramar, in the presence of the Emperor of Austria and his other brothers. At the close Maximilian and Francis-Joseph repeatedly embraced each other, while tears flowed down the cheeks of both. They seemed to have a monition that they were about to part never to meet on earth again.

It was Sunday, and one of the most serene and lovely of Italian days, as the Mexican deputation left their apartments in the Hotel de Ville, of Trieste, and repaired to the palace of Maximilian. The pleasure-grounds were thrown open, as usual, on that day, and the inhabitants of the city thronged those avenues and bowers. A mounted escort preceded the four carriages which conveyed the deputation, and the long line of additional carriages which were filled with persons of distinction in the regalia of full dress.

They were presented to the Archduke in the magnificent hall of reception. Maximilian, in the uniform of Vice-Admiral of the Austrian Navy, stood before a table covered with a cloth of richest tapestry. Carlota was by his side,

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also in very elegant attire. The Mexican deputation, with the distinguished Mexicans in Europe who accompanied them, amounted to twenty-one persons. Many illustrious personages, gentlemen and ladies, from the archducal court, and from other courts in Europe, were also assembled. Señor Estrada, President of the Deputation, again offered the crown to Maximilian, in a carefully written address:

"Our happiness is complete in informing you, in the name of the Regency of the Empire, that the vote of the Notables, by which you have been designated for the crown of Mexico, is now ratified by the adhesion of an immense majority of the country, by the municipal authorities, and by the town corporations; and, thus consecrated, that unanimous proclamation has become, by its moral importance and by its numerical strength, truly a national vote."

He then gave utterance to the strongest expressions of gratitude to the French government for its generous aid. He spoke of the great difficulty still to be encountered in founding a stable empire from the elements of chaos; he recognized the self-denial the Archduke manifested in being willing to undertake so laborious a task. "There will be no reward," he said, in conclusion, "more enviable than that which your Highness will receive, in seeing, at no remote day, Mexico prosperous and respected."

Maximilian in reply said:

"A mature examination of the acts of adhesion which you have just presented me gives me confidence that the vote of the Notables of Mexico, which brought you a short time ago to Miramar, has been ratified by an immense majority of your compatriots, and that I can consider myself henceforth, with good right, the elect of the Mexican people."

He then stated that he accepted the power thus intrusted to him by the nation, but that he should retain it only so long as might be necessary to establish order upon liberal institutions. Maximilian had no children, and consequently had no ambition to establish a dynasty in his own family. In conclusion, he said:

"Great is the undertaking. But I do not doubt that I shall succeed, confiding in Divine aid and the co-operation of all good Mexicans. Before departing for my new country I shall be detained only by the time necessary to visit the Holy City, to receive from the Venerable Pontiff the blessing so precious for every sovereign, but doubly important to me, who have been called to found a new empire."

The oath of office was administered by high dignitaries of the Church. The assembly then repaired to the chapel, where the grand *Te Deum* was chanted. The flag of Mexico rose proudly over the tower of the castle, greeted by salutes, which echoed along the hills, from the frigates in the harbor, and from the Castle of Trieste.

Four days after this, on the 14th of April, Maximilian and Carlota left their beautiful home on the shores of the Mediterranean, to enter upon that tragedy in Mexico which is one of the saddest in the annals of time. It was a delightful Italian day. Again the palace and the grounds of Miramar were thronged. All Trieste was astir. The popularity of Maximilian and Carlota, and the novelty of the event, rendered it a fête day such as Trieste had never witnessed before.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor and Empress, having taken an affectionate and tearful adieu of their friends, arm in arm descended the marble steps of the palace to the sea which washed their base. The air was filled with the roar of cannon, with the music of the bands, and with the acclaim of the thousands who were clustered upon every adjacent point. A boat, canopied with purple and gold, received them and conveyed them to the steamer *Novara*. The event was announced by a salute from all the frigates in the harbor, and from the guns of the castle of Trieste, while the crews of the boats and the ships almost drowned the thunders of the cannon by their shouts.

The flag of Mexico was unfurled, and the steamer weighed anchor and put to sea, escorted by the French frigate *Themis*, and an Austrian fleet of eleven steamers. Running down the eastern coast of Italy they doubled the Cape of Otranto, passed through the Straits of Messina, and at noon of Monday the 18th entered the harbor of Civita Vecchia. A brilliant escort from Rome here met the Emperor. A vast concourse was assembled to witness the landing of their Majesties, and the event was accompanied by a gorgeous military and civic display. At six o'clock that evening Maximilian and Carlota entered, by rail, the Holy City. Their arrival was announced by a salute from the guns of the Castle of San Angelo. The Marescotti palace was furnished, for their entertainment, with the most costly decorations. In the night Maximilian and Carlota sauntered out to view the ruins of the Coliseum silvered by the rays of the moon. The next morning they had an audience with the Pope. It was a gala day for Rome. Maximilian and the Holy Father remained in private conference for more than an hour.

The next day their Majesties attended mass, and received the communion from the Pope. A day of brilliant festivities followed. The next day they again visited the Pope, through files of troops lining the streets, and attended by all those demonstrations of parade and joy in which the Roman people, high and low, so greatly delight. There was another private audience; on bended knees the sovereigns received the benediction of the Holy Father, and took their leave. All Rome, apparently, accompanied the royal pair to the railroad train at four o'clock in the afternoon. As the sun was sinking behind the hills the train reached Civita Vecchia. Amidst the booming of cannon, bursts of music, and the shouts of the multitude, the Emperor and Empress re-embarked. The gathering gloom of night soon concealed the fleet as it disappeared on the measureless sea.

Leaving Gibraltar on the 27th of April with but two ships—the *Novara* and the *Themis*—and touching at Martinique and Jamaica, they reached Vera Cruz on the 28th of May. The uncontradicted testimony is that the reception

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of the Emperor and Empress at Vera Cruz was enthusiastic in the highest degree. The Emperor issued a proclamation to the Mexican people announcing that he had come in response to their call; that painful as it was to him to leave his country and his friends, and that weighty as were the responsibilities thus assumed, he cheerfully undertook the task, to which he believed himself to be called, not only by the suffrages of the Mexican people, but also by the voice of God. "I have," said he, "bid farewell forever to my own, my native country, being convinced that the Almighty has pointed out to me, through you, the noble mission of devoting all my strength and heart to a people who, tired of war and disastrous contests, sincerely wish for peace and prosperity."

A committee, composed of the officers of the city of Vera Cruz, led by the Mayor, immediately repaired on shipboard and addressed their Majesties in the warmest terms of congratulation and welcome. The heat of approaching summer in this tropical climate was excessive. It was not deemed safe for those unacclimated to remain long upon the coast. It was therefore decided that the royal pair should leave early the next morning for the purer air of the mountainous interior.

At five o'clock the next morning mass was said, on which occasion the Emperor remarked, "I wish, in the future, that there be no distinction made between those who are Indians and those who are not. All are Mexicans, and have an equal right to my solicitude."

Immediately after mass the Emperor and Empress, in a small boat, were conveyed to the shore. Here the Emperor was met by the public officers, and in a congratulatory address was presented with the key of the city, on a silver salver. After a brief reply their Majesties, accompanied by General Almonte, entered an open carriage and drove through the principal streets of the city. An immense retinue followed them in carriages, upon horseback, and on foot. They passed beneath triumphal arches. The windows were festooned with flowers, and the shouts of the populace blended with all the festival sounds of joy. This popular reception was at an early hour, to avoid the heat of the sun. Accompanied by an imposing escort, Maximilian and Carlota took their seats in the cars, and at nine o'clock reached Soledad, where they breakfasted.

Continuing their journey in carriages, and delayed by an accident, they did not reach Cordova until two o'clock the next morning. The night was dark and rainy. Men were sent out several miles to meet them with torches. The Town Council in a body received them with congratulation. On the ensuing day at ten o'clock they attended mass and the *Te Deum*. They were then presented to the authorities of the city. The festivities of the occasion were closed with fire-works, and with, apparently, the rejoicings of the whole population.

At eight o'clock the next morning they resumed their journey in carriages to Orizaba, eighteen miles distant. Stopping a moment to receive the congratulations of the inhabitants of a little village on the way, they entered the city of Orizaba. The Mayor, accompanied by the city officials, received them and conducted them into the city, where they were received with all the demonstrations of enthusiastic welcome which flowers, banners, music, booming cannon, and the heartiest acclamations of the populace could give. In response to the congratulations which were uttered, the Emperor said:

"The love with which our new country greets us profoundly moves us. If all will unite in the sole end of promoting the lasting greatness and prosperity of our country, Providence then will crown our efforts. May it please God to hear our prayers, and to give the Empire the era of peace which it so much requires to advance in greatness and prosperity."

During the procession the people, in their ardor, endeavored to unharness the mules, that they might draw the carriage of the Emperor and Empress with their own hands. But Maximilian was unwilling to accept such homage, and they good-naturedly desisted. They examined the schools in Orizaba, giving rewards in gold coins to the pupils who had distinguished themselves. In the evening there was a ball, which was continued until six in the morning, though the Emperor and Empress retired at twelve.

The next day was passed in visiting the institutions of the city, and in acquainting themselves with the wants of the people. At eight o'clock the following morning they resumed their journey toward Puebla. Thousands, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, composed their enthusiastic cortége as they left the city. The Empress gave three hundred dollars to the Mayor for the benefit of the poor and the sick in the hospitals.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th of June Maximilian and Carlota entered the city of Puebla, a city containing eighty thousand inhabitants. The road from Orizaba had presented a succession of triumphal arches, banners, wreaths of flowers, and rejoicing multitudes. But their reception at Puebla surpassed all they had yet experienced. It is, however, to be remembered that they were on the track over which the French army had passed, and which was still in possession of the French troops. All opposed to the Empire had probably fled with the dispersed army of republicans under Juarez. The intelligent portions of these cities were almost universally in favor of the Empire. The majority of the populace were mere children in intelligence. They had no political opinions, and were ready to shout with delight upon any occasion of festivity. It is not strange that Maximilian and Carlota should have interpreted this applause as expressing the unanimous voice of the nation.

At Puebla a grand procession, led by the municipal authorities, met the sovereigns at the gates of the city, presented them the keys, and conducted them to the cathedral. At the con-

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clusion of very imposing religious ceremonies the Emperor was addressed in the affectionate terms of welcome by representatives of the city and of the nation. In his reply to the authorities of Puebla, he said:

"With a sentiment of pleasure mingled with grief I see your city: with pleasure I salute one of the largest, most beautiful, and important cities of the Empire; with pain I contemplate the inhabitants agitated by the evils of political disruptions. The government, to whose elevation you have contributed, will impose upon itself the task of healing your wounds as soon as possible, and of facilitating, by means of institutions which are in accordance with the age, the development of prosperity, so that the resources of this rich country may be cultivated in the highest degree."

The 7th of June was Carlota's birthday. She was then twenty-four years of age. In the morning, in accordance with her devout habits, she attended mass in the thronged Cathedral, where the event was celebrated in anthems of thanksgiving. At seven o'clock in the evening there was a grand banquet given at the palace. This was followed at a later hour by a ball in the vast market-house, which was prepared for the occasion. The scene is represented by those who witnessed it as one of great brilliancy. The path of their Majesties from the street was carpeted with flowers. Colossal pyramids in the angles of the court glittered with vases of variegated colors. Nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion. At half past twelve the Emperor and Empress retired.

But Carlota's heart was with the poor and the sorrowing. She had never manifested any fondness for the pageantries of courts. She took part in these festivities very cheerfully as one of the necessities of her situation. The following touching note to the mayor of the city reveals her true character:

"Señor Prefect,—It is very pleasing to me to find myself in Puebla the first anniversary of my birthday which I have passed far from my old country. Such a day is for every body one of reflection. And these days would be sad for me if the care, attention, and proofs of affection, of which I have been the object in this city, did not cause me to recollect that I am in my new country among my people.

"Surrounded by friends and accompanied by my dear husband I have no time to be sad. And I give thanks to God because he has conducted me here, presenting unto Him fervent prayers for the happiness of the country which is mine. United to Mexico long ago by sympathy, I am to-day united to it by stronger bonds and at the same time sweeter—those of gratitude.

"I wish, Señor Prefect, that the poor of this city may participate in the pleasure which I have experienced among you. I send you seven thousand dollars of my own private funds, which is to be dedicated to the rebuilding of the House of Charity, the ruinous state of which made me feel sad yesterday, so that the unfortunate ones, who found themselves deprived of shelter, may return to inhabit it.

"Señor Prefect, assure my compatriots of Puebla that they possess, and will always possess, my affections. Carlota."

The next forenoon the Emperor and Empress, with their suite, again entered their carriages for the metropolis by the way of Cholula. At several of the towns on the route they made a brief tarry to respond to the enthusiastic greetings which invariably met them. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the eleventh of June they entered Guadalupe, a suburb within three miles of the capital. Here they were met by the ecclesiastical dignitaries and the civil authorities of the town, and were conducted to the great cathedral, where thanks were offered to God, with all the imposing ceremonies of the Church, for their safe arrival. They were then, while surrounded by these solemn appeals to Almighty God, in the following terms welcomed to Mexico:

"The Political Prefect of the First Department of the Empire, the Municipal Prefect of the great capital of Mexico, its Excellency the Ayuntamiento, the Illustrious Señor Archbishop, and other authorities present themselves full of grateful pleasure, with their souls overflowing with joy, before their beloved Sovereigns to congratulate them on their pleasant arrival at the gate of the city in which is erected the throne which has been raised by the Mexicans for them.

"Words fail me to manifest our gratitude; because you have, in compassion for our misfortunes, abandoned another throne, riches, country, parents, brothers, and friends, and condescended to come and try to make us happy, and save us from the evils that were causing us to disappear from the catalogue of nations.

"Your Majesties only knew, through statements and papers, the will of the people who applauded you. Now, to-day, you see that you are not deceived; and that from the shores of Vera Cruz to the gates of the capital all applaud their sovereigns with unbounded enthusiasm. The Mexicans will so continue until the end. And I assure your Majesty, in the name of the department within my charge, that all of us will obey and assist the monarchs, whom, by acclamation, we have chosen."

The heart of Maximilian was touched with this abounding proof of confidence and affection. His eye was moistened and his voice tremulous as he briefly replied:

"Profoundly moved by the universal enthusiasm which I have received in all the towns on my route, my emotion and my gratitude acquire greater intensity as I find myself at the gate of the capital, as I see gathered to salute me its principal authorities, in a place so much respected by me and the Empress and all Mexicans. I gratefully receive your congratulations, and salute you with the effusions of one who loves you, and who has identified his fate with yours."

A grand procession was formed which conducted their Majesties to the Plain of Aragon. Here they were met by two deputations—one of gentlemen, the other of ladies—who bade them welcome in the name of the inhabitants of the capital of the Empire. At the close of these ceremonies their Majesties were conducted to a palatial residence, prepared with great magnificence, and where they enjoyed a few hours of repose from the fatigues of their long journey.

The next day was Sunday, the 12th of June. The sovereigns were to make their triumphal entrance into the world-renowned capital of the ancient Empire of the Mexicans. They attended mass in the morning, and then entered the cars for the city. An immense throng was assembled at the dépôt to meet them. The whole city was decorated with banners, mottoes, triumphal arches, and festoons of flowers. The

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keys of the city were presented, richly wrought in enameled gold. Accompanied by a very magnificent procession, the Imperial pair were conducted through the principal streets of the city to the far-famed cathedral. Here the Archbishop received them, beneath a canopy richly embroidered with gold, and conducted them into the vast interior of the church, which was decorated in the highest style of combined Mexican and French taste.

A throne was prepared for the Emperor and Empress. Maximilian was dressed in the uniform of a Mexican General. Carlota wore a silk dress of blue and white, with a blue scarf and a hat simply decorated with natural flowers. The grand Te Deum was then performed by a very accomplished choir. At the close of the religious solemnities their Majesties were conducted, on foot, a short distance over carpeted ground and beneath a beautiful canopy, to the Archiepiscopal palace, where the city authorities were presented. In the evening the city blazed with illuminations and fire-works, and every demonstration of public rejoicing.

The National palace was assigned to the Emperor. It was reared upon the foundation of the ancient palace of Montezuma. Maximilian immediately devoted all his energies to the momentous task before him, examining the finances, studying the condition of the Empire, and seeking to ascertain the wants of the people. For several months he devoted himself to these labors with zeal which never abated. He was much troubled on finding that the neighboring republic of the United States was regarding his Government with a jealous and even hostile eye. The Juarez party, discomfited by the French troops, had retired in broken and apparently powerless bands, without funds, far away to the north, where there was but little chance of their maintaining themselves by plunder. Nearly all the Governments in Europe had promptly recognized the Empire in Mexico, and had exchanged embassadors.

On the 2d of October, 1865, Maximilian issued a proclamation to the Mexicans, stating that

"The cause which D. Benito Juarez defended with so much valor and energy has already succumbed under the force, not only of the national will, but also of the very law which that officer invoked in support of his pretensions. To-day even the faction into which the said cause degenerated is abandoned, by the departure of its chief from the native soil.

"The National Government for a long time was lenient, and exercised great clemency, in order to give the chance to misled and misinformed men to rally to the majority of the nation, and to place themselves anew in the path of duty.

"Hereafter the contest will only be between the honorable men of the nation and the gangs of criminals and robbers. Clemency will cease now; for it would only profit the mob, who burn villages, rob and murder peaceful citizens, poor old men, and defenseless women.

"The Government, resting on its power, from this day will be inflexible in its punishments, since the laws of civilization, the rights of humanity, and the exigencies of morality demand it."

The next day, October 3, the Emperor issued a decree containing the following announcement:

"Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. Having heard our Council of Ministers and our Council of State, we decree:

"All persons belonging to armed bands or corps not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily, by the courts-martial, and if found guilty even only of the fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following the sentence. From the penalty shall only be exempted those who, having done nothing more than being with the band, shall prove that they were made to join it by force, or did not belong to it, or were found accidentally in it.

"All those who will voluntarily assist the guerrillas with money or any other means whatever; those who give them advice, information, or counsels; those who voluntarily, and knowing that they are guerrillas, will put within their reach or sell them arms, horses, ammunition, subsistence, or any articles of war whatever, shall also be tried and sentenced conformably with article first of this law. And it is prohibited that any demands for pardon be gone through."

This Decree has been regarded as inhuman and barbarous, an insult to modern civilization, and demanding the severest rebuke. The following is the plea which the friends of the Imperial Government present in mitigation of judgment. We copy an article from the *Mexican Times* of February 24, 1866:

"We are satisfied that the United States press, which has criticised so severely the order of His Majesty the Emperor requiring all guerrillas taken with arms in their hands to be shot, are entirely ignorant of the state of things existing in Mexico. A long time before that decree was issued the Imperial forces were suffering severely from the conduct of the dissidents. Whenever they took a Frenchman he was immediately shot, while the prisoners taken by the French troops were released and sent back to their homes.

"The Emperor, in the kindness of his heart, has turned loose hundreds and thousands who, not appreciating his leniency, went straight into the mountains and joined again their old friends the robbers. This state of things lasted in Mexico for a long time, the dissidents killing their prisoners without mercy, while the Imperial forces spared theirs.

"Although there has been no organized force in Mexico, opposed to the Empire, since the fall of Oajaca, still his Majesty did not issue this decree until Juarez had fled the country, leaving behind him no constituted legal authority whatever to carry on the war. President Juarez took with him his entire cabinet, leaving no head or leader in Mexico. As for Escobedo and Cortina they were simply outlaws, who rob friend and foe, and murder for filthy lucre. Witness the murder of General Parsons, of Missouri, and party, and the shocking barbarity committed on their persons. If these guerrillas are under the control of Juarez he is responsible for this wholesale murder of those innocent men. We, therefore, request our friends of the northern press to recollect,

"1st. That the guerrillas inaugurated this shooting of prisoners. 2d. That there had not been, for many a long month before the issuance of the decree by the Emperor, any organized force making war upon the Empire. 3d. There is none now. 4th. The Ex-President Juarez, with his whole court and cabinet, had abandoned Mexico before the decree was issued. The only force in arms against the Empire, at the time the decree was issued, were irresponsible guerrillas who robbed friend and foe, old and young, women and children."

Mr. Frederic Hall, the American jurist, who was one of the Emperor's legal advisers, states

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in this connection: "Under the foregoing state of facts, and the provisions of the law made by the Liberals in 1862,* it could hardly be expected by rational men that some law in retaliation of those acts of savage barbarity should not be created by the Empire. The decree was issued at the instance of Marshal Bazaine. He appeared before the Council and stated, as a positive fact, that Juarez had left the territory of Mexico, and that he was then in the State of Texas, in the United States of North America. Bazaine said to the Council and to the Emperor that it was absolutely necessary to pass some severe law to put down the malcontents; that inasmuch as the leader of the opposite party had abandoned the territory, the remaining few were nothing more in the eye of the law than banditti, and therefore such a decree would be sustained by the law of nations.

"In the mind of the Emperor such a law was marked with too much severity, and he expressed himself decidedly opposed to it. But after much debate and consideration, together with a decided opinion of the ministry in support of the decree, he signed it, though reluctantly. It will be observed that this is one of the few decrees signed by all the ministers. That the Emperor fully believed that Juarez was actually beyond the jurisdiction of Mexico there can be no doubt.

"Shortly after the issuance of the decree twenty-eight persons were taken prisoners by General Mendez. Four of them were shot. When information reached the Emperor that the four had been executed he felt exceedingly grieved; and dispatched a courier to inform Mendez that he disapproved the act, and that he must shoot no more. The Emperor immediately issued orders to the commanders of the different divisions to execute no prisoners until orders were received from him to that effect.

"Although the decree was in force, it was not the intention of his Majesty to carry it out; but only to hold it as a terror over the enemy in order that it might have a tendency to stop bloodshed. With a view of preventing executions, under that decree, the Emperor ordered the telegraph office to be kept open nights. And he further ordered that the operators should wake him whenever a message came which reported a capture of prisoners. He was frequently awakened under that order; and he never failed to send an order prohibiting the execution of the prisoners."

Such are the facts and such is the nature of the defense which the friends of Maximilian present to the public. With this statement we leave the question to the decision of the reader.

But Maximilian soon found himself in great embarrassment. Every day his path grew more dark and difficult. The treasury was bankrupt. France could not deem it her duty to incur war with the United States in the endeavor to rescue Mexico from barbarism. It also was evident that the Empire could not be established while encountering the moral and physical opposition of the United States.

One of the first measures of Maximilian had been to write a very friendly letter to Juarez, proposing an interview, that they might consult together respecting the measures to be adopted to promote the prosperity of Mexico. Maximilian had not then a doubt that the great majority of the people desired the Empire. He could not doubt this. It was affirmed by the deputation which offered him the crown; and this affirmation seemed to be proved by the manner in which he had been received by the people. Juarez returned a contemptuous answer to the Emperor's appeal for an interview. Maximilian wished for perfect freedom of conscience, and to respect those sales of church property which had been effected under administrations which preceded him. This alienated the high church party, and even the Pope seemed disposed to withold his support. The menacing attitude of the United States rendered it certain that France would soon withdraw her protecting troops. To add to their accumulating griefs, Leopold, King of the Belgians, one of the best of fathers and of sovereigns, died. The malcontents of all parties were now rallying around Juarez. The United States were ready to furnish him funds. Adventurers from the United States were eager to join his banners.

Maximilian, harassed by these embarrassments, and seeing daily evidence of the fickleness of the ignorant Mexican population, began to doubt whether there were that intelligent unanimity in his favor which he had been led to suppose existed. Guerrilla bands swept the country, and the old chaos reigned wherever the French troops were not present to preserve order. The French prisoners and all Mexican Imperialists taken captive were mercilessly killed, often after hideous torture. There was no law outside of the lines of the French army. And those troops were about to be withdrawn.

On the 6th of February, 1866, the French troops left the city of Mexico, and all their connection with the government of Maximilian ceased. The French Government, in withdrawing their troops, earnestly entreated Maximilian to accompany them, being convinced that the attempt to establish the Empire in Mexico without foreign aid must fail. Maximilian desired to do so. He wrote to Juarez, informing him of his readiness to depart if Juarez would grant a general amnesty to all identified with the Imperial cause? "Juarez,"

* This law of Juarez condemned to immediate death, upon arrest, all persons, whether "Mexicans or foreign residents," who had invited or should invite "subjects of other powers to invade the national territory, or to change the form of government which has been given to the Republic, whatever may be the pretext under which it is done;" and persons involved "in any kind of complicity to excite or prepare the invasion, or to favor its realization and end;" and in such cases "an appeal for pardon is not admissible."

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said Maximilian upon his trial, "refused this, and I had no course left but to remain, and to do all in my power to protect a large proportion of the Mexican people."

Under these painful circumstances, and perhaps also influenced by the desire to remove Carlota from these scenes where danger was so rapidly accumulating, the Emperor commissioned the Empress to return to Europe as his confidential agent to some of the courts there. At a very early hour on the morning of the 8th of July they attended mass together. Carlota then took her departure for Vera Cruz, on her way to Europe. The Emperor accompanied her as far as Rio Frio. There he bade her adieu. They never met again. On the 13th she sailed, and on her arrival in Europe immediately repaired to the French court. It was generally understood that her object was to induce the French Government to postpone the withdrawal of the French troops, and to furnish the Empire with additional funds.

It was manifestly inexpedient for France thus to attempt to sustain the Empire, with the whole influence of the United States opposing it. Poor Carlota, disappointed and trembling for the safety of her husband, was in despair. The intensity of her anguish was such that reason became dethroned. She was first thrown into a state of extreme dejection, and then became hopelessly insane. Some of her physicians attributed her insanity to the effect of poison administered to her in Mexico. There were many such reports in Mexico. It was there said that she had eaten of fruit in which there had been placed the poisonous juice of the milk-tree.

The first indication of her insanity appeared on her journey to Rome, when suddenly she became impressed with the idea that it was not safe for her to go to the holy city, for that she would be poisoned there.

At Rome, as upon all the towns on her route, Carlota was received with great distinction. Ordinarily she appeared perfectly sane, very gracefully addressing her visitors in the various languages of Europe which they might speak. But gradually the idea that she was to be poisoned gained the entire ascendency in her mind, and she suspected her best friends. She called at the Vatican, and in an interview with the Pope told him that she did not wish to leave his palace, as it was the only place in which she could escape the danger of being poisoned. We have not space to continue the sad recital of the progress of her delirium.

One of her brothers, the Duke of Flanders, at length arrived, and took her to the castle of Miramar. The best physicians of Europe were employed to aid her. Her brother, the King of Holland, finding that the scenes of Miramar did not divert her thoughts, removed her to the palace of Tervueren, in Belgium, where the king and queen and the Prince of Wales did every thing which sympathy and affection could suggest in behalf of the lovely sufferer. The last tidings from Europe indicate that her disordered intellect is gradually regaining its lost powers.

Early in October the Emperor received the intelligence of this new woe which had fallen upon him. He was overwhelmed by the tidings. For ten days he surrendered himself to almost uncontrollable grief. The embarrassments which surrounded him were perhaps as great as man has ever encountered. Should he leave Mexico and hasten to his stricken wife? This would be abandoning his friends to certain ruin. Death was the only penalty which would satisfy the vengeance of the Juarez party. Still, there was but little hope in remaining. The increasing guerrilla bands lived by plunder, and rejoiced in the opportunity which the distracted state of the country afforded them. Maximilian could not thus support his troops. His treasury was empty. He could raise no loans. Agitated by these thoughts he paced the floor, now exclaiming, with moistened eye and tremulous voice, "Poor Carlota, poor Carlota!" Again he would endeavor to summon fortitude to abide by the destinies of the Empire, and meet the fate of his companions whatever that fate might be.

Thus afflicted and perplexed he repaired to Orizaba, about the 20th of October, with the intention of leaving the country. Here, in conference with his friends, he changed his plans and resolved to remain with them, at least until another effort should be made to ascertain the will of the nation. He accordingly issued a proclamation stating that circumstances of great magnitude had led him to the conviction that he ought to reconsider the power confided to him, and calling for a Congress of the whole nation, without excluding any political class, to deliberate upon the state of affairs:

"Our Council of Ministers," he said, "has given as their opinion that the welfare of Mexico still requires our presence at the head of affairs, and we have considered it our duty to accede to their request. This Congress shall decide whether the Empire shall continue in the future."

The rapidly increasing troubles of the country prevented this Congress from being convened. A body of about three thousand Imperialist troops, nearly all Mexicans, were besieged by the troops of Juarez at Queretaro, about one hundred and fifty miles northwest from the city of Mexico. Maximilian with eighteen hundred men, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, hastened to their relief. On the morning of the 19th of February, 1867, in a triumphal manner, he entered the city of Queretaro. The little army there, under the Mexican generals Miramon and Mejia, had advanced to meet him. The whole population greeted his arrival with their customary enthusiasm. The Emperor immediately surveyed the ground and made very vigorous preparations for the defense, being almost continually in the saddle night and day. On the 25th he was joined by a reinforcement of four thousand under General Mendez. He still urged, in a very earnest let-

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ter, written on the 2d of March, the assembling of a Congress to determine upon the destinies of Mexico.

On the 14th of March General Escobedo, one of the officers of the Juarez party, attacked Queretaro with an army numbering thirty thousand men. Maximilian had under his command at that place nine thousand. In the fierce battle which ensued the enemy was repulsed. The Emperor shared in all the perils, toils, and hardships of his men. A few days after he sent the Mexican general, Marquez, with a thousand mounted men to the city of Mexico for reinforcements and supplies, ordering him immediately to return.

Marquez, probably from an error of judgment, did not return. The Emperor was thus weakened, and being nearly destitute of supplies his condition became very perilous. On the 27th of March he again attacked the enemy and captured two guns and two hundred prisoners. On the 14th of April the Emperor made another attack, capturing nineteen guns and six hundred prisoners. But these transient victories were of no avail against his vastly outnumbering foes. Greatly disappointed that Marquez did not arrive, after waiting ten days beyond the appointed time, he sent Prince Salm-Salm, with five hundred men, at midnight of April 17, to cut his way through the enemy's lines, and to bring up Marquez with all his forces, and to arrest Marquez should he refuse to comply. But Salm-Salm found the lines too strong to be broken, and he was driven back wounded. On the 1st of May the Imperialists made another attack, but were driven back with loss.

During these dark days Maximilian was unwearied in his exertions. He shared all the deprivations of the soldiers; visited the outposts often by night and on foot; after every battle he was found at the hospital speaking kind words to the wounded; he placed the batteries and sighted the guns, going daily the rounds, wearing a broad-brimmed Mexican white hat, high military boots, and a white blouse. He was always accessible to those who had any petition to present, and the poorest man was as sure of a hearing as the most powerful.

Provisions became exhausted. The poor were starving. The little army was subsisting upon the flesh of horses and mules. There were now but six thousand Imperialist troops in Queretaro, and thirty thousand foes surrounded them. A council of war was held, and it was decided to make arrangements to march out with their whole force on the night of the 15th, and to cut their way through the hostile lines. It was thought that this could easily be done. By a rapid march they could soon reach the city of Mexico, where they would find large reinforcements and ample supplies.

The sortie was to be made on the west side of the city. Secret orders were given to all the generals. No fires were to be lighted, and the strictest silence was to be observed. The troops were to move in the lightest marching order, after spiking the cannon of the fortress and flooding the magazines. Light eight and ten pounders were to be taken, with supplies of grape and canister. Twelve hundred of the citizens of Queretaro were armed to remain behind and keep order in the city, with directions to surrender to General Escobedo at discretion twenty-four hours after the evacuation.

These arrangements being all completed, the Emperor retired to rest about two o'clock on the morning of the 14th of May. At the same hour one of his Mexican generals, Lopez, in whom he had reposed unlimited confidence, silently crept from his quarters to admit the enemy into the city. The Emperor had regarded Lopez with much affection, had stood as godfather for his child, and had intrusted him with very responsible commands. On this occasion Lopez was the officer of the day. He had conspired with the enemy, and had engaged, it is said for a bribe of forty-eight thousand dollars, to open the way for them into the city.

Threading his way in the darkness through his outposts, he reached the advance-guard of the enemy. Here he met an officer who conducted him to the tent of Escobedo. After a brief interview he returned, and led the guard, under its commander, Garza, to an opening in the wall which he had left unprotected. Entering the dark and silent streets of the city, they soon reached a station of the Imperial troops. The officers had no suspicion of the fidelity of Lopez, and supposed that the troops accompanying him were their own comrades. Lopez ordered these Imperial troops to the rear, and placed the post in possession of the enemy. Thus he proceeded until all the points under his control were in possession of the foe. Before the dawn nearly one-half of the city was held by the enemy.

And now, to create bewilderment and confusion, men were sent to ring simultaneously all the bells of the city with great violence. An adjutant of Lopez, a Mexican, by the name of Yablonski, who was in the conspiracy, was anxious that Maximilian, who was universally beloved, should not receive any harm. The Emperor was asleep in one of the small chambers or cells of the Convent of La Cruz. Yablonski awoke his secretary, Blasio, and informed him that the enemy was in possession of the garden of the convent. Blasio immediately went to the room of the Emperor with the alarming tidings.

Several officers, who also occupied the convent, were speedily assembled in the Emperor's room. The confusion was so great in the gloom of the night that, though the convent was held by the enemy, Maximilian and his friends, being mistaken for civilians, succeeded in escaping and in reaching the quarters of one of the Imperial cavalry regiments. The men were ordered immediately to mount, and to advance with all speed to an elevation called the Hill of the Bells.

Just then the traitor Lopez made his appear-

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ance, and, feigning fidelity, exclaimed, "All is lost! See, your Majesty, the enemy's force is upon us." As he spoke these words a body of the enemy's troops were dimly discerned approaching. Maximilian and his friends fled, Lopez accompanying them. Lopez endeavored to induce his victim to enter a house for concealment, where he could easily be secured. But the Emperor refused, determined, if possible, to reach the Hill, and to make a desperate stand there. A horse was brought for him, but he refused to mount as long as his friends were on foot. They reached the Hill, where they found about one hundred and fifty men. Soon the cavalry regiment arrived. Generals Miramon, Mejia, and Mendez were making the most desperate exertions to rally their troops, and join the Emperor on the Hill.

General Mendez was surrounded. His troops were mercilessly cut down. In his heroic endeavor to cut his way through the foe he was taken captive, and in cold blood shot. General Miramon met a body of the hostile troops whom he supposed to be his own men. A pistol-shot pierced his cheek. Faint with the loss of blood, he was seized, bound with ropes, and dragged to the Convent of Terricitas. General Mejia, with a few men, succeeded in reaching the Hill.

The morning was now beginning to dawn. General Escobedo brought up his batteries and opened a deadly fire upon the little band upon the Hill. As the missiles of death fell thickly around, the Emperor, weary of the woes which were overwhelming him, exclaimed to Prince Salm-Salm, "Oh how much would I now give for a friendly shell!" But death seldom comes when longed for.

To remain as they were was only devoting his faithful adherents to destruction. The Emperor inquired of Generals Castillo and Mejia if they deemed it possible to cut through the lines of the enemy. General Mejia carefully examined, with his glass, the situation of the foe, and then deliberately replied:

"Sire, it is impossible. But if your Majesty orders it, we will try. For my part, I am ready to die."

Maximilian, more than ready to die himself, was not willing uselessly to sacrifice the lives of his friends. He ordered the white flags of surrender to be raised, and sent two of his colonels to confer with Escobedo upon terms of capitulation. A troop of cavalry rode up, and an officer demanded, with an oath, where was the Emperor. Maximilian stepped forward and said:

"I am he. If you require any body's life, take mine; but do not harm my officers. I am willing to die, if you require it. But intercede with General Escobedo for the life of my officers."

The Emperor and his officers were placed upon horses and conducted down the Hill, and delivered to General Escobedo, who assured the Emperor that he should be treated as a prisoner of war. He was conveyed, with his officers, to the Convent of La Cruz, and was placed, as a prisoner, in the same room which scarcely an hour before he had occupied as an Emperor.

Prostrated by toil, exhaustion, and sorrow, the Emperor for four days suffered severely from sickness. The captives were then removed to the Convent of Terricitas, where they remained seven days. Thence they were removed to the Convent of Capuchinas. To blight his fair fame his enemies forged a miserable proclamation, pretending it to be his. Here the Emperor was imprisoned in a cheerless apartment of brick and stone, with no windows save one opening into the corridor. An iron bedstead, two or three common chairs, and two small pine tables, constituted its only furniture. Generals Miramon and Mejia occupied adjacent rooms, and the three prisoners were allowed to visit each other. Sentinels were stationed at the doors of these apartments day and night, and a battalion of soldiers was quartered in the convent.

While thus situated, Frederic Hall, Esq., an American jurist, then in Mexico, was summoned by the Emperor to act as one of his legal advisers. Mr. Hall has published an account of these tragic scenes in a very impartial and instructive volume. To this work we are indebted for many of the details contained in this article. The Emperor met Mr. Hall with great cordiality, and said to him:

"I wish to tell you all, that the world may know the truth. When I came to Mexico it was with the sincere belief that I was called by the will of a majority of the people. I told the Mexican deputation, when they first visited me at Miramar, in the fall of 1863, that I would not accept the throne of Mexico until satisfied that a majority of the people sanctioned it. The deputation said that they believed that the majority of the people were in favor of my coming. But the evidence did not convince me.

"When the deputation appeared the second time, in the following April, the proof they presented left no doubt upon my mind. My consent to accept the crown was based upon that belief. When I arrived at Vera Cruz and witnessed the demonstration in my favor, which continued to the capital of the nation, I was more convinced than ever of the truth of the statement made by the Mexican deputation. I never, in all Europe, saw a sovereign received with such enthusiasm as greeted us."

The Emperor knew well the ferocity of his foes, and did not anticipate much mercy. On the 4th of June he said to Mr. Hall, "We must hurry with business. I have been talking with Miramon. He has counted up the time, and thinks they will shoot us on Friday morning."

Again, says Mr. Hall:

"He asked me, one day, if I thought that he and his two generals, Miramon and Mejia, would be justified in escaping if they could. I answered him, 'Certainly, by all means. I have no idea that the court-martial will do you justice. The law is clearly in your favor; but from my discussion on some of the principles of law with the officers of the Government, I am quite satisfied that the determination is to convict you at all hazards.'"

As the Emperor was in no sense upon his parole it showed a very nice appreciation of honor that he should have questioned his right to es-

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cape. The Mexican lawyers who were associated with Mr. Hall all did their utmost, as lawyers and as men, to save the Emperor, but in vain. The Juarez party clamored so loudly for his blood that it has been doubted whether Juarez could have saved him had he been disposed to do so.

"While the Emperor was sitting up in bed one day," says Mr. Hall, "the name of Lopez came up in the conversation. The wife of Prince Salm-Salm was present, who remarked to me, 'What do you think? A few days ago his Majesty heard that some man was in pursuit of Lopez to kill him; and his Majesty sent a person to inform Lopez of the fact that he might be on his guard.' I looked at the Emperor and observed, 'Did your Majesty do that?' He smiled, blushed a little, and answered, 'Yes, I did.' I then said that that was more than I could have done to a man that had sacrificed me. He made some remark to the effect that he supposed but few persons would have done it."

General Escobedo ordered all foreigners to leave the city. Mr. Hall begged permission to remain as one of the counsel of the Emperor. His request was brusquely denied. Calling upon the captive he took a sad and affectionate adieu, being thus compelled to abandon him to his fate.

Don Benito Juarez convened a council of war to pass judgment "upon Maximilian the Archduke of Austria and the so-called Generals, Miramon and Mejia." This military court, to decide upon the life or death of these illustrious captives, consisted of a lieutenant-colonel for President, and six other officers who enjoyed only the rank of captain. Two law-officers of the Government conducted the prosecution. Twelve charges were brought against the Emperor. The substance of these charges was that Maximilian had come to Mexico as the agent of French intervention, and had excited and taken the lead in an unjust civil war. The defense was, that Maximilian had come, not of his own accord, but truly supposing that he was invited by the Mexican people to aid them in their regeneration; that the court convened to try him was not constitutional, since the title to the Presidential chair of the Republic was claimed by Ortega as well as by Juarez, and the question was not yet decided which of the two was entitled to the office; and that Maximilian was a prisoner of war, and was declared to be so by Escobedo, the commander-in-chief to whom he had surrendered himself. Mr. Hall drew up a protest, copies of which the Emperor wished him to send to this country, that distinguished men here might understand the position which he assumed.

The trial was a farce. The clamors of the chieftains of the Juarez party had already settled the doom of the captive. The court-martial was convened on the 13th of June in the theatre of Iturbide. The court occupied the stage. A crowd filled the house. The Emperor did not appear before the court. He said, "If I am to be condemned my presence or absence will make no difference."

Just after midnight, in the morning of June 15, the captives were condemned to death. General Escobedo, the next day, approved the sentence, and ordered them to be shot at three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, Sunday, the 16th. Two of the Emperor's council, not doubting the sentence of the court-martial, had repaired to San Luis Potosi to plead with Juarez for the life of the Emperor. Their entreaties produced no impression. Immediately upon hearing, by telegraph, the tidings of the sentence, the council renewed their supplications. Juarez reluctantly consented to allow the condemned to live three days longer, that they "might arrange their business," postponing the execution to Wednesday morning, the 19th.

Baron Magnus, the Prussian Minister to the Imperial Government, pleaded earnestly with Juarez for the life of Maximilian, but in vain. In these hours of dismay, on the 15th of June, the tidings, which subsequently proved to be false, reached Queretaro that Carlota had died. The Emperor wrote to his friend, the Austrian embassador, Baron Largo:

"I have just learned that my poor wife has died. Though the news affects my heart, yet, on the other hand, under the present circumstances it is a consolation. I have but one wish on earth, that is, that my body may be buried next to that of my poor wife. I intrust you with this as the representative of Austria. I ask you that my legal heirs will take the same care of those who surrounded me, and of my servants, as though the Empress and I had lived."

At noon of the 16th the Emperor, not knowing of the reprieve, expected every moment that the officers would enter his cell to convey him to his execution. He took from his finger his marriage-ring and gave it to his physician, Dr. Basch, with the request that he would carry it to the Archduchess, his mother, supposing at the time that his wife was dead. When he heard of the reprieve he took the ring back again and placed it upon his finger. The next day he wrote the following letter to Baron Largo:

"Dear Baron,—I have nothing to look for in this world. My last wishes are limited to my mortal remains, which soon will be free from suffering and in the care of those who outlive me. My physician, Dr. Basch, will have my body transported to Vera Cruz. Two servants, Gull and Tudas, will be the only ones who will accompany him. I have given orders that my body be carried to Vera Cruz without any pomp, and that no extraordinary ceremony be made on board. I await death calmly, and I equally wish to enjoy calmness in the coffin. So arrange it, dear Baron, that Dr. Basch and my two servants be transported to Europe in one of the two war vessels.

"I wish to be buried by the side of my poor wife. If the report of the death of my poor wife has no foundation, my body should be deposited in some place until the Empress may meet me through death.

"Have the goodness to transmit the necessary orders to the captain of the ship *De Grœller*. Have likewise the goodness to do all you can to have the widow of my faithful companion in arms, Miramon, go to Europe in one of the two war vessels. I rely the more upon this wish being complied with, inasmuch as I have recommended her to place herself under my mother at Vienna.

"Again I give you my most cordial thanks for all the inconveniences which I caused you, and I am, with the greatest good-will, yours, Maximilian."

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Baron Magnus on the 18th repaired to Queretaro and immediately visited the Emperor. Overwhelmed in view of the cruel execution of one so young, so noble, so beloved, at 9 o'clock at night he sent the following telegram to the Juarez Government at San Luis Potosi:

"Having reached Queretaro to-day, I am sure that the three persons condemned on the 14th died morally last Sunday; and that the world so estimates it, as they had made every disposition to die, and expected every instant for an hour to be carried to the place where they were to suffer death before it was possible to communicate to them the order suspending the act. The humane customs of our epoch do not permit that after having suffered that horrible punishment, they should be made to die the second time to-morrow. In the name then of humanity and Heaven, I conjure you to order their lives not to be taken. And I repeat to you again that my sovereign, His Majesty the King of Prussia, and all the monarchs of Europe, united by the ties of blood with the imprisoned Prince, namely, his brother the Emperor of Austria, his cousin the Queen of the British Empire, his brother-in-law the King of the Belgians, and also his cousins, the Queen of Spain and the Kings of Italy and Sweden, will easily understand how to give his Excellency Señor D. Benito Juarez all the requisite securities that none of the three prisoners will ever return to the Mexican territory."

The answer came back that "the President of the Republic did not deem it possible to pardon the Archduke Maximilian." The Emperor then sent the following telegram to Juarez in behalf of his companions:

"I desire that you may preserve the lives of D. Miguel Miramon and D. Thomas Mejia, who, day before yesterday, suffered all the tortures and bitterness of death; and, as I manifested, on being taken prisoner, that I should be the only victim.

"MAXIMILIAN."

The United States Government also made an earnest endeavor to save the life of the Emperor. As it was probably through the influence of the United States that the French troops were withdrawn, without which withdrawal the Empire would unquestionably have been established, it was supposed that a humane request from Secretary Seward would be heeded. But the application was repelled with insult as an impertinence. And Juarez issued a proclamation, in which he ignored entirely any assistance from the United States, and declared that the Juarez party in Mexico, by its own unaided efforts, had driven out the French and crushed the Imperialists. These results, he affirmed, were effected by "the good sons of Mexico, fighting alone, without the assistance of any, without means, without the necessary elements of war."

The Emperor slept but little during the night. His soul was agitated with many thoughts, but not with fears. He remarked to one of his companions, "It is not so very hard to die after all. I feel as though I were going into battle."

At half past eleven in the evening, General Escobedo, influenced by some strange motive, called upon the condemned captive, whom he had promised should be treated as a prisoner of war. Maximilian received his merciless foe with his accustomed affability, and, at the request of Escobedo, gave him his photograph. After the departure of the General, Maximilian obtained a couple of hours of troubled sleep, and at three o'clock rose and dressed himself to die. His spiritual adviser soon came, and he spent an hour in devotional exercises. Again he gave his marriage-ring to his physician, to be conveyed to his mother, still supposing Carlota to be dead. He then wrote the following letter to Juarez:

"About to receive death in consequence of having wished to prove whether new political institutions could succeed in putting an end to the bloody civil war which has devastated for so many years this unfortunate country, I shall lose my life with pleasure if its sacrifice can contribute to the peace and prosperity of my new country.

"Fully persuaded that nothing solid can be founded on a soil drenched in blood and agitated by violent commotions, I conjure you in the most solemn manner, and with the true sincerity of the moments in which I find myself, that my blood may be the last to be spilt—that the same perseverance which I was pleased to recognize and esteem in the midst of prosperity—that with which you have defended the cause which has just triumphed—may consecrate that blood to the most noble task of reconciling the minds of the people; and in founding, in a stable and durable manner, the peace and tranquillity of this unfortunate country."

At half past six in the morning three carriages stood before the door of the convent. The Emperor, accompanied by his spiritual adviser, Father Soria, descended the stairs and entered the first. His condemned companions were placed in the others, each with his accompanying priest. The Emperor was dressed in a single-breasted black frock coat, closely buttoned, with black neck-tie and pants, and a broad-brimmed Mexican hat. His physician, Dr. Basch, was so unnerved that he could not witness the execution of one so loved and revered. Five mounted soldiers led the procession. Then came a company of infantry. The three carriages followed, guarded by a battalion of infantry, one-half of whom flanked each side of the road. A rear-guard, composed of two hundred and fifty mounted men, closed the procession.

Slowly they approached the Hill of the Bells, where the Emperor was captured, about a mile outside of the city. At the base of this hill, which was crowned by a fort, there were the remains of a stone-wall, which formerly constituted a part of the fortifications.

"While the *cortége* advanced to the place of execution," writes Mr. Hall, "the faces of the surrounding multitude were pictured with sorrow. Crowds upon crowds rushed along, mournfully looking at the victims for the sacrifice, shedding tears, offering up prayers, and holding up the cross as the true emblem of consolation. Could one have dropped suddenly from the clouds among that gathered concourse he would have thought that a whole nation were in mourning. If ever there were proof of true affection from a whole people for living man, it was then. It was not idle curiosity that assembled that mighty host. Their actions, their expressions of grief, their contempt exhibited toward the soldiery, were too apparent to deceive the observing witnesses."

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About twenty minutes were occupied in reaching the death-ground. Maximilian, as he stepped from the carriage, took off his hat and gave it, with his handkerchief, to his servant, to be conveyed to his mother and brother. Stroking his flowing beard with his hand, as was his wont, he advanced with a firm step to the designated spot where he was to die. Generals Miramon and Mejia were by his side. The three embraced each other affectionately, Maximilian saying, "We shall soon meet in Heaven." Then turning to General Miramon he said:

"Brave men are respected by sovereigns. Permit me to give you the place of honor."

Thus speaking he placed General Miramon in the centre. Maximilian took his stand on General Miramon's left, while General Mejia occupied his right. The officer in command read aloud the following order:

"Soldiers! In the name of the nation, he who solicits pardon for the three prisoners, or for any of them, will be shot."

About three thousand soldiers were drawn up so as to inclose three sides of a square, of which the hill and the wall composed the fourth side. Six soldiers, with their loaded muskets, were placed a few feet in front of each of the victims. The Emperor left for each of his executioners a twenty-dollar gold piece containing his effigy. As an opportunity was given for the condemned to utter a few words of farewell, the Emperor said:

"Persons of my rank and birth are brought into the world either to insure the welfare of the people or to die as martyrs. I did not come to Mexico from motives of ambition. I came at the earnest entreaty of those who desire the welfare of the country. Mexicans! I pray that my blood may be the last to be shed for our unhappy country; and may it insure the happiness of the nation. Mexicans! Long live Mexico!"

Miramon said a few words, remarking: "In these moments, which do not belong to me, in which my life is already that of the Supreme Being, before the entire world I proclaim that I have never been a traitor to my country. I have defended my opinions; but my children will never be ashamed of their father."

General Mejia was firm and calm, but said nothing. As soon as Miramon had finished the Emperor placed his hand upon his heart and gave the fatal word, *Fire!* The executioners simultaneously discharged their guns. The two generals fell dead. Maximilian reeled and fell sideways upon his face and hip, exclaiming, in Spanish, "O man! O man!" Some at a distance thought he said, "Poor Carlota!" But at that time he supposed the Empress to be dead. One of the soldiers then advanced and discharged his musket into the stomach of the Emperor. A convulsive shuddering indicated that life was not yet extinct. Another ball was sent through his heart, and Maximilian lay silent and motionless in death.

Before the execution the Emperor had written a very earnest request to the Juarez Government that his physician, Dr. Basch, might be permitted to embalm his remains, and, in conjunction with Baron Magnus, convey them to his friends in Austria. The petition was forwarded to the Government by General Escobedo. It is difficult to conceive why such a request should have been refused. But a very peremptory refusal was telegraphed back from San Luis Potosi by the Government. The telegram declared that the bodies of Miramon and Mejia should be immediately given to their friends, should they ask for them. But Escobedo was required to deny any one the right to make any disposition of the body of Maximilian; should any person request permission to embalm the body, the request should be refused; but Escobedo could provide that it might be done by Mexicans, "without prohibiting the presence of foreigners." The body was then to be deposited in a secure place, with the customary religious acts.

Baron de Largo, on the day of the execution, sent a telegram direct to Juarez: "I pray you to concede to me the body of Maximilian, that I may convey it to Europe."

The prompt response from the President was, "The right can not be granted you to dispose of the body of Maximilian."

Immediately after the execution the body, mutilated and gory, was taken back to the convent. Two Mexican physicians unskillfully undertook the office of embalming. Dr. Basch, the Emperor's physician, was allowed to be present, but not to render any assistance. After the work of embalming had been very imperfectly performed, the body, having been twice varnished, and having passed through a process which occupied eight days, was dressed in black pants, military boots, blue coat with gilt buttons, black neck-tie, and black silk gloves. It was then placed in a coffin lined with zinc, and over the face there was a cover of glass. The coffin was placed in one of the churches of Queretaro. Corruption soon commenced, and the aspect was revolting.

Baron Magnus, the Prussian Minister, now made another attempt to obtain the remains. He wrote, on the 29th of June: "The prisoner Prince at Queretaro, the evening before his death, expressed the desire that his mortal remains be confided to myself and Dr. Samuel Basch, physician of the deceased, in order that Dr. Basch might accompany the body to Europe." He therefore entreated the Government to permit the body to be transported to the coast and placed on board one of the Austrian vessels.

The immediate reply contained the announcement, "The Government, for various considerations, can not permit the mortal remains of the Archduke to be conveyed to Europe."

Again, on the 27th of July, Dr. Basch, who was about to return to Austria, made a very earnest appeal for the remains. He was urgent in his plea. "The bodies of his companions in misfortune," he said, "have been delivered to their families, and never in any time has the

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supreme Government refused to deliver any corpse to the relatives who asked for it."

In conclusion he said, "I beg that you will condescend to answer my respectful solicitation, whatever that answer may be, that on returning to my country I may be able to justify myself before the family of the deceased Archduke in having done all on my part that I could to succeed in transporting the body to them."

The reply which immediately came back was, "The President of the Republic has determined that for various and grave considerations the petition can not be acceded to."

On the 20th of August the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff arrived at Vera Cruz in the Austrian war steamer *Elizabeth*. Proceeding to the capital he had an audience with the Minister of Foreign Relations of the Juarez Government. He stated that he had come to Mexico to ask of the Government permission to carry away the mortal remains of Maximilian.

The Minister, M. Lerdo, promised to submit the petition to Juarez; but wished to know first in what character he made the solicitation. The Admiral replied that he came not on an "official mission," but only with a private charge from the family; from the mother of the Archduke and from his brother the Emperor of Austria; that the natural feelings of affection and piety created the strongest desire to possess and honor the mortal remains of the Archduke.

The reply, which was soon returned, was that the Government "had reasons" for not acceding to the petitions of Baron Largo, Baron Magnus, and Dr. Basch; that before deciding the question of the restoration of the remains, it was necessary that they should receive either "an official document from the Government of Austria or an express request from the family of the Archduke."

With this rebuff the Admiral retired. The body was now conveyed to the city of Mexico, and placed in the San Andres Hospital. It was in so sad a state of decomposition that no one was permitted to see it. More than two months passed away when Admiral Tegethoff returned. He brought to the Mexican Minister a letter from the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire. In this letter it was stated:

"His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty has the very natural desire that the mortal remains of his unfortunate brother may find their last repose beneath the vault that covers the ashes of the princes belonging to the house of Austria. The father, the mother, and the remaining brothers of the august deceased share in this desire with an equal earnestness, as do likewise all the members of the Imperial family.

"The Emperor, my august master, has the confidence that the Mexican Government, listening to the sentiments of humanity, will not refuse to mitigate the just grief of his Majesty by facilitating the realization of this desire. To that end Vice-Admiral Tegethoff has been sent to Mexico with orders to address to the President a petition for the delivery to him of the remains of his Imperial Majesty's beloved brother, so that they can be conveyed to Europe. On my part I am charged, in my capacity as Minister of the Imperial Household, to request the kind interposition of your Excellency for the object of securing for the Vice-Admiral the authority necessary for that effect.

"I have the honor, Excellency, of asking that you will convey, in anticipation, to the Chief Executive the expression of gratitude on the part of the august Imperial family for the granting of this petition; and accept for yourself the expression of that same gratitude for the good offices which you may have to perform.

"I avail myself of this occasion to present to your Excellency the assurance of my high consideration.

"BURGY.

"Chancellor of the Empire and Minister of the Imperial Household."

The purpose of President Juarez, whatever that purpose was, seems now to have been attained. A polite answer was returned. "In accordance," said the Mexican Minister, "with the dispositions of the President I have made known to Vice-Admiral de Tegethoff that the mortal remains of the Archduke Maximilian shall be at once delivered to his care, that he convey them to Austria, and thus accomplish the object of his mission."

The remains were escorted by the Vice-Admiral and a Mexican force of one hundred men to Vera Cruz, which place they reached at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th of November. They were placed on board the *Novara*, the same ship which but a few months before had conveyed Maximilian with his happy bride to occupy the throne which had been so urgently pressed upon him.

A table covered with black cloth stood in the centre of the saloon, and the coffin was placed upon it. An altar, bearing a cross with the image of the Saviour, stood at the head of the remains. The Austrian and Mexican flags were blended in the drapery of the coffin. Upon all was laid Maximilian's sword. Around the coffin were six silver candlesticks, each containing a lighted wax-candle. Day and night two armed sentinels guarded the remains.

Imposing religious services were performed, and the *Novara* weighed anchor and steamed for Havana. As she entered that port two Spanish war steamers commenced playing funeral marches. All the flags on the ships and forts were wreathed with black crape, and floated at half-mast. The harbor was crowded with boats, so eager were the people to get a view of the ship which bore the remains. As the *Novara*, at six o'clock in the evening of the 4th of December, steamed from the port, the air was filled with requiems from the martial bands, and the Spanish authorities did every thing in their power to honor the memory of the illustrious dead. As the vessel neared the Austrian coast it was met by the Austrian fleet and escorted to port. The remains of Maximilian are now mouldering to dust in the sepulchres of his fathers. Nobly he fulfilled the sad mission of his life. Thousands who never knew him will drop a tear of affection to his memory.

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THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Sixth.

I.

PERFECTLY aware, dear reader, that you are wincing a little under Mrs. General Likens — becoming even desperate to break out of the meshes of her incessant spinning— yet how could you have otherwise learned to know that estimable lady as her other visitors do?

We alike hail, however, the arrival at this juncture of Brown Bob Long, and hasten upon the front piazza to greet him, leaving John to her fate.

Not from the sands of Arabia had Brown Bob Long obtained his horse—a shaggy white pony—the abundant hair of his tail and mane thickly clotted with cockle-burs. Upon his right shoulder is branded a mystic hieroglyphic, twelve inches across, marking his ownership, the result of a week's designing by Mr. Long with the end of his ramrod, on the sand in front of his cabin. The ticks have damaged his left ear, and it is doubled down, giving him an expression of being in joke all the time. Mr. Bob Long is very tall—so much so that on his very small steed his feet reach the ground almost, leaving the impression upon your mind as he rides up that the pony is so slight a part of Mr. Long's traveling equipage as to be better dispensed with than not. As he alights you observe that his is only the naked tree or wooden frame of a saddle, without any covering or trimming whatever, and that rawhide enters largely into the construction of his bridle. The value of the whole outfit is accumulated in the huge wooden stirrups with broad leathers, extending so near the earth that, when tied to a tree at a little distance, the pony exhibits the phenomenon of an animal having apparently three legs on a side.

According to the invariable custom of the country, Mr. Long rides up to the front fence and halts, without the least intimation that he intends to get off. General Likens rises and calls to him to "'Light!" standing on the front step of the piazza. Mr. Long retains his seat, and the General walks out to the fence, pipe in mouth, and repeats the request: all according to the ritual of that region. "Ah, thank you," says Mr. Long, and drawing one foot out of the stirrup, seats himself more comfortably sideways in the saddle for a talk. General Likens is familiar with established usage, and, leaning against the fence, the topics of health on both sides; then the state of the weather, past, present, and to come; then the crops past, the prospect of crops to come. Then, in due order, the General again says, "'Light, won't you?" Mr. Long replies, with some hesitation, "Ah, thank you; I'll come in an' get a gourd of water." A long rifle in his hand, some eighty feet of rope hanging in a coil upon the horn of his saddle, a tangle of powder-horn and shot-pouches about his breast, and a spur on each heel considerably larger than a dollar, make the getting off rather a labor than otherwise, especially as the temperament of Bobasheela, the pony, renders his standing still for an instant an impossibility.

The young minister is undecided a moment as they approach the piazza; but he remembers Cranmer at the stake, and cheerfully holds out his right hand to martyrdom. The squeeze wherewith it is grasped and held produces in the face of the sufferer a singular conflict of serious pain therefrom with that real pleasure wherewith one instinctively greets a thorough, healthy, wholesome human being. Mr. Long is manifestly glad to see him, and shows it. Mr. Long prefers keeping upon his head his exceedingly slouched wool hat, but seats himself on a hide-bottomed chair, tilts it back against a pillar of the piazza, and then goes through the established topics in their established order with Mr. Wall. That gentleman and all his uncle's family are well. Mr. Long has brought all his family with him in his saddle, as he informs the young minister, and, yes, *he* is well. The weather has been, is now, promises to continue, pleasant; both are agreed upon that point. Mr. Wall pleads ignorance of the crops about Hoppleton—is, in fact, profoundly indifferent upon the subject, and listens to Mr. Long's opinions in the matter without being at all able to restate those opinions when he has finished. The existence of, or necessity for, crops has never as yet fairly entered his mind. Crops were not at all a subject of thought in the Seminary; he will learn soon enough to take the deepest interest therein.

The established topics being exhausted in their due order, Mr. Long produces a knife eight inches in length from his right breeches-pocket, a bar of tobacco from the left, and supplies himself with an immensely large quid, previously offering the same to his friend. He then works the hind legs of his chair forward that it may tilt in a larger angle with the pillar, settles himself in it, and considers himself at home. Mr. Wall is anxious to be cordial and sociable, and is dragging his mind for something to say. General Likens has long ago surrendered the business of entertaining and drawing out his guests to his wife, but she is performing that duty just now upon a fairer visitor in the back premises.

"Well, an' what's the good word with you?" their host therefore asks at last, this being the next question in order according to the rubric of society in that section.

"Nothin', well, nothin'," is the reply. "I'm told Bill Meggar's ribs I bruk 'er gettin' well. He *would* hev it, you know!" added Mr. Long, appealingly. "Devil helping them they might have coaxed me into takin' that whisky; that is, if the good Lord had forsaken me—pre-haps. But as to *makin'* me drink, pourin' it down, you see, it ain't to be did!" and Mr. Long is again silent.

"Started early?" tries the General again.

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"Not very; almost daybreak—had only the fifteen miles to ride," is the reply.

"Don't see that fat buck," says the General.

"Not shot yet," replies Mr. Long, carelessly. "'Fraid it might spile before he got home; not do it till the last moment."

"Indians would say you'd rubbed end of your rifle with med'cine; deer seem to swarm so about it," says the General.

"Don't find much honey there to speak off," says Mr. Long, taking up his rifle instinctively from the baluster against which he has leaned it, and laying it across his knees with a caressing motion.

"Remember what Jacob said to his father the day he brought the old man that kid-meat he had fixed up for ven'son?" asks the General, with his pipe-stem between his teeth.

"'The Lord thy God brought it to me,'" says Mr. Long, promptly, as if he had just laid the Bible aside from reading that passage. "But then, you know, he lied," adds Mr. Long. The General nods, reflectively.

"I wouldn't dare to say any thing of that sort about *my* hunting," says the hunter, in a lower voice, and with downcast eyes. "Only I do know one thing, my shootin' 'll do better to tie to than it did before, you know, and by a long sight."

The General considers this statement as he smokes.

"Never a single drop, say, since then?" he asks at last, regarding his swarthy guest with new interest—with an anxious curiosity even.

The hunter shakes his head with a smile.

"Nor a piece of pasteboard, say? Not once?"

Another shake of the head in negation.

"Nor a quarter race?"

Another shake still more decided.

"How about that swearing? nary oath?"

Mr. Long's smile vanishes, leaving a troubled look.

"No, General, but mighty nigh onst, I tell you," he says. "It was Bobasheela yonder; he lay down with me in Boggy Creek, one cold mornin' I was after a deer—it fairly started a cuss before I knew it, but it didn't reach my mouth. No, Sir!"

The General takes his pipe from his mouth, and looks at his visitor yet more anxiously as he asks, "Nor—nothin' else?"

Mr. Long understands the delicate question perfectly. With a frank smile over the whole of his face he shakes his head in the negative decidedly, and the General resumes his pipe with profound satisfaction. "You will excuse my askin'?" he says, after further consideration.

"Certainly, an' more than welcome," replies the hunter promptly, and with a glad face.

Mr. Wall is desirous to break the silence that ensues. His field of thought for the last few years yields him not, however, a single grain for the occasion.

"Religion is a most an excellent thing," the General announces, therefore, after farther reflection along the same line. "To guide a man, say," he explains.

"Yes, General," is the reply; "but specially to hold in a man. It's its *holdin' in* power strikes me most. It's wonderful!" says the hunter, with emphasis. "There's no gettin' ronnd the fact; it must be—God!"

Mr. Long lets his chair down upon its four legs that he may search to better advantage a breast-pocket under his buckskin hunting-shirt. "It's an astonishin' passage," he says as he searches. "'Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation'—*kept!* that's what I look it—it's *φρουρέω*, you rec'lect," he adds, turning on Mr. Wall, as he draws a little book from his bosom and searches it for the place.

"Frowreo!" exclaims that individual, bewildered.

"That's the verb, you know; it's *φρουρουμένους* in the passage. Now what I want to know is this," adds the hunter: "does the Greek mean 'kept' as a jailer keeps a pris'ner, or 'kept' as a scout keeps a look-out?"

It takes some little time for the one addressed to overcome his surprise in getting Greek from such an unexpected source. It is wine to him from a spring which he hardly supposed would yield any water even, but of the muddiest.

Mr. Long has supplied him with a subject of conversation entirely to his taste, and, suppressing his surprise for the moment, he discusses the passage with zest. There are other passages to be examined after this one, and the young theologian grows somewhat cautious in his explanations as they proceed; there is no telling but the bronzed hunter may know more about it than he. The General smokes his pipe out of sight below them, with a satisfaction in having such conversation in his house too.

"But how did you come to learn the Greek, Mr. Long?" asks the yonng minister at length; "and I wonder my uncle never told me about it," he added.

"Your uncle's got a sight of things more important than me to talk about. Well, it's too long a story for the little Greek I know," replies the hunter. "You wouldn't believe it, but I was fitted for college when I was a boy. Sorry to say my father was an infidel. He'd set his heart on my getting a good education, if 'twas only to do so much more damage to religion. But he was very dissipated—sing'lar for his own son to say so, but it was a fact. I went on to college, entered the Freshman class one Monday morning; was expelled from college next Saturday afternoon; got on a terrible spree; never once thought they'd object to *that!*"

"You had learned the Greek when a boy, then?" asks Charles.

"Mighty little," replies his companion. "No; it was in this way: You see, I ran away from home. Father gave me a little too much beating when I got back from college in disgrace.

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I was getting at that age, you know, a boy won't stand a stick—specially a wild chap like me. Yes, I ran away, and have been in the woods ever sence. Yes, took to the woods, you see, like the wild animal I was."

"But how about the Greek?" asks Charles, for his new friend is slow in answering his question.

"Well, the General can tell you," says the hunter, glancing at that individual, "what a terrible hard case I've been; up to every sort of wickedness an' devilment I *do* suppose," he continued, slowly and with some embarrassment, "a man ever was guilty of. It's awful to think of, General, what a case I have been!" he adds, with sincerest solemnity.

The General nods his head in grave but entire concurrence—taking his pipe from his mouth to add to the solemnity of his assent.

"I've heard of men," continues the hunter, "when they became Christians, love to talk—especially about the first of their joining the Church—of how bad they've been. They'd take a sort o' pleasure in telling how particularly bad they'd been before. It always seemed to me like a kind o' glorying in their past wickedness; like a kind o' being too certain sure of never getting back into the rock whence they were hewn, of never slipping back into the hole of the pit whence they were digged. I don't know. However! I don't like to look much behind *me*. With me it's a sort of flight from Sodom, a kind of escape for thy life—'Look not behind thee!' I don't know. I hate to talk much about my religion. There's precious little to talk about—my part in it, I mean. Besides, it's like hot water in a camp-kettle a-boiling. I have a sort of fear that hot kind of religion will all pass off in talking. Humph! and here I am taking it out in talking this minute, running other people's religion down at that—people a sight better than I am!"

"But you haven't told me about the Greek yet," says Charles Wall, clinging to the point.

"It was only this," replies the hunter, speaking with a singular conflict in his face between perfect frankness and a reluctance to talk of himself; "when it all first began, after I got a little over that first great joy—oh, isn't it wonderful, wonderful He should *so* love us!" he said to Charles, with the simplicity of a child held, in passing, by the Truth ever fresh in its infinite wonder to his mind.

The young minister bowed his head with fast filling eyes. The fact, old in itself as Eternity, overfamiliar to him from perpetual presentation, came with a newness to his ears; there was something in the language, and more in the expression of the hunter's face, as if Calvary was an event of yesterday's occurrence, an event arrived as to-day's telegram.

"You see, "continues the hunter, after a pause, pushing up his old felt hat from his bronzed face, "after I began to get a little used to the astonishing fact of the case—I suppose it must be something like when a man first comes into a tremendous fortune, kind of bewildered with happiness, only vastly more so in this case, at the start—when I could look around me a little I says to myself, 'Bob Long, I know mighty little about you, an' nothing good. But I know one thing. You'd a million times over better never been born than tumble back again into what you were. Sow that is washed to her wallowin'—look out! You are only just on the edge like, your feet barely on the edge, nothing more. Now,' says I, 'your plan is to go into this new matter with all the force you've got. No danger it 'll be too much!' So I went to reading the Bible—not only a chapter or so every day, but *at* it, you'll understand, at it! like a man mauling rails; at it like into a business—like into a kind of work should take up as much of my time and thoughts and feelings as possible. I'm afraid you can't understand," he added, anxiously.

"Yes I do," replied Charles, "perfectly. My uncle is a man of very ardent temperament—very active in whatever he undertakes. He has often told me that the grand reason he entered the ministry was just that. He was afraid unless he gave himself up altogether to religion by becoming a minister of the gospel—"

"Exactly," interrupted the hunter, with kindled eye. "Had to pitch in head foremost, whole body, or not at all! I know his sort—either a very good man or an exceedin' wicked one! Precisely what I felt. So, when I had read the Bible through once or twice, I says to myself, 'now, what next?' You see, I was like a man running in the snow, 'fraid to stop running lest I might begin to freeze; like a buck with the dogs after him—can't afford to stop even to scratch! One day it struck me like a slug. It was at church one time Mr. Merkes was explaining what the Greek was of some passage he had up; half the people asleep, I'm bound to say—excuse me, General, I forgot you was one of them! Yes, like a slug. Why not learn to read the Testament in the language it was written in? Hard work, I know; but that's just what I need, something to keep me at it hard! Long time? Very well, when I get through with it I'll be just that much farther on the road. So at it I went—and that's all."

"But how did you manage?" asked Charles.

"Very easy when I came up with the thing. I rode over to Hoppleton. Your uncle laughed and let me have the books out of his book-case—Grammar, Lexicon, and Greek Testament. I offered to pay him. 'Pshaw, Mr. Long! no,' he says; 'you'll only have them a little while: soon send them back.' 'We'll see,' says I. Few months afterward I sent him the money, and back he sends it. Then I tried him with ven'son—he couldn't send that back well."

"But I don't understand yet," says Charles. "How do you find time and place for study?"

"Plenty of time, especially of winter nights. My cabin's the place, of course; why not?"

"But didn't you find it very difficult studying

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alone, without a teacher?" asks Charles, greatly interested.

"I broke down right at the start," says the hunter, knocking up the broad and hanging rim of his hat from his brow with a back-handed motion, and entering with increasing energy on his narration. "You see it was this way, and you'll be amazed what a fool I was. It was the alphabet. There was Alpha, Beta, and the rest. I soon had them by heart. Now, says I to myself, put any two of these letters together —say Alpha, Beta—and what in creation does Alpha, Beta, spell? How *can* a fellow combine the two sounds into one sound? Did you ever know such a fool? Believe it? I rode over to your uncle to ask him. I thought he never would stop laughing: you know what a sunny, happy sort of man he is. 'Don't know your a, b, abs, Mr. Long? well!' he says. Then he showed me the places in Romans, Galatians, Mark, where it says, Abba, Father. But the idea of giving Greek letters, with the names they have, English sounds! I declare I can't see into it to this day."

"And how after that?" asks Charles, laughing.

"No difficulty at all; smooth and easy as you please the rest of the trail. You see, when a man once gets fairly *on* the trail, he's all safe."

"But you seem to have done with this matter—I mean as a thing requiring hard labor—close attention," says the young minister.

"Well, I have read the Testament through only once in the Greek yet. Slow work it was, something like hacking and hewing and squeezing one's way through a cane-brake after a bear. Coming upon and getting hold of the exact meanin' of a passage in its very hole like —it's as exciting as hunting itself. The very work's a pleasure, most pleasure when it's hardest. You know children like nuts more 'n any thing else, just because they've got to crack the shell to get at the kernels. Nobody cares for kernels in a clean plate all picked out already. And then when you get at the kernel of a hard passage, after hours of hammering with lexicon an' grammar, it's not only fresh and new, and exactly hits like, but it's fixed in your memory for ever and ever. I never enjoy myself more than there in my cabin of a winter night, lyin' on a bearskin before the fire, working away with my books—blaze of the pine-knots on the page. But I'll tell you one thing," said the hunter, bringing his chair down upon its four legs again, while he searched under his red flannel shirt, beneath the heavy tangle of shot-pouches, and powder-flask, and dangling chargers of antelope-horn, and the like.

"And what is that?" asked Charles, awaiting with interest the result of the search.

"This," said the hunter at last, producing a long, thin volume from his bosom. "Greek isn't as easy as it might be, 'specially to a fellow in his cabin fifty miles from any help, an' just beginning. But I tell you," he continued, with gravest sincerity, "it's nothing to the Hebrew —not a circumstance!"

"Hebrew!" ejaculated Mr. Wall.

"I tell you," said the hunter, evidently with the emphasis of painful experience, "Hebrew is *tough!*"

"Do I understand you to say you've undertaken the Hebrew?" asked his companion, with rapidly increasing surprise, interest, and sympathy.

"You may well say *undertaken* it; and it's the heaviest job I ever did undertake. Yes, Sir," said Mr. Long, with an almost exhausted look upon his brown face: not an atom of boastfulness in the man.

"But, my dear Sir, what induced you—?" began his companion.

"Same reason," replied the hunter. "Soon as the Greek began to get a little easy, you know, a little broken to my bridle, you see—though I'm far enough from knowing much about it yet—I began to look around for something else in regard to religion to go into, you understand—something to keep me hard at it; every spare minute at work rushing it forward. The day I finished the New Testament in the Greek, 'now,' says I to myself, and to your uncle too, for I rode over to see him—'now for the *Old* Testament in *its* original language.' It's in the *Old* Testament that amazin' Fifty-first Psalm is, you know—'Have mercy upon me'—you remember? If I do know a place in the Bible, if I *oughter* know a place in all the Bible, it's *that*, you know! Well, your uncle loaned me Lexicon, Manual, Grammar, an' Bible—only he didn't laugh this time; the tears somehow came into his eyes, an' before he let me off he insisted upon prayin' with me. Oh! if you only *could* manage to make such a man as him! If there's something in blood in horses—an' I guess I ought to know: many's the hour I've spent, and the dollar I've won, and lost too, for that matter, on race-course—then there must be something in blood in men. You're of good stock any how. Though I'm bound to say," the speaker added, after some reflection, "you can never, of course, come to be quite all your uncle is: you know no man can ever quite come to be *that!*" he adds, as if stating a self-evident proposition, his eyes fastened like those of a little child on his new friend, who assents heartily thereto, and then adds,

"Thank you; but how did you succeed about the Hebrew?"

"That's yet to know," said Mr. Long, with a somewhat troubled face. "I've been at it only some two or three months, or so. It's such a sing'lar language. The letters are like nothing else in the world, unless it is a Mexican horse-brand. And then those points, little dots, you know, swarmin' over the whole page, and botherin' one like gnats. I'm told they've come into the language since Moses. *He* never would have put them there. They're worse than the lice he cursed the Egyptians with, crawlin' so, beg your pardon, over every

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single word an' letter! I don't care so much about having to read backward, like a bear backing toward its hole fighting the dogs off with its paws—only there's such a whirl of confusion about piecing out the words, first at one end an' then at the other; then there's that constant hop an' skip with a fellow to guess what lies between; then that *Sh'wa simple*, an' *Sh'wa compound*, *Pattah furtive*, *Daghesh Forty* an' *Daghesh Leny*, *Mappik* and *Raphe*, and a thousand things of the sort. I tell you I've lain there on that bearskin by the fire working at it till the sweat would pour down! Twenty times I've shut the books up and put them in my old box for good. Humph! And I've sat and looked at the chest those books was in as if it was a kind of cage of varmints, each all claws and teeth. I've felt, at times, actually afraid of them books! Then I would say, 'You think I can't, do you? I'll tame you if it takes years!' Next leisure time I'm sure to let them out and go at it again! You see, when once I get after any thing I hate to give it up, if it's only a squirrel. One thing I know, that is, I'll never have to hunt up something more to go at; that Hebrew 'll keep me hard at it, if I live that long, for next fifty years!

"But here's one thing," added the hunter, "brought me over to-day. Your uncle's a little rusty, he says—been so long from the Seminary. He told me to hold on till you came out—you'll be fresh from it, he said. So I want you to explain this thing to me—it's the hardest knot I've come on yet."

So saying, Mr. Long draws up his chair close beside his new friend, who is both pleased and a little alarmed at the prospect. Mr. Long opens the grammar before them—its page blackened and worn with unmistakable struggle. For accuracy he draws the bowie-knife from its leathern sheath at his waist and points out the place on the page. "Be a little keerful," he says; "you see I keep it sharp as possible. When you've shot your deer you must cut a good, deep, clean gash to let out all the blood—meat's spiled if you don't. It's the only thing in close quarters with a bear, too; wrap up your left hand in your saddle-blanket, say, and hold it out to him; as he grabs it with his paws you have your knife ready in your right, and let him have all of it, every inch, just under the left foreshoulder, he'll never say 'beans' again! Only that ain't what we're after just now."

The freshly elected and inaugurated Professor of Hebrew can not help glancing at the hand which holds the knife to the page—huge and hairy, and almost black from long roughing it. The little finger is lacking—"bitten off by a bear cub I was trying to raise by hand; you see he sucked too hard," was the explanation subsequently given. There is a gash or two besides, to match similar scars on one cheek. As to his muscular body under the flannel shirt, it is tattooed by the claws of wild animals and wilder boon companions in the days of his folly, in a manner which would insure his instant election as King of the Cannibal Islands, had he moved in that circle of society.

Mr. Long has removed his voluminous hat altogether from his head, to enable him to sit nearer his new friend over the page, as well as to allow his intellectual organs full play. He is exceeding rough, but very far from homely, as he bends over the page, satisfying very well a young lady's idea of that magnificent pirate who is eternally announcing—on the piano—to the unwearied object of his affections, "This night and forever my bride thou must be!" As he listens to Mr. Wall's explanation, he is engaged, in the intensity of his attention, in curling together a lock of his black whiskers and forcing it into the corner of his mouth on that side, listening and biting. General Likens sits to one side in his arm-chair, his pipe in his mouth and his feet on the balusters of the piazza, his chair being tilted back for that purpose, serenely satisfied, although utterly forgotten and lost sight of by his guests.

Once or twice Mrs. General Likens, with the scent of fresh prey, has appeared on the doorway of the house from within. The watchful General has on each occasion, however, taken his pipe from his lips to shake his head at her not to disturb his guests in their sacred studies, and has thus dispersed her for the time. She complies the more willingly, both because she dreads the grasp of Mr. Long's hand, and because John is yet alive within to be further entertained.

And so the hours glide along. The Hebraists pursue their labors—Mr. Long lunching incessantly on the ends of his whiskers, and his instructor perfectly at home with the familiar book in his grasp. The very aroma of seminary and lecture-room is upon its pages. The General smokes, fills and refills his cob-pipe, and smokes again, thinking many things, and listening, somewhat superficially, to the rattle of the Hebrew. The sun shines bright, and the bees are coming and going at their stand by the front paling. In the orchard adjacent the guinea-hens have clustered into a knot, and keep up a steady and unanimous potrack! potrack! off to themselves together, like politicians on both sides at Washington, exciting and emulating each other in discord, luxuriating in senseless jargon, while the bees toil and the hens cluck their straggling charges here and there in the front yard, as indifferent to their racket as are the people, absorbed about their homes and honest business, to the empty uproar aforesaid. If bees and poultry and men reasoned correctly, they would all agree that it is, after all, an admirable arrangement by which all the bad humors of the body social are brought to a head in the persons of these politicians, feathered and unfeathered.

Yes, it is well the most fevered ones—of the human species we now speak—are herded off to themselves—for a good part of the time, at any rate—in the domed and columned lazaretto

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at Washington, and every capital, infecting and exhausting themselves only upon each other. If those who live there, where breaks the boil of the whole body politic, fancy their location a healthful one, very well. But this in a parenthesis only, a remark altogether irrelevant, penned up here to itself, and not to be permitted to run at large over these pages.

"I must step out to look after dinner, child," Mrs. General Likens says, at last, to John, who cheerfully assents. "Only don't let me forget to give you your basket when you *must* go," adds that lady, catching sight of that article on the mantle as she is passing out. "And, dear me," she hastens back to remark, "as I live, yonder comes Araminta Allen, to make a call on you. She'll stay to dinner, and you must entertain her, child, while I see about things. She's mighty free of speech, dear; she's rich, bless you! Be a little on your guard. 'Member, she's the one sent that Josiah Evers whirling. Don't give her any hold on you any way—only I know you won't. Safest plan, child, for us all is to start her about Amelia Ann and Mr. Merkes; that'll keep her busy all her stay, I'll warrant. You see, Mr. Merkes, he said at the funeral he was nigh certain sure Amelia Ann was lost; died, you must have heard of it, soon after dancin' all night. Araminta's only sister she was. An' Araminta, she never has stopped abusin' poor Mr. Merkes for it five minutes at a time, an' never will. Bless you, she'll begin about it as soon 's she sees you! Talk? My! You leave it all to me. I'll fix it!" With this rather unnecessary injunction Mrs. General Likens hurried from the room, first to receive and send in her new guest, and then to the kitchen, to turn a little more steam, figuratively speaking, upon the preparations for dinner.

II.

Bug Burleson, in charge of Sally, her little black nurse, or rather Sally in charge of Bug, happened to be, the same day, at Mr. Burleson's front gate, there in Hoppleton, when her brother Edward drives up. The prompt and imperative demand of the Bug to be taken instantly out riding receives from him a refusal as prompt and decided, as he hurries into the house to leave a word explaining his absence.

Now, in the reasoning of Bug, a pressing emergency required instant remedy. At her command Sally lifted her charge into the buggy, holding up also the leathern curtain of its seat while Bug creeps beneath the same. In justice to Sally, she acted under protest. There had been no case so far in her short career in which Bug had failed to have her own way with every member of the family, to say nothing of Sally.

Scarcely had Sally lodged Bug under the seat when Burleson reappeared at the front door, leaving her no choice but to fly for her life. It is true the horse was spirited, and standing unfastened; but there is an exception to the laws of nature when a child is concerned. The horse did not run away, though Rarey himself would have justified him if he had; and his master soon had him doing his best along the road, not dreaming of the passenger under his seat. As it happened, the canvas cover of the buggy had been folded away under it; and into this Bug had managed to nestle herself as snug as her namesake in a rug. Her plan was to remain hidden there until sufficiently far from home to insure her, at least, a good long ride in being carried back. The darkness and the motion soon sent her to sleep, however, tired already from play and abundance of previous mischief; and the unconscious brother is near twenty miles on his road when a sudden cry from beneath him, and a kick against his boot, nearly sends him out of his buggy with surprise. He reins up his horse, and proceeds to draw his passenger from under deck. It is something of a job; for Bug is very plump and the fit a tight one, and his horse restless. He has her, at last, standing between his knees, very much soiled and astonished, her flaxen hair over her rosy face, a vast deal too sweet and audacious to be angry with.

"You break my whole trip completely up, you little imp of—light!" he says, kissing her half-awakened face, and turning his horse short around in the road homeward.

"But no! I'll try it now; she won't understand us," he adds in the same breath, turning his horse back again; and so drives on with added speed.

"Why, Bug, what *did* you get in for?" he asks at last, his wrath beginning to rekindle.

"Thithter Nan," explains that insect.

"Sister Nan! No, Madam; Nan wouldn't do it; not fun enough in her for that. Besides I left her in the parlor," says Burleson. "Little fibber!"

"Oh, she is tho croth," says Bug, in farther explanation. "She thcolds and thcolds tho! She thes I'm a bother and a petht. I wath running away from her, you thee! Oh, brother Ned, she is *tho* croth!" says Bug, with all her emphasis, anxious to justify her course, and delighted at the direction they are going. "Thally thes her black mammy thes it's because thithter Nan can't get a huthband. She thcolds in the houth, and she thcolds in the garden, and she thcolds in the kitchen! And Thally thes her black mammy thes it's awful now, and it's getting wus and wus every day! Drive on, brother Ned; don't leth go back to her any more!"

Bug prattles away in a steady stream. But Burleson is full of his own thoughts. The one chime thereof are John, Louisiana! John, Louisiana! He can not say when the chime begun, but it has rung in his ear in office, at table, in midnight wakings, very steadily for some time now. The worst of it is, the chime is ringing louder and still louder every passing day. Besides, there is a kind of sense of Wall walking steadily before him, he near behind, endeavoring to pass Wall on the one side or the other

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all the time, and so far unable to do it. With any body else—somebody with whom he can be at open war—the case would be different. But Wall is an annoyance to him just so much the more as that he can not but sincerely like him.

"Hang him, if he'd only become crazy enough to marry Nan!" he says at last aloud.

"Marry thithter Nan. Oh, I'm tho glad!" says Bug, with a clap of the hands which frightens his horse, and recalls him to himself.

An hour or so more and the brother drives up to General Likens's front gate.

"Thank you, you see I have!" says Burleson, in his frank, cordial way to General Likens's invitation to alight; the General standing, with hand shading his eyes, on the front porch. "I had business in this neighborhood, and venture to stop a moment," he adds to the company on the piazza, after due introduction and salutation. Bug smuggled herself in.

"Yeth, because thithter Nan—" begins Bug.

"Hush, Bug!" says Burleson, with his hand on her mouth, and Bug finishes the sentence in John's ear, into whose lap she has climbed, as being the only friend there.

"And your name is Bug?" says Mrs. General Likens, returning from her perpetual excursions in and out of the house.

"Yeth, and I'm *tho* hungry!" is the prompt reply.

Nothing could have gratified Mrs. General Likens more; next to reading her verses to her guests, or talking to them, nothing pleased her more than feeding them. And so John and Bug disappear with their hostess into the house, where soap and comb, as well as cake, are called into requisition.

The General, after a question or two, resumes his pipe, one guest happier than before—a little proud, too, of the visit from the handsome son of his old Hoppleton acquaintance. His wife knew better than that from the first. The more that lady considers the matter, as she cuts cake in rapid succession of slices for Bug, the more is she reconciled to it. The thing is too transparent for her even to pride herself at all upon seeing through it all at the first glance. "Teachin' school!" she exclaims to herself; "not so soon, I guess!"

As to Wall, after his first pleased surprise at seeing Burleson—after being for the moment particularly gratified to learn that he is to have his company on the road to Hoppleton in the morning—on farther reflection he is not so certain he is glad to see him at last.

"Yes, I'll be going back to-morrow; that is"—Burleson adds, with laughing wave of his hand toward the General—"if the General will give Bug and myself a pallet on the floor for to-night."

"Twenty," says the General, without removing his pipe.

Now why was it that Burleson's coming had cast a kind of damp upon the party? Wall sat thinking even at the supper-table. John opposite him there had nothing to say. Nothing occurred to the General after he had helped all from the broiled chickens before him. Mr. Long ate, from long habit, in silence. Bug occupied a chair beside John at the table, kept awake after her long ride only by a species of cake upon her plate new to her palate.

"But where is Mr. Long?" asks Mr. Wall, when they come to sit down to the breakfast-table next morning.

"Up and off before day. Said he allowed to meet you on Plum Creek. It's just half-way on the road to town. Mighty apt to do it," said the General.

But Mr. Wall entirely forgets Mr. Long when they come to start for Hoppleton.

"Suppose I relieve Miss John of you," says Burleson, as they stand beside their respective buggies awaiting that lady, who is keeping them waiting, according to the inalienable and immemorial usage of every female from Lot's wife, and before that, to the present hour.

"Relieve Miss John of me?" asks Mr. Wall, with the dignity of a clergyman, only as an excuse to hesitate.

"Well, relieve you of Miss John, then," explains Burleson, coolly. "She must be tired of you by this time; let her get tired of me a little. Better let her ride back with me."

Most assuredly not, replies Mr. Wall, promptly, in his heart. "Certainly, if she wishes it," he says in the same instant with his lips.

"And you can have Bug with you," adds Burleson, with great kindness, and as a happy thought. At this instant Miss John appears.

"I like to have forgotten it, child," says Mrs. General Likens, who accompanies her, basket in hand. "But I remembered it this morning and put in more. I've filled it full; I hope you'll find it good," and the old lady deposits the heavy basket carefully under the seat of Wall's buggy beside valise and carpet-bag.

"Mr. Wall insists you shall ride with me," says Burleson; "I could not get off from him at all." And that young gentleman decided her hesitation by assisting her in accordingly. Mrs. General Likens bestows a nudge with her elbow upon the General, who stands by her side, and a smiling glance upon Miss John, which that young lady feels, with mounting color, although she does not see it. Mr. Burleson having taken adieu of all, is about to drive off—

"Bug—but where is Bug?" asks John, coloring still higher at her companion's forgetfulness.

"Bless the child, yes," says Mrs. General Likens, and hurries off in search of her.

"Dear me," says the General in the pause, "we liked to have forgot!" and he hastens into the house and returns with a large newspaper bundle. "Bite for you on the road," he explains, proceeding to put it into the minister's buggy.

"Oh, thank you, General," John calls from her buggy; "but Mrs. Likens has given it to

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us already—a great basket-full! We have more than enough."

"You had better take it," says the General, his head a little on one side, as he holds it in his hand, and prophecy in his tones.

"Thank you, General; no. We have enough—more than enough. No; much obliged to you."

The General dislikes to contend; hands the bundle to Isham, who has brought around the horses, and resumes his pipe.

"Chasing the guinea-hens in the back lot," Mrs. General Likens explains, appearing at this instant with Bug in a soiled condition, covered head and body in an enormous sun-bonnet of the old lady's, in lieu of her own, left behind in her hasty departure from home. Burleson has already driven off, Bug is assisted in, with a parting kiss from the General's wife, a hasty good-by, and Wall drives off also.

Swiftly the travelers move along the road. Their horses have been well fed. Besides, Wall has an unconscious resolve to make Mike keep as near the party in advance as possible; while Burleson, who has the better horse, has a more conscious resolve that his friend shall be left as far behind as convenient. Bug entertains her companion. She tells him—incidentally—perhaps more of her "thithter Nan," and other family matters, than is desirable. Not that Burleson had not anticipated this, but it was to him the lesser alternative of the two. Wall was tempted at first to sink as usual into brown study. From Mr. Merkes's example, he is beginning to fear lest such study may become browner and browner, if indulged in, until it becomes black. By an effort he throws his thoughts entirely out of the buggy, and cultivates Bug. He tells her a fairy tale or two, holding her in at the catastrophe of each, lest she should tumble out with her emotion. As to keeping up with the other buggy, he soon finds that to do that with any degree of satisfactory nearness is hopeless. There is a good deal of deep sand to be gone through, and in the course of time he judges, by Bug's appetite if not by his own, that it must be noon or nearly, when he sees that the buggy in advance has stopped by a creek. Plum Creek? Yes; for there is Bobasheela tied off to one side, and there also stands his master.

"You drive a little on," Mr. Long calls to him in turn as he drives nearer. "It might frighten your horse," he explains, as Mr. Wall complies. It does not frighten either of the horses, but it does astonish Mr. Wall when he looks back and sees that, Mr. Long having moved a little, a huge deer hangs suspended by its hind legs from a post oak bough. "Yes, a tollable fine buck," Mr. Long remarks, when the gentlemen have tied their horses securely and joined him. "Yaas," Mr. Long further remarks, "I was up tollable early, not very, tied on a red handkerchief, and soon got him;" and Wall observes that Mr. Long's head is tied up in that article still, while his hat is fastened to the saddle of his horse. Of course none but a Seminarian can be ignorant of the motive of the hunter in this, and he, very properly, is ashamed to ask.

In fact, that clergyman is mainly occupied in endeavoring, furtively but eagerly, to gather from the countenances of Burleson and John what traces of their conversation may be visible thereon.

"I've had it flayed some time," says Mr. Long; "but I kept it hanging to get cool as possible. Won't take me five minutes to cut it up to fit in the buggy."

"I'm *tho* hungry," says Bug at this juncture.

"While Mr. Long finishes suppose we have dinner?" suggests John. It is cordially assented to by all. Burleson clears off a smooth spot on the grass beneath a tree, while Wall arranges the cushions from the buggies thereon, and John brings the basket—enough for a little army, one would judge, from the size and apparent weight of the same; and the appetite of all is sensibly increased as they seat themselves conveniently around with expectant eyes. Miss John unties the lid and draws out a roll of paper.

"Tongue!" conjectures Burleson.

"Poetry!" exclaims John, unrolling to view the foolscap manuscript.

"Tongue, but the wrong kind just now," says Burleson, after the explosion.

"Yes, it is so kind in her," says John. "She put it on the top of our dinner. It will do for dessert!" But her cheerfulness vanishes as she says it. Another package—a shorter one—of rhyme! Mrs. Likens always wrote blank-verse on foolscap, rhyme on letter-paper: it was a peculiarity of genius. A dreadful suspicion seizes upon Wall. "Permit me!" he says, and empties the basket on the grass. Only manuscript, and plenty of it! There is a shout of laughter. Except Bug, however: she burst into weeping from the outset. In fact, in a moment or two the rest of the party feel strongly like joining her. But it is too ludicrous, and they again give way to merriment, loud and long continued.

"Never mind," says John, at last. "Hush, Bug, dear; we will get Mr. Wall to make up to us for our dinner by reading a little of it." The proposition is scoffed at, and Bug's cries rise louder and louder. Mr. Long's heart is touched.

"Never you mind, little sis," he says. "Wait just a little bit; see if I don't have dinner for you."

Mr. Long lays aside his bloody knife, heaps a pile of dead leaves against a log, fires his rifle into the pile with the end among the leaves, and a flame rises upon the spot.

"Don't put on leaves, gentlemen, bark instead if you please; it's coals we want, not blaze or smoke," he adds, as they bestir themselves to assist. Bug dries her tears at the sight, and in ten minutes the hunter supplies Bug first, and then the rest, with a slice of broiled venison.

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"Needn't fear about the salt," he says; "I always keep it in a paper separate from my tobacco—'casionally it *will* get mixed a little. Coffee too," he adds, putting a tin cup of water from the creek on to boil, and pouring part of the contents of a paper therein. "I never do without it when I can help. Better than whisky any day. Here's a paper of sugar too; milk *I* never use."

John recollects that half a loaf and some cakes have been left in a round box from last Saturday's road-side snack. The result is a hearty dinner at last for all. Mrs. Likens's poetry is gathered up and consigned to the basket for another time.

It takes but a little while for Mr. Long to salt the remainder of the venison well, wrap it up in the skin, and tie it on securely behind Mr. Wall's buggy with strips cut from the skin. A haunch is placed—somewhat against Mr. Burleson's protestations—under the seat of his vehicle in the place before occupied by Bug. Mr. Long then draws Wall a little to one side, and whispers:

"I've fastened on the antlers to your running gear under out of sight. You tell your uncle the meat's part pay for them Hebrew books. Hope he won't find it as tough as I've found *them!* You tell your uncle," he continued, in a lower tone, "to nail up them antlers on to a tree or fence or something out of sight like about the yard. Tell him, when he sees them, to think of another proud animal—wild enough one at that—he knows who I mean—a-cavorting an' loping along to ruin, struck right down in his tracks. Only it was life not death *he* got! Ah, well, never mind; he'll know what I mean. Good-by. I'll see you again. I've got a little plan in my head about those Meggar boys. Want you to help me. Haven't studied it out yet. At least may be so. Good-by." And, without further salutation, Brown Bob Long coils up his rope, hangs it upon the pommel of his old saddle, mounts, and is gone.

"We will change places now, Bug," says John, as they are about to get into their respective vehicles to continue their journey.

"No, Miss John," says Wall, the least smack in the world of sourness, of Mr. Merkes, in fact, in his tones; "it is your kindness to me—I won't rob Mr. Burleson of the pleasure. Besides, Bug and I are just getting acquainted, and it is not far from town now."

Very good, Mr. Wall; but ofttimes very important things take place in a very brief space of time!

HOW WE KEPT OUR TRYST.

THE golden summer months had fled
  Behind a veil of silvery haze;
With stately march September led
  In narrow file the Autumn days.

By many a path her steps were seen
  In fields where late the Summer strayed,
And where the woodland's leafy screen
  Flecked every winding walk with shade.

Her light breath, moved to gentle gales,
  Stirred the long tassels of the corn,
That, nurtured 'mid the sheltered vales,
  Shone in the golden light at morn.

Within the hemlock's feathery top
  Through all the sweet September day,
With lengthened trill and sudden stop,
  The blackbird piped his mellow lay.

An unseen influence working change
  A thin veil o'er the landscape drew;
More distant seemed the mountain range;
  The clouds to towering castles grew;

And coloring every shade of thought,
  Each flight of fancy grave or gay,
With subtle wand of wizard wrought
  Some new enchantment day by day;

And in the maple's fretted leaf
  Kindled a crimson-tinted flame,
As nearer, now the days grew brief,
  October's bannered legions came.

So, in September's soft decline,
  When thicker grew the Autumn mist,
And swollen were the grapes with wine,
  I sauntered toward our place of tryst.

By pleasant paths my footsteps lay
  Through fields that slowly gathered brown,
Where, sailing past me on its way,
  Floated the thistle's ghostly down.

'Twixt stately orchard rows I strolled;
  Before my steps the robin fled;
With glints of russet and of gold
  The apples ripened overhead.

A sudden turn, and full in view,
  Across my path, the low stile stood,
Where one wide-spreading chestnut grew
  Right in an angle of the wood.

And seated, waiting there for me,
  Half in the sunlight, half in shade,
Beneath the chestnut's boughs was she,
  The one with whom my tryst was made.

Oh, sometimes, love, do you recall
  That hour, though years since then have fled;
And do you still remember all
  The fond, the foolish words I said?

But let them pass (I think we may);
  Their absence here will scarce be missed;
What need of more, since on that day
  It was for life we kept our tryst.

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TRINITY SEASON.

DOG-DAYS TO MICHAELMAS.

THE different parts of the ecclesiastical year exercise an important influence upon the course of the pulpit instruction of the Church. The first half of the year, from Advent to Trinity-Sunday, abounds with days and seasons which afford appropriate occasions upon which the preacher can inculcate the history of the life of Christ while on earth, and enforce the tenets and doctrines of the religion he professes to teach. During the latter half of the year, from Trinity-Sunday to Advent, during the Trinity season, preachers generally assume a larger liberty and indulge in a more varied series of discourses. They preach to a greater extent exegetical sermons, or favor their hearers with particular appeals, practical advice, and ethical essays. We refer to those who have a system of pulpit instruction for the whole year; who do not rest upon mere words; who do not aim principally at effect; in fine, who do not associate sensation with success, and perhaps both with salary. Preaching is a delicate subject to touch upon. When Gil Blas was requested by the Archbishop to frankly criticise his homilies, and in the sincerity of his heart told his Grace that his last effort was not equal to his former ones, poor Gil Blas was dismissed from his post with the assurance that he was a very nice young man but no judge of homilies; for "know, my friend," said the Archbishop, "that homily which did not please you was the best I ever composed." Human nature is the same now as it was in the days of the Archbishop. Preachers are just as sensitive and hearers are quite as critical. There is one great merit in a sermon which every speaker can have—that is, brevity. Yet, while listeners are unanimous in regarding brevity the soul of preaching as well as of wit, preachers to a great extent persist in delivering discourses which, whatever may be their literary merit, weary from their length. It is an error that should be carefully guarded against, especially when the sermon is preceded by a long service. We have listened to the most accomplished and eloquent divines over and over again, and heard them speak for various spaces of time, varying from twenty minutes to two hours and forty minutes, and we have come to the conclusion, in which, we doubt not, a very large majority of church-going folk will concur, that, except upon particular occasions, all over twenty-five minutes is a grief. The clerical life is a hard one. It is easy to find fault. Perhaps some of our readers will think us no wiser than the Archbishop did Gil Blas. Some will say no more, and leave preachers and people to settle their own affairs.

Our last notices of the Trinity season extended through the month of June. We will resume them with the month of July.

The Saxons used to consider this month as the first of the Celtic year. They called it *Hen-monath*, "foliage month," or *Lida Aftera*, the second month of the sun's downward course. The Romans called it *Quintilis* until Mark Antony gave it the name of *Julius*, in honor of the first Cæsar, the greatest man of antiquity. Hence the present name of July.

The character of this month, though every where a summer month, must, of course, vary with the latitude. On the third begin the dog-days, which continue to the 11th of August, according to the ordinary computation, though there is a difference of opinion on the subject. They derive their name from the heliacal rising and setting of Sirius, the Dog-star, and properly should be made to conform thereto in the calendar. We must look to Egypt for the origin of the observance of these days. The rising of Tayout, Sihor, or Sirius, coincided in ancient times with the summer solstice and the overflowing of the Nile; and as the latter was the source of the fertility of Egypt, the period was regarded as sacred, and the influence of the Dog-star was deemed peculiarly auspicious. The superstitious feelings generated in Egypt with regard to the dog-days gradually spread throughout the world, and made themselves felt like many other ancient superstitions. But, while the rising of the Dog-star was the harbinger of plenty and prosperity to the Egyptian, it was just the reverse to the Roman, who looked upon the dog-days as unfortunate and even prejudicial to life, coming as they did in the most unhealthy period of the year. The dog-days are still talked about, not only in Europe but in America; but it does not require Gassendi's grave argument to convince people that the Dog-star can not possibly exercise any good or bad influence upon the earth. Popular prejudices linger a long time even after light has begun to break. To this day many sensible persons believe that the weather is affected by the moon, and that equinoctial storms attend the sun's imaginary passage across an imaginary line. Yet the fixed stars combined do affect the earth. They are original sources of light and heat; their force is identical with that of the sun, and they daguerreotype themselves. Without the additional heat furnished by the fixed stars the sun would not render the earth habitable. Sirius is a sun superior to Sol himself; but, individually, he can but give a name to the dog-days.

The anniversary of our national independence is so trite a subject that we will pass it by lest our readers should feel as Charles II. did when his worthy host of Woodstock treated him to a fresh dose of

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

July 7 is Becket's Day. Every one remembers St. Thomas à Becket of Canterbury, the great and ambitious Minister of Henry II., whose name, in the list of the great churchmen of former days, when ecclesiastics ruled states and nations, is associated with those of Wolsey, Ximenes, Richelieu, Mazarin. He was a

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very great man; but, having lost the friendship of the king, he was murdered on the steps of the altar of his cathedral by four knights who thought to do Henry a pleasure. Regarded as a martyr, his tomb at Canterbury became the scene of many a penance and many a pilgrimage. His day is chiefly honored by the English Romanists.

The next day of note in the calendar is St. Swithin's Day. St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, and was canonized in the year 858. He was a venerable and distinguished prelate, celebrated for his piety and good works, and was also believed to have the power of working miracles. When he was at the point of death he directed that his body should be buried in the church-yard, that it might lie under the blue vault of heaven, and his grave be wet with the rain from above. After his canonization an attempt was made by the monks to remove his remains and inter them under the chancel where he had so often and lovingly officiated. But the rain, which fell in torrents, was thought to indicate the displeasure of the saint at the violation of his last request, and the effort was abandoned. Subsequently, in the time of William the Conqueror, the remains of the saint were removed to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, of which he was made one of the patrons. Hence it was commonly called St. Swithin's. The original name was restored after the Reformation. For a very long time the simple people of Kent looked upon St. Swithin's Day as a prognosticator of the weather. In Poor Robin's Almanac, 1697, we read:

"In this month is St. Swithin's Day;
On which, if that it rain, they say
Full forty days after it will,
Or more or less, some rain distill.
This Swithin was a saint, I trow,
And Winchester's bishop also,
Who in his time did many a feat,
As popish legends do repeat.
But whether this were so or no
Is more than you or I do know:
Better it is to rise betime,
And to make hay while sun doth shine,
Than to believe in tales and lies
Which idle monks and friars devise."

Ben Jonson alludes to the tradition connected with this day in his "Every Man out of his Humor." And there is an old legend, quoted by Brand, which improves upon the tradition. It runs thus:

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

Gay admonishes the people that a higher Power than "Swithin rules the clouds and wind;" but at the same time suggests the propriety of "taking proper precautions in a wet season," which reminds one of the advice of the old French humorist to the man at sea in a storm, viz., "To trust in Providence, and hold on tight to the mast."

The memory of St. James the Great, one of the Twelve Apostles, is honored upon the 25th, that day having been set apart to keep him in remembrance. He was probably the elder brother of St. John the Evangelist. He was of note among the Twelve, making, with Peter and John, the three favorite disciples whom Jesus chose to witness the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the transfiguration, and the agony in the garden of Gethsemane. Very little is known of him beyond what is recorded in Scripture. He was put to death by Herod Agrippa I. to please the Jews, and was thus probably the second martyr to the Christian faith. The Church has always regarded with honor the memory of St. James, and there is in the Book of Common Prayer a special service set forth to commemorate his day. Having been one of the "sons of thunder," he was doubtless esteemed in after-times as a man of war, and thus became a patron saint of chivalry. The shrine of St. Jago de Compostella in Spain obtained great celebrity during the Dark Ages; many gifts were presented and pilgrimages made to it. St. James also, we believe, gave the name to the place from which the English Court derived the appellation of the Court of St. James.

There are a few popular traditionary customs connected with this day, but not many of much interest. The old Sarum Use or Liturgy has a form for blessing apples on St. James's Day; and it used to be an old adage that he "who eat oysters on St. James's Day would never want money;" which, in days of yore, must greatly have increased, one would think, the consumption of bivalves at that time. Churchill, satirizing superstitious notions, says:

"July, to whom, with Dog-star in her train,
St. James gives oisters and St. Swithin rain."

It was an old custom at Cliff, in the royal County of Kent, to distribute upon St. James's Day a mutton pie and a loaf of bread to as many of the poor as thought fit to ask for them—a custom similar to that which prevails to this day at Winchester, where every one who asks is entitled, by the liberal arrangement of William of Wyckham, to a piece of bread and a mug of ale. Such charities are worthy of praise and imitation, and will forever keep the memory of the founders green. Though they be small in themselves, yet they are born of a true Christian spirit.

It was an ancient practice in England, on the day after St. James's Day, the 26th, to bait a lion with dogs. Fortunately the brutal custom has given way before the influence of a better civilization. For a long time lions were always kept with great care at the Tower. Great attention was given to the comfort of the royal brutes. When country people went up to London for a visit they went, of course, to see the lions as one of the greatest curiosities in the city. Hence came the phrase, "seeing the lions," which is in vogue now. Americans have improved upon the expression in their own way by substituting "seeing the elephant," the latter cant phrase implying rather more than

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the former. Although the lion is the symbol of Great Britain's power, it is not improbable that the heads on the British coat of arms are not lions' but leopards' heads. The royal brute enjoys about as factitious a reputation as Marcus Brutus; the latter having been really as base a man as the former is an ignoble beast. But the world likes to be imposed upon.

July 26 is St. Anne's Day—a great holiday in the Roman Church. Tradition relates that her husband, Joachim, was a wealthy Jew. They lived together twenty years without issue, to their great sorrow. Upon making his offerings at the Temple on the feast of the Dedication, he was repulsed by the High Priest on account of being childless. The old man withdrew, and lamented his hard fate among the shepherds, not daring to return home lest his neighbors should ridicule him. In his distress an angel appeared to him, and directed that he should go to the Golden Gate of the Temple, where he would find his wife Anne, who was anxious to see him. The same angel likewise appeared to his wife, and directed her to join her husband at the Golden Gate. He also assured both that they should have a daughter, and that they should call her name Mary. Accordingly they both went to the Golden Gate and returned thanks for the revelation. Afterward they went home in much joy, and lived happily and hopefully, believing the angel. Subsequently there was born to them a daughter, whom they called Mary, and who was dedicated in the Temple, where she lived until she married Joseph. The meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anne at the Golden Gate has been illustrated by many of the old painters; and the Sarum Breviary has a curious cut exhibiting Joachim, richly habited, saluting Anne. The mother of the Virgin Mary very naturally was held in great esteem by the Romanists. The nuns of St. Anne at Rome, we believe, now profess to have the silver wedding-ring of their patroness. Doubtless it is as genuine as the piece of the true cross which Ivanhoe gave in pledge to the Prior of Jorvaulx. How much St. Anne was esteemed may be gathered from prayers in the Sarum Use, which Bishop Patrick has translated from the Latin:

> "Oh, vessel of celestial grace,
> Blest mother to the Virgin Queen!
> By thee we beg in the first place,
> Remission of all former sin."

Again:

> "Do thou appease the daughter thou didst bear;
> She her own son, and thou thy *grandson* dear."

But St. Anne ceased to reign even in Salisbury after the Reformation, and the tradition in regard to her and Joachim only remains for the edification of the lovers of the curious.

July closes with the day allotted to the memory of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesus. Whatever may be thought of the fearful results which have ensued to the world from that Society, it must be admitted that Loyola was a great man—one who, while wrong in judgment, was thoroughly in earnest. Had he done as much to benefit mankind as he did to injure them, he would have been a saint indeed. We have no space to describe at length his life or the Order which he founded. He was born in Guipuzcoa, in 1495, at the castle of Loyola. He early exhibited talents, accompanied by a quick temper and an ardent desire for fame. The latter thirst was no doubt the secret spring which prompted him in all his life, and made him what he was. Becoming a soldier, having been brought up at the court of Ferdinand V., he exhibited great courage and capacity. He was severely wounded in the siege of Pampeluna, which induced him to exchange the sword for the Church. Tradition says that he had a revelation from the Virgin Mary. Thus inspired, he founded the Order of Jesus. He was simply a wrong-headed enthusiast, intending, like many others of a similar stamp, to do good to his fellow-men, and yet effecting a great deal of injury. The Society of Jesus has been almost the right arm of the Roman Church; perhaps it may be deemed so now. Its anagram is the famous I.H.S., under a cross. "In this" (the cross) "is safety." The rule is, Every thing for the Order—the Order for the Pope. It permeates the civilized and even the uncivilized world, and "vermiculates" society. Being a secret society, under the most arbitrary laws, which are obeyed, we need not enlarge upon its means or its ends.

Loyola is said to have written ably on the exact doctrine of the Trinity. We believe that there is a treatise from his pen extant. His personal appearance was remarkably fine. There is a picture in the Warwick collection, by Rubens, exhibiting St. Ignatius in a rapture, which confirms this. His day and memory are, of course, celebrated wherever one of the Order is; and where is there not one? "The evil men do lives after them," says Shakspeare. The words might have been written for Loyola. Let us in charity hope that the "good" he did was not "interred with his bones."

August derives its name from the second Cæsar. The Romans counted their months from March, making August Sextilis. But as Augustus began his consulship upon this month, illustrating it with the subjugation of Cleopatra, the conclusion of the civil wars which had so long wasted Italy, and other brilliant successes, obtaining three triumphs, the Romans gave his name to the month, as they had given the name of his uncle to the previous one. The Anglo-Saxons called it Arnmonath, "harvest month."

The 1st of August is Lammas-day. Some suppose that the appellation comes from Lamb-Mass, as the feudatories of the Cathedral of St. Peter ad Vincula at York (so called, like the Church of St. Peter outside the walls of Rome, in memory of St. Peter's chains and imprisonment) were in the habit of bringing each a lamb to the Cathedral at the time of High Mass upon the 1st of August; others, that it comes from the Saxon Hlafmaesse, Loaf-Mass, because it

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was usual then to make an offering of the first-fruits or new bread of the Arnmonath.

"On this day," says Howitt, "became payable the *Peterpence*, a tax levied to the amount of a penny upon every hearth throughout England, and which was also called *Rome-feogh*, *Heard-penny*, or *Rome-scot*. The origin of this tax is a matter of much doubt. According to Matthew of Westminster, about the year 727, Ina, King of Wessex, leaving his kingdom to his relative Aethelhard, set forth on a pilgrimage to Rome, where, with the consent of Pope Gregory, he established the *Schola Anglorum*, known afterward as the *Hospitale di Santo Spirito*. The object of this institution was to bring up the English kings, priests, and laity in the true Roman faith, for the schools in their own country had been so tainted that from the time of St. Augustine they had been interdicted by the pontiffs. To defray the expense of the new establishment Ina laid a penny tax upon every family in Wessex."

August 4 is St. Dominic's Day in the Roman calendar. He was another enthusiast, and the founder of the celebrated Order of preaching friars in the thirteenth century. The members of this Order were conspicuous for their zeal as agents and ministers of the Inquisition; and the name of Dominican suggests bigotry, domination, and cruelty, as that of Jesuit does pertinacity and cunning. The Order is of little importance at the present day.

The 6th is the anniversary of the Transfiguration, when Christ ascended Mount Tabor with His three favorite disciples—Peter, James, and John—and displayed himself to them in his brilliant glory, just one year previous to His ascension. This festival was probably initiated in the fifth century, but it did not obtain much position until 1457; Pope Calixtus then decreeing that it should henceforth be kept in commemoration of the successful defense of Belgrade, Mohammed II. having abandoned the siege of that place, removing a cloud from Europe, and making an epoch in history. This day is not set down in the English calendar.

The 10th brings us to St. Lawrence's Day. He was cruelly martyred at Rome by the Emperor Valerian, having been roasted to death on a gridiron. His memory is celebrated on account of the singular fortitude he manifested in his fearful death. The Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, London, erected to his name, bears a gridiron on the steeple. Robinson says, "That Philip II. of Spain, having won a battle on the 10th of August, the festival of St. Lawrence, vowed to consecrate a palace, a church, and a monastery to his honor. Accordingly he built the *Escorial*, the largest palace in Europe. This immense quarry consists of several courts, all disposed in the shape of a gridiron. The bars form several courts, and the royal family occupy the handle. Gridirons are met with in every part of the building. There are sculptured gridirons, painted gridirons, iron and marble gridirons; there are gridirons over the doors, in the windows, in the galleries, and in the yards. Never was an instrument of martyrdom so multiplied, honored, and celebrated." As long as the Escorial stands St. Lawrence will be remembered. The dark-minded, bigoted monarch, who through the Inquisition did so much violence to humanity and the religion for which St. Lawrence bravely suffered and died, deserves to be remembered only for the Escorial.

With the 11th end the dog-days, as we have before remarked.

On the 15th occurs the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the chief of the festivals which the Roman Church observes to her honor. Tradition declares that upon this day the body of the Virgin was miraculously taken up into heaven. The festival was instituted in 813, and Romanists are as much obligated to believe in the fabled Assumption as in the mythical Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, though the former is obviously borrowed from the Ascension of Christ, and the latter, according to Gibbon, from the Koran. Butler "enjoins that on this day the Virgin should be invoked as a mediator." There are offices for the purpose in the Roman breviaries with edifying tales to interest the credulous. Durandus says that a bishop having reproved a priest for intruding the office of the Virgin at a wrong time the Virgin appeared and *scolded* him so that he was compelled to make amends to the priest. In some places the festival of the Assumption is celebrated with great splendor and pageantry. Howel says that at Messina, in Sicily, the festival is magnificently kept, under the name of Bara. "An immense machine of about fifty feet high is constructed to represent heaven; and in the midst is placed a young female personating the Virgin, with an image of Jesus in her right hand; round the Virgin twelve little children turn vertically, representing so many seraphim, and below them twelve children turn horizontally, as cherubim; lower down in the machine a sun turns vertically, with a child at the extremity of each of the four principal radii of his circle, who ascend and descend with his rotation, yet always in an erect posture; and still lower, within seven feet of the ground, are placed twelve boys, who turn horizontally around the principal figure, exhibiting thereby the Twelve Apostles. All are assembled to witness the decease and assumption of the Virgin. The machine is drawn through the main streets, and families regard it as a favor to have their children admitted to the divine exhibition, though the little ones do not seem to appreciate the honor of being apostles, cherubim, and seraphim." This savors of the miracle plays. The Assumption, and we should have said the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, are subjects which employed the pencils of the old masters, which they have amply illustrated. Napoleon is said to have changed the real date of his birthday to make it coincide with the feast of the Assumption. It is another proof that very great men

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often have equally great weaknesses. Pageants in honor of the Assumption were carried to a great extent formerly in some parts of France; but we have not room to describe them. Scott, in his "Vision of Don Roderick," has a fine passage, too long to quote, on the subject of the adoration paid to the Virgin, where he describes the watchman on the battlements at night, who stands,

> "Musing on worlds beyond the grave,
> And to the Virgin Mother silently
> Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

We will pass by the days commemorative of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, who built the church on Mount Calvary; St. Timothy, St. Paul's son in the faith; St. Bernard, the celebrated monk; St. Hippolytus—and pause on the 24th.

It is St. Bartholomew's Day. What fearful recollections does not the name awaken! Nearly three hundred years ago, or on the eve of St. Bartholomew, 1572, occurred the memorable massacre. Charles IX. of France, Catherine de Medicis the Queen Mother, the Duke of Anjou, and the Guises, had determined upon the extermination of the Huguenots. The slaughter was to be indiscriminate; the Princes of Condé and Navarre were the only Protestants to be spared. Charles, in a moment of compassion, endeavored to persuade the young Count de la Rochefoucault to remain that night in the Louvre, but without success. Every thing had been arranged. Suddenly, deep in the night, a pistol was fired, and the tocsin of St. Germain sounded the assault, and the Duke of Guise and his band of wretches rushed upon the defenseless Protestants. Guise made for the abode of the noble old Admiral Coligny, crying, "To death! to death!" but he did not dare to meet the admiral face to face. Brême, one of his German guards, ascended the stairs, and found a venerable old man engaged in his devotions. "Art thou Coligny?" demanded the assassin. "I am," replied the admiral; "young man, respect my gray hairs." Brême thrust his sword through the helpless old man, crying to those below: "He is done for!" To satisfy the remorseless Guise the body of the admiral was flung into the street. Thus perished Coligny, one of the noblest and purest men of that day. Over ten thousand Protestants were slain that night in Paris alone, five hundred of whom were men of rank. Great numbers also fell in the provinces. When the Pope heard it "he expressed great joy, announcing that the cardinals should return thanks to Almighty God for so signal an advantage gained for the Holy See, and that a jubilee should be observed all over Christendom." An Indian massacre is revolting to contemplate; but what shall we say when the Christian murders the Christian in the name of the Church of Christ? It would trench upon the borders of history to describe how retributive justice overtook Charles and France. Nor is it necessary to comment upon a deed of horror worthy only of Jesuits and Dominicans—and, we might add, of savages—and which is rivaled only by the tragical scenes of the blackest days of the French Revolution.

St. Bartholomew, or Nathaniel, was one of the Twelve Apostles. Little is known of him. A tradition relates that he went to India, where he suffered martyrdom. No account of his labors has been handed down to us.

It was a custom in olden time for the scholars of various schools to meet upon this day and hold debates and discussions. The practice remained long in vogue in Yorkshire, but has now disappeared. There was also held formerly, in London, a celebrated Fair, which bore the name of Bartholomew, about which much has been written; but it became so debased in its character that it was at last put down. Although this saint does not rank very high, yet, because he was one of the Twelve, and a martyr, his day is commemorated by a service for the occasion. It can be seen in the Prayer-Book of the Episcopal Church.

The 28th is known as St. Augustine's Day. He was perhaps the most distinguished of the Latin Fathers. Born in Numidia, his early life was wild and sensual. Subsequently he reformed his manners, and became a zealous churchman. The noble hymn, the *Te Deum*, is said by some to have been composed by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, for the occasion of the baptism of St. Augustine; but it is not certain. Others attribute the hymn to Nicetius. It was in use in the sixth century, and was prescribed by St. Bennet to be used by his followers when he instituted his Order. Whoever composed it, it is probably the noblest sacred composition outside of Scripture. St. Augustine became Bishop of Hippo, and acquired a great name as a teacher, preacher, and controversialist. He contended with the Manichæans, Donatists, and Pelagians, and with success. His "Confessions" are known world-wide, and his "City of God" is universally admired. His abilities were great; he wrote much; and, though he did much good, he left a legacy of evil to the world in his theology. His day, though in the English calendar, has no special service set down for it.

The 29th is the anniversary of the beheading of John the Baptist, by order of Herod Antipas. The story is familiar to all. Jerome says, "That Herodias treated the Baptist's head very disdainfully, pulling out the tongue which she had imagined injured her, and piercing it with a needle." Herod and Herodias, and Salome the dancer, were subsequently banished to Lyons, where the young lady fell into the ice, which closed and cut off her head. The Jews, of course, considered it a judgment. Charles Lamb has written a poem which gives a very graceful account of the Scriptural scene, and concludes with a moral on the subject of "beauty in unloveliness."

St. Aidan, the old Bishop of Lindisfarne, closes on the 31st the month and the summer.

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Bede gives some accounts of his supposed miracles, but they are not worth repeating. Doubtless he was a good old man and served his generation. The 31st, also, was the day in the year 1807 when Cardinal York, the last lineal descendant of the house of Stuart, died; thus perfecting the title of the present reigning family of Great Britain. The Stuarts claimed to be sprung from Banquo—so Victoria may be one of those that

"Twofold balls and treble sceptres carry,"

whom Macbeth saw in the glass, and whom the "blood-boltered Banquo" pointed at for his.

Summer is over and gone, and we now approach the autumn, when external nature begins to change, and we realize that we are in the fall of the year. Bryant calls this season "the saddest of the year;" but each season has its charms, and the autumn has its festive days.

September, or seventh month, as the Romans counted it, was called by the Anglo-Saxons Gerstmonath, "Barley month," the barley harvest occurring at that time. Barley was highly esteemed by them, on account of their favorite beverage, beer, which they made from that grain. They also called this month, Halyemonath, "Holy month," it being a month devoted to certain religious ceremonies, after the manner of their heathen mythology.

The 1st is St. Giles's Day. He was the patron of beggars. An Athenian by birth, in ancient days he removed to France, where he gained a great reputation among the vulgar by doing some good and some extravagant acts, which need not be related. St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, was dedicated to him, and his name suggests "Mornings in Bow Street."

The 2d is the anniversary of the great fire in London, 1666. The plague had raged throughout the city the previous year. The fire burned up a large part of the town, and burned out the epidemic. De Foe drew upon his imagination to describe the plague, in a book which many have read for a true account. We know a person who read Knickerbocker's History of New York supposing it to be a veritable history. It is not surprising, therefore, to us that the "Plague Book" of De Foe should have deluded many unsophisticated readers. Dryden celebrated the year 1666 in his fine poem of the "Annus Mirabilis." A modern critic, however, is disposed to deny that Dryden was a poet; so that, after all, the wonderful year may not have been well sung.

The 3d reminds us that upon this day, in the year 1751, New Style was introduced, eleven days being dropped from the record, and the 3d being declared to be legally the 14th. "When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation," says the *World* of that time, "to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment between the holidays and their attributes, and what confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day was not to be celebrated when stubble-geese are in the highest perfection; it was replied that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority; for if the errors in it were permitted to go on, they would, in a certain number of years, produce such a variation that we should be mourning for the good King Charles on a false 30th of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling head over heels in Greenwich Park in honor of Whitsuntide, and at length be choosing King and Queen for Twelfth Night when we ought to be admiring the London 'prentice at Bartholomew Fair." So unwillingly do a simple folk consent to innovations. Such feelings strike us as strange in our country, where the people seem to be created with the least possible amount of veneration.

The festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary occurs upon the 8th. Although this day is noted in both the Anglican and Roman calendars, it is chiefly observed by the Roman Church. "The title of the Mother of God was confirmed," says Hone, according to Butler and other Romish writers, "to the Virgin Mary by the traditions of the Church, and her nativity has been kept above a thousand years with matins, masses, homilies, collects, processions, and other forms and ceremonies ordained by that hierarchy. Some of its writers attribute the institution of this feast to certain revelations which a religious contemplative had, who, they say, every year, upon the 8th of September, heard most sweet music in heaven, with great rejoicings of the angels; and once asking them the cause of one of them, he answered him that upon that day was celebrated in heaven the nativity of the Mother of God; and upon the relation of this man the Church began to celebrate it on earth." This conforms very well with what we have said upon St. Anne's Day, in regard to the immaculate conception and miraculous birth of the Virgin. The name of the Virgin is also celebrated upon this day. She is generally represented standing, gorgeously arrayed, her hands folded, a crown on her head, and the moon at her feet. Numerous legends describe her wonderful acts. She mends the robe of Becket, wipes the perspiration from the faces of weary worshipers at her shrine, bleeds a sick young man, officiates for a monk, nourishes St. Alban, protects a thief—and we know not what more. All Romanistic countries, and especially Spain, are great worshipers of the Virgin. They pay her what they call the *hyperdoulia*, a worship inferior to that due to God, but superior to that paid to ordinary saints.

The 14th is the festival of the Holy Cross. It is in the English and Roman almanacs. The Exaltation of the Holy Cross was instituted to commemorate the wonderful manifestation of the cross at mid-day in the heavens to Constantine, which immediately prompted the em-

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peror to embrace Christianity and establish the sacred standard of the *Labarum*, bearing upon it the cross and the anagram of Christ. The feast was set forth specially upon the recovery by Heraclius of a piece of the true cross, which was said to have been carried off from Jerusalem by Kosroes, king of Persia. The emperor regained the relic when he defeated Kosroes, and restored it to Jerusalem. Our English ancestors called the cross the *rood*, and said Holy-Rood-Day. The celebrated palace, Holyrood, familiar to the readers of Scott, derived its name from this day. According to Fosbroke, the rood proper was a crucifix with the Virgin on one side and St. John on the other; sometimes other figures of saints were substituted for the Virgin and St. John. The rood was placed in a gallery above the chancel, which was styled, in consequence, the Rood-Loft. When the roods were taken down after the Reformation the lofts became organ-lofts, and are so called in the English cathedrals at the present day. Stories are told of the miraculous powers of the roods; but they may be classed with the legends of the saints, and belong to the superstitions of a dark age.

On the fourteenth week of the Trinity season, on the 16th, 18th, and 19th, recur the Ember-days, or Fasts of the Four Seasons. They were instituted at the Council of Placentia, 1075, to commemorate the four seasons of the year. The Germans called these seasons *Quatember*—ember meaning cycle. Hence, in the opinion of some, the name of Ember-days; though others connect the idea of ashes and abstinence with the word. These fasts occur regularly upon the first week of Lent, Whitsunweek, the fourteenth week of Trinity, and the third week of Advent. In the English Church they are observed with particular reference to the ordinations which take place about then. The Episcopal Church formerly very much neglected the Ember-days, but she is now endeavoring to revive their celebration.

St. Matthew's Day is the 21st. Matthew, who was also called Levi and the publican, was the son of Alpheus or Cleopas and the sister of the Virgin. Hence he was the cousin of our Saviour. He was one of the Twelve, and the first of the evangelists. Tradition says that after writing his gospel he went to Ethiopia, where he labored and suffered martyrdom. There is but little known of him beyond what Scripture gives us. It has been questioned whether he wrote his Gospel in Hebrew or in Greek; but according to some of the best modern scholars, Alford among others, a Greek original may be safely admitted. There is a special service for St. Matthew's Day in the Prayer-Book, and his day is generally celebrated by the Greek, Roman, Anglican, and Episcopal churches.

We now come to an important holiday—Michaelmas. It is an important season, and we must postpone its consideration to another time.

AN ANGEL IN A COAL-MINE.

THE city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is situated upon the point of land formed by the junction of the rivers Alleghany and Monongahela; the last-named flowing from east to west. Though navigable for the lighter craft, these rivers are spanned by bridges, many in number, and no less beautiful than numerous. In the midst of the city, albeit on the north bank of the Monongahela, stands one of those great caravanseras indigenous in these United States. Remarkable, too, is the fact that this hotel, casting aside more resonant titles, bears simply the name of the river which flows near its base.

A panorama most charming is that which may be looked upon—smoke permitting—from the southerly windows of this Monongahela House: charming, certainly, to every lover of human industry and progress. The river is ever alive with an indescribable variety of things floating; coal-barges, lumber-rafts, and steamboats holding, however, the positions of greatest prominence. Stretched along the opposite bank is the town or city of Manchester, made up, in very large part, certainly, of manufactories. Tall chimneys, and taller columns of the blackest smoke, are landmarks alike for glass-works, paint-mills, iron-foundries, and machine-shops. And just behind these there rises a dark-browed mountain—not higher, perhaps, than six or eight hundred feet, but formidable in appearance, because of nearness and abruptness.

Upon this same panorama, from one of these same southerly windows of the Monongahela, I was feasting my eyes, on a bright morning in the late "heated term." A bustling little angel flitted behind me, full of those little preparations which betoken early departure. At length her motion ceased, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder, she asked the use of the ladder-looking frame-work which could be seen, here and there, along the mountain-side. "See, first, those small, black objects moving up and down on the ladders," was my reply.

"They look like great black bugs—what are they?" queried she. And then came a brief description of the mountain of coal upon which we were looking, and how the coal was brought out in little cars, and lowered down these ladder-railways, for use in the two cities, and through all the neighboring country.

When the reader knows that my daughter—the "angel" aforesaid—delights in every desirable experience which conveys practical information, and that she puts her whole self into every pursuit which she undertakes, it will not seem surprising that I was instantly urged to appropriate the few remaining hours of our stay in Pittsburg to the purpose of an exploration in a coal-mine. To my assent, conditioned only that a suitable attire for such an expedition should be obtained, there succeeded an exclamation of pleasure, and an asseveration

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that *she* (well emphasized) would attend to the dress—I need give myself no trouble about *that*.

Five minutes had not elapsed before we were crossing the nearest bridge in search of the Pennsylvania Mine, which our landlord had named as best worth examination. In reply to a series of persistently impertinent questions, I learned that the suitable dress was to be borrowed "somewhere" (angels do not reveal all their plans), and that the sunshade, fan, and more dainty articles, which had been thoughtlessly brought thus far, were to be deposited for safe-keeping in the hands of the bridge-keeper on the Manchester side of the river.

A very few minutes' walk, after leaving the bridge, brought us to the foot of the "ladder," and I entered the adjoining office to make sure of the required permission for exploration—a permission upon obtaining which the search for a suitable dress was to depend.

Just here is opportunity to describe that which, from our hotel window, had seemed a ladder on the mountain-side. Two parallel tracks of railroad it is, built upon trestle-work; and on the tracks are diminutive coal-cars, each no longer than the boxes of such coal-carts as abound in the streets of New York. These trestle-work tracks extend from the base of the mountain far up its sloping side, at an angle of some fifty degrees, to a receiving-house near the mine entrance. Here, below, the loaded cars, as received, are pushed along a variety of side-tracks, and the coal is discharged from them into ordinary railroad cars, for conveyance to distant points inland; into boats whence adjacent river towns derive supply, or into wagons or carts, for immediate use in the city. All this is accomplished with a celerity and precision which, to the uninitiated, appears remarkable.

At the upper end of the "ladder"—in the receiving-house—a large drum-wheel is fixed. Around this may be seen three or four turns of wire rope. One end of this rope extends to the foot of the incline, and is there fastened by an attendant to an empty car. The other end, in the receiving-house, is similarly fastened to a car filled with coal, which has just been brought from the mine. The loaded car is now started upon its downward way on one of the rail-tracks just described, and its superior weight, operating through the medium of the rope and the drum-wheel, serves to draw up the empty car on the adjoining and parallel track. A suitable brake or check is at the same time applied to the drum-wheel, and by this means the speed of the two cars is regulated, and they are stopped entirely at the end of their respective journeys. Then, while the men below detach the loaded car and affix an empty one, those above perform a similar duty in reverse order, so that the entire operation is being almost constantly repeated.

My mission to the coal-office proved fruitless—fruitless because the office was just then without an occupant. "Well, jump in, if you like," was the response of the man in charge at the foot of the incline to my explanations, and he pointed to an empty car just ready for the ascent. In the twinkling of an eye the car was occupied, the signal given, and we two seekers after knowledge were flying up the mountain's side—flying on the ladder we had seen from our window across the river—flying in a coal-car.

"Isn't this fun?" queried the "angel."

We were grasping the forward edge of the car with both hands, and looking back over our shoulders upon the receding city and down from the growingly dizzy height. The descending loaded car had whizzed by with a most unearthly squeak, and we were becoming somewhat familiar with our surroundings. That I gave a strongly affirmative answer will excite no comment when I shall have described the questioner's appearance. In the *abandon* of the moment she had thrown herself upon the floor of the car, as though it were a nicely-cushioned coach, prepared expressly for the daintiest of earth's fairies. That her light-colored traveling-dress had not thereby been improved in beauty will be easily understood. I have already intimated that the day was warm. Perspiration oozed from every pore of those who rested quietly in the best attainable shade. More than simple perspiration was the inevitable result of so much exertion and excitement as had fallen to our lot. The necessity for securely holding to the car prevented the abstraction of a handkerchief from the pocket; and my companion had but found opportunity to remove the beaded drops from her glowing face by hasty hand-rubs. Imagine, then, the transfer of coal-dust from car-front to face-front, and wonder no more at my quick response,

"Yes, indeed, it *is* fun!"

How I looked after that jerk up the mountain-side I can not affirm; but I should have been slow to recognize my daughter in the soiled face and soiled dress which appeared with our car at the receiving-house had I not thus previously witnessed the transformation.

Other empty cars which preceded ours had been formed in a miniature train, and ours was speedily made fast last in line. The "locomotive" was a good-sized mule. Without whistle or bell he started, and dragged, as best he might, a train of so many times greater weight than his own body that I marveled whether the much-vaunted superiority of steam-power were indeed a reality. At the distance of but a few rods we entered a mine—or rather that which had been one—and many seconds had not elapsed before darkness closed around. Yet was the darkness of no great duration. We traversed less than half a mile before emerging again into daylight.

We had passed through an old mine—long since worked out—and now, from the back side of the mountain, must travel on, two or three miles, to the new one. Presently, a jolly little "real" locomotive took us in charge, and we

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were whirled along in more approved style. Rocks and trees flew by at such a rate, and the little rattle-boxes of cars seemed so incessantly bent upon jumping from the track, that some minutes elapsed before we became accustomed to the noisy excitement. And now came a new sensation. A gossamer bridge spanned the deep valley—chasm rather—between the mountain-side where we were and the adjoining mountain into the bowels of which we were soon to enter. Nor had we more than discovered the bridge before we were upon it. The timbers seemed but spider-webs, and the depths below were dizzily distant, if not unfathomable. Only the conviction that heavy-loaded trains had safely passed before us, times without number, imparted any feeling of security.

At no great distance from the bridge we came to an extensive screening apparatus, and learned that our cars were not immediately destined for the working mine. That mine-level proved to be some five-and-twenty feet higher than the track on which we were, and the difference of elevation was made available in screening the dust and assorting the coal.

This screening apparatus is both simple and efficient. The loaded cars, as they come from the mine on the upper level to which I have alluded, pass into a rude building which partially overhangs the track upon which we had come. Here, by the temporary removal of an end piece, the coal is made to fall upon a large and large-meshed screen, fixed beneath the floor at an angle of some fifty degrees. At the lower end of this screen is a slide or open trough, of lesser inclination, which terminates immediately over a branch of the railroad track on the lower level. Below the first screen is fixed a second one, finer meshed, and from this another slide leads over another branch of railroad track. Yet other screens of gradually diminishing mesh, and each provided with a slide which terminates over a branch track, distinct from the others, are placed below those already spoken of. An empty car being first placed below the end of each slide or trough, it follows that while the large lumps of coal, which do not fall through the meshes of the screen first named, are carried down the slide into the first car, those next in size, and which are rejected on the second screen, are, in the same way, carried into the second car. The same system of assorting and screening is continued to the extent needed, and until the almost valueless dust, which passes the lowest screen in the series, drops unheeded upon the earth for a final rest.

While on the upper level the emptied cars give place to full ones, it is the full which give place to empty cars on the level below. Duplicate sets of screens are also in use, though all are not constantly required. The quantity of coal which can, by these means, and with small labor, be unloaded from the miners' cars, assorted in needful sizes, screened from dust, and loaded for transportation to market, is almost beyond computation.

We had but time for a comprehensive glance at these arrangements when a train for the working mine was announced. At its head we found another locomotive of the "mule persuasion." The exuberant spirits of the angel gained at once the kindly attention of the "gentlemanly conductor;" for, certainly, the appearance of a face so strongly suggestive of that old-time play, "A Kiss in the Dark," could not have contributed to the conquest.

As we rattled into the mine entrance, near at hand, our conductor secured, from a crevice in the rock, his miner's lamp. A miniature tin coffee-pot it was; with the handle made into a hook, and the spout serving for a wick-tube. He wore a close-fitting cap of wool, and into this, upon his forehead, the lamp was hooked—after being first lighted. The old mine, through which we first passed, had furnished a somewhat enjoyable means of passage, because worked into a goodly-sized tunnel for the accommodation, when required, of the little locomotive. While there we could stand erect and quite at ease, but here we found ourselves in quarters which might be considered as uncomfortably close. Scarcely might we now peer above the car's low sides lest, in the deep darkness, our heads should come in contact with unseen points of projecting rock. Yet, for himself, our conductor-friend assumed a larger liberty. Recognizing, from landmarks wholly undistinguishable to our unaccustomed eyes, the varying portions of the way through which we passed, he rose to his feet from time to time, and, after standing for a while, would prostrate himself, wholly or partially, as might be needful. To him it was an unquestioned habit, and certainly never seemed to interfere with the whistling or humming in which he constantly indulged.

Without apparent cause our little train was often brought to a stand-still. These occasions were preceded by the conductor jumping from his station on the foremost car into some recess in the rock, and there waiting while the train passed by. Then, with still unbroken whistle or hum, he would detach the last car, and push it, on some unseen side-switch, into darkness. Thus on and still on we went, our train shortening, and the distance from daylight lengthening, until we had traversed a space of some two miles. At last there remained but a single pair of cars, and we were occupants of the last of these. We had been informed that our car was destined for one of the finest chambers in the mine, and were quite willing to follow its fortunes.

"Hal-loo-o, Jim! I've brought you company!"

The shout was accompanied by a vigorous push, and for a few seconds we rolled on in a darkness which might indeed be felt. The hail had not been answered! The conductor and his light had disappeared! There are those whose hearts would throb faster under such circumstances. We were without light, and far, far under the ground, as also miles from any

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outlet. With lights, even, it were doubtful if we could have found our way from among the many side-cuts, and effect escape unaided. Such was the tenor of my thought, when I heard the query, out of the merriest of merry laughs,

"Isn't it fun?"

The sacrifice to Momus which followed this exclamation proved most conclusively that my vein of thought had been but surface deep. Jim heard the laugh, and his light twinkled a reply. The introduction could not have been improved. So much of hearty glee had perhaps never been heard in those deep recesses. As our car rolled slowly to its journey's very end Jim stopped work to greet his "company."

The greeting was a kindly one. Large lumps of glistening coal were arranged for seats, and we were made quite at home. Then followed such an avalanche of questions as must have silenced a less hospitable host than ours. But Jim good-naturedly told how many hours of the twenty-four were devoted to his work; how many bushels of coal was the product; how much he was paid, and how much he had been paid per bushel; how the work was done, and what were the habits and customs of the miners; entering the while into much of the minutiæ which it were tiresome to repeat. Jim spent from thirteen to sixteen hours of every day in such a dark hole (chamber, indeed!) as that in which we found him. Few and rare were his visitors—never half a dozen times in the whole year's round was he thus interrupted. Save the man who, once in three or four hours, brought an empty car and removed the loaded one, he almost never saw a human being. A hundred bushels of coal, at four cents per bushel, was a fair day's work for Jim; and on some twenty dollars per week, thus earned, he supported a large family, no one of whom had ever seen so much of his daily life and labor as we his guests. They lived in the light of day; he labored in the darkness of a constant night. Yet from his words and tone I gathered that they all enjoyed a full average of human happiness.

The coal is usually found in horizontal seams or strata, of from one to two feet thickness, imbedded in a slate formation which may be cut away almost as easily as the coal itself. To secure the coal in the largest pieces possible is one of the miner's objects, because upon this depends, in no small degree, the amount of pay received. The instrument with which he works is a diminutive pick-axe, weighing only some two or three pounds, and provided with a handle not more than twelve or fifteen inches long. With this, and lying on his side upon the chamber floor, he chips out, by oft-repeated and gentle blows, from immediately beneath the vein of pure coal, a narrow space. This he does with the greatest care, as well to prevent a premature falling of the coal from above the space as to attain a considerable depth, so that the coal may come away in the coveted large pieces. When he has been successful this channel-space, some three inches in width, has been picked to a depth of, say, fifteen or eighteen inches, and to a length of six or eight feet. And now a few slight and properly directed blows near the upper edge of the coal-vein bring down the mass. His two hours of gentle pick-picking has loosened a whole car-load—perhaps more—of the glistening coal. But he rests only to throw the lumps into the car, which stands conveniently near, and, leaving the finer coal to accumulate for another occasion, resumes again the pick. Occasionally, however, it becomes necessary to remove and throw aside large quantities of refuse coal and rock, which would otherwise obstruct the legitimate work of mining. For this purpose heavier tools and vigorous blows are needed. Sometimes, indeed, more than a single pair of hands are necessary to attain some special object, and then the miners prove good and willing neighbors to each other.

As the miner's chamber grows in size—the vein of coal still promising a good yield—it becomes necessary to provide some artificial support for its roof or ceiling. This, which is the Company's work, is effected by posts of rough wood, from three to seven or eight inches in diameter, cut to the proper length, and driven tightly into place by honest sledge-blows. In height these chambers do not vary much from four feet, and they rarely exceed twenty in width. When the coal-vein extends to a greater width a thick wall of partition is left standing, and an adjoining chamber is worked. In length the miner's chamber knows no limit. As it grows on and on, by force of those little blows and the removal of precious coal, the rude track of the little railroad is extended, and the car is thus ever kept within easy reach. The appearance of a wide and long miner's chamber, with its hundreds of timber columns, and the miner's light twinkling behind and among them, if not intensely attractive, is never devoid of interest.

In such a dreamy underground space as this we chatted on; now of things about us in the dark earth, and now of things out in the bright sunlight beyond. Our conductor had joined the little circle and taken part in the running conversation. Both seemed as much interested in the sound of our voices as we had been in searching out the mysteries of their subterranean life.

At last there came a halt. The conductor had overstaid his time, and I was not unmindful of the distance to our trunks, nor of the time required to prepare for the journey yet before us. Yet could not my daughter say her adieux to the miner and his mine until, with her own hands, the pick had been used and sundry fragments of coal and specimens of the adjacent slate and rock gathered as souvenirs.

And then arose the important question how we should leave the mine. The returning cars were coal-filled! Could we walk? Not im-

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possible, but certainly not comfortable. Jim, who had been awakened to new life in our long conversation, suggested that, as his neighbor-miner Tom did not come in that morning, we might have the use of an empty car from his chamber. And, as conductor Harry (we had learned his name from the miner) was nothing loth to serve his lady friend, the car was speedily produced and more speedily occupied. In a mood for merriment no whit reduced we were outward-bound.

The loaded cars clattered gayly, and our conductor maintained his ceaseless whistle. Increasing speed and frequent "chocking" of the wheels indicated a down grade which I had not noticed when we entered the mine. From time to time other loaded cars appeared on side-switches, and were tackled on behind. And so, in good time, daylight gleamed upon us. We bade "our Harry" good-by, and ran down the bank to join the train of loaded cars which we saw in waiting.

The locomotive screamed its parting cry; there was no time to procure another empty car, had that been otherwise possible. We could wait another train only at the risk of inflicting disappointment upon expectant friends by postponement of our day's travel eastward.

"Wouldn't it be fun just to hang on between these loaded cars?" asked the angel.

"Dare *you* attempt it?" was my instant reply; and surely I magnified none of the apparent dangers of the undertaking in putting the question, for I was willing rather to meet a risk than fail in an appointment.

A moment more and that coal-train moved off—moved with two passengers "hanging on." Fool-hardy it may have seemed; but, fool-hardy or not, our present safety depended mostly upon strength of gripe and steadiness of foot long continued. And to that we applied ourselves. Narrow projecting ledges there were—the floor ends of the cars—and on these our feet rested, while two pairs of hands grasped the upper edges of the car-boxes, regardless of bruise or scratch which might be inflicted by the shaken coal within. After our long sojourn in the cool recesses of the mine the outer air seemed suffocatingly oppressive, and this, with the excitement and exertion of the moment, set free anew the tide of perspiration.

Away we flew! We could see all of that gossamer bridge *now*—see every thing below, above, around. Well that our nerves were strong and under full control! When the moments needed to develop confidence in present safety had elapsed our two pairs of eyes met. What there may have been in my appearance to provoke a fresh burst of merriment I know not; but I could not look unmoved upon the face and figure of the angel. The sight of those beaded drops coursing down the once fair cheeks, cutting furrows of partial cleanliness through the sooty streaks which marked previous experiences—of those wildly flying curls of auburn under that crumpled hat, and of the scullery-looking traveling dress, was more than my thinly-veiled sobriety could bear against. My half-restrained laugh proved contagious, and presently two voices joined in a chorus that startled the engineer, and, when he looked our way, visibly affected his features.

Without other incident, and, happily, without accident, we again entered the receiving-house. Thence down the mountain by the winding road and across the bridge we sped our way on foot, and reached our hotel without exciting more attention than might have been the portion of any lady chimney-sweep and her crocky-looking escort, in a city whose ever-present smoke renders such sights neither uncommon nor infrequent.

THE MARCH OF ATTILA.

IN the days of the great Frederic there lived Heinrich Magnus Von Klepman, a chapel-master of Berlin, who conceived the idea of immortalizing his name by composing an opera founded upon the life and exploits of Attila, the King of the Huns.

Klepman possessed genius, indeed, but inherited in connection with it a peculiar temperament—one of those melancholy, restive dispositions always so difficult to fathom. His acknowledged powers as an improvisatore brought him to the notice of Frederic, who, quickly perceiving his musical genius, sought to direct it into some definite channel. Pleased with Klepman's conception of the yet unwritten opera, he determined to afford him every encouragement within the pale of royal favor, trusting that, when some definite purpose was before him, he might realize the fame which genius so unmistakable was capable of attaining. Indeed, so interested did the King become in the success of his protégé, that his salutation unconsciously came to assume the form of "How about Attila?"

Encouraged by friends, Klepman continued writing. At times the mantle of inspiration enshrouded him, the chains of mortality seemed loosened, and his pen guided by invisible hands. Again, under the influence of the deepest dejection, every duty was disregarded; days and even weeks passed and the maestro was absent from his desk, and a stranger to his favorite companions. In the blue mountains Nature, with open arms, received her weary child, and brought pure waters and cooling zephyrs to calm and refresh his fevered spirit. There, from the winds, he caught his most subduing strains.

The opera progressed slowly until the point was reached at which a march must be introduced—a march whose grandeur and magnificence should quicken to fever-heat the pulses of the blood; a mad, swift, swinging march of flame and thunder—the battle-march of Attila the Scourge.

Klepman's gifted mind comprehended fully the artistic capabilities of the situation. En-

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tranced in the conception of this chef-d'œuvre of the opera, he lived, he labored for it alone. The office of chapel-master was resigned; and although a superior performer on all instruments, he could be prevailed upon to touch none.

Months flew by until they grew into years, and yet he was only humming the tune that had timed the lagging tramp of millions ages before. Day after day found him powerless to give expression to the raging battle-march that fired his burning brain, and awed with its terrific sublimity his trembling soul. At night his feverish dreams were often disturbed by its clang of victory, and, springing up, he would cry, "Lights! lights! It is the march of Attila the Scourge!" But alas! silence only reigned throughout the portals of his brain.

Utterly exhausted by this mental distraction and strife he reviewed again and again what he had already composed until it seemed to his diseased imagination a medley of discordant sounds. He doubted not only his own ability, but also the honesty of flattering friends. The march which should have aroused the nations resounded only in his ears. He heard, he *felt*, the red whirlwind of melody, but it forever eluded his grasp. His moody, passionate nature began to prey upon itself. At length that strange state of mental perverseness arose under the influence of which the notes of the score lost all meaning and individuality; and he passed whole hours in that weird, paradoxical species of existence in which one's mind struggles with itself for permission to comprehend the most simple facts, and the relations which they bear to each other.

He became more and more secluded in his habits, until suddenly a frightful idea took possession of his mind. What if some one else should anticipate the absorbing thought of his soul, should seize his ideal — ay *his*, and give to the world the march that had haunted, like a grim spectre, his waking and sleeping dreams! The bare supposition was more horrible than death. With nervous anxiety well-nigh bordering upon frenzy, he attended constantly the rehearsals of all new operas, and the sigh of relief which escaped him after each as the curtain fell was now almost the only expression of satisfaction he was ever known to give.

Klepman walked, with nodding head and feeble steps and slow, the streets of his native town, still hugging his phantom of a hope, and humming strange burdens of old tunes. The children learned to know him where he was used to stroll in quiet, suburban places, and hushed their mirth as he faltered by in reverence for his wrinkles and gray hairs, for age had come upon him before his time. Years waxed and waned, and still the world went by him, and he gave no heed until one day there followed and passed him down a shaded street a travel-worn troop, with draggled banners and battered arms. Klepman looked up; this was on holiday parade. Suddenly his whole being changed; his expressionless face lightened up with a gleam of satisfaction. An hour later found him approaching the council chamber of his sovereign, which he entered with nervous haste. "Your Majesty," said he to the King, who, though engaged in the furtherance of important dispatches, found time to greet the composer with his accustomed cordiality—"Your Majesty, I have been a great fool!" Frederic, astonished at the words and altered, elated appearance of his visitor, listened in wondering silence.

"I have been seeking for years," continued the composer, "to understand why it is that the love-songs in our lyrical dramas are so true, so effective in sending the 'eloquent blood' to the cheek, while the marches, those grand military fanfares, are so tame and soulless, so lacking in fervor. Your Majesty, I have been striving to give to the world a march whose majestic numbers should rise far above and swallow up the marches of all time; one imbued with the soul of battle and capable of goading to bloody carnage the very fiends of war. I have miserably failed. But," continued Klepman, his eyes flashing and his whole frame trembling with excitement, "I have it now—the reason—and the greater fool to have missed it before. Many composers have been in love, few, if any, in a battle. *I* write the march of Attila who never heard a bugle sound, the tramp of horse, the roar of cannon, except on peaceful parade or in commemoration of some by-gone victory. *I* compose the march of the Huns who never saw a charge, a sack, a burning city; never beheld grim-visaged war! Ha, ha! the—"

"Stop!" cried Frederic, beginning to comprehend Klepman. "Say no more. Your wish is granted. To-night I join the army; you will have a private appointment on my staff; and if the march of Attila the Scourge is unwritten a fortnight hence it will not be for lack of an opportunity to witness a battle. You shall have your fill of war. Adieu!"

Klepman accompanied his royal patron to the field, and patiently followed with him every army movement. Yet months sped by and the promised battle had not come. Was Fate still against him? Despair again settled upon him, and he seemed doomed after all to die without accomplishing the great purpose of his life. He lost again his elastic spirits, and his haggard face had almost ceased to attract attention as he wandered listlessly and purposeless about the encampment.

The army was stationed at Hochkirchen. It was the eve of that eventful night so long remembered in Prussian story. During the afternoon Klepman, having discharged his staff duties, passed out of the village, silently and alone. A deserted stone chapel stood near, and thither, led probably by old associations and a desire for solitude, Klepman bent his steps. An hour or two after dark Frederic, while rambling about the town and its environs, discovered this chapel, and, impelled by curios-

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ity to behold the inside of a building so completely covered with moss, entered by the ruined doorway. There, to his surprise, he found Klepman sitting moodily before a silent harpsichord which he had discovered in a recess of the choir. The King tried to induce him to play, but without success, and, knowing his melancholy disposition, sought to draw him into conversation; he failed even in this, and, wearied by the cares of the day, retired to an inner apartment to pass the night.

His slumbers were at first disturbed by shadows of the coming conflict, which even sleep had failed wholly to dispel; gradually, however, and one by one, all his cares and anxieties faded in the dim twilight of the soul. He was now no longer Frederic the ambitious King; no longer Frederic the stern soldier, leading victorious hosts to battle, and aiming with his sword to carve the way to victory and empire. He was Frederic the dreamy-eyed boy, alone with his flute in the bower erected by himself in the days when kingdoms and empires, the pomp of state and regal glory, were to him trifling as the fantastic pageantry woven by the summer evening clouds in the western sky. The King slept.

In the nave of the chapel sat the composer in sullenness and solitude. What a picture! Klepman and the harpsichord. The weary-hearted musician, bending low, his white beard sweeping the keys of the instrument. In an alcove just before him stood a skillfully chiseled figure of Death, holding in his unyielding clutch a struggling mortal, on whose face the swollen veins and drops of sweat told the horror and despair of the soul; the body bent in agony, the head thrown violently upward, as though attempting to avoid the sight of the exultant monster that was dragging it to the grave. Klepman's usually mobile features were strangely and sternly fixed upon the breathing marble, which appeared more frightful and ghastly as a shaft of moonlight, struggling through the window, caught from the ruined glass a sickly green hue tinged with crimson, then fell in flickering shadows about the head of Death. Immediately above a picture of the Saviour crowned with thorns was faintly discernible as the rifts of cloud disclosed the moon. His soft eyes looked down with pity and compassion upon the upturned face of the agonized mortal.

An hour after midnight Frederic was awakened by a succession of shrill, piercing noises, which rapidly subsided into a heavy, rumbling sound, like the continued growl of distant thunder. Springing to his feet in a moment, he cast a half-bewildered glance about the room. All within was dark and silent, yet nearer and nearer, growing louder and more loud, fell upon his ears that strange, mysterious, rumbling sound, until this man, who had never quailed before mortal, was seized with an indefinable foreboding. Rousing himself, he walked briskly to the open portal of the chapel. Instantly the sky was one vast flood of blinding light, and the next moment there succeeded volleys of rattling, crashing thunder. All the air seemed whirling in vast tumult, and the circling vaults of heaven rent. Like a thousand rivers bursting from their springs in the mountains came the roaring, surging waters. It was a scene to subdue the soul, and make Frederic acknowledge the presence of a mightier power than his own. "Fitting emblem of to-morrow's work," said the King, as he stood awed before the sublime and terrific spectacle. Then there came a lull in the storm, broken only by the same rumbling sounds he had heard at first. "The elements are gathering their forces for a fresh attack," he murmured inaudibly; but his soliloquy was cut short by a new sensation. Shrieks, the very echoes of those that had aroused him from slumber, proceeded from the adjoining apartment; then, as if driven back by supernal powers, they retreated, grew fainter and fainter, until as hollow, pent-up sounds they died in the recesses of a sepulchre. It was the harpsichord of Klepman.

The King listened with bated breath, fearful lest he might disturb the composer's weird rehearsal. Again the chords broke forth anew, then swooned away in agony and terror only to rise in heroic stately measures, swelling louder and louder, proudly and defiantly filling all the chapel with wild notes that rang high among the vaulted arches. At times the treble pierced the air thin and shrill as the cry of a wounded vulture, then surging away its deep bass in one grand effort burst in a shower of sounds, rude, harsh, and discordant, as though the very spirit of the tempest had swept the keys. Yet above all was ever heard the stately measured tramp, tramp, of victory.

The storm without awoke again with renewed violence. While Klepman was still playing the artillery of heaven boomed sullenly above them; but the King heeded not now the jarring elemental strife, neither the deafening thunder nor livid flashes, for his soul had wandered backward to past ages, and was before the gates of Rome with the conquering Huns in the vanguard of Attila. The haughty chief, his own prototype, with imperial Rome at his mercy. The proud descendants of Romulus and the Cæsars laying treasures at the feet of the conqueror and pleading for the capital.

It was a moment of supreme triumph for soldier, king, and composer, but alas! how fleeting. That night, amidst the horrors of the tempest, the flower of the Austrian cavalry came down upon Hochkirchen, and it was only with the tramp of their victorious squadrons at the very door of the chapel that Frederic aroused himself from the lethargy into which he had fallen.

"Klepman! Klepman!" he shouted. "The Austrians! Fly! for your life fly!"

But Klepman heard not, heeded not. "Lights! lights!" he cried as of old, springing to his feet and rushing to the door; "Lights! It is the march of Attila the Scourge!" A crashing volley was the answer, and Klepman fell. He had learned the lesson of his life in the hour of death.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE pleasant story of Dr. Franklin's life has been often told. Mr. Bigelow, our late Minister to France, as we were recently saying, has admirably edited a new edition of the Autobiography. Mr. Parton, also, has written a delightful life of the shrewd old gentleman—for such he seems always to have been, and Mr. Sparks collected and edited his various works. As a conspicuous and influential person in our revolutionary history the Doctor is of course incessantly mentioned. The wisdom of Poor Richard decorates certain nursery fire-boards still extant, nor have its echoes wholly ceased in the mouths of shrewd Yankees. Hogarth should have painted his portrait, for he is like one of Hogarth's saints. He is the good apprentice in the highest stage of development; and not the less so that in his case, as in that of all good apprentices, there is a very strong desire to behold him when he is not, as it were, singing hymns in church out of the same book with his master's daughter. For, notwithstanding all the stories of his life and the popular familiarity with it, it is still questionable whether there are not facts in it which are not generally known, but a knowledge of which is essential to the full truth of history.

When you look at Vandyck's portraits of Charles I., the romantic melancholy of the expression with the charm of certain cavalier ballads that it sends ringing through your mind, plead very hard against Oliver Cromwell with his wart, and Praise God Barebones with his snuffle. The monarchy, we feel very sure, must, after all, have been a very good thing; and we will try not to forget morning prayers upon the anniversary of Charles the Martyr. If that fine portrait were all; yes, and if it were even history? Do we see on it that the royal cavalier was an unconscionable liar? If not, we do not see the truth. And it is with the memoirs of other historical personages as with this portrait. We see a certain conception of the man, a certain attitude, a certain costume, but we do not see the man. There is a little supplement to the life of the good Doctor, *qui eripuit*, which shows certain facts not to be found in the published memoirs, but which are essential to an accurate estimate of his character.

So in the neat dining-room of the excellent Worth House, in Hudson, there is a full-length portrait of a former Governor of New York. Looking at it and speaking of the magistrate a companion of the Easy Chair said:

"What a pity! You know about his habits?"

"No; what about his habits?"

"Oh, dear me! no matter. If you don't know I won't destroy any illusions; not at all, not at all."

Gracious Heavens! was he a cannibal? Did he eat young children on Saturdays? Destroy illusions! Why, the insinuation filled the mind with horrible fancies. The Easy Chair rushed to the town library, and read all the memoirs. Nothing but greatness and goodness was to be found upon every page. Meeting his companion again the Easy Chair besought an explanation. There was only a sad smile, a serene waving of the hand, a pitying tone: "*De mortuis*, you know." Was the Governor, then, really a cannibal, or did he sacrifice oxen to Jupiter in his back parlor? The Easy Chair was not long a prey to doubt. A fellow-citizen less mindful of the duty of throwing unpleasant truths into the shadow said, when the question was asked: "Habits! why the Governor used to fuddle himself with liquor, that's all." That might be all, but it was a very important fact, if it were true. And if it were true, why did all the biographies omit it?

The Easy Chair remembers with mingled feelings the occasions upon which it saw Daniel Webster. One, but not the saddest, was when he stood in the sunset at Dunkirk and made a speech at the opening of the Erie Railroad. It was his own sunset also; and the tragical weariness of the hollow eyes, and the air of absence, as if, while solemnly unimportant words were falling from his mouth, his mind were utterly unconscious of the scene and far away, were pitiful. Then there was the Cooper Commemoration, or the oration before the Historical Society of New York, and the visit, later in the evening, to a club. The rooms were hospitably opened, so that the company was much more than the club; it was really a kind of public meeting. No one who remembers that scene can recall it without the most mournful reflections. Mr. Webster attempted to make a speech—but he could not do it. He was overcome with wine. Such scenes were not uncommon toward the close of his career. But when Mr. Parton wrote an article upon Mr. Webster, in which he gave a most felicitous and sympathetic portraiture of the man, he was bitterly assailed for alluding to such incidents, as if he had, in some incomprehensible but flagrant manner, betrayed private confidence, or had, at least, violated the sacred principle *de mortuis*.

What is the explanation of this disposition to tamper with the truth? How hollow and ghastly funeral orations sound when they carefully omit to mention what is most prominent in every mind! Old Grab dies, the notorious miser. He is known for nothing else. His name is a synonym of selfish grasping, of morbid niggardliness. He went to bed at dark to save candles. He perjured himself awfully to save taxes. He was as squalid in his method of life as a Digger Indian, and would not pare his nails to avoid waste. A disgrace to humanity and a cumberer of the ground, he dies—and lo! we commit our deceased brother to the earth, and the Reverend eulogist begs us to take warning by his death, for in a moment we may be snatched away, and in an hour when we know not the Son of Man cometh. Warned by his death! Why, it is his life that is the most portentous warning; and not a word did we hear upon that warning in the dismal tone of the preacher. It is very well if he did not choose to say over Grab's coffin that he had set an example which all honorable men would carefully avoid; but why, then, did he call attention to his death? To die was the best thing Grab could do. And if warnings are to be urged at all, let them be founded upon the example that is to be avoided, not upon an event common to all men.

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As for the principle *de mortuis*, the only criticism which it is worth while to make upon it is, that if we are not to hear the whole truth about famous people, there is really no use in hearing of them at all. If a biographer may omit, in order to produce an effect, he may also add. If it be just and proper not to state in a memoir of Mr. Webster that he was very fond of wine, and was often mastered by it, then it is equally just to say that he was a fair-haired man of angelic aspect, who sang sweetly to the guitar. What we want is not an ideal Mr. Webster, but the truth. Daniel Webster was never more truly portrayed, nor with higher appreciation of his essential greatness and generosity of nature, than by a man who made his career the text of a most thrilling warning to his countrymen. The Webster that was, the man of enormous power and influence and ambition, who was one of the most conspicuous and memorable American figures of his time, but whose face, known of all men, was at last haggard with disappointment, and whose death was a tragedy because of his life, is not so faithfully depicted in all the magnificent and passionate rhetoric of the idolatrous Rufus Choate, who carried the *de mortuis* to a romantic excess, as in the equally fervid and tender, but terrible and complete, truth-telling of Theodore Parker. Mr. Parton, writing in a calmer time, adjusts the lights and shades of his portrait with great picturesqueness, and with evident profound admiration, but he also tells the truth. Yet he does not do it offensively; and when the friends of Mr. Webster complained that he should mention what was really no secret, they demanded that he should be false to his duty.

"Where be the bad people buried?" Leave Mr. Webster, and see where this absurd *De Mortuis* brings us. Every body knows Tom Little, and one day he dies. What eulogies do we not hear over Tom's grave! Now if a clever, good-natured man, whose conviviality leads to habits of dissipation that ruin him is to be celebrated as a great and renowned person, it is foolish to suppose that young men will not believe the conviviality to be the sign of the genius, and the dissipation the road to renown. The most immoral performance that we have lately read was not a circus song from the "Flying Trapeze" song-book, nor a chanson from the *Grand Duchesse*, nor a French novel, nor the last favorite of the London cider-cellars, but it was a funeral discourse. It was a eulogy and a warning; the eulogy of a life that should not be imitated, and the warning from a death that was inevitable. The life, according to the well-meaning clergyman, was brilliant, successful, renowned; but oh brethren! death is a very sudden mystery. In a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, and you are gone. So said the speaker. But it seems reasonable that if you have led a truly brilliant, and successful, and worthily renowned life, dear brethren, you need not fear to die. If death has terrors, it is a successful life which destroys them. Therefore, good preacher, instead of pointing us to the death, point us, if you please, to the life, and let your lesson be: "My friends, this was a life to be avoided as an example;" or, "Here was a man who used his talents well, who had love and honor because he deserved them, whose life was successful because he feared God and served his brothers. To him, therefore, death was as the gentle opening of a gate beyond which are light and music. If you would die as he died, live as he lived."

Now the immorality of the sermon was, that it called a life brilliant and successful which was not so. It erected a false standard of character and effort, and it did not tell the truth even in what it stated. It was a perfunctory eulogy, a ceremonial sermon. But if any young person with similar tastes and tendencies had known the person and had heard the sermon, he must have said to himself at once: "Dear old belly (or whatever the appetite may have been), take your ease! You, it seems, are no impediment. You may master a man, and lead him through private shame and sorrow, and finally tumble him into the grave, and not a word shall be breathed to hint that you were the difficulty. Until I heard this excellent sermon I really supposed that I must master my appetites and subdue my passions; but this good clericus teaches me that, despite the belly, a life may be brilliant and successful; and if the belly ends it at last, only the brilliancy and success shall be commemorated in funereal numbers, and not the offending member. Mother Church absolves me.

'Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long.'

Amen!"

That was a funeral sermon from the text *de mortuis*, and its inevitable improvement. Why should people be licensed or ordained or authorized to preach who misuse words so sadly, and talk of greatness without knowing what it means? There was poor Sheridan; did the funeral preacher call that a brilliant and successful life? The Duke of York, the King's son, came to the funeral. Three noble lords, friends of the august Prince Regent—also a brilliant and successful being—sent from Carlton House to ask to attend the obsequies. The Prince himself, a few days before, sent two hundred pounds to Mr. Sheridan starving, which Mrs. Sheridan promptly sent back to him. Brilliant—why, the Lords adjourned after his speech upon Hastings, because their minds were too much dazzled to judge fairly. Successful! why, Edmund Burke said that his eloquence had something not prose nor poetry, but better than either. History has not hidden Sheridan's habits, nor failed to say that they ruined him. History has blown to the winds the *de mortuis* over Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Did the preacher do likewise, or did he praise the brilliant life and beg his hearers to be warned how to die?

We may read any day in the papers that drunkenness is becoming a common vice among our public men. It is so well understood that one of the favorite weapons of party warfare is the charge of intemperance against an opponent. But if the papers tell the truth when they make the general statement, what a frightful immunity public opinion awards to such a vice if it assures the offender that his evil habits shall not obscure his fame, and that if he should happen to die of delirium tremens, the bewailing clericus will only remember to praise him for his sober acts and forget to warn us of his fall!

It is curious that, although the most brilliant

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of modern Tories is the Prime Minister of England, England was probably never so little Tory as now. Indeed, the Lord Eldon and Lord Ellenborough school of Tories—the men who thought that not to hang for stealing the value of five shillings was to abandon England to rapine, and not to disembowel traitors while living was to overthrow the bulwarks of the Constitution—must have a secret doubt whether this half-foreigner be a Tory at all; but they can have no doubt whatever that the country is now finally, and with no further possible postponement, ruined. It seems but yesterday that the traditions of royalty were undisturbed. Even George IV. did not dissipate them. Then came the dull William and the Reform Bill. Then Victoria and the domestic virtues; and during her long, placid reign, while she has been a worthy *Hausfrau*, the public opinion of the country has experienced the most prodigious change, and, with no disrespect to her, the throne itself begins to glimmer. Thomas Carlyle sullenly cries, "We are shooting Niagara!" and one of the most thoughtful and acute of political observers speaks quietly of the Queen as "the highest paid official in the realm."

"And who is to be the gainer?" sighed an American Tory as he gazed upon a pleasant lake in mid-summer. "When the splendid temple of British tradition falls, and boors and savage theorists take the places of the cultivated and heroic aristocracy; when to be a gentleman is to be disgraced, and the price of success is subserviency to ignorance and coarseness, is the world likely to be improved? To-day, and for generations, the best men of England have been her governors. Think of Chatham, of Edmund Burke, of Fox, of Pitt, of Canning, of Romilly, of Horner, of Mackintosh, of Brougham, of Peel, of Disraeli, of Gladstone, of Mill, of Bright—what do you gain by destroying a system that gives you such men at the head? Do you wish to make the city of New York a model for all countries and governments? Do you suppose that the man to whom you insist upon giving the ballot understands as you do what is best for the country or for himself? and yet you empower his ignorance to neutralize your knowledge! Every great multitude of men is swayed by prejudice and passion, and demagogues rise in democracies, not in aristocracies. See the instinctive jealousy of a finer coat, of a whiter skin! See the hostility to wealth, and the envy which ignorance inevitably produces! Are these the conservative elements of society? Do you suppose that there is any greater general welfare in England to-day than there was three hundred years ago?"

Good Mr. Tory stopped and sighed again. His last question had evidently silenced himself.

"If I were your tenant," said his neighbor, half closing his eyes as he blew a long, thick, deliberate cloud of smoke, "I should be contented, doubtless, with your general directions. If you were dictator, as you are patriarch, of this pretty village, I suppose there would be as much order and contentment as there is now. If order is all that you consider, a good despot may be much better than a bad board of selectmen or trustees. But there is a most commonplace phrase which is an argument in the matter: 'Order reigns in Warsaw;' and there is a couplet of poetry as commonplace and as conclusive:

'Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

It isn't order only, but the conditions of order, that must be considered. It isn't money, but man, that is the important point.

"Or, grant that your theocracy is the ideal government, you can approximate it only by means of the most divine men. Then comes the practical problem, which is the real question of government, how to find them? Does Genghis Khan or Cæsar or Napoleon establish his divine right by his sword? Does William Pitt establish it by making a hundred and fifty peers to serve his own purposes? In the total inability to distinguish peremptorily who are the divine men, or to discover any means by which they can be infallibly designated, what remains but the appeal to the whole? This is a theory, I know, my good Tory, but it is a theory which has the steadily increasing approbation of experience.

"When England spewed out James II., who was merely insisting upon your principle, and who was the anointed and sacred Defender, the country brought in William III., shorn of the divine and invested only with the legal regality. Then the Tory imagination bodied forth the Patriot King of Bolingbroke. Government was to be for the people by the King. George III. tried this system, lost the American Colonies and his own poor old wits, and brought the kingdom to the edge of civil war. The new Whigs then proposed the Patriot Parliament, which, elected by a few voters, should yet represent the whole people—government for the people by a few of the people. This was the dream of Burke. The restrictive laws of William Pitt, that almost destroyed the old constitutional forms of freedom; the perilous Toryism of Perceval and Eldon and Wellington showed what this might come to; and the Reform Bill of 1832 proclaimed the principle of government for the people by a few more of the people. And while England was feeling her way, narrowly escaping the snares, trying to discover the true formula of the discovery of the capable men, who were practically to supply the Theocracy, an American President, a man as little affected by European influences and traditions as any man could be, and trained by the most tremendous ordeal that any magistrate ever encountered, announced with the utmost simplicity the rule that state-craft had always feared and suspected as the devil hates holy water. It was not Patriot King nor Patriot Parliament; it was not government of the people by the King, nor by a few, nor by a few more—it was government of the people, for the people, by the people.

"It is a subject of experiment. My dear Tory, when you have found your ideal Patriot King, suppose him to be good for fifty years, then what? Where is your recipe for his successor? Here is Oliver Cromwell—you sneer, of course, for your divine king is Charles Stuart, a weak and false man—but still here is Oliver Cromwell, a sort of natural king, and England, you are willing to admit, is a great deal surer of good government even under him than under a parliament of Zeal-in-the-land Busys and Tribulation Tidds. Very well; and to-night, in a great thunder-storm, King Oliver dies. What next? Is Richard Cromwell your next natural king? Your machine falls instantly into confusion. England will as gladly take the chance of an election as the chance of a natural king.

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"Or, do you speak of loyalty? Loyalty! Why here is Albert Edward—that is he, the dull-faced youth, swigging in a cellar and encoring Champagne Charlie, or whirling at the Mabille with one of the princesses, not of the realm, but of the Rue de Breda. Are you very loyal to that youth? Or to his line? What is his line? Let us pass the good mother, who has lately painted her own portrait for us. Good, honest soul! deprived of her natural baking, and darning, and gossiping. Dear old Goody Two-shoes—but as for loyalty, apply further on. Here we advance into a fine family circle, Prince George the Regent at the head. Then the Duke of York, who used to give commissions in the army to gratify Mrs. Clark. Who was Mrs. Clark? Not the Duchess of York, but the Duchess's *locum tenens*. Are we to be loyal to Mrs. Clark also? Then brothers Kent, and Sussex, and Clarence, and more of the same. By this time loyalty is beaten out very thin. But we ascend to great-grandpapa George III., and the immortal Charlotte, his royal spouse. The object of our loyal devotion is for the moment absent, inspecting the contents of dinner-pots in the cottages about Windsor; and as for the illustrious consort, peep over Madame d'Arblay's shoulder, and see how royal the household is, and how loyal we must needs be! Go up higher and higher, to Prince Frederick, to George II., to George I.—we have ascended a century and a half of the line of the youth who is plunging in the *can-can* at the Mabille, and there is no denying that loyalty is as justly due to him as to any of his ancestors.

"It is an experiment, my good Tory, and it has failed. You sit here by your summer lake, and you imagine a country in which you and other well-meaning gentlemen, such as we hope to meet at dinner to-day, and in heaven hereafter, make the laws, being honorable and just to all men. And you turn to me, Mr. William Whig, at your service, and you say to me, 'Mr. Whig, you are a gentleman and a scholar; you are a man of honor, of sagacity, of experience; you are in every way fitted to adorn the legislative halls of your native country, and to maintain, by wise and just laws, the traditions of the better days. Very well, Mr. Whig, you are an advocate of this mistaken government by the people at large, and you are nominated for Congress. I give you my vote and my blessing; so do all intelligent gentlemen. *Très bien.* You are beaten by a majority of thousands, and the Honorable the Benicia Boy is elected. That's your fine government by the people. Ignorant men are the majority of every constituency, and they will elect representatives according to their kind.'

"That is what you say to me, and with great point. But, my dear Tory, our object is to come as near as possible to the Theocracy, or the best government. And experience reveals the unpleasant truth that when you and I, of the class of intelligent and sagacious and honorable gentlemen, possess the power of the Government, we do not use it honorably and sagaciously. We abuse the ignorant multitude. We justify Voltaire's saying that the art of government is to make two-thirds of a nation pay all it possibly can pay for the benefit of the other third. We justify Sully's famous remark that civil troubles always spring from the ambition of the great—that is, the intelligent gentleman class. It is idle for us to speculate upon an ideal situation. When the intelligent gentlemen have legislated until the ignorant men, who, according to you, are the majority of every constituency, can't starve any longer, they will do what Samson did, and bring down the temple upon the heads of all in a common ruin. They did it in France. They will do it in England, unless, as I hope and expect, England moves fast enough to avoid the catastrophe.

"In the particular case, you suppose, my dear Tory, although I am left at home, and the Honorable Benicia Boy goes to adorn the legislative halls, yet he is an exceptional ornament. If the constituency that sends him were a fair type of every constituency in the land we should have a government of knuckles rather than of brains. But do you not see that even if it were so, and that we must undergo the Cæsar and Napoleon régime, it would be but an episode? We should still come round to the same point, and again and again, until we learned the lesson; and the lesson is, that the Patriot King and the Patriot Parliament, or government for the people by a few, are obsolete; that government will be by the people, and that the universal duty, therefore, is to promote that general intelligence which comprehends the value of justice and knowledge in human society."

Good old Mr. Tory sighed again and again. The evening breeze blew over the lake, and seemed to lament with him. He arose, still sighing, and wished Mr. Whig good-night, and as he went out at the garden gate he was heard humming, "O Richard! O mon Roi!"

Hans Christian Andersen says that whoever has been in Rome will remember the Piazza Barberini; and the Easy Chair says that whoever has been in America will remember the pleasant village of Sunmead, if he has ever seen it. It might be necessary to be more specific if our present business were with the village, but as it is only with an incident in the village history, as an illustration, we may spare topographical accuracy. Forth from Sunmead on a sunny morning drove a jolly pleasure-party. They laughed as they rolled along the bowery road, and sang as they smelled the apple blossoms. And now it is down hill, and rattling merrily down they go; and, striking the rustic bridge at the foot, down goes that also, down go the merry passengers still further, and there they lie, wrecked and bruised and wounded, among the stones in the stream. One little supporting beam was weak, and, breaking, the bridge had no foundation, and so the pleasure-party ended.

There were broken legs and arms, and sad internal injuries, and life-long weakness and disease—all occasioned by that weak little beam. There were thumping suits for damages against the authorities of Sunmead, and awful swearing of the hard-working tax-payers, and unhappy quarrels and parties among the quiet village population, growing out of disbelief in the extent of alleged injuries, and a suspicion of "shamming," to extort money from the town treasury. And the source of all these woes was the rotten little beam under the rustic bridge at the foot of the hill. Who is responsible? was the first indignant question of the village. Of course the road overseer, and there was a quite inexpressible

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feeling toward poor Shirker, the overseer. "Dear me!" said poor Shirker; "I was only jest hayin'; and I knew there was a sleeper not exactly right, and I meant to have mended it right up, but I thought I'd jest finish up hayin', and who'd 'a thought any body would go tumblin' through the bridge, massy me!" It would have cost about five dollars to mend the bridge, had poor Shirker done the work when he knew it ought to be done. And this Sunmead remembered as it reflected upon the broken limbs, and the lives of suffering, and the thumping suits for damages of thousands of dollars.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the counsel of the claimants, in his eloquent address to the jury, "this melancholy event furnishes us with a most impressive illustration of the great truth that a stitch in time saves nine. Had the village of Sunmead only taken a just and proper care that its bridges were in order it would not to-day be deploring, on the one hand, the injury of so many of its most respected citizens, and, upon the other, that depletion of the public purse which an impartial justice now makes inevitable." There seemed to be no escape for Sunmead. And if Sunmead were the only offender in this negligence of the one timely stitch it would be a subject of universal congratulation. The one timely stitch, in this case, stands for common-sense in the details of management, whether of a village bridge or of any other private or public concern. And the story of Sunmead was recalled by the report of a sad accident at Manchester in England, while it suggests a great many possible accidents every where in this country.

There was a sudden alarm of fire at a music hall in Manchester during the evening performance. It was occasioned by the grasping of a gas pendant by some boys who thought the bench upon which they stood was breaking down, and the smell of the escaping gas suggested to somebody the cry of fire. Instantly the whole audience rose in a panic and crushed toward the only two stairways. In vain they were told that there was no danger. They did not hear or they did not believe. The railing along the stairs and the stairs themselves gave way and twenty-five persons were killed and many injured. This was the result of a panic. There was no fire: there was no occasion whatever for alarm, but that did not help. The audience thought there was, and they became mad.

Now if we ask for the reason of this panic we shall discover it easily. It was not the supposed fire that alarmed the audience, but it was supposed fire in a theatre or hall; and that produced a panic from the involuntary conviction of the audience that fire in such a place was peculiarly perilous because of the inadequate means of escape usually provided. But in this case how plainly a stitch in time would have saved nine! Had the proprietor of the hall made it so evidently safe that nobody could reasonably doubt that it was so, there would not have been the fright and rush and crush and the shocking catastrophe. And the question that every sensible person asks is, whether other halls are to remain in this condition, and other bridges to be left with a rotten beam until poor Shirker has jest done hayin'?

The Easy Chair has no feud with the drama, regular or irregular. Indeed certain observations in which it has sometimes indulged upon that subject have been the text of very severe animadversion as showing a perilous easiness, if not a positively immoral easiness upon its part. There was one tremendous clap of moral thunder from Chicago upon the general subject which ought to have cleared the atmosphere for a long time, and by which the Chair humbly trusts it was properly placed upon its legs, "four-square" as the poet saith. But while it has no quarrel even with the kind of drama of which "Humpty Dumpty" is a signal example, it must yet say that the spectator who can sit near the stage in that theatre when it is crowded and can contemplate without shuddering the inevitable consequences of a panic arising from an alarm of fire during the performance, would undoubtedly have taken the risk of leaving the rotten beam in the Sunmead bridge until after hayin'.

It is with no malevolence that the Easy Chair designates this theatre. Who that remembers the swift destruction of the Academy of Music a few years ago, does not furtively examine the present one as he seats himself in it in a crowd and reflects upon the rustic bridge at Sunmead? And of how many halls in the country is it not true? Suppose that we should change the name merely and announce that a concert would be given in the Music Trap to-morrow evening, or that the annual course of lectures would be held in the Mechanics or Masonic Trap, would it not be a good stitch in time? Is there a hall—with very few exceptions—in the country which is not more properly a trap? Let the judicious reader reflect upon the pleasant hall in his own town; let him imagine it crowded and an alarm of fire raised. Now a panic under such circumstances mainly depends upon the consciousness of the audience that it can or can not readily escape. Does he think there would be a panic? Or rather, does he not know that should a fire actually break out, there is every reason to believe that there would be a terrible catastrophe? Dear reader, thou, who at this very moment art perusing these words, if this be thy conviction, and thou doest nothing, why art thou not the very poor Shirker who thinks he will jest finish up hayin'? Poor Shirker, rather than spend five dollars to replace a rotten beam ran for luck. The result was injury and suffering indescribable, and an enormous taxation of the hard-working folk of Sunmead. You choose to run for luck, also; but if the alarm is raised in the hall of your town when your wife and your daughters are among the audience, and the tragedy follows, will you still deny, think you, that a stitch in time saves nine?

The Easy Chair has not had the pleasure of seeing the theatre which Mr. Booth is reported to be building, and which is to be a marvel of beauty and convenience. Is it to be also a miracle of safety? It is the best economy to put money for such purposes into that kind of security of which we are now speaking, so that the public will not be compelled to contemplate an advertisement which, being truly interpreted, will read as follows: "The new and gorgeous Trap for the legitimate and other drama will be opened for victims on Monday evening. No pains or expense have been spared in the elaborate finish of the sides of the Trap, and the gilding of the wires is truly resplendent. There will be space

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for an immense number of victims; and there can be no doubt of the public judgment, that it is the most superb Trap ever seen in the country." That would be a merely truthful rendering of the advertisements of many, of most of the theatres and halls in the country. Indeed, the money spent for tawdry and useless decoration of our public Traps would buy space enough to make the buildings panic-proof, which is much better than fire-proof.

And what is needed in a public hall but simplicity and security? There is, indeed, no flattering prospect of promising investment in such a building; but there is none more essentially necessary in every American community. There is in fact none, except the church building, in which the whole community have so vital an interest. When, therefore, it is proposed to build a hall for lectures and concerts in the third story of a building of which the two lower stories are devoted to cabinet-making and the storing and sale of varnish, and the access to which is to consist of two wooden staircases, let public opinion and the Grand Jury interpose. Or, indeed, donning the judicial robes and stepping into the judgment-seat, Easy Chair, C. J. would say to the Grand Jury: "Gentlemen, don't wait for future sins; search out those that already exist. There are Traps which are proposed to be built, but there are also Traps already builded. If in the towns with which you are most familiar these Traps are so contrived that upon any alarm a disastrous panic would necessarily ensue in consequence of the general knowledge that they *are* Traps, it is your most solemn duty to present them as perilous nuisances and officially to warn the public of the danger to which it is exposed. Don't wait, gentlemen, for a fearful rent in your garments to impress upon you in the most awful manner that a stitch in time does save nine. Don't run the appalling risk of allowing heavily loaded carriages to come thundering upon bridges supported by a sleeper that you know to be rotten, because you jest want to finish up hayin'. Pay five dollars to-day, gentlemen, and save twenty thousand dollars and a frightful accident. Do your duty, like sensible men. Abolish man-traps!"

If the learned Judge were inclined he might "call the member by his name," and mention the most dangerous Traps in the circuit. But when the Easy Chair is upon the Bench it would fain temper justice with mercy. It would urge upon the jury its imperative duty, and if the jury prove to be but a poor shirker after all, there can be a resort to more summary and awful measures.

Literary Notices.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion, by ALFRED H. GUERNSEY and HENRY M. ALDEN. This work, which has for five years engrossed a considerable part of the time of its authors, is now complete. It brings the history of the war down to the close, and narrates the early efforts at reconstruction. The Editor of this Magazine is not the one to undertake to say how well or ill that part of it the execution of which fell to his share has been performed. This part is mainly that which describes the military operations carried on in the East, and the early political chapters. Of that part of the work relating to the West, and the closing chapters upon political events, written by Mr. Alden, he can speak freely. He believes them to be the most full and accurate narrative of events relating to these topics which has been written. He does not believe that within the next ten years it will be possible for any man to produce a better. The Editor may also properly state the general principles laid down by himself and his associate when they undertook the preparation of the work. They agreed at the outset that it should be based throughout upon fact. They had at their disposal ample means of procuring every accessible document. These accumulated upon their hands as the work went on, rendering it necessary in many cases to re-write whole chapters. They believe that their collection of documents and authorities is more full and complete than any that has fallen into the hands of any other persons who have written upon the war. These they have used according to their best judgment. They have admitted into the text no statement which they did not believe substantiated by the most complete evidence, and they have been careful to give in notes the authority upon which every important statement is based. They have expressed their own opinions freely. They have essayed to deal justly with all men of whom they had to speak. They have unduly praised no man because he fought for what they believe to be the right; they have maligned no one because he fought for what they believe to be the wrong. They have striven, as far as they might, to anticipate the final verdict of after-ages upon the great events which passed before them. They have attempted to write true history. The position of the Publishers gave to the writers the most ample facilities for preparing an Illustrated History. *Harper's Weekly* had artists with every command in the army. These furnished sketches of nearly every important scene. Portraits of nearly all the men of mark upon both sides came to the *Weekly*. Maps and plans of battles, almost without number, were accumulated. It grew to be the task of the writers of this History to decide what not to use, in the way of illustration, of the stores at their command. As it is, the work contains 1000 illustrations. Of these about 350 are portraits; nearly 100 maps and plans; and the remainder representations of memorable scenes and incidents. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

History of the American Civil War, by JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER. Volume II. There are two general methods of writing History. In the first the writer mainly undertakes to set forth facts as they occurred, and in their proper order; in the second his chief aim is to elucidate the great principles which underlie and give shape to the actual facts. A work composed wholly upon the first plan is mere narrative; composed upon the second plan it is disquisition. Both must be combined in order to constitute a History. In any work one element will preponderate over the

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other. As was to be expected from the character of his mind and the nature of his pursuits, in Professor Draper's History the philosophical element takes precedence over the narrative. It does so in this volume, which undertakes to detail "the events from the inauguration of President Lincoln to the Proclamation of the emancipation of the slaves," that is, from March, 1861, to January, 1863. What a few men thought, in his mind, is of more import than what many men did. It is well that history should be written from both points of view, for both are true. From the philosophical point it can hardly be better written than it has been by Professor Draper. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, by JOHN M'CLINTOCK and JAMES STRONG. Volume II. This volume brings the work down to the conclusion of the letter D. It contains about 2000 separate articles, illustrated by more than 300 engravings. The two volumes now issued constitute about one-third of the work as projected. In a work to be arranged in a purely alphabetical order it is essential that a great part of the contents, whether literary or artistic, should be prepared before the first page is given to the printer. That is, the papers under A must be as complete as those under Z. Of course, however, each part should be carefully revised as it goes through the press, so that every portion shall be brought up to the latest point. We see by the notice of the Editors that the greater part of the preparation of the work has been performed, and that the "succeeding volumes may be expected as rapidly as they can be carried through the press." In a few months, therefore, students may hope to have complete a more thorough and exhaustive work upon theological science and literature than has heretofore been attempted in any language: a work which will comprise all the positive results of the researches of generations of scholars. In noticing some months ago the first volume of this Cyclopædia we took occasion to speak of the labor and erudition expended upon several of the leading articles. This volume amply redeems the promise of that which precedes it, and affords full guaranty for the worth of those which are to follow. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Opium Habit. The anonymous author, or rather compiler, of this work has performed a timely labor. Few persons have any conception of the extent to which the use of opium in some of its forms is practiced in this country; and no one except the sufferers, and those physicians who have had occasion to treat such patients, has any idea of the horrors which the victims of the Opium Habit undergo. The author gives, in the first place, his own experience in the matter, which is of special value as showing that the habit can be overcome. He then condenses the remarkable revelations made by De Quincey; following with the case of Coleridge—the saddest in the world's history. If one wishes to know how and why it was, as Wordsworth says, that the "marvelous powers of Coleridge were frozen at their wondrous source," how the grandest intellect sent for generations into the world was wasted, he has but to read these chapters, and find the answer in the one word "Opium." Then come several suggestive chapters, among which is Fitz Hugh Ludlow's paper entitled, "What shall they do to be saved?" which originally appeared in this Magazine—a paper which we are well assured is absolutely true in every point and particular. The book closes with an ideal sketch of a hospital for opium patients, to which Mr. Ludlow (who, by-the-way, is not the author of the book) affixes his name. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The New Testament History, by WILLIAM SMITH. This work bears also the appropriate title of "The Student's Scripture History." As tersely expressed in the preface, its object is "to supply a manual of New Testament History, which, in fullness, accuracy, and use of the best sources of information, may take its place by the side of the Histories of Greece, Rome, England, and France" contained in the series of "Student's Histories." This purpose has been nobly accomplished. Until a need has been fairly supplied, few persons imagine how great the need was. We may safely say that, notwithstanding the labors of hundreds of writers for more than fifteen hundred years, the real history of the times included directly or indirectly within the period covered by the New Testament canon has never before been fairly presented in any one work within such a compass as to render it available to the great body of even cultivated readers. Taking into account the importance of the subject, and the thoroughness and accuracy of the treatment, this is the most valuable of the many admirable works embodied in the series of "Student's Histories." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene, by J. C. DALTON. The public has reason to rejoice that of late years men whose training and avocations are a warrant for the accuracy and extent of their knowledge have taken in hand to present the result of their knowledge in such a form as to be understood by those who have had no special scientific culture. Dr. Dalton, Professor of Physiology in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, has performed just that labor in this work, which is "intended as a means of instruction in Physiology and Hygiene for pupils and general readers who have no previous knowledge on medical subjects." He believes—a belief in which we fully concur—"that the most important, and at the same time the most interesting, facts of Physiology may be taught with success in a perfectly simple manner, provided they be given in the proper order and in their natural relation to each other." When a few more men like Dr. Dalton set themselves seriously to instruct the people upon the great laws of life and health we may begin to hope that the generation of quacks and nostrum-venders whose placards cover our walls, and whose pretentious advertisements fill our newspapers, will die out by starvation. People will have learned that at the first symptoms of uneasiness it is not well to rush to the nearest apothecary and ask for something which they have seen advertised; but will obey the general laws of nature; and if, notwithstanding, disease should assume a serious form, they will call to their aid some physician in whose judgment and honor they have reason to confide, and will follow his directions. They will throw physic to the dogs (who will not be foolish enough to take it), except when it is prescribed by a competent physician. This may be bad for

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unscrupulous quacks, and for ignorant druggists who live by vending their vile nostrums; but it will be well for the poor patients. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Ornithology and Oölogy of New England. Mr. EDWARD SAMUELS, Curator of Zoölogy in the Massachusetts State Cabinet, has performed a labor for which he will receive the thanks of every lover of nature. He has given full descriptions of the birds which inhabit or occasionally visit New England and the adjacent region. He tells when and whence they come, and whither they go; describes their habits and modes of life; what they eat; how they build their nests and rear their young. He cites largely from the accounts given by Audubon, Wilson, and Nuttall, whose works are now almost inaccessible to the mass of readers, either on account of their great cost or from being out of print; but the main part of the book is composed of matter contributed by a score or more of men who "in the love of Nature hold communion with her visible forms." Mr. Samuels's own contributions are the most numerous. How acute is his observation, and with what enthusiasm and grace he presents the result, will be perceived by his article in the present Number of this Magazine upon our "Neighbors the Birds." His work is put forth in several forms. The quarto edition, which is embellished by many colored figures of birds, and exquisite delineations of their eggs, tinted from nature, is one of the finest specimens of book-making produced in America. (Published by Nichols and Noyes.)

Miscellaneous Prose Works, by EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON. Bulwer—for so people will persist in denominating him—is so generally known as a novelist that few readers imagine that he has been for more than an ordinary generation a frequent contributor to those Reviews which have been the real exponents of thought and opinion in English literature. He has now collected into two volumes a score and a half of these essays, which he thinks most worthy of permanent preservation. Though we can not claim for them a place beside those of Macaulay and Carlyle, or hardly beside those of Stephen and Horner, yet they are well worthy of preservation. It may be regretted that these papers were not arranged in the chronological order in which they were written. The earliest paper in the first volume is that upon Sir Thomas Brown, written in 1836; the latest, which precedes in order of arrangement, is that upon Charles Lamb and some of his companions, written in 1867. The other papers in this volume bear dates from 1837 to 1860. They include the very capital sketch of the Life of Schiller, originally prefixed to Bulwer's translation of the poems of the great German, published in 1847. This, in our judgment, is the best of these Miscellanies. The second volume opens with what the author styles "Essays written in Youth." They comprise the papers known as the "Student," which are really of little account, excepting always the "Conversations with an Ambitious Student in his last Illness," which are admirable. The date of these papers is 1832. Then follow sundry papers upon "the Influence of Love upon Literature and Real Life," written in 1862, and now first published. If they had remained unpublished the fame of the author would not have been greatly diminished. Looking back upon Bulwer's long and brilliant career we think his reputation will finally rest upon the two "Caxton" novels. The world can very well afford to forget "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," and a half score of other similar novels. "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," "Harold," and "the Last Days of Pompeii" will not be cared for by any coming generation; while "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice," and several others belonging to one period will be forgotten by all who wish to think well of the author. "Zanoni" and the "Strange Story" have had their day, such as it was. The poems of Bulwer will not carry him down to posterity. Some of his translations from Schiller are indeed very fair, but of the best, better ones have been produced by others. We suppose that his two plays, the "Lady of Lyons" and "Money," will continue to hold their place upon the stage so long as there is a good-looking actor and actress with a passable voice to take the leading parts. But, as we have said, the two "Caxton" novels will form Bulwer's main claim upon the recognition of the future. These Essays, if they will not add greatly to this claim, will not diminish it. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Cape Cod and all Along Shore is the rather unsuggestive title under which Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF has chosen to group together seven capital stories, all of which, except one, have appeared in this Magazine. Many of our readers in past years will call to mind "Captain Tom: a Resurrection," "What is Best?" and "Maud Elbert's Love Match," and will be glad to meet them together. The writer had it in mind at one time to follow a practice known to story-writers and connect these tales by a general story which should serve as a sort of frame-work, giving the whole the appearance of a novel, so that the purchasers of the book should not discover that "what they took to be a fat chicken was only a basketful of stale eggs." He abandoned this design for reasons which, as stated by him, should be held as quite satisfactory: "1st. I think it wrong to practice such a cheat upon an unoffending and confiding public; and, 2dly. I tried in vain to invent a tale which should serve me as such a frame-work, and had at last to give it up for lack of ingenuity." The readers of these clever stories will not have reason to regret that no such attempt at literary patch-work has been made. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Moonstone; a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS. If there were such a word as "story-wright," corresponding to the term "play-wright," Wilkie Collins would be styled the one great "storywright." He indeed writes always good sound English, such as De Foe or Swift might have written; but he has none of the delicacies or mannerisms of style which characterize the works of Dickens and Thackeray. It would be hard to find in all his characteristic works a page which from mere form of expression any one could declare to be his rather than that of any other person who understands grammar and has at command a good store of good words. But Mr. Collins has the faculty of constructing a story in such a way that while no one when it is in progress shall even guess at its winding-up, yet when all is done the reader will wonder why he had not anticipated the end of the

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plot. Mr. Dickens somewhere complains that unscrupulous playwrights, taking one of his novels when half completed, "adapted it to the stage," anticipating the event which was to have formed the climax. Thackeray seems never to have had a plot in his mind. In the preface to "Pendennis" he tells humorously how, until the last chapter was to be written, he did not know how the work was to end. No one who reads Dickens's "Mutual Friend" will doubt that the final explanation of Mr. Boffin's strange conduct never entered into the mind of the author until long after the story was begun. More odd still is the fate of Paul Emanuel in Charlotte Brontë's "Vilette." Of ten critical readers of the story, five will be sure that he was drowned, and the other five will be just as sure that he came home, married Lucy Snowe, and "lived happily ever after." No such difficulties will confront the readers of any novel by Wilkie Collins. They may not be able to even guess, while the story is in progress, how it is to turn out. If they did guess, most likely their guesses would turn out wrong. Mr. Collins possesses the faculty, almost amounting to genius, of writing a novel. In the "Moonstone" he has come nearer to success than in any of his former stories. If he has fallen short of producing a great novel, he has succeeded in making a most readable story. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR brief Record for the Month closes on the 31st of August. Congress having taken a recess, and it being yet uncertain whether it will reassemble in September, political affairs present no marked features demanding notice. The chief points of interest relate to the Presidential campaign, which has now fairly opened. It is clear that this will turn mainly upon the financial issues involved in the platforms of the two parties.

The essential facts are these: The national debt amounts now in round numbers to $2,600,000,000. A very large part of this consists of what are known as Five-Twenty bonds—that is, obligations which are not due until twenty years after date, but which the Government may, if it pleases, pay in five years. These bonds bear interest at the rate of six per cent.; and it is expressly provided that this interest shall be paid in coin. But the law does not specify in what medium the principal shall be paid.

Upon the one hand it is contended that the obligation to pay of necessity implies that the payment shall be made in coin; and it is affirmed that this interpretation of the law was expressly sanctioned by all the functionaries through whom the loan was contracted; and that this obligation was a part of the consideration upon which the loans were made; and that therefore the Government is bound in right and honor to pay the principal of these bonds in coin.

On the other hand it is affirmed that these loans were made in paper, whether "Greenbacks"—that is, promissory notes of the United States Government—or "National Bank Notes" issued upon the guarantee of the Government; that these notes bore on their face that they were to be received for all public or private debts, saving only that customs dues and the interest upon the bonds must be paid in coin; so that the principal of the bonds, like any other debt, public or private, is payable in "currency." This interpretation of the law is embodied in the fifth article of the platform adopted by the Democratic party at the Convention of July. Its words are: "One currency for the Government and the People, the laborer and the office-holder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder." This view has been most fully elaborated by Mr. Pendleton, who was indeed the first fairly to enunciate it. In an elaborate speech at Hartford, he said:

"Of the $2,600,000,000 of debt more than $1,500,000,000 are in Five-Twenty bonds. They were issued after the law of 1862. The man who owns them pays no taxes except those imposed by the Federal Government. He pays not a dollar for the paving of your streets, the taxes for your gas companies; not a dollar to pay your police, or to pay your juries their fees, or your judge his salary, or the expenses of your penitentiary. Now I say that the principal of these Five-Twenty bonds is payable in legal-tender notes. Before one single Five-Twenty bond was issued the legal-tender notes were put in circulation. They had it written upon their faces, copied from the law, that these legal-tender notes were payable for all public and private debts, and for all debts due from the Government except interest on the public debt, and for all debts due to the Government except duties on imports."

This is the issue clearly made by the Democratic party in its platform and in the speeches of its recognized expounders. The Republican platform is less explicit. It simply affirms that "the whole public debt must be paid according to the letter and spirit of the laws under which it was contracted." This, as set forth by the speakers for the party, means that the principal of the debt is due in coin, not in paper.

In the Southern States the canvass has taken a singular turn. A great majority of the whites who took sides with the Confederacy have now joined hands with the Democratic party. While utterly opposing the right of the freedmen to vote and be voted for, they are making strenuous efforts to gain the colored vote for the Democratic party. They urge upon the colored voters that the Southern whites are their only real friends, and that if they vote for the Republican candidates a war of races will ensue, in which the colored race must be annihilated. The contest in the South has given rise to two new political epithets. Northern men who have gone thither are designated as "Carpet-Baggers;" Southern men who side with the Republican party are called "Scalliwags." The leaders of the Democratic party demand that these persons shall be socially ostracized. Another month will enable us to give some clear approximation as to the strength of the parties in the South. The one significant indication as yet afforded is that in Kentucky the Democratic candidate for Governor, out of a vote of 141,799 received 115,524—the Republican candidate receiving 26,275—a Democratic majority of 89,249.

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Editor's Drawer.

HARK! hark!—I hear the reapers in a row,
Shouting their harvest carols blithe and loud,
Cutting the rustled maize whose crests are bowed
With ears o'ertasseled, soon to be laid low;
Crooked earthward now, the orchards droop their boughs
With red-cheek fruits, while far along the wall,
Full in the south, ripe plums and peaches fall
In tufted grass where laughing lads carouse;
And down the pastures, where the horse goes round
His ring of tan, beneath the mossy shed,
Old cider-presses work with creaky din,
Oozing in vats, and apples heap the ground;
And, hour by hour, a basket on his head,
Up-clambering to the spout, the plowman pours them in!

Very many pretty lines have been written on "October," and other autumnal topics, though none better than the preceding, by Stoddard, with which introduction we open this present Drawer.

THE recent decease of Peter Cagger, of Albany, who with the late Dean Richmond controlled for many years the nominations of the Democratic party of New York, will remind those who have had much to do with State Conventions how those two astute managers combined to bring forward the men whose names were to be put upon the "slate" for nomination. The writer recalls an incident that occurred at the Democratic State Convention held at Syracuse in 1857, which nominated the ticket that was elected in November of that year. Mr. Richmond and Mr. Cagger were in consultation at the Syracuse House on the evening before the assembling of the Convention as to who would be likely to impart most strength to the ticket.

"Well, Cagger, about Secretary of State—what do you say?"

"The newspaper men," replied Mr. C., "seem to have taken up Gid Tucker; what do you think about it?"

"Don't know much about him; smart chap, they say; writes well, and knows the boys. Best to go him?"

"I reckon so."

"Put him down."

The "slate" was commenced with the name of Mr. Tucker.

"What about Controller?"

"Oh! Church, of course; there isn't any body but him we can trust."

"Fact!"

And Mr. Church's name was inscribed.

"Who for Treasurer?"

"Don't know," says Mr. Cagger; "some of your boys talk about Vanderpoel, and nobody else seems to be pushing for it."

"Van's a good fellow; knows about lager, talks Dutch, and is a favor-ite with the women."

Down went the name of the stalwart and handsome Isaac J.

"Any body want to be Attorney-General?"

"Tremain's got it pretty bad," said Mr. C.; "how'll that do west?"

"Oh, we go any thing; but don't some of those New York chaps want it?"

"No, they're in a little fight about State Engineer, and are not pressing any one. Tremain's 'with us;' guess we'd better go him."

"All right; scratch him down."

"What about State Engineer?"

"Well, on the whole," replied Mr. C., "Van Richmond's our best man; but the New Yorkers are in a row about it. Sickles and Sam Butterworth are strong for Charley Graham (General C. K. Graham); but Fernando and John Kelley are against it. If we go Graham, who is a nice fellow, there'll be a split, and that won't do."

"Oh no—no splits! Give them Richmond; they'll swallow it—they *must!*"

He was swallowed, though Graham made a bold dash.

"Well, Mr. Richmond, about Canal Commissioner? important *that;* must have a good man."

"That's so; there's been too much stealing there, and it ought to be stopped. How'll Jaycox answer?"

"Jaycox is pushed by John A. Green and the Onondaga fellows; he's smart and sound; think it's best?"

"On the whole, yes."

"Put him down."

"And now this Prison Inspectorship—what shall we do with it? Fifty are after it from all over the State, and every man that don't get it will be as mad as a hornet."

"Fact; it's a regular nuisance! I've been button-holed four hundred times about it in the last two hours. I'll tell you what, Peter; suppose you and I don't bother ourselves about it, but just *let the Convention* nominate *that* chap?"

"Agreed."

And they did. The "slate," as agreed upon by these two astute old heads, was regularly put through; but when it came to State Prison Inspector, Dean and Peter quietly left the hall, went over to the Syracuse House, entered a private apartment, proceeded to place themselves outside of cooling fluids, and chuckled just a little. The *Convention* nominated William C. Rhodes, and *that* is about all the Convention did do.

THE annual sacrifice of dogs, which comes with commendable regularity and joy to the people of this city, recalls to mind what Sydney Smith said of the animal: "No, I don't like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady once asked me for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed 'Out, damned Spot,' but she did not think it sentimental enough." The wit also mentioned the story of the French Marquise, who, when her pet lap-dog bit a piece out of her footman's leg, exclaimed, "Ah! poor little beast! I hope it won't make him sick!"

BRIGHT as those little urchins the news-boys are, even they sometimes get a little out in their geography and orthography, as was the case with one of those little professors after the evacuation of Charleston, for right lustily did he cry out: "'Ere's the *Herald*—got all the news 'bout the vaccination of Charles Town!"

NOT many years ago our country was honored with the presence of a live Baronet—no less than the famous Sir Robert ——.

Here we must stop to give our readers a little instruction as to the true way to utter this title. We must not, unless we wish to be thought barbarians, say *Sir* Robert, with an emphasis on the

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title; but S'r'*Rob*ert, melting the two words into one. It is just the difference between the timid, tender, almost inaudible kiss which a bride impresses upon her husband's forehead during the honey-moon, and the loud, hearty smack, like the crack of a cart-whip, with which the buxom ten-years' wife welcomes the return of her jolly lord.

S'r'Robert had been told that "Niagàrah was a—really a—quite worth seeing—a," and took his way thither, *viâ* the Erie Railroad. He had heard of the recklessness of our railway conductors, who are in the habit of running their trains off the track "just for the fun of the thing," and grew terribly afraid as he saw the sharp curves, deep cuts, and high embankments of that road.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said he, addressing the occupant of an adjacent seat. "Beg your pardon; but I am S'r'Robert ——, S'r'Robert ——, of England. The conductor seems to be running very carelessly, very carelessly indeed. Now, Sir, don't you think if I were to present him my card, so that he might know that S'r'Robert —— was on the train—don't you think he would be more careful?"

Ole Bull, when on his last visit here, used to relate the following. He had been at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player:

"My good friend, do you play by note?"

"Divil a note, Sir."

"Do you play by ear, then?"

"Never an ear, your Honor."

"How *do* you play, then?"

"By main strength, be jabers!"

One of the most amusing books recently issued from the London press is "Mr. Sprouts: his Opinions." It has not been republished on this side; probably will not be. It may be described as a series of papers embodying the opinions of the lower class on the sayings and doings of the high and middle-class life. Mr. Sprouts, a coster-monger by profession, visits, with the assistance of certain friendly policemen and occasional waiters, a house in Belgrave Square, the House of Commons, and many other resorts of the aristocracy. His descriptions are vivacious, contain many novel ideas, and are generally overflowing with wit and humor; while his eccentric spelling gives a quaintness to the whole. We find a felicitous description of a dinner-party at an aristocratic mansion in Belgravia, a portion of which we give in Mr. Sprouts's own words:

"So I gives the major a reg'lar scraper, and then I sits down on a sort of sofa bedstead in the middle of the room, and I takes a look round. I never see such a lot of 'cures' in my life as the rest of the people was. There was six or seven females, old and young, and ne'er a decent cap amongst the lot. As for dresses I can't talk about 'em, for of all the skimped-up things as ever I see they was the wust; just for all the world like my little gal's frocks when she was turnin' o' nine. There was skirt enough in 'em to have made harf a dozen bodies over and over again. But I suppose they'd all bin bought by contract of a slop dress-maker, and she'd made some mistake in the cut of the lower part, and took it out by scampin' the rest. Their poor arms, too, was bare and cold, and they'd tried to keep their chilly fingers warm by puttin' on their gloves.

"One on 'em, rather a old party, had a eye-glass and a hooky nose, and she got a starin' at me with it till I got rather uncomfortable.

"The men was just as bad. They was dressed for all the world like a batch of undertakers, and precious miserable it was. Tight, shining boots with the huppers made of hile-cloth, and cut away coats with nothing to keep yer warm round the waist and lines, then the hair o' most o' the great gabies was parted down the middle, and likewise a eye-glass too.

"The room was furnished awful shabby; there was ne'er a cupboard in it, and as for chaney ornaments on the mantel-piece, not a single one. There was a good fire enough blazin' in the grate, but devil a kettle o' bilin' water on it for a drop o' grog, and ne'er a dog, or cat, or child to be seen in all the blessed place. This don't soot my fire-place, ses I to myself, but without speakin'.

"I think they was all as frightened o' one another as I was o' them, for they talked so low it was more like a buzz, and they hadn't the pluck to laugh out loud, but only grinned. As for me, I said nothin', rememberin' what Brockey had told me, till an oldish cove come out and posted hisself near me, and begun a talkin' about pictures and heart.

"'I seldom touches it,' I ses, 'except once in a way with sage and onions; and I ain't werry nutty on it then.' Arter that he walked away.

"I was gettin' awful hungry. At last a little sort of a covey throws the door open and looks at the major, and he says, 'Dinner!' Then the major's old lady begun bobbin' about a askin' of every body to take every body's arm. I was just a goin' to make up to a sweetly pretty little thing, when the old gal ses to me, ses she, 'Will you take Lady Hawkey, Mr. de Weer?' ses she; and afore I could say Jack Robinson the old party with the hook nose and the eye-glass puts her harm in mine, and in this here stoopid fashion we galliwanted down stairs.

"Well, at last we got into a big room where I couldn't see a blessed thing to eat but flowers and candles, which was stuck all over the table, and looked very pretty, but wasn't satisfyin'. Some on 'em took their gloves orf, fearin' to sile 'em, I suppose, but I made up my mind to show 'em as the value of a pair o' kids was nothin' to me, so I kept mine on.

"Presently in walks that imperdent feller, quite demure, as took my coat, along with two or three more fellows, and he says to me, 'What soup 'll you take?'

"'Pea,' ses I, in a low tone.

"'We ain't got it, Sir,' he says.

"'Then bring me a basin o' mutton broth,' ses I, quite haughty.

"The old woman with the eye-glass gave me a look, but said nothin'."

There is more in the same style, showing that snobbery is the same the world over, and that in many a fine room, where table and guests are decorated "regardless," etc., it is sometimes difficult to discriminate the "man" from him who pretends to be the gentleman.

Those who knew the late General William W. Morris, so long on duty at Fort M'Henry, Baltimore, during the war, can appreciate the old vet-

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eran's surprise at the following telegraphic incident which occurred to him at the Fort in '64. A young officer before Richmond, in whom the General and his estimable wife took great interest, was urgently wanted at home to see a sick mother, supposed to be on her dying bed, and Mrs. General M. kindly undertook the trip to General Grant's head-quarters to intercede for the necessary leave of absence. Succeeding (she knows "no such word as fail"), she telegraphed the General at the Fort to have the officer's trunk, which had been left there, in readiness at the dépôt in Baltimore as he passed through. She evidently crowded the operator at Fort Monroe with instructions as to haste, in not only getting the message through to Baltimore, but from there by boy some three miles out to the Fort; for when the General received it the text was as follows, the *operator's order* being *included* with the message:

General W. W. Morris:
Have Major W——'s trunk and keys at dépôt immediately. *Run like h—.* M. A. M.

HAVING recently assisted at one of those most unpleasant of all parties of pleasure—a picnic—we can understand and sympathize with the gentleman who thus describes a similar experience:

If, sick of home and luxuries,
You want a new sensation,
And sigh for the unwonted ease
Of *un*accommodation;
If you would taste, as amateur,
And vagabond beginner,
The painful pleasures of the poor,
Get up a picnic dinner.

Half starved with hunger, parch'd with thirst,
All haste to spread the dishes,
When, lo! 'tis found the ale has burst
Amid the loaves and fishes;
Over the pie, a sodden sop,
The grasshoppers are skipping;
Each roll's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
And all the meat is dripping.

Bristling with broken glass, you find
Some cakes among the bottles,
Which those may eat who do not mind
Excoriated throttles.
The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
When squalling voices utter,
"Look! look! a toad has got astride
Our only pat of butter!"

JUDGE DAVID K. CARTER, formerly of Ohio, now one of the Judges of the United States District Court at Washington, is a gentleman of marked character and ability, and, withal, a little eccentric. Not long since an Italian was tried and convicted in his court for some offense against the laws of the United States, the minimum punishment of which is three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary at Albany. Before passing sentence the Judge asked the culprit if he had learned any trade, to which a negative reply was given. The Judge then said: "In imposing upon you the lightest sentence permitted by the law, and in view of the fact that you have no practical acquaintance with any of the mechanic arts, the Court would say that during the three years' confinement to which we now sentence you, you will have ample opportunity to learn some trade that will enable you to earn an honest livelihood; but should you be unequal to this, yet deport yourself so as to win the approval of the officers of the prison, I have no doubt, as a reward for your good conduct, they will cheerfully request the Governor of New York, at the end of your term, to *present you with a hand-organ and a monkey!*"

The poor Italian, dumfounded at the sentence, exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "Ah, Judge! not ze monkey! not ze monkey! I can stand ze three year and ze hard work, but I no stand ze dam monkey!"

FROM the advance sheets of a new publication just received from London we have a few new anecdotes of Richard Brinsley Sheridan:

The Prince of Wales was one night at Brookes's talking a great deal of nonsense about Darwin's theory that a woman's bosom is thought beautiful by us because in our infancy we derive pleasure from its warmth, sustenance, and repose.

"Therefore," said Sheridan, acutely, "people who have been brought up by hand grow rapturous in after-life at the very sight of a wooden spoon!"

Fox and the Prince both decided that Sherry had admirably upset Darwin's fantastic theory.

SHERIDAN had a hard matter to get in to Brookes's Club, owing to the aristocratic prejudices of old Selwyn, the gambler, who blackballed him at every ballot. Selwyn was not going to be elbowed by the son of an actor and the grandson of a schoolmaster. Charles James Fox, who was bent on getting his brilliant friend into the club, discovered the hidden enemy by marking the balls. Sheridan then arranged a pleasant plot. The next ballot-evening Sheridan and the Prince of Wales, "the first gentleman of Europe," arrived at Brookes's arm in arm, and going into the strangers' room sent a waiter up for Selwyn. When Selwyn came Sheridan began a long rambling political story, which lasted nearly half an hour. Presently a waiter entered the room on some pretext, and stroked his chin as a signal that Sheridan was elected. Sheridan then got up, and made some natural excuse for a few minutes' absence, and left the Prince to finish the story, "the catastrophe of which," as he told Selwyn on leaving, "he would find very *remarkable.*" Sheridan ran up stairs, and was received at the club-room door by Fox, who formally introduced him to the members. The Prince went on with the story for a time, then broke down, and, laughing at the figure he cut, asked Selwyn, as Sherry did not seem coming back, to go up stairs and let Fox finish the recital. On entering the club-room Sheridan rose, thanked Selwyn for his suffrage, and offered to finish the story. "Your story! it's all a lie from beginning to end!" screamed Selwyn, sitting down to whist gloomily, amidst shouts of laughter.

ANOTHER pleasant scrap of Sheridan's humor is the following: The conversation at Brookes's fell one day on Lord Henry Petty's proposed tax upon iron. Some one said the new impost seemed so unpopular it would be better to raise a tax on coals. "Hold, hold, my dear fellow!" cried Sheridan. "No, no; that would be out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

COMING from Sheridan these must be esteemed good; but are either of them better than this from genial John Brougham? Mr. Brougham happened to be sitting with Coroner Connery,

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and, feeling thirsty, said to that gentleman, "What will you drink?" "A little claret," replied the Coroner. "Claret!" exclaimed Brougham; "claret for a *Coroner!* why there's no *body* in that!"

THE serio-comic ideas that enter the head of Sambo, when exercised on religious matters, causing anxiety perhaps to himself but laughter to the listener, were exemplified in the case of an "uncle" in Chester, South Carolina, who had been to a camp-meeting, and returned greatly troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a downcast look, his master asked him the cause.

"Oh, Massa, I'm such a great sinner!"

"But, Pete, you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know de reason, Massa: when you go out duck-shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete." And the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, Massa, dat is de way wid you and me: de debbil has got you sure; but, as he's not sure of me, *he chases dis chile all de time!*"

A COUPLE of Munchausenisms, related by a lady, may serve to create a little hilarity: "I was returning," said she, "to C—— in my carriage, after a brief absence at Uncle H——'s, and when about twenty miles from home I saw a very pretty and singular vine growing by the road-side, and I made my driver dig it up and put it in front of him, at his feet, with a quantity of earth to keep it alive. I paid no attention to it then until we got home, some three or four hours later. And when the man got down to open the door for me this strange vine had so *grown* around and under the carriage that he actually had to take a hatchet and cut it away before he could get the door open!"

"MY brother," continues the lady, "once gave a Champagne supper at home, at which he had some of the very best Champagne ever brought to America. As an evidence of its *force*, he said that the cork from one of the bottles, which flew out just as he had broken the first wire, and while he was carelessly holding it 'straight up' in his hands, went with such power that it passed through the ceilings and floors to the third story, where mother was sitting, and struck her on the nose, even then hurting her sharply!"

ANECDOTES of the war are still in order. A young lieutenant, having obtained a furlough after the battle of Antietam, returned home, where his companions gave him a hearty welcome. At a little evening party, given in his honor, a pretty little Miss Buchanan commenced rallying him about his courage, saying, "Do you really mean to tell me that you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?"

"Yes," said he, "or a Buchanan's either."

And he did it.

THE battle of Glorietta, or Apache Cañon, fought in the early part of the war between detachments of the regular army and New Mexican volunteers on the Union side, against Texan troops on the other, was, for the numbers engaged, one of the most hotly-contested battles of the war—at least that was the opinion of a German surgeon who was present, and who afterward heard some one speak of it as a little fight. Said he: "You calls dat a leetle vight, Sar! You calls dat a *leetle* vight? Py tam! dey vights more as two hours py mine vatch, *and mine vatch be shlow!*"

THAT only is true poetry which contains beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language, and inculcating, withal, a sound moral. The herewith gem, answering to each of these requisites, appears in a journal published in that Home of the Muses, Albany:

Reuben Slothful was the name
Of an interesting lad;
Whatever had the form of work
Always made him sad.

For appearance at the table
He required no command;
In his impressions on roast beef
He was an able-bodied hand.

He was not an enemy
Of custard or mince-pie,
Observing both with pleasure,
With a calm and steadfast eye.

The amount of both which
He received into his diaphragm
Corresponded with his regard
For pumpkin-pie and lamb.

He always loved the signal
For breakfast, dinner, tea—
The tinkling of the silver bell
Was grateful melody.

His father was very wealthy,
Cultivating a large farm;
Active and enterprising,
Labor to him was a charm.

But Reuben and work did not agree,
In weather fine or hazy,
He was invariably the same—
Lazy, lazy, lazy!

Death summons to the grave
The lowly and the great.
Reuben, outliving his parents,
Inherited their estate.

But when the father slept
Beneath the marble stone,
His noble farm melted away
Like dew before the sun.

The fences were neglected,
The meadows shared their fate;
Improvidence and laziness
Ruined the estate.

And Reuben dragged his
Life out—a miserable shirk—

MORAL.

Because his doting parents
Had not taught him to work.

EVERY reader who has once enjoyed (?) the extravagant charges which are enforced at Niagara Falls, in common with all other summering places, will laugh over the adventure of our Brooklyn friend J—— C—— at Niagara.

Having studied Niagara from the American shore until he discovered an officious photographer taking a picture of *him* with the Falls for a background, J—— C—— migrated westward toward Goat Island, desiring to see the Canadian Falls from the Tower. He crossed the bridge, and, as habitual with him daily on crossing Fulton Fer-

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ry, he put his hand in his vest pocket for his two cents with which to pay fare. As he reached the stand established at the island end of the bridge for the collection of tolls he laid down his two cents and passed on.

"Hallo there, Sir!" called the toll-man; "pay your fare."

J—— C—— suddenly remembered that this was not Fulton Ferry.

"Oh yes," he said. "Excuse me. How much?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"How much?" he asked again, this time incredulously.

"Twenty-five cents."

"Oh, my friend," said J—— C——, with one of his blandest smiles, "I don't want to *buy* 'em; I only want to *look* at the Falls."

But the toll-man was inexorable, and did not even laugh at the odd mistake of the verdant New Yorker.

A CLERICAL correspondent in Ohio sends us the following, as evidence that the true poetic afflatus still flourishes in the Buckeye State. It is the unaided production of a native, and was brought on by an attendant at the recent National Democratic Convention—whether as one of the delegates or indeligates who assisted thereat, we are unadvised:

"Polly, you are yet a stranger,
As it were, within our place;
Yet remember in a manger
Once was laid the Saviour of our race.

"Then welcome, Polly, to this Western land,
Where customs from yours summat differ;
And we'll go with you hand in hand,
Then you'll be one of our citizens ever."

A CORRESPONDENT, whose contributions to the Drawer are always welcome, writes: I was a passenger on a steamer from Panama to San Francisco when the rush of travel on that line was immense. We were badly crowded, and there was no room for chairs or tables, yet we were bound to have our game of "old sledge." A Baptist minister, smitten with the lust for gold, had deserted his flock, and occupied a sleeping-place on the cabin floor. He was a large, corpulent man, and, finding him a sound sleeper, four of us squatted around him, and commenced to play on his broad stomach, scoring the points of the game on his black vest. We played for several hours, undisturbed except by an occasional snore of uncommon force. I had won considerably, and one of my opponents, Jim Doyle by name, becoming excited at my turning up "Jack," brought down his fist upon the lower part of the parson's stomach with great power. The pious old gentleman was wakened thereby, and looked up with some surprise; but, seeing the state of the case, quietly exclaimed, "Go on with your game, boys, but if you are going to pound me in that manner you had better let me turn over."

JUDGE STOW, formerly Recorder of the city of Buffalo, was a gentleman of superior intellect and extensive acquirements, as well as great oddities and eccentricities. He was a conspicuous member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of 1846, and at the time of his death, about nine years ago, represented the Niagara District in the Senate of New York. The Judge was addicted to exaggerated forms of expression, and frequently enunciated profound philosophical truths in quaint and peculiar terms. During Mr. Polk's presidential term he was discussing some measure of the Administration in a sharp strain of hostile criticism. His remarks were responded to by a sympathizing listener, who observed that we had no government; that our system was nothing but an arrangement.

"Arrangement, Sir!" said Stow; "I tell you it is a *mere misunderstanding!*"

A BROTHER of Mr. Stow, who was at one time Recorder of Rochester, had all the intellectual endowments for which the family was distinguished, while his eccentricities were marked and extraordinary. He was Chief Justice of Wisconsin, and while acting in that capacity the judicial character of the State was greatly elevated by the professional learning and strong sense which he exhibited on the bench. In the course of one of his official tours he visited Neosho, the seat of Bishop Kemper's college, where young men were educated for the Episcopal ministry. Arriving there just before the hour of noon, the Bishop invited him to dine. The Judge was a great eater, and a man of epicurean tastes withal, and, looking about the establishment, noticed an abundance of prairie chickens, and no end of venison. Expecting a fine repast, he sharpened his appetite by several applications to a pocket-flask, and when dinner was served was in a state of ravenous hunger. The practice of the Bishop was to devolve the domestic duties of his household upon the students, a fresh one serving in the capacity of cook daily, there being no female in the house. Of course the game was spoiled in cooking. Judge Stow was compelled to satisfy his appetite as best he could. He ate enormously, but neither venison nor grouse had the slightest distinguishing flavor. On taking leave of his host he inquired of the Bishop whether the young gentleman who prepared the dinner of which they had just partaken was studying for the ministry. On receiving an affirmative reply he said, "I am right glad to hear it, Sir, for evidently he has not genius enough to make a cook!"

THE following riddle on a bed is one of the best in the English language, and has never before been typed in any of the Harper publications:

"Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use while others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
But fewer still would wish to keep."

SEVERAL years ago there resided in Saratoga County a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation, but of no great culture, who had an uncommon fine taste in paintings and engravings—the only evidence of refinement he ever exhibited. A clergyman of the village in which he lived, knowing his fondness for such things, introduced to him an agent of a publishing house in the city who were issuing a Pictorial Bible in numbers. The specimen of the style of work exhibited to the lawyer was a very beautiful one, and he readily put down his name for a copy. But in the progress of the publication the character of the engravings rapidly deteriorated, much to the disgust of the enlightened but critical subscriber. A picture of Joseph, very indifferently done, pro-

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voked him beyond endurance, and seizing several of the numbers he sallied forth to reproach the parson for leading him into such a bad bargain. "Look at these wretched scratches," said he, turning the pages over, "and see how I have been imposed upon! Here is a portrait of Joseph, whom his brethren sold to the Egyptians for twenty pieces of silver; and let me tell you, parson, if Joseph looked like that it was a mighty good sale!"

THE late George Kendall, the founder of the New Orleans *Picayune*, was an upright, honorable gentleman, as well as an exceedingly agreeable companion. His narrative power was uncommonly fine, and he told a story with great point and effect. He used to relate his adventures on the Santa Fé expedition with much glee, and in the most interesting manner. One of them (writes an old-time newspaper man) I remember with sufficient accuracy to reproduce it:

After the capture of the party by a gang of Mexican marauders, the prisoners were chained in couples and driven inland, guarded by a body of armed men. Word was passed among the prisoners that they were all to be shot immediately. "Can this be possible, Misther Kindall?" said the big Irishman to whom our friend was made fast. "Quite likely," was the quiet response. "But, Misther Kindall," rejoined Pat, "*isn't this a very extraordinary state of society?*"

COLERIDGE used to say, when good Mrs. Gillman handed him his tenth cup of tea, with an expression of fear that it was not "very good," "M-m-m, it's better-m-m than I deserve-m-m."

As the philosopher lived at free-quarters, and acknowledged himself to be "a great sinner," perhaps he was right.

Not so thought a certain reprobate student of Yale, in the old time when the students boarded in Commons—and very "common" board they got too. He complained to the Faculty of the fare, and the purveyor was cited before that august body to answer for his shortcomings.

"*He* complain of the board!" exclaimed the functionary, with a scornful emphasis on the personal pronoun. "He complain! It's a great deal better than he desarves."

"Yes," replied the conscience-smitten grumbler; "it's better than I deserve *as a sinner*, but not so good as I deserve at seven-and-sixpence a week."

The distinction was well taken; the most orthodox President of Old Yale could not fail to admit its correctness.

AN old California friend, whose contributions to the Drawer are always acceptable, writes: Ross Browne, Captain Bradbury, and your servant the subscriber, were sitting last evening in Bradbury's cabin on the *Japan*, "sailing o'er a summer sea" from Panama toward San Francisco, spinning yarns and swapping "inaccuracies," when Bradbury asked, "Do you know Mrs. General ——?" mentioning the wife of a well-known General, distinguished for her wit and social accomplishments. "I'll tell you a story about her: Some years ago, before she married General ——, who wasn't a General then by a long shot, she was addressed by a young fellow who, unfortunately, was not so brilliant as the Maker sometimes creates us.

"'He long served the daughter;
His suit she denied.'

In despair, he determined to go to California, and called one evening to announce his intention, which he did thus: 'I am going to California on the first steamer, and going to the mines, and going to get rich. If I can't get rich any other way I shall go on the highway with my pistols, and when a miner comes along with a bag of gold I shall blow out his brains, and take his gold.'

"'No, John, don't do that,' said Miss ——; '*take his brains!*'"

"CAPTAIN," said Ross Browne, "didn't you take over the first ship to China for the Company?"

"Yes," replied Bradbury, "and I went as the man went over Niagara Falls."

"How was that?"

"*Very reluctantly.*"

"BROWNE," said I, "did you never write poetry? It seems to me some of your descriptions—for example, Crusoe's Island—show imagination and poetic talent."

"Oh yes," replied Browne, "I wrote a lovely little poem once. I'll give it to you. It was addressed to a charming young lady I met at St. Helena, when we visited together the tomb of Napoleon, Longwood, and the other 'lions' of the island. Here it is:

"'LINES TO MISS LEGGE.

"'To the sweet little valley of Jamestown I came,
Ne'er dreaming with danger 'twas fraught;
After whaling a year, oh, I tell it with shame,
On the pin-hook of love I was caught!

"'Long years in my heart this misfortune will rankle,
And the reason you'll notice, I beg:
While others from taste fall in love with an ankle,
Too fondly I loved a whole Legge!'"

CAN any gentleman of antiquarian tastes tell us the author of the following epigram, or to whom it refers? It was a sort of epitaph on a physician:

He never killed his patients, because he never got any,
So Trinity College gave him the Professorship of Botany.

THIS is not half so neat as the epitaph on a husband and wife, with this holy text added: "*Their warfare is accomplished!*"

THE Drawer last year gave several specimens of eminent meanness of certain persons; but the instance cited by an Irish Dominican preacher, wishing to place the meanness of Judas in the clearest light before his audience, suggested to them that from long familiarity with the Gospel narrative they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the future apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded them, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds that he even *kept the bag.*"

OUR recent anecdotes illustrative of the "long-bow" proclivities of certain people has brought a fresh crop, of which the following may be taken

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as specimens of that kind of statement which an English paper recently styled as the "conspicuously inexact:"

A peripatetic Yankee, riding in a railroad car, was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend. "True, isn't it, mister? I speak of Deacon Brown." "Y-e-s," replied the friend; "that is, I know Deacon Brown, though I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year; but I know he has twelve sawmills that are all worked by butter-milk!"

THIS is of the same species as that of the young gentleman who was so fond of eggs. During a drive to —— he stopped at a little public house on the way for lunch, and said he believed he'd lunch on hard-boiled eggs, if they had enough; and he sat by the window eating them and throwing the shells out of the window. At last, hinted the narrator, I got tired waiting, and said, "My dear B——, are you going to sit there all day calling for more eggs? Do let's go." And when we got into our conveyance, as he turned it around he drove one wheel over the pile of egg-shells, and it was so high, my dear, that we were actually upset!

ARE we not quite right in assuming that every reader of the Drawer will thank us for inserting among our good things the following little poem by Mary Frances Tyler?

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest;
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown:
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

ONE of the cleverest *raconteurs* and wits of the town, "Mr. Sparrowgrass," tells the following of Governor Seward, which is quite too good to be kept for private circulation:

During his incumbency of the gubernatorial chair, before the days of railroads, the Governor had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and, on starting, mounted upon the box of the mail-coach to enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive driver, and his passenger humored him.

"Land agent?" said the driver.

"No," quoth Seward.

"Selling goods?"

"No."

"Traveling preacher?"

"No."

"Patent medicines?"

"No."

"Circus?'

"No."

"Newspaper man?"

"No."

"Then what's your business?"

"Governor," replied Mr. Seward, with a tranquil smile.

"Gov'nor o' what?"

"Governor of the State of New York."

"Get aout!"

"Well, I can convince you of it," said the Governor, "for here's a man on the road with whom I am acquainted." And as the stage passed by, he saluted him: "Good-morning, Mr. Bunker; I want to ask you a question. Am I not the Governor of New York?"

"No, by thunder!" was Bunker's reply.

"Who is, then?" said the startled smoker.

"*Thurlow Weed!*"

THE chivalric character of Stonewall Jackson—the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate army—is not more admired at the South than it is by those who on many a hotly-contested field battled against him for the North. On the move from Swift Run Gap, at the beginning of Jackson's celebrated Valley campaign, his army marched until very late the first night, and through a terrible rain. About midnight Colonel Baylor, of the Fifth Virginia, heard one of his men, a Dutchman, grumbling and swearing to an Irish comrade about the miserable hardship of his soldier-life; and he concluded his remarks upon the subject by saying:

"I vish all de Yankees vas in hell enny how!"

"Well, *I* doan't thin," said Paddy.

"Der deffle you ton't! and vat'sh de reezin?"

"Be gorra an' wadn't ould Jack be afther havin' us up afore day agin, in the rain, wid tree days' cook'd rashins, *pursuin' iv 'em?*"

IT is said to be susceptible of proof that a New York gentleman, who had taken up his summer quarters with his family in one of the outlying suburbs, recently purchased seven pounds of sugar from his village grocer, and found it sadly adulterated with sand. Next day he inserted the following paragraph in the village paper:

"NOTICE.—I bought of a grocer in this village seven pounds of sugar, from which I have extracted one pound of sand. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of sugar (the Scriptural measure of restitution) I will be satisfied. If not, I will expose him."

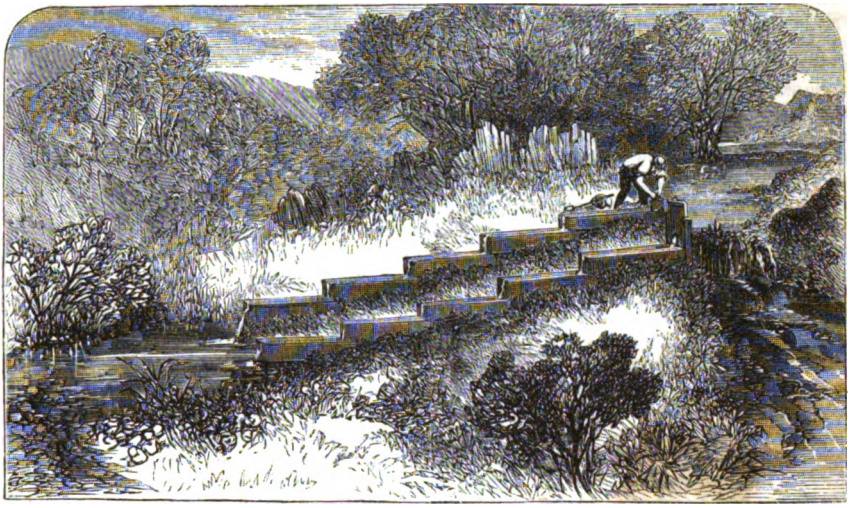
The next day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at the advertiser's house, there being nine grocers in the village, and each supposing himself to have been detected.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXII.—NOVEMBER, 1868.—Vol. XXXVII.

FISH-CULTURE IN AMERICA.



FRENCH HATCHING-RACK AND BOXES.

I.—HISTORY OF PISCICULTURE.

IT is only a couple of centuries since it was the custom with Scotch and English house-servants, in renewing their agreements with their masters, to stipulate that they were not to be compelled to eat salmon more than twice a week; about the same period servants in Roman Catholic countries plead against the introduction of fish on the table on other than fast-days; and it is not a hundred years since the wise and humane legislators of the good little State of Connecticut, by a duly enacted law, prohibited masters from forcing trout on their apprentices oftener than three times a week. Then the inland streams of all Europe swarmed with the finest of fish; and millions of salmon, brook-trout, and shad from the sea ascended the rivers of this country, to breed their young in countless numbers. Since that age of piscatorial plenty we have had the loud lamentation of "Christopher North" over the scarcity of good edible fish. "I never look at the sea," he makes the Shepherd in his *Noctes Ambrosianæ* say, "without lamenting the backward state of its agriculture. Were every eatable land animal extinc', the human race could dine and soup out o' the ocean till a' eternity." That "person of honor" supposed to be that other North, the veritable Lord North of unpleasant memory to our forefathers, has made manifest in his "Discourse of Fish and Fish-ponds" his anxiety as Prime Minister, and that of all "such as have a mind to divert themselves with the most reasonable employment of beautifying their estates," to obtain the experience of all fish-agriculturists. Jacobi has rediscovered the art of artificial impregnation of fish ova; the secret has been lost, and rediscovered by Gehin and Remy; France has built its great *Etablissement de Pisciculture* at Huningue, and restored the exhausted rivers and lakes of the empire; England has built salmon-ladders in every stream, and fish-ponds on almost every estate in the kingdom; France, England, and Holland have held five Fishery Expositions in less than that number of years; and in every civilized country efforts are being made to revive the propagation of the better qualities of fish. In none of the countries mentioned is more interest at present displayed in this important and necessary work than in the United States; but as pisciculture is comparatively in its infancy here,

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having been really introduced only within the last fifteen years, there is no country where so much of information and energy, so much discretion, and at the same time such liberality in legislation and such large outlays of money, are demanded to insure its success.

The present great scarcity of salmon, trout, and shad, the finest of fish in the estimation of both sportsman and gourmand, is owing almost entirely to the increase of our industrial enterprises. It is the consequence in part only of the indiscriminate and unlawful fishing out of season, the catching of the females on their spawning-beds, and the wholesale destruction of their eggs by domesticated water-fowls, as well as by themselves through the invasion of each other's nests; the difficulty is chiefly owing to the erection of dams in the streams for manufacturing and other industrial purposes, since each of these is an almost insurmountable obstruction to the fish in ascending from the sea to their best and natural spawning-beds far up toward the source of the streams. Every saw-mill, factory, tan-yard, slaughter-house, and gas-house erected on the bank of an inland stream, every canal-lock, every drain from coal or iron mine, every sewer of every city emptying its poisoned slush into the fish-streams, is a barrier to the fish, either by obstructing their ascent or poisoning their native element. Gas refuse is one of the most deadly poisons to fish, and with the very defective mode of laying the pipes and building the sewers of our principal cities, so much of gas escapes to the rivers that it is be wondered at that a respectable fish can ever be found in our waters. Salmon, trout, and shad seldom enter the Thames River below London on this account, and it is to be feared that soon it will be impossible to induce them to enter the Hudson by way of New York, or even through the Sound and Harlem River.

The disappearance of the fish was an evil consequence of the extension and increase of industrial enterprises which was not suspected until too late, or it might have been readily avoided. Of course the greater industrial interests of the country can not be sacrificed to this lesser one, and all manufactures be made to disappear in order that the fish may have unrestricted admission to their spawning-beds at all seasons; but the sacrifice of neither interest was necessary; a little timely legislation, which would have tended to prevent our rivers from becoming mere sewers, protected the fish from indiscriminate fishing, and established a system of salmon-ladders as a means of overcoming dams, falls, etc., would in a great measure have evaded the difficulty. A salmon-ladder is a shoot or trough made of stone or wood, and placed suitably in any fall where the water is tolerably deep and swift. Across the trough, at intervals, leaving a narrow space wide enough for the fish to pass easily through, are steps or barriers to break the force of the water, and serve as resting-places for the fish. Thus, instead of one fall of say twenty feet, the fish has seven or ten of two or three feet each to surmount. A spring of three feet is a small matter to a salmon; they jump the height of ten feet with ease, and Frank Forrester relates in one of his books an instance witnessed by him in which a salmon surmounted a fall fourteen feet in height. Dr. W. Peard, a recognized authority on water-farming of all kinds, in his book on the subject, devotes considerable space to ladders, and remarks, in alluding to them, that "it would be possible to take salmon over the Falls of Niagara if the passage for them was so constructed that they could rest on their journey." As an illustration of the value of salmon-ladders it is stated that one of the most successful fisheries of Ireland was created by their use. At Ballysadare, in the county of Sligo, there are two rivers which join one another—the Arrow and Owenmore. At the mouth of these rivers, and close to the sea, is a lofty precipitous fall, and not far from the first fall are two others which are entirely impassable to salmon. Consequently the rivers, which are in all other respects very suitable for salmon, were destitute of fish. Mr. Cooper, of Markrea Castle, the owner of the two rivers, determined to try to make a fishery by breaking the falls by means of salmon-ladders; and in 1856, after some failures, succeeded in applying these aids to the hitherto insurmountable falls. This strikingly bold and interesting experiment was eminently successful. The rivers were stocked, and in 1858 Mr. Cooper reported that hundreds of fish were running up the great ladder; as he described it, "the



A SALMON-LADDER.

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SALMON-SPEARING IN OREGON.

ladder resembled the course of a steeple-chase, four or five salmon often being seen to leap up the same step simultaneously." The result is that the fishery of these rivers, which was formerly valueless and unproductive, is now worth many thousands of dollars per annum, and an industry is planted where none existed before.

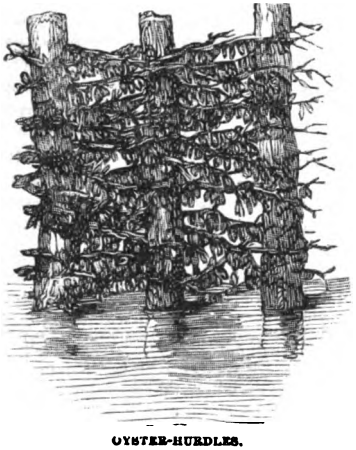
But the mischief resulting from natural and artificial obstructions was fully accomplished before it was suspected, and the fish disappeared before a remedy was discovered. The consequence is that the streams have now to be not only provided with ladders and protected from impurities by law, but they have to be restocked with fish grown from ova artificially impregnated, and for some years to come be protected by strict laws from pursuit by anglers ignorant alike of their habits and public necessities. The evil is an older one in England and France; the remedy has for some years past been applied there, and the object in great part accomplished; but in this country there is not at this time a single stream south of the St. Lawrence River and the great lakes, save those in the several far Western States and Territories,* in which the rivers have not as yet been improved for manufacturing purposes, which is not practically destitute of fish. The work of restocking them has just begun here, but already its results are encouraging, and pisciculture in America has already become an important branch of agriculture. Our purpose here is, first, to trace briefly the history; secondly, to explain the process of fish-culture; and lastly, to glance at the work accomplished by pisciculturists in Europe and America. The subject is one not less of interest than importance.

Curiously enough, we derive the art, new as it is to us, from the remotest ages; and it is most extensively and successfully practiced by a nation which we are accustomed to look upon as among the least civilized in the world. To the Chinese of a remote age we are indebted for the cultivation of the fish, as well as the silkworm; and that nation at this time carries on both these branches of industry more extensively than any other. Their success in the cultivation of fish can be partly accounted for by the fact that they do not have to surmount any of the obstacles resulting from the establishment of factories, etc., along the inland streams,

* Mr. J. K. Lord, in his interesting work, "The Naturalist in British Columbia," speaks of the rivers of our Northwestern Territories, particularly the Columbia, as being crowded with salmon. He says that "the fish are slaughtered in every possible way by numerous savage tribes. They die by myriads after the labors of spawning, and cumber the rivers till the very air becomes tainted with the effluvia arising from the vast number of their decaying bodies. Yet does this make no appreciable difference in the crowds that still come year by year. You may kill and kill and kill, but still they come in countless thousands." Commenting on this statement, Francis Francis, the eminent English pisciculturist, has said: "But the savage does not impede the progress of the salmon by impassable barriers; and it is only where the Englishman, the Scotchman, or the American has come with his dams and his fixed nets, as in the Canadian and United States rivers, that the prolific bounty of nature is forced at last to yield to the deadly cunning of man, who, by hindering and preventing the process of reproduction, does, in effect, emasculate the entire salmon race."

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while it must be remembered that they have been stocking their rivers for thousands of years. At the same time it is to be supposed that they do not possess our scientific information as to the habits and nature of the animals (by no means a perfected knowledge), and doubtless a few years of as earnest pursuit of the art will place us far in advance of them. But at this time, owing to the absence of all artificial obstructions to the passage of the fish from the sea to their spawning-beds, and the care with which the impregnated eggs are collected and preserved and hatched, the inland fisheries of China are invaluable; and fish of all kinds are so plentiful that they, with rice, form the staple food of the lower classes. The art of fish-culture there is necessarily rude. It is the custom in all parts of China for fishermen to place a species of fish-weirs, composed of hurdles and fagots, across the channels of the rivers, not to stop or capture the fish, but to furnish them an object on which to deposit their spawn. We know to-day that the fish prefer gravelly beds, such as they find near the source of all streams, on which to spawn; but the success of the Chinese indicate that in lieu of such the animals gladly make use of fagots and leaves and any thing to which the eggs will cling. When the hurdles are found to be covered with the ova of the fish they are taken from the stream and sold in the streets and markets of the nearest cities as we would sell vegetables. They can be transported in this condition to any distance, and are actually, thus clinging firmly to the hurdles, taken to all parts of the Celestial Empire. Similar hurdles to those of the Chinese are used to this day in France and Italy, in order to grow mussels and oysters. The fishermen in the Bay of Aiguillon cultivate mussels, and the oyster-farmers of the Island of Ré and Lake Fusaro breed that important fish, now the specialty of France in the matter of fisheries, in precisely the same way that the Chinese do other fish. We have seen the invention of the mussel-hurdle of the French attributed to an Irish sailor named Walton, who had been wrecked in the Bay of Aiguillon; but as the same article was not only in use in China, but in Italy, a dozen centuries ago, the credit hardly belongs to the Celtic gentleman. In fact, the same system of hurdles was employed at Lake Fusaro in the early days of the Romans, when that classic sheet of water was known by the name which Virgil gave it—Acheron. The plan here employed in after-years was observed by M. Coste, of the French Academy, and by him employed in the Island of Ré. This gentleman has lately made a report on the various French fisheries; and it is interesting to know that in 1865 there were 500 of these mussel-hurdles in the Bay of Aiguillon, giving employment to 160 boats, and producing a revenue of over $100,000 per annum. It must be remembered that these animals are cultivated not for food, but for bait to be used in fishing for other fishes. Oyster-culture, according to the same authority, was begun in the Island of Ré in 1858; M. Coste introduced the hurdles in the year following, and in 1862 (we have no later official statistics of this industry) there were 1700 farmers, owning 2424 breeding-beds and 839 preserves or fattening-ponds, growing 75,268,320 oysters, and producing a revenue of $225,251. In 1864 the revenue, according to an English authority, amounted to $500,000—a not improbable increase, considering the increase from nothing to half that sum in the first four years after its establishment. We say "from nothing" advisedly, for it must be remembered that in 1858 the oyster supply of France was exhausted; the largest farmer in the Island of Ré during that year raised and sold only $30 worth of a bivalve of which Paris now daily consumes 1,000,000.



OYSTER-HURDLES.

The ancient Romans, too, practiced the cultivation of fish, in both salt and fresh waters, very extensively. Lucius Junius Columella, a writer on husbandry in the reign of Tiberius, says that "the ancient rustic progeny of Romulus and Numa not only stored the fish-ponds which they themselves had built, but also filled the lakes which nature had formed, with spawn or young fishes brought from the sea;" and he tells us that the lakes of Lucrine, Acheron (Fusaro), Velino, Bracciano, Bolseno, and Vico were thus supplied with fish. Lucullus, that prince of gourmands in a decidedly gastronomic age, constructed near his villa at Tusculum large *piscines* or fish-ponds, so arranged that those sea-fishes which spawn in fresh water (such as our shad, salmon, and herring) could enter and deposit their eggs, the parent fish on their return trip to the sea being captured for market. His example was followed by other Roman patricians whose villas were situated on the borders of the gulfs of Baiæ and Naples, and the practice became fashionable, if not extensive. The same system was adopted in various parts of Europe two hundred years ago, with the difference that the fish were captured and placed in ponds of still water, which proved to be preserves, not breeding-

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ponds. Some of the ancient fish-ponds were very valuable. Pliny tells us that on the death of Lucullus his ponds were sold at auction—Cato the Younger was the officiating auctioneer—and brought a large sum—four millions of sestertii, or about $160,000 of our money in gold.

The Chinese do not understand the art of artificially fecundating fish ova, and it is not certain that the ancient Romans did; yet we can not claim it as a modern discovery of civilized man. The secret has been twice lost and twice rediscovered. Without doubt it was known as early as the fourteenth century; how much earlier it is impossible to tell. But M. Jourdier, in his work on pisciculture, tells us that it was discovered (or perhaps rediscovered) and practiced by a monk of the monastery of Réome, in France, named Dom Pinchon. Like a true monk, he was incited to the study of the subject by the necessities of himself and fellow-monks, who required a full and constant supply of fish wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the appetite on the numerous fast-days of their Church. Dom Pinchon invented a method of fish-hatching very similar to that in use at the present time, and practiced it in the monastery for years. But the secret of the artificial impregnation of the eggs appears to have died with him; at least it was not again practiced largely until the increasing necessities of the age led to its rediscovery.

This time it was no monk, but a soldier—a Hanoverian lieutenant named Jacobi—who made the discovery. He, at least, announced it as a new discovery, and his claims to the honor, with an explanation of his experiments and their results, were proclaimed in a series of papers published in the years 1763–4–5. His process of taking and impregnating the eggs is very like that now in use. Although this plan was not given to the public until 1763, it is known that Jacobi had been engaged in fish-culture on the same system for many years—before 1733, in fact. On his plan he built, under government auspices, a large fish-farm in Hanover, and the fishes there raised became an important article of commerce, being sold in France and England. Jacobi was much honored by his government at home; his papers on the subject were translated and republished in France and England, attracting much attention in the latter country from Sir Humphrey Davy; and he was pensioned by the English Government—possibly as an evidence of its interest in the subject, but it is probable that the idea of honoring the Hanoverian lieutenant was suggested to the Hanoverian King of England by other considerations. At least his information seems to have been put to no immediate practical use in England, nor indeed in Europe, and a century had almost elapsed before his ideas were again experimented upon.

A Mr. Shaw, of Drumlaning, Scotland, appears to have been the next practical pisciculturist after Jacobi, unless we are disposed to allow the claims of the Rev. John Bachman, of Charleston, South Carolina, well known as a naturalist and collaborateur of Audubon in the preparation of his elephantine work on the "Mammals of North America." This gentleman, in a paper read before the Agricultural Society of South Carolina in 1855, declared that he had raised trout in this country from artificially impregnated ova in 1804. The reliability of his statement has been frequently called into question, but pisciculturists of the present time appear generally disposed to allow Dr. Bachman's claims. The Mr. Shaw alluded to began his experiments in 1833, for the purpose of settling some disputed points in the natural history of the salmon. His efforts are more familiar to naturalists than pisciculturists, as a part—and the most important part—of the "parr controversy." In January, 1837, Mr. Shaw captured male and female salmon in the river Nith, expressed the spawn and milt, hatched the eggs, and reared the young to the age of two years, when they ceased to be "parr," became smolts, migrated seaward, and returned the next season to deposit their first eggs.

But the piscicultural efforts of Messrs. Bachman and Shaw, and indeed those of all experimenters from the time of Jacobi down to 1838–39, were made in the interests of science, and to add to our very limited knowledge of ichthyology, not to replenish the rapidly failing rivers. The first really practical pisciculturists—the founders of the present system of raising fish, and the persons from whom it received the impetus which gave it its present vitality—were Joseph Remy and Gehin, two French fishermen who had long pursued their vocation in the rivers of Eastern France, but principally in the head waters of the Moselle. These two men, poor and illiterate, with only the scant knowledge of the habits and nature of the animals which they had picked up during a lifetime of angling, had long witnessed, with deep regret, the gradual decrease of the trout inhabiting the streams in which they fished; and, under the impulse of the necessity of providing for the better protection of the eggs and the young of their prey, they began the study of the problem. During three years which they devoted to it the entire process of natural impregnation was observed by them with the greatest care; in one instance, during a full moon, they kept a school of trout constantly in view during four consecutive days and nights. After many failures, which would have discouraged any one possessed of less energy and perseverance, they at length succeeded in discovering that which had been twice before discovered, and artificially impregnated and hatched the ova of the trout, and grew the fish to perfection, and in such quantities that they were soon able to restock the streams in the Department of the Vosges.

They met with their first success in 1842, but it was not until 1848 that their claims to

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public attention were recognized. In that year Dr. Haxo, the secretary of one of the agricultural or emulative societies among the farmers of the Department of the Vosges, drew the attention of his association to the fish-farm of Gehin and Remy. Subsequently he wrote to the French Government authorities in regard to it, and at the same time forwarded his report on the operations to the French Academy. M. Jean Jacques Coste, a member of the latter body, and Professor of Embryology in the College of France, was deputed by the Government, at that time deeply interested in the subject in consequence of the total failure of the oyster, mussel, and other fisheries throughout the Republic, to visit the Vosgean farm, and critically and scientifically examine the work accomplished by Gehin and Remy. He found, as the practical results of their labors for five years, that the Moselle had been restocked with salmon, trout, ombre, and fera, and that in their hatching-boxes and ponds were eggs and young fish enough to restock all the rivers of France. Delighted with these results, M. Coste lost no time in presenting the subject to the Government through the medium of an elaborate report to the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and urged the establishment of a fish-farm on a large scale.

This report attracted the attention not only of the French Government but of the entire scientific world. Envoys from the Academies of France, Germany, Holland, and England visited the small farm of the Vosgean fishermen, to be assured by personal observation of the truth of the wonderful accounts which M. Coste had given. The fishermen were invited to Paris; Remy was incapacitated for travel in consequence of disease brought on by days and nights of exposure in pursuit of the secret of impregnating ova, and only Gehin obeyed the summons. He went with M. Coste, and modestly, speaking in his provincial patois, detailed the particulars of the joint labors of himself and his indefatigable colleague to the learned members of the French Academy—that most powerful and influential of all scientific associations. He subsequently dined with Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic. After a thorough examination of the subject it was finally decided to build a government fish-farm; thirty thousand francs ($6000) were appropriated for the purpose;* M. Coste was placed in charge of the enterprise; Gehin and Remy were engaged to perform the practical part of the work, and the following year saw the establishment of the famous fish-farm at Huningue.

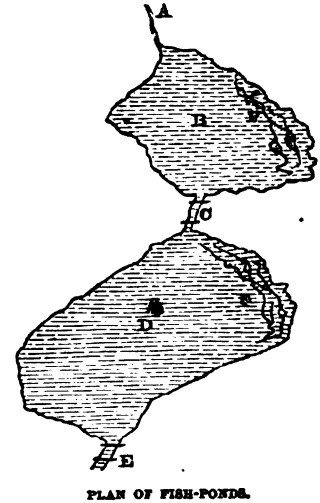
Since that time the interest in the subject has never flagged; pisciculturists have increased in every civilized country; fish-farms have sprung up all over Europe, and there are now numbers of them in this country; and the rivers of Europe and America are being rapidly restocked with every variety of table fish.

* The original appropriation was 80,000 francs, but the Huningue establishment, the finest and largest in the world, cost eventually an additional 200,000 francs, or about $50,000. It is self-supporting at this time.

II.—HOW FISH ARE ARTIFICIALLY BRED.

It is the system and process of Gehin and Remy, as well as their secret, which the present age has taken advantage of and which we describe. Indeed theirs is the same as that of Jacobi, and *his* hatching-boxes were of a like pattern with those of the old monk, Dom Pinchon. As has been said before, little change or improvement has been made in the art; it is as yet in its infancy, and to future educated pisciculturists and naturalists is reserved the solution of the thousand and one problems already raised in regard to the habits and nature of the animals, the degree of perfection in size and flavor to which they can be brought, and the effect of mixing the breed of the various species, and of salt and sweet water fishes. That the various species are susceptible of improvement by crossing and transplanting it would be unwise, with our limited knowledge of ichthyology, to disbelieve; and the next generation or two will doubtless derive vast advantages, commercially and scientifically, from the cultivation of fishes.

The old recipe in regard to beginning to make a rabbit-pie by first catching the rabbit does not apply to raising fish. The first object to be secured is a suitable pond, or rather ponds, for at least two are absolutely necessary. The simplest method is to have two ponds of never-failing, clear, cold, spring water, connected by a short race or sluice. The accompanying rough sketch will indicate the style of pond we mean. Any farmer in the United States possessed of a good spring can, at the expense of a few dollars, construct ponds of sufficient area to raise trout by the ten thousand on this plan. A is the feeding canal from the spring; B the breeding-pond; C a sluice or canal with gates for regulating the supply of water, and to pre-



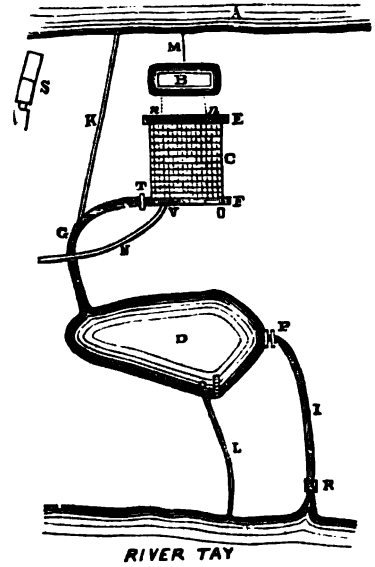
PLAN OF FISH-PONDS.

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vent the migration of the trout from pond to pond at will; D is the stock-pond, where the parent trout are to be kept; E is the outlet or waste sluice, with gates to regulate the flow of the water; and F F are shades and sheltering-places for the fish, made either of water-plants or floating boards. The bottom of the first or breeding-pond should be of fine gravel, that of the second or stock-pond of the natural earth, with large stones half imbedded in it. These stones are necessary in all ponds, as it is upon these that the trout most love to rub their bodies in order to free them from the numerous parasites, animal and vegetable, which frequently infest them. During the breeding season the trout, which have been secured and placed in the stock-pond, will resort to the upper pond for the purpose of spawning. Each female will dig her separate redd,* and lay her eggs, and her male companion will impregnate them. The act being accomplished, the trout should be carefully driven to the lower pond, without disturbing the eggs, and the sluice carefully closed so as to prevent their return. The eggs and the young are to be left to nature, but they must be carefully protected from water-fowl, rats, etc., and particularly from filth. This is the chief obstacle to success in thus raising naturally impregnated ova. Trout will not only eat trout, but also trout-spawn; and eggs deposited by one pair may be disturbed and eaten by the next. The larvæ of various insects to be found in all ponds, no matter how carefully built and tended, are great depredators. Dr. Peard states that within his experience 70,000 salmon eggs, deposited in a beautifully clear stream, were devoured in one season by the embryo of the dragon-fly. A single trout has been known to eat at one meal 600 salmon eggs. A single tame duck will in a few hours devour the entire crop of a season. So great is the loss by such means that it is estimated that not one egg out of 3000 naturally impregnated and unprotected produces a full-grown fish. This plan does not contemplate the artificial impregnation of the ova, but to insure its success demands that the eggs shall be protected. The expense is so slight, the care so small, and the yield so immense in case of success, or even partial success, that even this, the least perfect of the systems of raising fish, is worthy the attention of farmers. If the race between the two ponds is fitted up on Ainsworth's plan, described farther on, the arrangements for trout-breeding will be perfect.

The ponds employed by practical pisciculturists on a large scale are more elaborate, and comprise several departments. Just as it is necessary to separate the fish from their eggs after they have been laid, so the parent fish have to be kept away from the young fry; and fish of two and three years must be placed in reservoirs separated from those of one year.

* Redds are the separate trenches or nests dug by the fish, in which to deposit their ova.



PLAN OF THE FISH-FARM AT STORMONTFIELD, SCOTLAND.

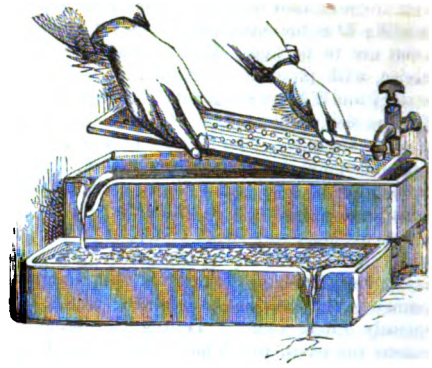
The principal fish-farms of Europe and this country have at least three separate ponds, but so connected by sluices that the water of the same stream supplies them all. One of the most perfect fish-farms in existence is that of Stormontfield, on the river Tay, Scotland, a plan of which is herewith given as an explanation of the above. This farm is imperfect only in the absence of a second reservoir for the reception of the fish of a larger growth. The water source of these ponds is a mill-race (A), which runs parallel to the river Tay and a few hundred yards distant from it. The filtering-pond (B) and the hatching-pond or boxes (C) are built near by in a shaded glen, and connected with the mill-stream by a sluice (M) so arranged with gates that the supply of water can be regulated. After leaving the filtering-pond the water is run into a trough or canal (E), and thus distributed evenly to the hatching-boxes. These are 180 in number, two feet square and three inches deep, and with a hatching capacity of 300,000 eggs. The bottoms of the boxes are covered to the depth of an inch or two with sand and fine gravel, and the sluices for the entrance and exit of the water are covered by fine wire sieves, the holes of which are three lines square, this opening being sufficient to allow the water to flow off and yet prevent the escape of the eggs. A second trough or canal (F) receives the water after it has passed through the breeding-boxes, and conveys it to the sluice connecting the boxes and the reservoir (D). This latter pond is large, with its natural earthy bottom, and a number of stones and some shade provided. In more modern European and American ponds this reservoir would be divided into two or more for different ages of fish, and since this plan of Stormont-

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field was drawn we believe two other ponds have been dug. The plan of a more perfect system of ponds may be seen in the engraving of the Troutdale ponds in another part of this article. The race (I) connecting the reservoir with the river Tay is for the double purpose of discharging the water and of letting the smolts out to the river and thence to the sea. There is another canal and sluice (K) directly connecting the mill-stream with the reservoirs, for the purpose of increasing the supply of water without overflowing the hatching-boxes.

The apparently insignificant matter of shade is really a very important adjunct of all fish-ponds, and a good supply of water-plants is a necessity second only to plenty of water and fish. Most of our water-plants not only furnish shade to the little ones, but afford harbor to myriads of aquatic insects, their proper and legitimate food. The water-lily (*Nymphacea odorata*) is perhaps the best for this purpose, its broad green leaves and magnificent flowers adding not only to the usefulness but also to the beauty of the pond. When this can not be obtained, or from the nature of the soil will not flourish, water-milfoil (*Myriophyllum*), pond-weed (*Potomogelon*), hornwort (*Ceratophyllum*), or water-starwort (*Callitriche*), well-known aquarium plants, easily obtained, may be substituted.

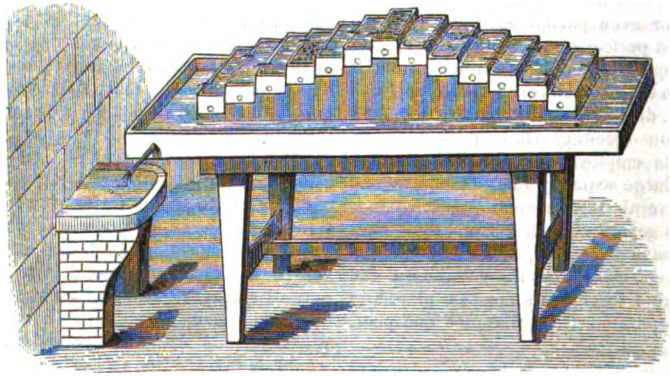
These or similar ponds are necessary to the culture of fish on a large scale, but a few dozen or as many hundred may be raised by any person interested in the subject in his own house, and at the smallest fraction of expense, by the use of the hatching-box of M. Coste, Mr. Ainsworth, Dr. Slack, or similarly constructed ones. Their boxes are really the same as those of Pinchon and Jacobi. That of M. Coste was substituted by that gentleman for that originally used by Gehin and Remy. These very practical but illiterate pisciculturists placed their ova in circular tin boxes, perforated with numerous holes, which, with their contents, were buried in gravel in the beds of a swift-running stream. This process M. Coste at once dispensed with. His present substitute consists of a trough (made of earthen-ware, glass, or slate) about two feet



COSTE'S FIRST HATCHING-BOX.

long, six inches wide, and four inches deep. On the inside, about two and a half inches from the bottom, are small projections, upon which rest a glass *grille*, a species of gridiron formed of glass tubes placed closely together, the ends being confined in a wooden rack. There is a spout on one side and at the top of the box to run off the surplus water; at the bottom and below the level of the *grille* are two other openings, usually stopped, but convenient to open in order to remove the sediment which from time to time collects. In using these hatching-boxes water can be supplied from a water-cooler through a filter, and after passing through the box it can be caught and used over again. If water has been laid in the house a constant stream of fresh water can be kept flowing with less trouble by using a discharge-pipe instead of a receiver. In one such box a thousand eggs—the product of a single trout—may be hatched. It will require no more attention than a globe of gold-fish, far less than an aquarium, afford a far more interesting study than either, and be quite as much of a parlor ornament.

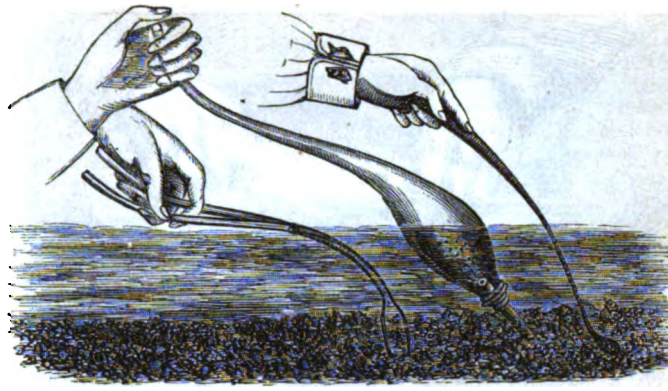
If it is desired to experiment more largely this box may be duplicated interminably, as has been done by M. Coste in perfecting his apparatus in use at Huningue. No greater supply of water and very little more room is nec-



COSTE'S IMPROVED HATCHING APPARATUS

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essary for a dozen than for one box on this plan. The advantages of this apparatus are: first, cleanliness, the sediment being easily removed without disturbing the eggs; secondly, the eggs can at all times be readily examined; and thirdly, the fry or young fishes can be removed from one box to another with facility, thus leaving room for more eggs in the first boxes.



IMPLEMENTS USED BY PISCICULTURISTS.

Ponds thus connected or apparatus thus arranged, and a few common instruments such as a ladle, a wooden bucket, a tin pan or two, a small gutta-percha syringe, a small fish-net, nippers, and a small siphon for removing dead ova, etc., are all the implements necessary to the culture of fish.

The next thing to be done is to get the eggs. Most amateur cultivators cut the Gordian knot of fish-culture by buying the eggs already impregnated; this is absolutely necessary in some localities where the parent fish are not to be had, but as the reader wishes to understand the whole process we begin at the beginning, and trace the history of the eggs of a single pair of two-year-old trout. Although trout are spoken of only, the description of the hatching process applies generally to the rest of the salmon family and to shad. Where there are any differences they are briefly stated.

The spawning season of the trout (and all members of the salmon family) begins, in the latitude of New York, about the middle of the month of October or 1st of November.* At this period the different sexes are readily distinguishable, the tints upon the fins of the male being perceptibly brighter, while, on the contrary, those of the female became much darker than they appear during the spring and summer. These alterations in the colors of the adult fish are so great that the most unpracticed eye will readily discern them; the hues of the male become exceedingly brilliant—he turns a very harlequin in appearance—while the female, in her sombre dress, looks a veritable demure Quaker matron. The shape, too, of the animals changes slightly, though perceptibly; the lower jaw of the male projects anteriorly, forming a sort of knob; the abdomen of the female is considerably distended by the weight of her freight of eggs, thus giving her a perfect oval shape, while the male is an irregular oval, larger above than below. The habits of the creatures change too; the males wage fierce battles, the victor celebrating the victory by feasting on the body of the vanquished, and by appropriating his widow; and the females swim uneasily about examining the beds of the pond for spots in which to dig their redds.

The capture of the fish at this season of the year, when they are upon or are searching for their spawning beds, is forbidden by law in several States, and should be in all; hence it will be necessary that those who desire to try the experiment fully, and begin it by extracting the eggs and milt from the parent fish instead of buying eggs already impregnated, should secure their pair of trout before the spawning season begins. It is immaterial how they may have been captured, whether with net or fly; the usually slight wound caused by the hook readily heals without affecting the general health of the fish; but they should not be speared.

The fish secured and kept safely in a pool or tank fully supplied with clear running water, must be closely watched until the never-failing signs enumerated above indicate the approach of the spawning season. A little practice will soon enable any one to discern by the touch whether the female is ready to give up her eggs, or is, as it is technically termed, "ripe." When the trout is "ripe" the eggs are situated in the posterior part of the abdomen, causing a very perceptible tumor in that locality.

The fishes being ready for spawning, about a quart of pure spring water should be poured in a tin pan, technically termed the "impregnating pan." A common tin pan will serve this purpose; those especially used by professional pisciculturists have a depression in the bottom about 8 by 3½ by ⅛ inches in dimensions, this exact size being calculated to hold 1000 eggs. The male fish is then firmly taken by the head in the left hand, the right loosely encircling the body near the tail; the belly of the fish must be kept under the water, the tail a little elevated, and the body inclined to one side. While steadying the fish with the left hand the operator should lightly compress the body with the right, passing the forefinger of

* The shad spawns in June.

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SECURING THE TROUT SPAWN.

the latter gently down the abdomen from the neck toward the tail. It must be treated gently, and not forced to yield up its milt; if "ripe," its milt will flow readily; if not "ripe," its milt is worthless for all purposes of impregnation. The milt should be extracted from the male first, as they are less tractable than the female, and in its struggles the male is more apt to disturb the contents of the pan than the female. Besides, the milt will bear stirring or shaking and the eggs will not. The quantity of milt necessary is very small. According to Lazaro Spallanzani, the Italian naturalist, fifteen grains of milt is all that is necessary to impregnate ten thousand eggs. It is only necessary that the water should become opalescent from the admixture of the milt; but too much does no harm, and it is best to have plenty and be on the safe side. This having been done with the male, the female is served in the same manner, eggs instead of milt being extracted until the depression in the pan is filled. A single two-year-old trout will give this number; one of three years will yield as many as 1200 eggs; and Ainsworth says he has taken 8000 spawn from a six-year-old trout, and hatched *all*.*

The eggs and milt should be allowed to remain in contact for about ten minutes, when they should be thoroughly washed by pouring fresh water on them, care being taken to avoid any sudden shock, which would destroy their vitality. They will then be ready for the hatching-troughs or boxes, and into these they are to be deposited with the greatest care. They should be spread over the whole surface of the gravel at the bottom of the box, no two being left in contact. The operation of hatching is then begun.

This is accomplished in the case of the trout in from 40 to 125 days, in the shad from two to four days, according to the temperature of the water. The best temperature for the water in trout hatching-boxes is about 45° or 50° Fahrenheit; the eggs in water of 50° hatch in forty days; at 45° seventy days is required; and at 34° one hundred and twenty-five days. At Stormontfield 155 days is sometimes required, doubtless because the boxes are in the open air. Every degree colder or warmer makes six days' difference in hatching. Too much heat should be avoided; the pisciculturist anxious to hasten his hatching by increasing the temperature may destroy his whole crop. With increased temperature comes increased danger and difficulty. The eggs are liable to become addled; this may be known by their turning a dead-white color; a vegetable growth, erroneously called byssus, attaches itself to them, and other fungoid growth appear on the sides of the hatching-boxes. All vegetable decomposition must be carefully guarded against. Too much heat must be carefully avoided; all these foreign subjects and the dead eggs must be immediately removed, and the eggs guarded from the depredation of mice.

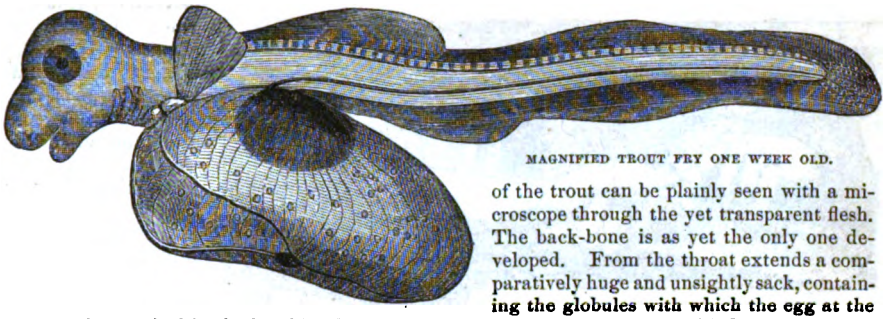
The daily changes in the appearance of the



TROUT EGG MAGNIFIED.

* The yield of salmon and shad is much greater. Mr. Ainsworth, who is one of the first of practical New York pisciculturists, says of shad that they each yield from 5000 to 20,000 eggs according to age. Francis Francis, an English authority of high standing, estimates the average annual yield of every salmon in the fish-farms of England at 10,000 eggs. The Danube salmon, which attains to the weight of two hundred pounds, has been known to yield 40,000 eggs. Seth Green, the great pisciculturist of this country, in his experiments at Holyoke on the Connecticut River, in June, 1867, found that each female shad produced from 50,000 to 100,000 eggs, according to the size of the fish manipulated, the four-year-old ones producing the latter number. So plentiful is the yield of eggs by the shad that the roe is largely sold and eaten in our restaurants in June and July of each year as a delicacy.

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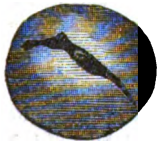


MAGNIFIED TROUT FRY ONE WEEK OLD.

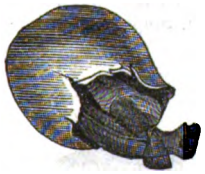
egg may be watched in the hatching-boxes, and will prove a most interesting study to the amateur pisciculturist. At the time of impregnation, the egg of the trout, if examined with a microscope, will appear filled with minute cells or globules of unequal size distributed throughout the entire envelope familiarly, but erroneously, known as the egg-shell. At a later period these cells are seen collected toward one side of the egg (they answer to the yolk in a bird's egg), and the intervening substance, which previously was perfectly transparent, becomes opaque, causing the globules to appear all the more distinct. About the tenth day of the hatching process a thin line appears around the yolk and within the "egg-shell;" this is the origin of the spinal column or back-bone of the future fish. As this line increases in size one end, that which is to form the tail, becomes pointed, while the other, which finally develops into the head, is flattened. Two black specks, which will eventually prove



eyes, soon appear in this flattened part, and in fact the entire form of the embryo fish can be traced through its transparent envelope. When nearly ready to be hatched the young may be seen in the egg, wriggling at



a very lively rate. The envelope loses some of its transparentness, and becomes furred and rough, frequently causing the inexperienced pisciculturist great fear lest the dreaded byssus should have made its appearance. The motions of the embryo increase in violence, and finally its incessant struggles, doubtless appointed for the



weakening and wearing through of the shell, rupture the envelope, and the young fish bursts into life, "the most wonderful little creature," once wrote an enthusiastic fisherman, "in the whole range of creation."

But it is as uncouth an animal on its first



TROUT FRY ONE WEEK OLD.—LIFE SIZE.

appearance in the world as it is wonderful in structure and beautiful of person in after-years. At the time of its birth the frame-work of the trout can be plainly seen with a microscope through the yet transparent flesh. The back-bone is as yet the only one developed. From the throat extends a comparatively huge and unsightly sack, containing the globules with which the egg at the time of impregnation was filled, together with multitudes of blood-vessels, through which the blood can be seen rushing in a rapid and remitting current. This appendage is known to naturalists as the umbilical vesicle; but pisciculturists usually call it the yolk-sack. This sack is gradually absorbed into the body of the young fish, a process requiring about fifty days in the case of trout and salmon, but only as many hours for the shad. Up to the period of its disappearance no food is necessary, the fish subsisting entirely on the contents of his sack. When it disappears the animal has entered on a new phase of its existence, and has to be treated differently. He has now reached the dignity of a Troutlet.

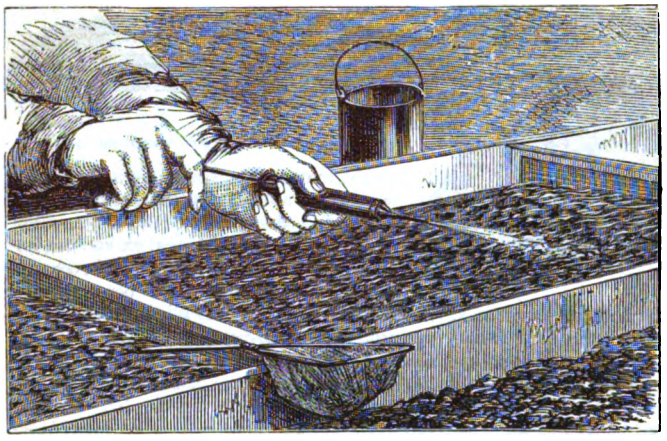
At this time—three months after the impregnation of the egg—the trout is about 1½



TROUTLET THREE MONTHS OLD.—LIFE SIZE.

inches long. There is no necessity for removing them from the boxes in which they were hatched; the mode of treatment is changed only in regard to feeding. On the disappearance of the yolk-sack they must of course be regularly fed. The best substance for this purpose is beef's heart, chopped into minute fragments, sifted through a fine wire sieve, mixed with water, and fed to the fish by means of a small syringe of about one ounce capacity. Care must be taken that no more be placed in the trough than can be immediately devoured; but at the same time the fish should be fed until he is thoroughly satisfied. Nature made the trout a true cannibal, and he can not eat too much for his own good. It is for reasons of cleanliness—as absolutely necessary to fish as food—that too much food should not be put into the boxes. If it is not immediately eaten it soon fouls the boxes and kills the fish. The truth is that the food ought to be administered one drop at a time, and no more be given until that drop has disappeared in the gullet of the little animal. When they are six months old—about 3 inches long—their diet may be changed—curd and the larvæ of insects being substituted. The former should be carefully sifted. The

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FEEDING THE YOUNG TROUT.

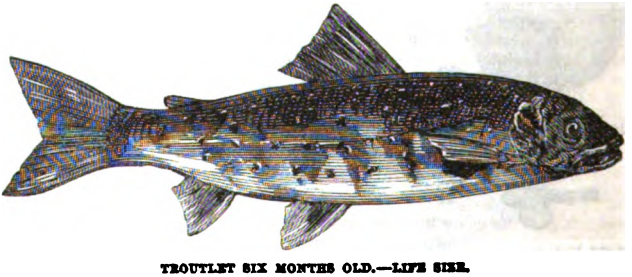
larvæ of the common fly may be obtained by hanging any butcher's offal in the sun over a pan of saw-dust; the fly-worm, when gorged, will fall into the pan. By gently pouring on water the saw-dust will float off, leaving the maggots at the bottom to be cut up and fed with the syringe.

At the end of a year, when it will be necessary to remove the young trout from the hatching-boxes to make way for a new crop of eggs (it *may* be done before the fish is a year old), it will be found that they have attained the length of about six inches. There may be some exceptions to this, as several years may elapse before that size is reached; but not often, if proper and ample food is served to them. The same diet is to be continued. An ample supply of the fly-worm may be obtained by hanging the offal directly over the pond, suspended by hooks to a wire. The maggots will drop almost directly into the mouths of the fish. Butcher's offal may also be served to them direct; but it must be finely cut with hatchet or sausage-cutter, and be varied by alternate meals of curd. Grasshoppers, of which they are especially fond, may be procured in sufficient quantities to furnish "a good square meal" with a large seine, held by a number of persons, and moved rapidly across a field toward the edge of the ponds.

When the first trout have reached the age of two years, and are a foot or fifteen inches long, it will be necessary to place them in a second reservoir, to give place for the year-old trout. After attaining its second year the trout can protect itself from its older fellows, and hence no more ponds are necessary; and two, three, and four year old ones can be put in the same pond. Very few will live to be so old as long as the demand for them is so great. They are good food at any time after one year.

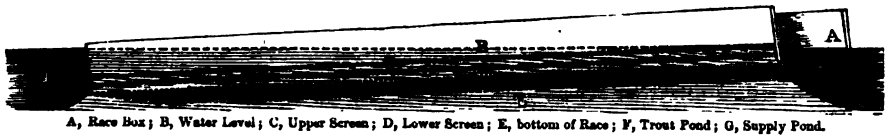
The artificial culture of fish in this manner is not confined to the trout, salmon, and shad, as might be inferred from the language of this article, but all kinds of fish may be raised in the same manner—always, of course, excepting the famous but mythical viviparous fish of California, which for a time so seriously disturbed the learned savans of the French Academy. But with the exception of the *Ombre chevalier*, the Danube and Rhine salmon, the perch, carp, and bream, the trout, salmon, and shad species are the only kind which it is profitable to cultivate, and it is the eggs of these only which are largely impregnated at the great fish-farm at Huningue.

Of course the very best system for the artificial impregnation of fish ova is attended with many difficulties and dangers. The most experienced fish-farmer is liable to take the spawn too soon, and they thus lose many unripe eggs. If all the eggs are taken at the same time some are necessarily taken too soon, as the trout is usually about two weeks in ejecting her entire crop of spawn. The result is that the sack food in the unripe eggs is insufficient for the proper nourishment of the fish when born, and hence many of them die when the umbilical sack is absorbed, or are ever after weak, immature fish. The handling of the parent trout is exhausting to them, from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. being lost from this cause. To avoid this handling of the fish and the taking of the eggs too soon has long been a study with pisciculturists. The credit of devising the first effective and satisfactory method for securing the naturally impregnated eggs for artificial hatching must be given to Hon. Stephen H. Ains-



TROUTLET SIX MONTHS OLD.—LIFE SIZE.

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A, Race Box; B, Water Level; C, Upper Screen; D, Lower Screen; E, bottom of Race; F, Trout Pond; G, Supply Pond.

DIAGRAM OF AINSWORTH'S RACE.

worth, of West Bloomfield, New York. His system has not hitherto been made public, nor has it been introduced on other farms, but has been thoroughly tried on his own, and with complete success. Mr. Ainsworth has had no other purpose in keeping the secret of his invention thus long confined to a few friends than to thoroughly test the system before announcing it. He has furnished the writer of this article the following interesting and valuable description of the system, which he calls "Ainsworth's New Spawning-Race for the Natural Impregnation of Trout Spawn:"

"This race may be built like the races made for the artificial impregnation of spawn used by nearly all trout breeders to entice the trout up from the pond to spawn. It can be made of any length from 10 to 50 feet, and from 2 to 6 feet wide, according to the number of trout which are to use it and the amount of water for the supply of the pond. It should be made with plank sides and bottom, so tight as to keep out all sediment. Paving the bottom nicely with small stones will answer. The bottom, whether of plank or stone, must then be covered with a half-inch layer of fine well-washed gravel.

"When one has large trout to spawn in the race the water should be 2 inches deep at the upper or supply end, and 15 inches deep at the lower end where it empties into the pond, with a gentle current throughout its whole length. This will give good spawning depth to the water for trout of all sizes from 6 to 24 inches long. Usually a race 3 feet wide and from 15 to 20 feet long will be quite sufficient for a pond of 1000 or 1800 trout.

"The bottom of this race must be covered with fine wire-cloth screens of about 10 meshes to the inch, made of zinc or galvanized wire, so as not to corrode the spawn. Iron wire, *if painted*, will answer where zinc can not be obtained. These wire screens must be nailed to wooden frames made of inch square stuff, the frames to correspond in length with the width of the race, and to be as wide as the cloth will permit—say 2 feet. Strips of ¾-inch stuff must be nailed to the bottom of the race for the screens to rest on, in such a manner that they will be raised one-quarter of an inch above the gravel on the bottom. This is done to give good circulation to the water under the spawn as they fall on to these wire screens. These screens must be laid the whole length of the race, side by side, to catch the spawn as it is deposited by the parent trout.

"Now place over these another set of screens made of coarse wire-cloth, of about two or three meshes to the inch, so that the spawn will drop through easily. These screens must be nailed on frames of the same length as the others, but of two-inch stuff, and as wide as the cloth will permit. These screens must be strong enough to hold 2 inches of well-washed coarse gravel from three-quarters of an inch to 2 inches in diameter. They should be so large that there will be interstices between the gravel large enough to let the spawn pass down, if necessary, to the lower screen. The upper screens should have handles on each end to lift them by, as they will have to be taken out and replaced every few days during the spawning season.

"When these two sets of screens are placed the whole length of the race, and all is complete, the water will pass over all, 2 inches deep at the supply end and 15 inches deep at the lower end, with a moderate current through the whole race. The reader will perceive by the description and diagram that there is one inch of space between the two screens to hold the spawn as they are deposited by the parent trout, with a gentle current passing over and under them; and that the upper screen prevents the spawn from being destroyed by trout and insects, so that they are perfectly safe until removed to the hatching-box.

"When the trout is ready to spawn she will enter the race from the pond and prepare her nest. This she does by whipping all the sediment from the gravel with her tail, and then she whips or digs a hole in the cleansed gravel about 2 inches deep, or down to the upper screen, and about 4 inches in diameter. She then bends herself down in this hole and presses her abdomen on the gravel, and forces out from 100 to 500 spawn, which fall to the bottom of the hole and down through the upper screen to the lower one. She then passes up the race, and the male trout attending her comes over the nest and spawn and ejects his milt on the ova; he then whips the water in the hole with his tail, sending the water and milt in all directions, so that the milt reaches all the spawn on the screen or in the gravel, and, as they are ripe and ready for the milt, impregnates every one of them. As soon as this is done the mother trout returns and covers up the spawn and fills the hole, and soon digs another in like manner, and so on till she has deposited all her ova, which sometimes takes two weeks.

"There may be from 20 to 50 trout in the race spawning at one time, and all, or nearly all, of the spawn will be found perfectly impregnated and fully matured, so that they will all hatch if taken out every three days or once a week and placed in hatching-boxes.

"To take the spawn from the lower screens first take out two of the upper screens with what gravel is upon them; then remove the lower ones and wash the spawn off into a large pan of water carefully, and replace one set behind you, and then take up one set at a time and place back until all are returned. Should any spawn remain in the gravel, by raising the screen up and down a few times they will drop down through the interstices. The race must be kept well covered during the time of spawning, all persons must be kept away, and the fish disturbed as little as possible.

"By this method the spawn are all saved; are perfectly matured; are all impregnated, and will all hatch; the young will be perfect, few or none will die, as their sack food is complete, and they will be strong and healthy when they commence seeking food for themselves. It is much less work to take the spawn than by handling, and no parent trout are lost."

III.—AMERICAN PISCICULTURAL OPERATIONS.

Fish-farms are now scattered all over Europe. That of the French Government at Huningue, which originally cost $50,000, and which for fifteen years past has distributed throughout the civilized world more than 20,000,000 of fish eggs annually, at a cost to the purchaser of less than two mills per egg, has been fully described in this Magazine for March, 1862. It is not, as many suppose, a series of fish-

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ponds, but embraces a large group of buildings devoted to the reception of fish eggs, and with machinery for the distribution of all the ova collected, at the proper time, to such persons as require to restock their rivers and ponds. The fish eggs dealt in at Huningue are taken from fish collected from the streams of France, Germany, and Switzerland by accredited or licensed fishermen of those countries, and a great number of anglers make handsome incomes by this picturesque employment. Although no fish are raised at Huningue for sale, there are, near the buildings, a series of ponds and running streams devoted to the exhibition of the progressive stages of growth of the Rhine salmon, Ombre chevalier, and the various kinds of trout.

Huningue is the only purely government farm in Europe, and really supplies the eggs for the rivers of the whole continent; but there are numerous farms in private hands throughout all Europe and Great Britain. There is a beautiful and successful trout-pond at Wolfsbrunnen, near the Castle of Heidelberg, Germany, formed out of a small tributary of the Neckar by dividing the rivulet into three parts. The trout naturally spawn in the upper waters, and return to live and sport about the feeding-grounds of the lower ponds, where are admirable contrivances for affording them shelter. In these ponds the trout have been known to attain a very considerable size, and specimens of six and seven pounds in weight are very common.

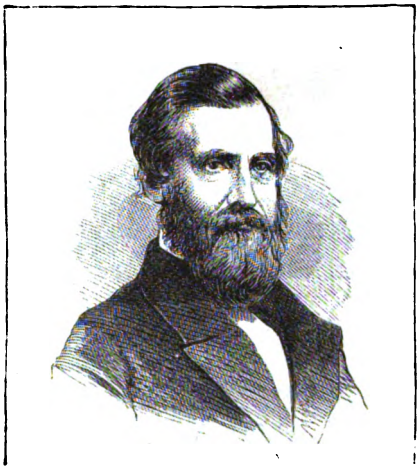
In Galloway, Scotland, is the Logan Salt-Water Pond, cut in a solid rock 30 feet deep and 53 feet in diameter. The ponds of M. Maltby at Boilsfut and La Hulpe, near Brussels, are well known to European pisciculturists. The salmon-farm at Stormontfield, Scotland, before alluded to, has, since its establishment, replenished several of the Scottish rivers. On the river Ugie in Scotland is a similar farm of about one-third the capacity of that of Stormontfield, or about 100,000. Messrs. Ashworth, proprietors of the Galway salmon fisheries, annually hatch 300,000 salmon eggs at Lough Mask, Ireland. This and Lough Carra, the waters of which are controlled by the Ashworths, comprise an area of 30 miles in length by 10 in width. When the present proprietors took possession of these waters they were exhausted of salmon. They collected, impregnated, and transported from Scotland 659,000 salmon ova to stock them; and since then the salmon, under proper and careful protection, have gone on propagating themselves *ad infinitum* until the waters are highly productive. Brief particulars of the oyster and mussel farms of Europe have been given in another part of this article. In brief, it may be said that France, the first to appreciate this subject, and to give it substantial government aid and enlightened scientific direction, has fully replenished streams which were exhausted of fish and oysters twenty years ago, while a great deal has been accomplished by private enterprise in all other parts of Europe. Private and public efforts in this direction in America are comparatively new, and the latter exceedingly limited, but they are not devoid of interest or barren of good fruits.



SETH GREEN.

The largest and most interesting fish-farm in this country is that of Seth Green, near Mumford, New York. Although not the first—Dr. Bachman, or Theodatus Garlie, and Professor H. A. Ackley having previously impregnated fish ova, and Stephen H. Ainsworth, of West Bloomfield, having previously constructed ponds—Mr. Green is the most extensive of practical American pisciculturists, and is looked upon by all its members as at the head of the profession. He is not only a keen sportsman and angler, recognized as the best fly fisherman in the United States, but is possessed of indomitable energy and perseverance. As early as 1838—before the discovery of Gehin and Remy—he was engaged in observing the natural deposition of ova, and it is related of him that he once spent two days and a night ensconced in a tree watching the spawning of a school of salmon. It was only after many years of close observation, and the study of the developments of the French farm, as published by M. Coste—in which he was greatly assisted by Mr. Stephen H. Ainsworth—that Mr. Green succeeded in establishing the farm near Mumford. It is one of the finest locations, naturally, in the country for its especial purposes. Not only are there immense springs furnishing over eighty barrels of water per second, but the Caledonia Creek, a beautiful stream well known to anglers as a natural trout ground, has been forced into service, and for nearly three-quarters of a mile is made to serve as a reservoir for the immense numbers of trout annually brought into life at this establishment. The largest artificial pond is 125 feet long by 75 feet wide, and averaging about 5 feet in depth; a second is 40 by 30 feet, and 5 feet deep. In these are kept parent trout

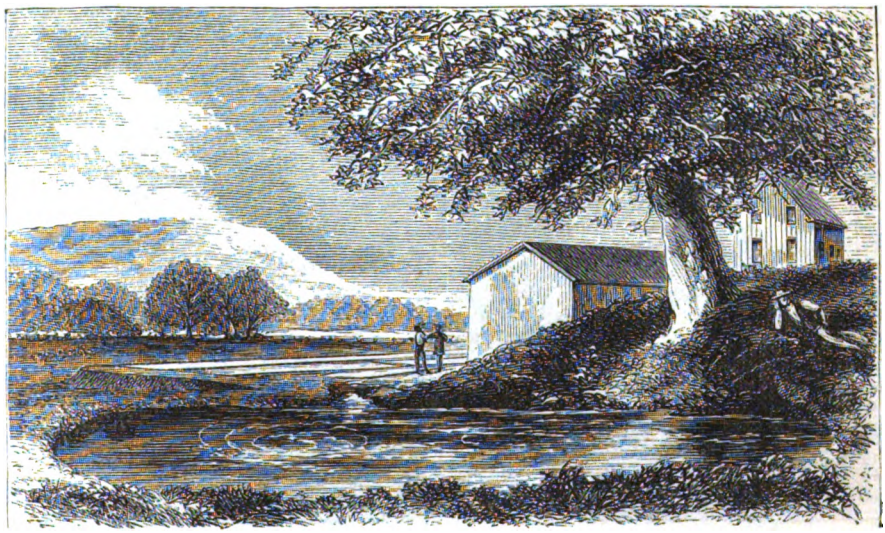
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STEPHEN H. AINSWORTH.

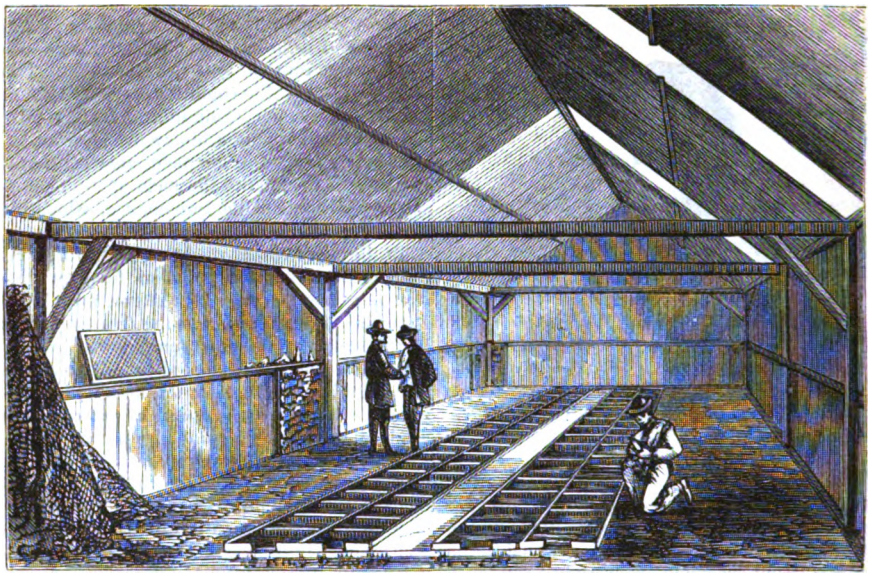
to the number of 30,000. In other smaller ponds are placed the young troutlets to the number of 500,000. Shade is afforded in the several ponds by numerous water-plants which here grow in great profusion and unusual luxuriance, and from which a complete herbarium of the aquatic flora of Western New York can be readily collected. The hatching-house, constructed in the identical manner proposed by Jacobi, is 40 feet by 28; and the 90 hatching-boxes have a capacity of 4000 eggs each, or 360,000 jointly. During the season of 1868 30,000 impregnated eggs, carefully packed in wet moss, and the moss-box placed in a tin pail filled with saw-dust, in order that the spawn might not feel the changes of heat and cold, and warranted to preserve their vitality during fifty days of travel, were shipped from Mr. Green's establishment. These eggs, the product of about thirty fish, collected without expense comparatively, were sold for $300. Numbers of troutlets, one inch long, were also sold at the rate of $40 per thousand. The eggs shipped in this condition were sent to all parts of the Union, California included. Mr. Green has reported that ninety-five per cent. of the eggs preserved in his ponds reached maturity. This is equal to the yield of the Huningue establishment, the Intendant of which reports the same percentage of loss.

In the same vicinity is the fish-farm of Hon. Stephen H. Ainsworth, to whom frequent allusion has been made. This farm, near West Bloomfield, New York, was the first ever built in this country, and the plan followed by Mr. Ainsworth has been adopted by all American pisciculturists. Mr. Ainsworth began his operations in 1859, and succeeded in perfecting his establishment and in hatching trout in the course of the next three years. The pond covers something over sixty rods of ground, and is filled by conducting the water from thirteen different springs in tile laid underground, and brought into pools a short distance above the pond. From thence it flows over a prepared bed of gravel to the pond. Perhaps one man in a million might have thought that a fish-pond, and above all a place for speckled trout, could have been made in the spot where this is located. The water is fourteen feet deep in the main pond, and this depth has been secured by excavation—the original depression being very slight, although the spot was swampy and of little value. As a means of saving every drop of the small supply of water, two parallel walls have been built around the pond, sunk into the blue clay, and the space between them grouted, so that not a drop is wasted except by solar evaporation. Mr. Ainsworth's ponds are small, his aim in building them being less to



THE TROUTDALE SPRING.

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THE TROUTDALE HATCHING-HOUSE.

make money than to increase the fish food of the country for the benefit of mankind. His philanthropic motives are well known and recognized, his humane purposes fully appreciated, and his services to science, particularly in the still mysterious department of ichthyology, have been great and acknowledged.

There is a farm of considerable dimensions and importance at Troutdale, near Bloomsbury, New Jersey, under the direction of Dr. J. H. Slack, an ardent lover of the "gentle craft," and a thoroughly educated naturalist. These ponds are situated on the Muskanetkong Creek, and are supplied with a pure crystal water from a large and beautiful spring, from which it flows in a continual stream at the rate of 1000 gallons per minute. This water is, in summer and winter, of the same temperature, 50° Fahrenheit, and reaches the hatching-house and ponds at the same temperature. In the spring there are about two hundred small trout, naturally bred. From the spring the water is led



THE TROUTDALE FISH-PONDS.

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by a race-way to and circulated through the hatching-house and the three ponds. At various points gates or sluices are located, furnished with wire screens, which serve the double purpose of preventing the escape of the fishes and of collecting leaves, sticks, or other articles which may accidentally find their way into the ponds. These screens are cleaned twice a day, except during the autumn, when the falling of the leaves from the trees which overshadow the spring necessitates more constant care. The ponds contained in May, 1868, about seven hundred adult trout, with a few hatched during the winter of 1866–7 by Mr. Thaddeus Norris, the well-known angler and former proprietor of the ponds. Some of the fishes are marked by striking peculiarities, and have received distinguishing names. One is known as "Bartimeus," from the fact that he is totally blind, and perfectly black in color; "Lady Douglas" has one side of her head of the same sombre hue. A long, lean, lantern-jawed male is appropriately yclept "Don Quixote;" while a huge three-pounder, who fought it out on the line during the entire spawning season, killing and devouring over a dozen large fishes, is called "General Grant." There was formerly in the large pond a curious parti-colored fish, with irregular spots and streaks of white and black, the colors varying almost weekly, who was known to some of the numerous Democrats in the vicinity as "Horace Greeley;" but he is now no more, having been unfortunately killed and eaten by "General Grant" in December last. Various fishes over a foot long have disappeared from time to time down the capacious throat of "General Grant." On this account three ponds are necessary. The one nearest the hatching-house is for the reception of the young trout hatched during the winter; the middle one is devoted to trout of eight inches and under; while in the third are placed the larger fishes, many of them of a size calculated to cause a lover of "the gentle craft" to infringe upon the Tenth Commandment. The bottoms of the ponds are of clay, upon which have been placed a number of large stones, in order that the trout, by rubbing against them, may free their bodies from the numerous parasites, animal and vegetable, which frequently infest them. Shade is afforded by large floats, secured to the banks by wires. The races are slated, to prevent the crumbling of the banks, their bottoms being covered with small stones, upon which is placed a layer of fine gravel, though the latter is not plentiful in the vicinity.

The Cold Spring Trout-ponds, under the charge of Livingston Stone, Esq., form the only fish-farm of note in New England, and are situated at Charlestown, New Hampshire, on two streams in the immediate vicinity of each other, one of which is an outlet of the famous Monadnock Lake, distinguished from all others by the extraordinary clearness of its waters and the peculiar quality of its trout, said by Professor Agassiz to be descendants of the salmon locked in by some convulsion of nature long since passed. On the stream which forms the outlet of this lake it is intended to thoroughly try the experiment of raising trout for the table, as well as to supply other streams and ponds. The water in both streams has the peculiar invigorating quality of mountain springs, which is thought to impart a superior flavor and hardness to the flesh of the fish. Possessing every advantage—clear, invigorating water, healthful mountain surroundings, a flow of water which never rises or falls to any great extent, yet, at the same time, is the largest constant stream in New England—the Cold Spring Farm is thought to be one of the best spots known for a fair trial of the experiment of growing fish on a large scale.

On one of these streams are built the hatching-houses, the largest of which is a building 60 feet long by about 30 feet wide. On the other are the breeding-ponds, where 20,000 large trout are expected to spawn this fall. The hatching-stream is particularly well adapted to its purpose, being supplied by three large springs of very even temperature, never falling below 45° Fahrenheit in the coldest winter. They give a constant flow of nearly 2000 gallons per hour, and have a hatching capacity of several millions.

Besides the trout-ponds there is also at this place a black bass pond, with artificial spawning-beds and hatching-troughs, from which a large yield was had last season. The water in the bass-pond is so unusually cold that the parent fish therein did not spawn in 1868 until about July 1, although in warmer waters the spawning season is passed at that date.

Connected with the Cold Spring Ponds is a large and productive salmon-breeding establishment on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick, where the proprietor expects to obtain a sufficient quantity of salmon eggs annually to supply such of the American rivers as may be ready to receive them. The salmon ova is taken from the parent fish on the artificial spawning-beds in the same manner that trout spawn are collected for artificial hatching. They are kept at the Miramichi establishment only until they are old enough for transportation, when they are shipped to the hatching-house at Charlestown, to be forwarded thence to their various destinations, or hatched for the Connecticut River.

The success attending the efforts at fish-breeding at the Cold Spring Trout-ponds exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Being the first establishment of the kind in New England, it was thought that want of experience would be almost certain to lead to failure; on the contrary, the success has been most gratifying. Of the impregnated salmon spawn sent to Cold Spring by the New Hampshire Fish Commissioners over 99 per cent. were hatched, and in some of the beds of the more delicate trout spawn scarcely three per cent. were lost in the whole 70 days of incubation. The yield during the winter of 1867–8 was several

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thousand salmon, several thousand black bass, and nearly two hundred thousand trout. The success in rearing trout was quite as gratifying as in hatching their spawn, and is thought by the proprietor (he gives no figures) to be unprecedented.

The most important operations connected with fish-culture in this country were begun a couple of years since in various parts of New England, with the ultimate purpose of restocking the rivers with salmon, shad, and trout. The work thus far has been done under the auspices of the Fish Commissioners of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. These States in 1866 made appropriations for improving the rivers running through them, so that salmon, brook trout, and shad may ascend them to their sources and descend at will to the ocean—the improvements consisting of fish-ways or ladders built over or around all dams and falls that have hitherto impeded their progress. The Merrimac has already been thus improved, and at this time it is passable for fish from its mouth to its source. Already the work of restocking this stream with fish has been begun with vigor. Dr. Fletcher, of Concord, and J. S. Robinson, Esq., of Meredith Village, New Hampshire, were authorized to begin the work of restocking simultaneous with the commencement of the building of the fish-ways. Dr. Fletcher went to New Brunswick in the fall of 1866, and secured about 100,000 salmon ova, which he artificially impregnated, and, at the proper time, transported to his fish-farm at Concord. About ninety per cent. of these hatched, and the young salmon were placed in the head waters of the Merrimac in the winter of 1867–8, when about one year old. They descended the stream in the same spring to the ocean, and were expected in the fall of 1868 to return over the fish-ways to the same place to deposit their first spawn. (It is a well-known fact that salmon and trout *always*—and it is probable that shad also—return to the same spawning-ground in which they were hatched to deposit their ova.) Dr. Fletcher, in the fall of 1867, went to New Brunswick for a second supply of ova, and returned with (the report rather indefinitely says) "a few hundred thousand ova," which will be deposited in the Merrimac during the winter of 1868–9, and which will migrate in the following spring, get fat in the ocean, and come back at the end of two years to deposit their millions upon millions of ova in spawning-beds expressly prepared for them.

Mr. Robinson's success was not less gratifying. He artificially impregnated 40,000 salmon spawn and 100,000 lake trout spawn in November, 1867, and hatched ninety per cent. of them, all of which he placed in the Merrimac in the fall of 1868. Thus within two years at least 250,000 young salmon and 100,000 trout have been deposited in this single stream.

The 100,000 salmon of Dr. Fletcher which went to sea in the spring of 1868 will return this year to spawn, and be capable of expressing 500,000,000 ova. If ninety per cent. of these should be hatched and live to maturity—that is, until 1870—the original deposit of 100,000 ova will have produced 450,000,000 salmon—one-fifth of them three years old. The reader not acquainted with the great fecundity of the salmon and shad may think these figures preposterously large. R. B. Roosevelt, Esq., one of the Fish Commissioners of New York, has expressed the opinion that 500,000,000 shad ought to be hatched for the Connecticut every year! At two years of age, or when ready to deposit its first spawn, the salmon weighs from five to seven pounds. Taking the minimum weight, we have as the product of the 100,000 ova, which cost, say five hundred dollars, 2,250,000,000 pounds of salmon, worth an immense sum on the banks of the river. Seth Green once said that "an acre of good water can be made to produce twice as much food as an acre of land." He was evidently not exaggerating at all. Mr. Ainsworth made a balance-sheet of an imaginary farm which is a curiosity in its way. "Let us make the calculations," he says, "on the scale of the largest pond here discussed, where there is an abundance of pure spring water, viz.:

DEBIT.	
Cost of buildings, dams, and fixtures	$6,000
Cost of 5000 parents for spawn, at 50c.	2,500
Three men's labor for 4 years, at $300 per year.	3,600
Cost of feed for 1,000,000 trout for 4 years	20,000
" " 1,000,000 " 3 years	10,000
" " 1,000,000 " 2 years	4,000
" " 1,000,000 " 1 year	1,000
Total	$47,100

CREDIT.				
Value 1,000,000, 4 years,	1 pound	each,	at 25c.	$250,000
" 1,000,000, 3 years,	½ "	"	at 25c.	125,000
" 1,000,000, 2 years,	¼ "	"	at 25c.	62,500
" 1,000,000, 1 year,	2 ounces	"	at 25c.	31,250
Worth of all the trout at the end of 4 years				$468,750
Deduct the price of growing				47,100
Total profit				$421,650

The work of improving the Connecticut and other rivers was begun a little later by the New Hampshire and Connecticut Fish Commissioners, but the year 1868 has seen the completion of the fish-ways in the Connecticut, Saco, and other streams of those States. These were so far advanced in 1867 that the work of securing the spawn was begun in 1866 at the Cold Spring Ponds, as before noticed, and at Holyoke by Seth Green, the latter enterprise contemplating the hatching of shad. In 1867 Mr. Green proposed to the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire to go to Holyoke, the highest point on the Connecticut to which shad ascend, and, at his own expense, try the experiment of hatching them artificially. The Commissioners gave a ready assent and encouragement. An official report of these operations has been made by Mr. Ainsworth, previously alluded to, and this, as the most comprehensive account of these experiments, we append. Mr. Ainsworth writes:

"On the 25th of June, 1867, Mr. Green took his first spawn, and found, to his utter amazement, that each fe-

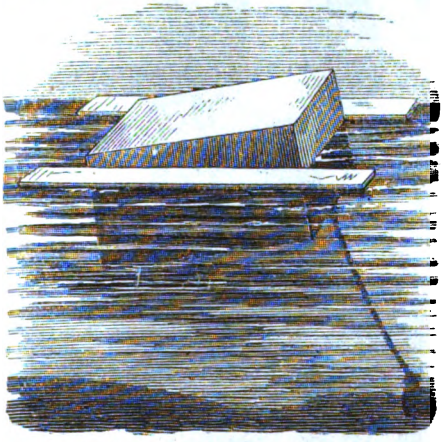
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male shad produced from 50,000 to 100,000 ova, according to the size of the fish manipulated—being quite small, say about the size of a No. 8 shot, which increased in thirty minutes after impregnation to the size of a No. 4 shot, and remained like this until they hatched.

"In the practical hands of Mr. Green the spawn were easily procured, but when he came to place them in the hatching-boxes, previously prepared like his own for hatching trout, he found himself at bay. He could do nothing with them, as they were so light that they would float off with the slightest current, and when placed where there was no current they all died.

"He experimented about two weeks before he succeeded in hatching them to any extent. Finally he invented the following form of box, and manner of placing in the water, in which the spawn hatched to perfection, to his great relief and unbounded delight.

"The box is two feet long, and fifteen inches wide, and twelve inches deep, with a fine wire screen nailed on the bottom, with a board four feet long and four inches wide nailed on each side of the box, edgewise, for floats, about two inches from the top at the lower end of the box, and six inches from the top at the upper end.



SETH GREEN'S SHAD HATCHING-BOX.

"He placed this box in the river where the current was about two miles an hour, and anchored it with cords fastened to the box. This placed the wire screen on the bottom of the box at an angle of about thirty degrees against the current, through which the water flowed, and struck against the lower end of the box, slanting upward and backward, which gave the water a roll upward and over toward the upper end of the box. The current lifted the ova from the wire bottom, and suspended them in the water, and kept them constantly agitated until they hatched.

"He put from 50,000 to 100,000 spawn in this box at a time, and hatched in some instances as high as 999 in 1000. In this manner he hatched from 2,000,000 to 6,000,000 daily, and continued to do so until he turned over 40,000,000 young shad into the river!

"The spawn hatched in water at 76° in 50 hours. He considered this the best temperature to hatch them. The young shad when hatched are ¾ of an inch long, with the egg and umbilical cord attached, on which they live three days; after this they seek their own food, and take to the middle of the river, seemingly to avoid the small fish near shore, head up stream, but gradually falling back with the current toward the ocean.

"After learning this fact he placed the young fry as fast as hatched in the middle of the river to take care of themselves. Mr. Green found no female shad under two years old in the river, but males one year old, which were about ten inches long, though slim. The two-year-old females weighed about 2 pounds each, and produced about 50,000 ova. Those three years old weighed 3½ pounds, while those four years old weighed 6 pounds, and furnished 100,000 spawn.

"With Mr. Green's hatching-boxes a thousand million shad can be turned into each river yearly, with little expense to each State when every thing is well systematized and arranged for business. These Commissioners, with energy and perseverance, will soon improve and restore all the rivers of the Eastern States with salmon, brook trout, and shad, which in time will be worth hundreds of millions of dollars to the country.

"It costs nothing to feed these fish. Salmon and shad get their living and make all their growth in the boundless ocean, where there is abundant room and food for untold millions. They can come from their feeding-ground in the ocean each year fat and delicious, and return after spawning lean and worthless.

"All of the rivers in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, once filled with this variety of fish, can be restocked as cheaply and abundantly as the rivers of New England or Europe."

The operations of the Maine Commissioners have not been thus far extensive. Mr. Charles G. Atkins, one of the Commissioners, began the work of propagating shad in the Kennebec, near Augusta, in May, 1868. He used a box very similar to that of Seth Green, and succeeded in turning loose at least 40,000 young shad. In that latitude they hatched in four days.

This much has already been accomplished in four of the rivers of New England. The Commissioners of the other States named are busily at work, but have not yet progressed so far as to justify them in giving reports. Commissioners have also been appointed by New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and the building of fish-ways is progressing in the Upper Hudson, Oswego, Black, Genesee, Susquehanna, Chemung, and Delaware, all of which were splendid shad and salmon rivers until obstructed by canal and mill dams. The improvements now making and contemplated will obviate any future trouble from these sources, and if a few thousand ova of shad, salmon, and trout are placed in their head waters the fish will soon be as abundant as in the days before canals and mills and stake-nets. But to secure the desired result—to attain that ancient piscatorial plenty when twelve and fifteen pound salmon sold for a shilling each, and when they could be taken in any of our rivers by the hundred an evening with a single spear, all of which has happened within the memory of living men—it will be necessary for each State to build and maintain the requisite fish-ways, stock the rivers in the same way that the Merrimac and Connecticut have been, and enact and enforce laws for the protection of the fish when ascending the rivers to spawn. Until this is done, and the wholesale slaughter of the parent fish and its more valuable ova is prevented, we can not hope to have that plentiful supply, the want of which is now so much deplored.

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EXPLORATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

[Second Paper.]

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.



INTRODUCTION TO THE GOVERNOR.

I WAS provided with letters of introduction to Governor Pedrin, the "Jefé Politico" of the Territory, and to Señor Roje, his Secretary, by his Excellency Señor Don José A. Godoy, Consul of the Republic of Mexico at San Francisco. On the day after my arrival at La Paz, upon expressing, through Don Sebastian Viosca, to whom also I had letters of introduction, my desire to call upon the Governor, an hour was appointed, and I visited the Executive mansion, accompanied by Professor Gabb and Mr. Brookes.

Governor Pedrin received us with courtesy. A conversation ensued, in the course of which he asked if I had come as agent of the New York company to receive possession of their grant. I replied that I had not, but that Mr. Jacob P. Leese would doubtless soon arrive for that purpose.

The subject of the colonization of the Peninsula was very fully discussed, but with evident distrust of the purposes of the Americans on the part of the Governor and his advisers.

The Governor expressed his disapproval of the grant. He believed it would be injurious to the interests of the inhabitants. Some of its terms he considered very objectionable. The "sons of the country"—to use his own expression—were a simple people, primitive in their habits, and well satisfied with their present con-

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dition. The encroachments of an American population, differing from them so essentially as our people did, could not but redound to their disadvantage. The history of Upper California, since its cession to the United States, afforded a striking illustration. Prior to 1849 the Mexican population owned extensive ranches and large herds of cattle. Now they had nothing. All their property had fallen into the hands of the Americans. Here it would be still worse, where the inhabitants had nothing to spare. Most of them were poor, and lived in a very primitive way. If the Americans came to live in the country they would make their own laws. It was proposed to establish an independent foreign government within the limits of Mexican territory. He could not approve of such a concession, or see any thing in it but trouble and disaster to the people of the country.

In reply I stated that my mission was purely a scientific one, having no reference to these questions. It was simply my design to make a reconnoissance of the Territory for the purpose of ascertaining its mineral resources, the quality of the soil, and to what extent it was susceptible of colonization. Neither myself nor the members of my party had any pecuniary interest in the grant. With the permission of his Excellency, however, I would remark that encouragement had been given by the most prominent officers and citizens of the Territory to American colonization. He could not but be aware that for many years past the most strenuous efforts had been made to induce Americans to settle in the country. Various companies had been organized under the auspices of the political chiefs and principal citizens of the Territory. Most of his predecessors and some of his present adherents had personal interests in these enterprises. It is true all attempts at colonization, hitherto made, had failed; but that was not owing to hostility on the part of the native population. The irresponsible character of parties into whose hands these enterprises had fallen was a serious drawback to their success, apart from the natural sterility of the country. A company of New York capitalists, representing several millions of dollars, had now taken the matter in hand, and the fact that they had already paid their money and complied with all the conditions imposed upon them by the Mexican Government was the best guaranty of their intention to carry out the provisions of the grant in good faith. It was their policy as well as their desire to act in harmony with the interests of the native population. They did not propose to invade the country; they came peacefully as friends, by special invitation, to establish colonies of industrious co-laborers for the development of the material resources of the Territory. I could not admit that the objections urged by his Excellency were well founded. So far from establishing an independent government within Mexican territory, it was expressly stipulated that although the colonists may regulate their own municipal affairs, all laws made by them must conform to the Constitution and general laws of the Republic; and information of their



SONS OF THE COUNTRY.

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GENTE DE RASON.

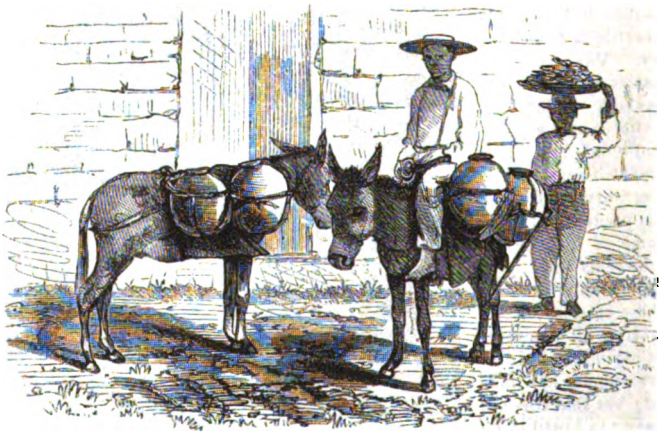
acts must be given to the Political Chief of the Territory, to whose authority they are subject.

The Governor said it was useless to advance arguments. He dissented both from my premises and conclusions. He felt satisfied the settlement of the country by Americans would be disastrous to the native California population. With crowds of miners pouring in from Upper California they must soon drive out the present occupants.

In conclusion, his Excellency expressed pleasure in having formed the acquaintance of our party, and said that while he differed from me in opinion he would facilitate the proposed reconnoissance to the extent of his power. He believed the people generally were opposed to the cession, but felt assured they would treat us with due kindness and consideration. Should I desire it he would furnish me with letters of recommendation to the principal officials throughout the Peninsula.

Thanking him for the tender of his services, we took our leave with the usual imposing formalities. Next morning the promised letters were handed to us by Don Sebastian Viosca, our interpreter during the interview.

Rich as the mineral deposits of Lower California undoubtedly are, the working of them has never proved remunerative to Americans. Vast sums of money have been expended in the opening of mines, in the erection of mills and machinery, and the purchase of claims in the district of San Antonio. Not one of these enterprises has been successful. Most of the capital invested in them has yielded nothing but disappointment to the parties interested. There are several reasons for this, the chief of which is, that the business of mining has been, for the most part, conducted by speculative companies residing in San Francisco. Utterly ignorant of the first principles of silver mining, enthusiastic in their expectations of immediate success, yet unwilling to abide by the experience of men who knew the necessity of industry, economy, and patience, they appointed Presidents, organized Boards of Trustees, and attempted to direct by written instructions the most minute details of their enterprises. Superintendents and engineers without any practical knowledge of the business were sent down to open the mines. Expensive machinery, unadapted to the country, was shipped to San José and La Paz, and hauled or packed up to San Antonio at great cost. The whole object seemed to be to get up an excitement by a pretense of wonderful results in a brief space of time. Reports of progress, far too encouraging to be true, were read from time to time at the Company's meetings in San Francisco; and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. The permanent working of the mines was a matter of very little consequence, provided stock went up and fortunes were close at hand. When the stockholders were called upon to continue the supplies; when additional machinery was wanted; when new and wonderfully rich veins had to be opened; when the promised bullion was still promised, they began to grumble at the continued assessments. Flattering reports ceased at



WATER-CARRIERS IN LA PAZ.

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SAN ANTONIO.

length to excite their enthusiasm. Dividends seemed as far off as ever; and it became evident, after the expenditure of large sums, that there was not the most remote prospect of their hopes being realized. Mills and machinery went to ruin, and superintendents and experts were left to buffet outstanding claims for labor, and to live as they best could, without resources and twelve hundred miles from home. Some went over to Sonora and Sinaloa, and some are still in San Antonio, patiently waiting for the cession of Lower California to the United States.

Many of the lodes opened during the excitement of 1862, '63, and '64 are doubtless valuable; but mining can not be profitably carried on in this loose and speculative way, especially at so great a distance from the source of supply, and subject to so many disadvantages in other respects. The native or Mexican population, although good miners, can not be relied upon for labor. They work cheap, but quit upon the most trivial pretexts.

American enterprise is looked upon with jealousy by the local authorities, and vexatious exactions are constantly made to impede its progress. While professing to encourage the development of the mines, the leading men of the country take every possible means to render success impracticable. No sooner does an enterprise begin to evince a prospect of satisfactory results than suits, quarrels, and disaffections ensue. Taxes are raised on supplies, excise duties are imposed on bullion, property becomes subject to confiscation, and there is neither appeal nor redress. These people have no law, and recognize no authority. Utterly destitute of principle, fear alone can be made to keep them within the bounds of respect for the common principles of justice.

In the present condition of affairs there is no inducement for the investment of capital in mining enterprises within Mexican territory. Nearly all who have attempted the working of mines in Sonora, Sinaloa, or Chihuahua have failed. Their property is now in ruin, rich as these States are in the precious metals. The Peninsula of Lower California presents no exemption from the local disturbances and political revolutions which have wrought disaster to American enterprise in other parts of Mexican territory.

Those who urge the feasibility of colonizing Lower California by American settlers advance the argument that the apparent sterility of the country is no proof of its unfitness for settlement. Upper California, they say, was regarded as an unpromising country by the Americans who flocked to its shores in 1848–49. It was considered valuable solely for its mineral products. In explanation of this it need only be said that most of the arrivals, at the period of the gold excitement, took place in July and August, when the face of the country presented a parched appearance. There is no rain during the summer months, and vegetation is crisped by the heat of the sun. The Coast Range looks brown and barren, when in reality it is exceed-

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ingly fertile. But those accustomed to California in its various aspects can not easily be deceived in regard to the characteristics of the coast at any given season.

The most reliable authorities, prior to the acquisition of California by the United States, concur in representing it as a country highly favored by nature. As early as the expedition of Father Kino the comparative merits of Upper and Lower California were well established. While of the latter it was said that for a distance of three hundred leagues "the air is dry and hot to a great degree, and the earth is barren, rugged, wild, every where overrun with rocks and sands, with little water, and consequently unfit either for agriculture, planting, or grazing," in the countries north and west of the Colorado, "betwixt the channel of Santa Barbara, Puerto del Monterey, and Cape Mendocino," as Father Kino assures us, "there are level and fruitful tracts, interspersed with many delightful woods, plenty of water, and fine pastures, and it is as proper a country for making settlements as can be desired."*

If, after the known fact† that the Franciscan missions, extending from San Diego to San Rafael, possessed large and valuable tracts of land, with extensive orchards and vineyards, and numerous herds of cattle, the American people who flocked to the port of San Francisco in 1848–49 supposed the whole country to be unfit for agriculture, what would they think of Lower California, which at all seasons presents the appearance of a desert, and of which we have uniformly unfavorable accounts?

It is a remarkable fact that since the beginning of the present century repeated and persistent attempts have been made by the Mexican Government to colonize this peninsula. The most liberal inducements have been held out to foreigners to settle in the country. It has been a constant source of trouble and inconvenience to the Mother Government, without any compensation whatever in the way of revenue. An official document, published in Madrid in 1857, is now before me, containing upward of sixty laws and decrees made chiefly in reference to the colonization of Lower California.

Various reasons may be assigned for the failure of all these colonization schemes. The chief cause, doubtless, is, that the country itself presents no special inducements for settlement by Europeans or Americans. Want of stability and good faith on the part of the local authorities, their disregard of the Supreme Government, to which they have always yielded only a *quasi* recognition, their hereditary hatred of all other races, especially Americans, is another cause.

* It does not appear that Father Kino visited the regions north and west of the Colorado; he probably derived his information from previous explorers, the first of whom was Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo.

† See Fremont's Narrative, Dana's Two Years before the Mast, Hittel's History of California, and other authorities of modern date.

I have before me a prospectus issued by a San Francisco Company, which affords a characteristic example of the frauds perpetrated upon the public in this connection.*

This was a corporation "for the development of the agricultural and mineral lands of that portion of the Peninsula located within the district of Mulege, etc. Magnificent inducements were held out in the way of mineral lodes, agricultural lands, pearl fisheries, and precious stones. Among the interested parties were Don Ramon Navarro, the Governor, Don V. Salvador Villarino, and Don Sebastian Viosca.

The originators of the Mulege scheme, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, changed the location of their colony before the departure of their vessel. In a captivating hand-bill they announced:

"It is established in the Valley of Mesquital, which is situated on the eastern extremity of the Peninsula of Lower California, between La Paz and Cape St. Lucas; and the lands secured by the Company embrace an area of about 300 square miles, or over 125,000 acres of *fertile and beautiful valley land!*

"It extends from the shore of the Bay of Ventura into the interior some 25 miles, by a width of 30 miles.

"The colonial city now being laid out, beautifully located on the Bay of Ventura, is the point from where excellent wagon-roads lead to the mineral regions of the districts of Cacachilla, San Antonio, El Triunfo, Rosario, Valle Perdido, and La Arastrita, where there are numerous companies profitably employed in working the precious ores, some of which in richness are equal to the best leads of Washoe or Emeralda."

I have already shown the results of these "profitable workings." Not a single mine worked by Americans has paid expenses so far, and all the companies which have any existence at all are heavily in debt and anxious to sell out at ten per cent. on the cost. The Triunfo has a fair prospect of success; but permanent results remain to be achieved.

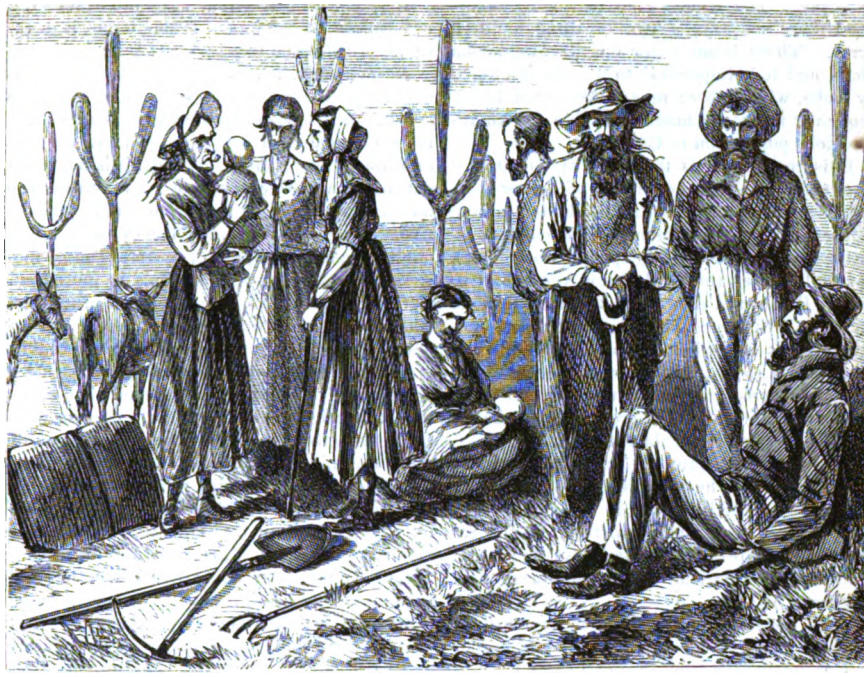
The Ventura colonists had a brilliant prospect before them. They were to supply the mines with the products of their farms, and thus save freight; they were to have artisans and mechanics among them and go into the manufacture of machinery; they were to cultivate fruits and vines and enjoy all the luxuries of life. The Prospectus says:

"The soil is exceedingly fertile, and of a light, sandy loam. Wild castor-oil beans, etc., grow profusely over the plain. It also produces coffee, tobacco, sugar-cane, indigo, corn, wheat, sweet-potatoes, etc., and oranges, lemons, figs, bananas, citrons, and every other kind of tropical fruit and vegetables. *The irrigating facilities are good, and equal to the best portion of the Peninsula. The plain or valley is well wooded*, etc."

Now it is a wonderful thing in nature that when, after a voyage of twenty-seven days, the jaded and sea-sick colonists were landed in this Paradise, its woods, water-courses, and arable lands, its luxurious orchards of orange and citron, its sugar and tobacco plantations, had entirely disappeared. An arid desert, scantily patched with cactus and thorny shrubs, was all they

* "Prospectus of the Lower California Colonization and Mining Company [incorporated October, 1869]. Capital stock, $40,000—200 shares, $200 each."

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VENTURA COLONISTS.

could see for a circuit of twenty-five miles, with a boundary of sterile and rugged mountains. The colonial city, in process of being laid out, had no existence save on the map. There were no houses, no streams, not even a drop of pure water. It was a dreary and unmitigated desert, without the capacity to keep a coyote or buzzard in good condition.

And here these deluded people were set down to make their pleasant homes, but not amidst

"Boundless contiguities of shade."

The result is soon told. They dug in the sand for water, lacerated themselves in search of the means of subsistence, scattered off to San Antonio and Triunfo to find work in mines that had scarcely an opening in the ground, and finally made their way, destitute and forlorn, to La Paz, where they begged passage back to San Francisco.

The originators of this enterprise were not to be discouraged by a single failure, or by the odium it brought upon them. Another grand scheme has been built upon its ruins, in which some of the shrewdest business men of San Francisco are interested. Magnificent maps have been made, showing the vast extent and wonderful resources of the Company's possessions. Mulege is the scene of this great enterprise. Here is what they say of it:

"LOWER CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.—PENINSULAR PLANTATION AND HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION. —*Office*, 706 *Montgomery Street, San Francisco.*

"This Association, representing the interest, and having assumed the administration of affairs, of the Mexican colony of San Marcos, which was founded by the citizens of Mulege upon the fertile prairies of the Mission Magdalena, near the port of Mulege, on the Gulf, opposite Guaymas, is now prepared to issue its shares, representing an interest in all the property, benefits, and privileges, without reservation, all being equal and unassessable. The capital stock of this Colony and Association, which forms the *Cultivating and Improvement Fund*, is divided into 3000 shares. Each share contributes its proportion of $16 in full of all assessments. A small number of these shares will be distributed to applicants *free of any extra charge*—mechanics, farmers, and those desiring to settle upon the land, to have the preference.

"The Association is also prepared to *sell or lease* portions of the Colonial lands, at moderate rates. The property of the Association embraces an area of some sixteen square leagues, equal to about one hundred and forty square miles, of which about ninety miles is level land, according to the surveyor's report, who describes the soil as being formed of decomposed shell, mixed with a most fertile volcanic and alluvial earth, *and undoubtedly of superior quality* to the celebrated garden lands of the Mission of Mulege. All of the land is adapted for the cultivation of sugar, cotton, tobacco, and the grape-vine.

"*Miners* will also find here a field upon the celebrated gold, silver, and copper veins in the immediate vicinity of the Colony. The *Pearl Fisheries* of Mulege are the most celebrated in Mexico. The natural resources and most favorable position of the Colony will insure the success of the enterprise; and those desiring to settle in a healthy and fertile country have now the best opportunity to secure for themselves valuable property for a trifling amount, which, in a short time, will prove the most desirable on this continent.

"Full particulars can be had by applying immediately at the Company's Office, 706 Montgomery Street, from 11 to 2 o'clock daily, where maps, plans of survey, and title-papers can be inspected."

In respect to Mulege, the truth is, the fig and date are the chief productions, with a little su-

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gar-cane. The arable land in the neighborhood does not exceed two or three hundred acres. There is no water on the Magdalena plain, and it is impossible to irrigate it except by wells, which never repays American labor, though it might be made available for an industrious population of Chinese.

It is true—such is the mercurial character of our people—that the cession of Lower California to the United States would for a time create an intense excitement. Thousands of restless and adventurous spirits would flock down there—as they did a few years ago to Frazer River, and as they soon will to Russian America. In a speculative point of view something might be gained by this prevailing restlessness. The best country on earth would not keep our people quiet a month, and the worst has no terrors for them, where there is a chance for adventure and speculation.

I do not depreciate the advantages of this ruling spirit. It has resulted in opening up to commerce and civilization the wilds of the Pacific Coast—it can not fail to result in the redemption of Northern Mexico from its present condition of barbarism. The only question is, how far it will pay.

From the tenor of the foregoing remarks it will be inferred that my impressions of the natural or intrinsic advantages of Lower California as a field for American colonization are not favorable. The records of Spanish adventure show that the Jesuit missionaries were untiring in their efforts to extend the area of ecclesiastical dominion on the Peninsula. The expeditions fitted out by them were innumerable, and their indomitable courage and perseverance entitle them to a high rank in the annals of heroic adventure.

Not only were they governed by an intense religious enthusiasm—sometimes misguided, but always sincere—and an exalted spirit of self-sacrifice, but by a patriotic ambition to wrest from barbarism new empires for the Spanish Crown. With them it often became a struggle for the very means of subsistence. Owing to the difficulties of communication they were frequently cut off for years from the sources of supply, and their history is an almost unbroken record of suffering from hunger and thirst. It was a matter of vital importance to them to increase their resources, so as to provide against the terrible periods of drought and scarcity which from time to time reduced them to the verge of starvation. They were in constant communication with the wild and predatory tribes who roamed over the desolate plains and rugged mountains of the Peninsula. Wherever there was a prospect of establishing a mission, or cultivating a patch of earth, they searched it and demonstrated its capacity for the support of their people. While they paid but little attention to the mineral resources of the country, it is beyond question they arrived at a very thorough understanding of its unfitness for cultivation on an extended scale.

It is safe to assert that what the Jesuits did not discern, in the way of arable lands, is of little practical value to a civilized people.

Nevertheless, it is wisely ordained by Providence that every portion of the globe has some specific use. Lower California possesses a climate of unequaled salubrity. While its area of arable lands is inconsiderable, it is not without many valuable resources. Wherever the land can be irrigated it is wonderfully productive. The shores abound in fish of an excellent quality; and the supply of oysters, clams, lobsters, and other marine animals is unlimited. For a population of Chinese it is one of the best countries in the world. These people are orderly, industrious, and frugal. Their habits are peculiarly adapted to a country like this. They can live on small patches of land which they can irrigate by hand-labor. Marine productions constitute their natural food, and of these there is an abundance every where along the coast. They require no expensive buildings, and indeed would need little or no shelter of any kind in this climate. Any where along the shores of Magdalena Bay or the adjacent islands they could live far better, and with much less labor, than they are accustomed to live in their native country. As miners they could always make good wages in the placers scattered through the hills. In short, the Chinese are the only people adapted by their peculiar habits of life, self-dependence, industry, and respect for the constituted authorities, to colonize the Peninsula of Lower California without involving themselves or the government of the country in trouble.

A movement is now in progress to encourage the immigration of Chinese to this otherwise almost valueless region. The New York Company have dispatched an agent to China for the purpose of entering into negotiations for the promotion of this object; and there can be no reasonable doubt that the plan projected by these enterprising capitalists will meet with general favor. It would be much better to have the country settled by an industrious population of Chinese, who would develop its resources, than have it remain in its present unproductive condition. As an experiment it is eminently worthy of consideration. By the establishment on the shores of Magdalena of a colony of these people their capacity for improvement under a humane and judicious system of laws, and their ability to manage their own affairs, can be tested without detriment to the inhabitants of the adjacent States and Territories.

Two days exhausted the novelties of La Paz. Although there were plenty of mules to be had there, it was utterly impossible to procure any good ones, even at double the ordinary rates. We deemed it best, therefore, not to delay our departure; and having taken our leave of Governor Pedrin and his Secretary, Señor Rojo, and of our good friends, Mr. Viosca, Judge

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Galan, Mr. Elmer, United States Consul, and others from whom we had received many kind attentions, we started late in the afternoon for the Plietas, and next morning reached the Triunfo.



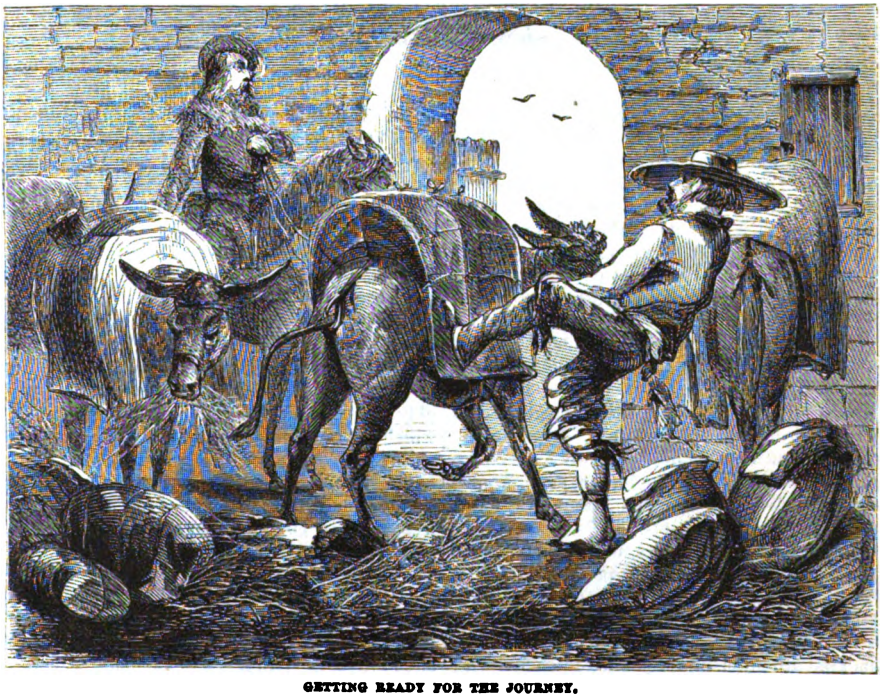
THE COOK.

After considerable trouble in getting our mules together and our packs arranged, a task that occupied us several days, we set out in good earnest on our expedition.

I had fortunately secured the services of an excellent guide, Jesus Carillo, a citizen of Todos Santos. He had already made two land expeditions to San Diego, and was familiar with the trails and watering-places. Kind and patient in disposition, industrious, obliging, and faithful to his trusts, I do not think a better man could have been found on the Peninsula of Lower California. It was a great advantage, in addition to his acuteness and intelligence, that he was well known and much esteemed by the native population along the route. Indeed, I feel much indebted to this excellent man for the successful accomplishment of the objects of the expedition. Between Todos Santos and Magdalena Bay I hired a vaquero, one Manuel Dominguez, a cousin of Jesus Carillo, to assist in packing and taking care of the animals.

Dr. Wiss, of San Antonio, who had long taken an interest in the objects of our expedition, accepted an invitation to join me in the trip to Magdalena, and at the hour appointed came over to the Triunfo, with his own *mozo* or servant, provisions, and animals. I was glad to have the advantage of his experience and knowledge of the country, as well as the pleasure of his company.

Starting on the afternoon of January 13, we made about fifteen miles over a tolerably level *mesa*, interrupted by occasional arroyas. It was well covered with bushes and cactus, and pre-



GETTING READY FOR THE JOURNEY.

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ON THE TRAIL.

sented the usual characteristics of dryness, though there were places in which bunch grass grew luxuriantly. We camped in a pleasant little valley near a place called Rosario, where we found water abundant and good feed for our animals. Next day, after a journey of twenty-four miles over a country more than usually varied by hills, desert patches of mesa, and deep arroyas, we reached the mission town of Todos Santos.

An old church, a plaza surrounded by white-washed adobe houses, a scattered collection of hovels roofed with palm, situated on a rise of ground overlooking the valley, constitutes all that is visible of Todos Santos. The population is about two hundred—mostly a very poor class of half-breeds. The Bay of Todos Santos —so called—is an open roadstead, without a safe anchorage for vessels.

I presented my letters of introduction to Señor Don Villarino, the principal citizen of the place, chief owner of the sugar-fields, proprietor of the pack-trains, etc. Governor Pedrin and Señor Viosca had recommended us to his kind attention, and we called upon him with some expectation of cordial welcome. Mr. Villarino is the reputed son of a priest, lives in good style, is familiar with American usages, having spent several years in Upper California; possesses more influence than any other man in the Territory; yet, with these advantages, he did not seem to be much rejoiced at our coming. Our reception, in fact, was not cordial. He was polite, of course, as all native Californians are, but it was that sort of politeness which makes people feel that their presence is unwelcome. The truth is, Mr. Villarino does not like the tendency of affairs toward a cession of the Territory to the United States. He probably thinks it would injure his sugar business, which is now quite profitable. He controls nearly all the sugar crops raised in the valley, and is autocrat over the country. Nevertheless, our interview was not unprofitable, since it gave us a good idea of the motives which govern the leaders throughout the country.

The valley is simply a broad arroya, irrigated by means of a small running stream, and is green and fertile. About two or three hundred acres of land are cultivated. Sugar-cane is the principal product. Oranges and bananas grow well here. The climate is delightful.

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TODOS SANTOS.

At Cape St. Lucas we were told that San José was the great place for mules; at San José, it was the Triunfo that offered peculiar advantages; at the Triunfo, La Paz was the chief market; at La Paz we were recommended to defer our purchases till our arrival at Todos Santos; and



HUMORS OF THE COCK.

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A BAD PASS.

here we found but few mules, and none in good condition. I succeeded in purchasing a single mule by paying a pretty round sum. It turned out, however, to be an excellent animal.

As Mr. Villarino failed to invite us to make our home at his capacious mansion, and the place afforded no hotels, we accepted the invitation of our guide Jesus, who turned over to us his humble wigwam, seeking shelter elsewhere for himself and wife. Respect for our party compels me to say he had no cause to regret his hospitality.

We were delayed until noon next day by a certain fabricator of *botas* or leathern bottles, whom we had employed to make us two of these necessary articles. They were designed to carry eight gallons of water each, and probably would have carried that much had the water remained in them; but it constantly leaked out, in spite of grease and sand, and the party would have suffered had I not procured a small barrel from a whale-ship at Magdalena. One of the *botas* answered a good purpose to cover the barrel, and the other came in use on the journey for sandals and shoe-soles.

The delay was vexatious, but nothing made a very serious impression on us of late save the fleas by which the native huts are infested. They are the only living things in the country possessed of vitality.

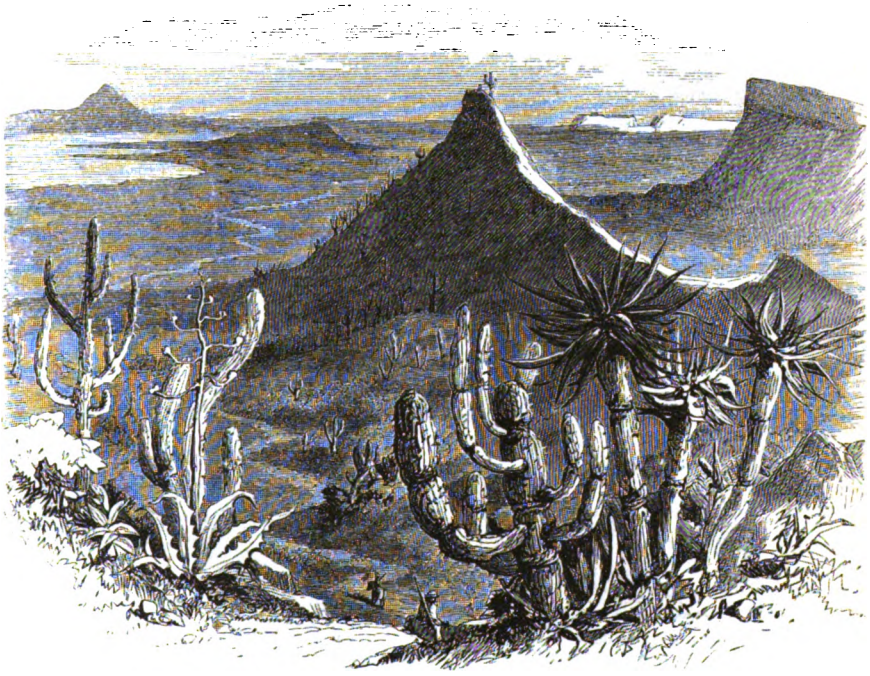
The journey was occasionally enlivened by the marvelous stories of our cook, who was a famous snake-charmer, and abounded in reminiscences of his exploits. He had exhibited boa constrictors, rattlesnakes, and vipers all over Mexico. His favorite bed-fellows were scorpions and centipedes. He was never completely happy without half a dozen venomous reptiles in his shirt-bosom. It was his greatest pleasure to catch snakes and thrust their heads into his mouth. He was not proof against their virulent bites, and rather enjoyed his experiences in that way. The inside of his mouth had divers scars in it, which he was very fond

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WATERING-PLACE.

of exhibiting as evidence of the inability of these venomous reptiles to do him any mortal injury. Pounded mistletoe, whisky, and ammonia were his antidotes for accidents of this kind. He professed his willingness to be bitten through the tongue or palate of the mouth at any given time by the most poisonous snake for the consideration of five dollars. Frequently



APPROACH TO MAGDALENA.

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in our journey through the deserts he dismounted from his mule to pick up a toad or a wandering tarantula, which he usually put in his pocket or shirt-bosom for safe-keeping. It was pleasant to think of eating our food after these eccentricities of taste; and I was not always sure that our cook indulged in the luxury of washing his hands, especially when water was scarce.

At certain points along the shore we found some difficulty in following the trail around the points of rock. The inrolling surf from the heavy swell of the ocean threatened occasionally to dash us against the broken walls of the mesa, or overwhelm us and drag us out in the undertow. Had our mules been less accustomed to this mode of travel there were places where we must undoubtedly have perished had we continued the passage by the shore trail.

The journey up the coast for the next three days was monotonous in the extreme. A boundary line of sand-hills on the left shut us out most of the time from the ocean. We traveled along day after day through desert sand-patches and flats, seldom meeting a living soul, and when we did only some wandering vaquero in search of cattle. Once we enjoyed a magnificent display of the mirage, upon which some heavy bets of cigars were lost by inexperienced members of the party, who persisted in seeing lakes where there was only dry land.

Not the slightest sign of cultivation was visible during the whole trip. The stopping-places were fifteen to twenty miles apart, and usually consisted of a well dug in the sand and a wretched little *haquel* near by. As these watering-places are few and far between, all the animals in the vicinity gather around of nights to quench their thirst, and for a circle of half a mile the ground is trampled over by hoofs, and but little grass is left. The water is filthy and brackish.

Generally when we camped near a ranch-house we had to feast the whole family, from the great-grandfather down to the youngest chicita. I was pleased to observe that people could live without medical aid, and settle their local disputes without the intervention of lawyers. Dr. Wiss was nevertheless frequently called upon to prescribe remedies for imaginary diseases—the poor rancheros doubtless thinking it would not do to let an opportunity pass which might not occur again in ten years.

The country through which we passed on our last day's journey before reaching the Rancho Colorado was rather less monotonous than the previous part, being hilly, and well wooded with mesquit. We passed some very singular mesa formations, much broken, and showing signs of heavy washes and upheavals.

A night at the Colorado, where grass and water were abundant, refreshed us for the rest of the journey to the Salado, which we made very easily in two days, over a region of country varied by winding arroyas, well covered by shrubbery, and by rocky mesas and gravelly deserts. The distance to the Salado is forty miles. Thirty miles of the way there is no water; so that to relieve our pack-mules we had to make a dry camp half-way from the Colorado.



CAMP AT SALADO.

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THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 1868.



SIMS REEVES.

IN the year 1784 the first Handel Commemoration in England was held, at Westminster Abbey, on what was then regarded as a grander scale than any musical festivity that had ever occurred. That is, there were in all 525 performers. "Yet," says Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, in his Reminiscences, "such was the admirable manner in which this prodigious band was conducted by Mr. Bates at the organ, and Cramer as leader, that not even the smallest ever executed music with greater precision." After that there came the festivals of 1785, 1786, 1787, with increasing numbers of performers; and at length the memorable one of 1791, when Haydn sat in Westminster Abbey and felt his genius blossom as under the breath of a tropic, listening to the *Messiah* rendered by 1000 performers. More than a half century has passed since then, and a revival of the passion for Handel has brought about the Triennial Handel Festival, which is now a London Institution.

At that which occurred in the middle of June, occupying five days, Mr. Costa led a choral force of 752 sopranos, 788 altos, 747 tenors, and 781 basses; and an instrumental force of 492 executants, divided as follows: 101 first violins, 96 second violins, 73 violas, 63 violoncellos, 66 double basses, 8 flutes, 6 piccolos, 8 oboes, 8 clarinets, 8 bassoons, 5 trumpets, 12 horns, 6 cornets, 9 trombones, 7 ophicleides and euphoniums, 2 serpents, 4 double drums, 1 bass drum, 8 military drums, 1 organist. Only a little over a hundred years ago "*Mr.* Handel" was a wandering German trying to interest some one in some concerts he attempted in a small room in Piccadilly; but some other musicians—the Christys of that day—had settled themselves near by and drew off all the people; so Mr. Handel, with many shillings out of his pocket, was driven, as Pope testified in his Dunciad, "to the Hibernian shore." And as he sat there in Dublin writing the score of the *Messiah*—whose every blot and scratch are now so treasured that Mr. Day has just had to lithograph the same.

No doubt he had his dreams; but never, perhaps, could such simple splendors of sound have burst from him had he foreseen the century of homage that was to be given to his dust, and the transfiguration of his work in the land of his adoption. However, let England have justice for her treatment of Handel. That journey to Ireland was made under almost the only cloud that passed across a life of sunshine. When in 1712 Handel returned to London from Lower Saxony and made it his home, the great city on which, even then, it was so hard to make an impression took him to its heart, encouraged him in every way; and it was amidst its happy homes, its beautiful parks, its larks and nightingales, that Handel found the inspiration for his works, and means for producing them quite unusual to composers of classic music in that era. And when he died at his comfortable home in Brooke Street, Hanover Square, one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, we read in contemporaneous reports that "a vast concourse of persons of all ranks, not fewer than 3000 in number, assembled in Westminster Abbey, where, about 8 o'clock on Friday night, 20th of April, 1759"—he died on the tenth anniversary of the production of the *Messiah* (April 14)—"his remains were deposited in the Poets' Corner, the Bishop, prebends, and the whole Choir attending to pay the last honors due to his memory."

The visible heavens and earth seem to have sympathized with the week of music. Already, in the middle of June, the hay-making was going on. The perfume of the country invaded London, and the flush of sunrises and the fresh breath of morning seemed to linger through the days and pass down into the evenings, which were so bright and clear that a printed page could be read at almost any hour of the night.

It is very common to denounce the English climate; but, after all, it would be difficult to disprove the assertion of George I., that there are more days of the year in England in which one may go out of doors with comfort than in any other country. However, this spring and early summer have certainly been exceptional.

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Mr. Carlyle tells me that he has not in his life known any weather so beautiful. But the ladies seem to have had a prevision of it, and have prepared brighter and more summery dresses than are usual at this season.

The first day was a rehearsal, and was very largely attended, the admission being somewhat cheaper than to the subsequent performances. Mr. Costa was loudly applauded when he made his appearance, but was plainly unable to pay any attention to the crowd, on account of his anxiety to test his power over the enormous mass of singers and instrumentalists before him. It was a formidable organ for one man to play upon; but every man and woman of the thousands before him had been musically created by the breath of Handel, and had loved and sung his chief works for years. It was purely a labor of love for them to sing there. They are really the selected singers in the choirs of London and a few other cities. Only the soloists are paid. The singers generally have their railway fares and admission paid, and each is given a ticket for a friend. And for some who come from a distance a collation is prepared on each day of the Festival at the Palace. The performers in the orchestra are more generally paid than the singers, though many of these volunteer; and, indeed, many of them are amateurs. Among these this year were the Earl of Dunmore, Lord Fitzgerald, Sir A. K. Macdonald, Sir J. F. Halliday, Hon. Seymour Egerton, the Hon. Colonel E. Legge, etc., who performed on stringed instruments. If Costa did not before know how thoroughly the choristers of England knew Handel, he must have been speedily assured of the fact at the rehearsal, when they went through no fewer than twenty-seven of the pieces set for rehearsal without his finding it necessary to stop them or make them repeat any thing.

On the following day (Saturday) we had Handel's Fire-work Music, this being the first time, I believe, that it has been produced since it was written and performed in April, 1749. In that year there was a great celebration at the Vauxhall Gardens and in Green Park of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. A vast Gothic stand with wings—the whole 410 feet long and 114 high—terminated by pavilions, was erected for the fire-works. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1749, says: "Friday, 21, was performed at Vauxhall Gardens the rehearsal of the music for the fire-works, by a band of 100 musicians, to an audience of above 12,000 persons (tickets, 2*s*. 6*d*.). So great a resort occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge that no carriage could pass for three hours. The footmen were so numerous as to obstruct the passage, so that a scuffle ensued, in which some gentlemen were wounded." We learn, also, that during the evening a portion of the temple caught fire from the fire-works, and that the King's Library barely escaped being burned. At the revival of this performance at the Crystal Palace, on the 13th of June, the music was utterly overpowered by the fire-works, and I doubt if any one present could now say whether it (the music) consisted of a series of jigs or of grand marches. The first thing that appeared was a Titanic portrait of Handel inclosed in an oval frame of shimmering olive leaves, which perpetually shifted their brilliant colors. Then suddenly there was a blaze of dazzling white light, which seemed at first as if the sun had suddenly sprang from the nadir to the zenith, and, looking up, the vast cloud of snow-tinted men and women beheld a balloon drawing across the sky a great magnesium light, which so irradiated the Palace of Crystal and the multitudinous fountains that all seemed to be transported to some realm of enchantment. The people seemed spellbound—voiceless—for some moments; then the band suddenly struck up "God Save the Queen," and they shouted in a way that must have caused the man in the moon to start in his slumbers. In no other place on earth, I suppose, have they reached so much skill in fire-works. Certainly those I have seen at the Emperor's fêtes in Paris are very inferior to those which this year have been occurring at the Crystal Palace. And it were hard to conceive any thing more beautiful than some of the novelties they got up on this occasion—particularly the sending up of rockets of different colors so skillfully that their bursting was timed, and a vast rainbow of innumerable hues was woven across the sky, which gradually shifted until it became an enormous fiery and golden serpent descending from the sky. And amidst all this the illuminated cascades ascended into the soft still air, each preserving its perfect shape, each a tree of colored crystal. On the whole, one may conclude that Handel put gunpowder to its best use in his musical-pyrotechnic celebration of Peace, and that possibly the Millennium may have reason to rejoice in that invention after all.

All this, however, was but the overture to the real Festival. This began on Monday, and began with the *Messiah*. Almost every great festival in England has began with the *Messiah*—the national anthem (which some authorities believe was also composed by Handel) being presupposed. Even the Ter-Centenary Festival for Shakspeare opened with the *Messiah*. But it is safe to say that there never was before such a performance of that great oratorio as that which on June 15 rolled out over the plains of Sydenham. The scenes at the railway stations and on the roads to the Palace presented an appearance reminding one unpleasantly of the late Derby-day and Cup-day; the boys were equally vociferous in urging on one "the correct book," etc. But when one entered the building the impression was strangely the reverse, for one perceived in a moment that the company was a particularly religious one. The great churches of the middle classes were here gathered. And when any famous opera singer advanced to sing on the platform, the general stretching forward of necks to see

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SANTLEY.

such revealed that the possessors of those necks were quite unfamiliar with the artists best known to the habitués of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden. And, indeed, on the second day of the Festival, when thirty-seven miscellaneous selections from the composer's works were performed—including many opera airs and songs but little known—it was plain that many of those present, enthusiasts for his oratorios, were somewhat scandalized by the levity and paganism of some of the words which the composer had chosen to invest with his harmonies.

It was a wonderful scene! From the radiant crystal roof were suspended hundreds of baskets of flowers, mosses, and festoons of ivy. As the eye wandered in either direction it caught the sheen of crystal fountains, the long lines of marble statues, and the forms of mammoth sphinxes, and manifold monuments from the Orient. And amidst these, stretching every way, a silent throng of over twenty thousand people. Above these rose the vast amphitheatre with its choral army, from amidst whom ascended the great organ like a superb minster tower. At a wave of Costa's wand the mighty choir arose—it curiously resembled the expanding of some vast many-petaled flower—and "God Save the Queen" broke forth. It was only the old, old tune; but the patriotism of centuries, and loyalty to her who is to her people a thousand years old, are in it, and its effect was electric. Every face was flushed, lips quivered, and tears came involuntarily, brimming the eyes. Every heart was put in tune, and the work of the day began. Why should one at this day criticise Handel's masterpiece? There are the Milonian "Venus," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Angelo's "Last Judgment," Handel's "Messiah"—they have become integral portions of the estate of Humanity; millions have been quickened and uplifted by them; and to discuss them were almost as idle as to discuss the azure of the common Sky, or the green of the Earth. The thousands who listened to it at the Crystal Palace were not critical; they listened with quiet joy, forgetting the cares of earth, drinking in the calmness of hope, indulging the purest and holiest emotions that can ascend from the human breast.

Next to the thrill of the national anthem came that of listening to Sims Reeves singing "Comfort ye, my people." If, as a philosopher has suggested, the sun sets so finely because it has done it so often, we may conclude that Sims Reeves sings this air with such absolute perfection because he has been for so many years singing it to a public never weary of hearing him or it. He is undoubtedly the finest singer that England has ever produced. Though his hair is still black, he is now becoming a veteran, and it was no surprise to those who have long admired him that the vast spaces of the Palace should have revealed some of the signs of advancing years. However, he had the wisdom to economize his voice, so that any lack of perfect vigor should be felt only in the recitatives, or comparatively unimportant airs. In "Comfort ye" he sang with a fullness and pathos even greater than when I heard him five years ago. It was such a sound as Longfellow might have had in his mind when he wrote "A voice fell like a falling star." In that and the pendent air following—"Every valley shall be exalted"—one felt in a moment that such an artist comes to a nation in obedience to some divine law of supply and demand. These people called for a fit voice for the *Messiah*, and it came. Mr. Santley is more brilliant and (now at least) more powerful, but his voice suggests the instructed representation of earthly emotions. He is to Mozart what Reeves is to Handel; and, indeed, there is no better singer of Mozart than Mr. Santley. And those who know the characteristics of the two composers just named together will not need to be told that Mr. Santley's singing of the exquisite songs, "The people that walked in darkness," "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound," was in the highest degree impressive. Indeed, it is probable that it is partly to Mozart (who adapted the score of the *Messiah* to the modern orchestra) that we owe the admirable trumpet obligato to the last-named air.

Nearly all of the soprano solos in the *Messiah* were rendered by Mlle. Titiens, who is becoming personally positively homely, while her voice is becoming full of subtle effects, like a well-seasoned Cremona. I much doubt whether in her palmy days Jenny Lind could have given more impressively "I know that my Re-

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TITIENS.

deemer liveth"—though I remember hearing Dr. M'Clintock say that, as sung by Jenny Lind, that air was enough to convert any infidel. Titiens also gave the bravura song, "Rejoice greatly," with satisfying fervor and power. But, after all, to the English, Madame Sainton-Dolby is the oratorio artist who, on the feminine side, corresponds to Sims Reeves. With a pure contralto voice of immense compass—able to sweep aloft like an eagle, or float lightly as thistle-down—simple, tender, pathetic, she is, on the whole, as good an artist for the work she does as I have ever heard. She also has the capital merit of equality: she never fails. It was curious to remark how little response there was when Mlle. Titiens sang "Come unto Him"—from the text of which she departed—as compared with the same air in the adjacent "He shall feed his flock," as sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby. It was the difference between a beam of magnesium light and a sunbeam.



CHRISTINE NILSSON.



SAINTON-DOLBY.



SHERRINGTON.

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On the second day of the Festival I stepped out of the station into the large garden fronting the Palace, and walked toward the great park entrance, which was about six hundred yards distant. As I did so the choir began (for I was a little late) with the chorus of *Saul:*

"How excellent Thy name, O Lord,
In all the world is known!"

The effect at that distance was so remarkable that I paused. The entire Palace seemed to have been made into one great organ; every pane of glass in it was a sounding-board, and the voices were harmonized, softened—crystallized, so to speak—by the building and the distance. As I approached the building the chorus seemed less distinct and far less beautiful, and when I was inside the musical advantage seemed to me to be out in the park, though the verbal part could of course be better appreciated within. During the performance of *Israel in Egypt* I concluded (after certain specimens to be given presently) that I could afford to lose the textual and verbal part of that oratorio, and again went into the park to listen to some of the choruses, and was more than ever convinced that it was the best point for hearing.

But during the second day of the Festival the choruses (after those from *Saul*) were comparatively few. The glory of it was the bringing out of celebrities of the world of art, particularly Mademoiselle Nilsson. It is evident that in a previous state of existence Nilsson was a lark. She looks it, as well as sounds its note. And when she and Madame Sainton-Dolby sang the duet from *Judas Maccabæus*, "O lovely peace," it was the duet of lark and nightingale. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington also sang admirably the little piece from Milton's *L'Allegro* which Handel set to music.

I must confess that never, before this second day, had I discovered how much silly music Handel had written. Much of the little we had from the oratorio of *Solomon* was quite flimsy. The air in which Solomon declares the vanity of human knowledge was appropriately vain:

"What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew," etc.

(The compiler of the "correct book," by-the-by, wrote in it, with an odd disregard of the feelings of Madame Sainton-Dolby, who sang it, "It is curious that Handel should have assigned the part of the wise king to a contralto singer.") Handel composed *Solomon* in 1748, and added a memorandum of its completion on August 9, his sixty-third birthday. The most interesting part of it is the music representing the entertainment given to the Queen of Sheba. As I listened to the double chorus closing with the lines,

"Live forever, pious David's son!
Live forever, mighty Solomon!"

the music had a haunting familiarity to my ear, and closer attention revealed a very curious similarity between it and the music of the attendants at Don Giovanni's supper in Mozart's opera. Is it not just possible that Solomon entertaining the Queen suggested to Mozart the grand supper scene? The music in both employs to a considerable extent the same instruments (wind) of the orchestra.

I must not omit to mention here an early work of Handel's, from which Mr. Santley sang a brilliant recitative and air. It was an Italian piece from *La Resurrezione*, a kind of rudimentary oratorio, composed at Rome when Handel was under the patronage—an artistic appendage—of the Marquis Rusopoli, and was performed at his residence at Easter. The score is dated "Roma, 4 d'Aprile, 1708." The fine recitative and air which Mr. Santley sang ("Io tremante, Io si vile, e quando, e come?") is sung in the character of Lucifer, and terminates a dialogue between him and the angel relative to the approaching resurrection. But, after all, the old Handelian fire was mainly felt when Mademoiselle Kellogg sang the noble air from *Joshua*, "O had I Jubal's lyre;" and when the closing trio and chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," it was charming to see the delight with which the audience came from the unfamiliar *Semele*, *Acis*, and *Galatea*, and the like, to well-known ground. The trio was perfectly sung by Titiens, Carola, and Dolby, and passed with much grandeur to the chorus. On the whole, the day was more enjoyable than either of the others, on account of its variety and the admirable choruses from *Saul*. And, by-the-by, the rendering of the Dead March by this vast orchestra was exceedingly and memorably impressive.

The Festival closed June 20, with the *Israel in Egypt*. The weather was still magnificent, and about 25,000 people came. It was expected that the Prince and Princess of Wales would be present on this occasion, a Royal box with exquisite parterre of flowers in front having been fitted up for them. There were many, for whom Handel could hardly vie in attractions with a live Prince, lining the way by which the Royal pair would pass to their box, the majority of whom, however, seemed to be country people. At last *a* Prince and Princess did appear. They were cheered on their way with much enthusiasm; the people arose *en masse* and cheered them as they entered the box; they rose and bowed gracefully to the crowd—twice. When the plaudits were over the crowd sat down, and thousands of lorgnettes were leveled at the occupants of the box; each one so leveled discovered therein neither Wales nor Alexandra, but the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse. The disgust of the crowd at the miscarriage of its enthusiasm was equal to that of the negro who discovered that the preacher under whose exhortations he had shouted himself hoarse was not Mr. Wilberforce after all, as he had supposed. There is considerable irritation among those who got up this affair that the Prince, who can find time to attend all the races, to receive "the Great Vance" with his comic songs, or to visit Mlle. Schneider in "La Grand Duchesse," can not even give an hour of an aft-

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ernoon to the furtherance of musical festivals, which his father did so much toward instituting. However, an American can have hardly more sympathy with the people than the Prince in such a question. Few things are more odious than the servility which drags down with its fawning for patronage the greatest names of Art and Literature; and the Prince is rather better in not affecting an interest in such things than those who would bring the mighty phantoms of the past cringing before a bit of red ribbon.

In the two adjoining boxes there were several dukes and duchesses; but none of these parties did I find so interesting as the devout artists Macfarren, Clara Schumann, and Arabella Goddard, who could only be surprised in the nooks and solitudes of the Palace, with their scores before them, shunning the crowd, alone with the spirit of Handel. The oratorio was preceded by the Occasional Overture, which was given with so much spirit that it was called for a second time, this being one of two or three encores which are all that have been called or responded to during the Festival. It is gradually becoming in London, some think, a matter of business honor not to take performers, who have fulfilled a contract, by the throat and compel them to sing or execute one more piece than they have agreed to and been paid for. This is particularly Mr. Sims Reeves's theory. Yet he knows when to bend. In the splendid bravura song of *Israel in Egypt*, "The enemy said I will pursue, I will overtake," that gentleman produced an effect beyond any that I have ever witnessed, as made by a singer on an audience—an effect for which "electrical" were a poor description; the orchestra waved its fiddlebows and wind instruments, the choir clapped its hands, the multitude beneath shouted, and Sims Reeves spontaneously arose and sang the air with a power whose deeper plaudit was breathless silence and glistening eyes.

Students of Handel, those at least of the severer sort, know that the great composer had both genius and talent; and they know that he sometimes put forward his talent to work for the titled noodles who patronized him. But there were times when he left the noodles and ascended on the pinion of his genius to pure and noble raptures. It was thus when he wrote *Israel in Egypt* (1738—three years before the *Messiah*) in seventeen days. He resolved to do without solos, and the like, because he knew the soloists around him, and wished no place in his work for individual display. The work is nearly all choral, and was originally advertised as the performance ("at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, this day, April 4") of "several concertos, and particularly a new one." But the public cared little for it, and it was withdrawn in a week. It slept a century, and has only of late been awakened by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Grand as these choruses are, I felt toward the close that something was to be said on the other side, something for the interspersion of prettinesses, for agreeable soloists, amidst these vast surges of choral sound. There are few who can taste twenty varieties of wine, however good, without a sense of sameness after the fifth or sixth. And though it is certain that the choruses in *Israel in Egypt* are of singular variety, their effect gradually becomes monotonous. And to this it must be added that the words chosen are so unpleasantly suggestive at times that one has constantly reason to wish that they were sung in the original Hebrew. The English language, great in expressiveness, is essentially an unmusical language for purely singing purposes; and its unfitness becomes startling unless it is modulated by a master of words. It must require an excessive worship of the letter to find any felicity in a vast number of fine singers uttering in immortal music every variation of such sentences as:

"Their land brought forth frogs....
Their land brought....
Brought forth....
FROGS!"

or

"All manner of flies....
Manner of flies....
Flies, flies, flies....
And LICE!"

Such passages gradually become grotesque, and all the more so because a quick ear may detect in the music the spasmodic leap of the frogs and the creeping horrors of the insects. And, moreover, we can not at this day get up the adequate amount of enthusiasm and joy over



RUDERSDORFF.

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the smiting of the first-born of Egypt for the sins of its rulers, and the other plagues, to sympathize in the elation of some of these choruses.

And yet, notwithstanding these deductions, the oratorio is replete with its author's finest genius. The weird chorus, "He sent a thick darkness, even darkness which might be felt," is as mysteriously impressive as any descriptive music can well be, and the famous Hailstone Chorus, especially as rendered by the enormous choir, was a most wonderful instance of the physical effects which sound may produce. Six years ago—Festival of 1862—a tremendous actual hail-storm burst over the Palace while this chorus was being performed and sung. Toward the close of the oratorio the distinctively choral character of Part I. is abandoned. We have here, doubtless, some of the airs with which the composer sought to buoy his work when it was sinking; for in the last advertisement of it in 1738 we read: "The oratorio will be shortened and interspersed with songs." However this may be the public of 1868 relished the additions quite as much as their ancestors, in part, perhaps, because it brought out most of their favorites once more for a kind of final ovation. And another London artist's fame, Madame Rudersdorff, gained by her rendering some of these airs.

At last Sims Reeves comes forward and declaims splendidly the recitative, "And Miriam the prophetess," and her song was nobly sung by Titiens; then the final chorus, immediately followed by the National Anthem, at which the vast throng stood up; and the Festival of 1868 was over.

Since writing the first portion of this paper I have obtained further information concerning the number in the choir, which was increased on the first day to 4000. The majority of the singers were from Yorkshire. The nucleus is the "London Handel Festival Choir," which now numbers 2200 members. Representatives of 500 newspapers—French, Italian, German, and Canadian—were admitted. The numbers who were admitted by tickets were in all 88,465. The greatest number ever known before was that of the Festival of 1859, when the admissions were 81,319.

Mr. Bowley, the general Manager of the Crystal Palace, has already issued a circular note congratulating all participants on the success of the Festival, and prophesying a more commanding performance and success in 1871. Yet I strongly suspect that in that of this year Handel's fame has reached its climacteric flower. Few are the spirits sent into this world with commission to teach and delight all time. We of this generation may theoretically declare that Milton, Scott, Byron, Schiller, or some other representatives of past readers, are greater than our own men; but when the quiet hour comes we choose Browning, or Tennyson, or Thackeray, or Hawthorne for our companion. Was Plato greater than Emerson? Undoubtedly. Nevertheless, I read chapters of Emerson where I do sentences of Plato. Each age has its own particular teachers, who must await the perspective of time to seem equal in height to previous teachers, but already we know they are ours. The law holds in music also. We laugh at "the music of the future," until some fine day it has become indispensable to us. If the secret feeling in the hearts which love music were known it would infallibly prefer Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (as a whole) to the *Messiah*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment* to Haydn's *Creation*. There is a Handel phase for every fine musical soul—a period in which the great Anglo-German will seem to him like some great golden-piped organ, worthy to utter anthems for the City of God; but if musical culture shall proceed healthily the horizon will be found stretching beyond Handel—even then where a new generation, whose Promethean flame was brought by Beethoven, has arisen to show that Music is in itself a purer art, independent of words, however inspired, unimitative, and capable of subjective effects unimaginable a century ago—the subtle language of things that can not be uttered.

MISS WORTH'S COMPETITOR.

"THOMAS BROWN, Sir?"

"Thomas Brown."

"Of this city?"

"Don't say. There were one hundred and ten competitors. They have shown me the list. I asked to see it. Your name stands second."

These last words were spoken with a little hesitation; they might make the disappointment his pupil had to bear yet more poignant. Mr. Somers felt this, and so, though he stated the fact, he hesitated.

"There is nothing like being broken on the wheel—excellent discipline. If one can't pick up his pieces and put them together again, he is of the kind it is kindness to kill in short order."

"Miss Worth!" said the preceptor, in a tone which expressed both surprise and reproof.

"It is no satisfaction to be second," returned the young lady, and the flush on her cheek showed that she was not unconscious of what was passing through the mind of Mr. Somers.

"I expected to hear you say that if another could do better things than you could, you were glad of it. Have I mistaken you, and your aims, all along?"

"I would like to see the designs," she answered.

"You can; but not just yet, of course."

"I would like to know whether the award has been made to Mr. Brown because he is not Miss Brown."

"I am glad you say this to me, because I suppose you would feel obliged to say it to somebody. Having said it, you will not be likely to go about repeating yourself. It is a bitter thing to feel. I did not suppose you

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would be likely to look upon men as your rivals in art merely because they were men."

"Say no more, Mr. Somers. I am disappointed. I dare say I appear very ugly, and disagreeable, and small, in your eyes; if you will allow me to go, I will go without saying another word."

"You must not go. You must sit down there—right there, where you put the last touches on your designs before I took them away from you. You are only a child yet. Please to observe I don't say any thing about your being a girl. You are not old enough to feel that it would be good to be thought young. I want to tell you something."

The little, slight, elderly gentleman, whose Roman nose, bright eyes, and long white hair made him observable in whatever assembly, drew a chair for himself near the table occupied by Miss Worth, who was likewise a little mortal, but by no means to be observed in whatever assembly, provided there was any other person to be looked at. The faces of the two were serious enough; his was naturally grave, not sad or repining, but thoughtful—the countenance of a preoccupied and, not unlikely, overworked man; hers honestly betrayed the disappointment she had confessed; her eyes, though not tearful, were troubled; her heart was sick and sore.

"I have tried, I suppose, as many as a dozen times for commissions in the way you did," said Mr. Somers; "but I live to say I am heartily glad that I never succeeded in getting one of them. The best work I have ever done has been on top of disappointment. Don't think that you have lost time. Your designs will serve you a good turn yet. You and I know that they are excellent. We are satisfied. Will you take up Homer again now?"

"As soon as I had finished the designs, Sir, I took up the book again. It is fortunate for me that I did not rest on my oars until I found how the tide would turn."

"Tides must be considered; but isn't it worth while to trust some to engineering?" said the old gentleman, with a smile.

"There is one thing that I don't like," replied the young lady; "you would direct my attention back to the book of illustrations, if I had not already returned to that work. Is it because you think I will succeed better in that branch of business than in another more important?"

"I want to see the designs completed."

"I do not despise the occupation myself; but—you think, perhaps, such unpretending little things better fitted for—for a woman. Understand, I despise myself for expressing the suspicion; but this is my hour of weakness."

"I wish to heaven that the words man and woman could be blotted out of human consciousness and memory!" exclaimed the old gentleman, springing up and walking round the room.

"But you have not answered my question. Am I never to do any great thing because I'm a woman?"

"You're to do what you can."

"But can I do any thing great? And if I can not, is it because I'm a woman?"

"Let me ask you one question. Did you ever hear of Rosa Bonheur?"

Such a smile now overspread Miss Worth's face as went straight through the heart of Mr. Somers. He blessed himself that he had thought of that good name in this bad hour.

"I do not think I can do things quite as great as Homer—there is a great deal of knowledge required to get into his 'simplicity and truth'—but I feel as if I were in edgeways, if not wholly. I must make that piece of work as perfect as possible, must I not, before I take up any thing else? Yes; I shall do that—I heard a voice from heaven saying—"

It is impossible to report the changes through which Miss Worth's voice had passed in these last sentences. What the voice from heaven had said to her she did not declare.

"Now I find you again; you have come back! Good-morning!" said the old gentleman, quite gayly, as if they had just met, and, leaning forward, he kissed her forehead. "Among other things, I have to say good-by to you to-day. I am going out of town for the first time in ten years. I shall expect you to show me some capital things when I come home."

"You shall see them, Sir."

"But what—what are you going to do? Where are you going? I wish I could say to you, go with us; but we are going to my wife's relations. Can't you go into the country? You would get a world of good."

The suggestion was made with hesitation. Usually Mr. Somers was prompt and decided enough—not a feature of his face, not a line of his figure, betokened vacillation. He thought as he looked; his conduct you could have foretold. It was his sympathy which made him doubtful this morning; his own path was clear enough; he could pay the board he had engaged for his wife and himself in the mountain village far away; but what would become of his favorite pupil during his absence? It was chiefly to satisfy himself on this point that he had come that sultry morning to the now almost deserted drawing-room in search of, yet dreading to find, the young lady.

"I will stay where I am," she answered. "The only persons I care to see are a thousand miles off. I mean my father and mother. I can neither go to them nor can they come to me. I don't know that it wouldn't be better for people in such a strait as we are to be disembodied. If—if I had got the prize I should have gone West. As for Nature, I think I have too much of that already. When you come back you will see that it was the best thing—for me—to stay just where I am."

"But when I'm gone you will go over that

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prize business till your brain is tied up in a hard knot."

"When did you discover that I was a whiner, Sir? If you were a prize-fighter you would expect that I must have time to get up again after I was knocked down, unless I was killed at the first blow."

Mr. Somers laughed, and said he was ready to insure Miss Worth's life for fifty years at a low rate of interest.

But it was a great pity that her beloved and revered friend should go out of town just then. She was not in a state of mind which solitude would improve. The suspense in which she had been kept was over—the committee had awarded the prize, and to a man, as she had assured Mr. Somers would be done from the outset. This Thomas Brown was the successful person; his designs were to embellish the plate to be presented by the corporation to the General who was so fortunate as to have had his birth within their city limits. But though the anxiety of doubt was removed, the certainty was not pacifying, strengthening, or cheering; it merely prepared the way for the fever which a sudden cold, apparently, induced.

Think of a poor young woman sick in a city attic—a doctor calling on her twice a day who charged people living on the third floor fifteen dollars a visit! It *is*—do you say?—a strong-minded woman who is not sent by such a state of things to the verge of despair.

The doctor, however, was kindly human—I had almost said humanly kind, but cynics might smile thereat. When his patient began to rally he could say nothing better than Mr. Somers had said before him.

"You must go into the country. What you need is fresh air, and sweet bread and milk. Good pure milk. Here you don't know what you eat, drink, or breathe."

"Very good," thought Miss Worth. "Where shall I go? And how shall I get there?"

These questions irritated her because she could not answer them. You see she was not a perfect woman, however nobly planned. The invariable opposition of her circumstances she began to consider a personal affront, and she must do her own fighting. Consider whether David went to battle singing in that sweet home-voice of his, "Behold how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The frozen regions are not remarkable for verdure—neither is Sahara.

The next time the doctor proposed green fields, bread and milk, she answered:

"I can not go yet," signifying that she wished the subject dropped.

"You must go," was the rejoinder. "Now you may state the can not."

"If you send off your debtors that way, where is your surety that you will ever see them again?"

"I will attend to that. Let me see some of your work. You know Mr. Somers?"

"He is the best friend I have, Sir."

"I was sure I had heard him speak of you. He praised you. Will you be so kind as to let me see some of your work?"

How could she resist that request?

Miss Worth brought a handful of drawings from her trunk, and having laid them on the table, walked away. Oh, she looked like any thing but a prize-fighter. Her head drooped; she dragged herself about as if the spirit of youth had forever departed, and she was now about twenty years of age, with the probability of half a century of work before her!

Yet, though she drooped and dragged, one little thought which had a speck of brightness in it suggested itself to Miss Worth: if the doctor was really a friend of Mr. Somers, it was not impossible that the great debt incurred by this ill-timed fever would somehow be paid at an earlier date than five minutes ago seemed probable.

"When do you think you will go?" asked the doctor, after he had looked at the drawings. He assumed that she was going.

And quite surprisingly she answered, on a like supposition:

"I don't know of but one place I can go to." As she spoke she sat down on the edge of her narrow iron bedstead. "I know some people in Pembroke—"

"You couldn't go to a prettier place—go there. Go to-day! The country is beautiful. Before you have been there a week you will wonder who that poor little thing was whose acquaintance you made in this room. You will know to a certainty it wasn't yourself. Do you think you have not strength to start to-day? I'll not answer for consequences if you stay, but I will if you go. I want to give you an order first, though. Finish up half a dozen of these designs for me, and I'll pay you a round sum for them. Will you? Somers told me about them. I didn't tell him that I would have a set in advance of the public, but I made up my mind that I would. I have a collection of original sketches worth its weight in gold—and—I don't believe there's another artist in the country who could represent Ajax as you have."

Miss Worth was not likely to be ruined by a little praise; she leaned her heavy head on her weak hand and said, tearfully, "Yes, Sir." It was an affirmative that comprehended every thing. She would go to Pembroke; he should have the designs; perhaps there *wasn't* another artist who could do that Ajax!

Thus it happened that our young friend went up to Pembroke. She started by daylight the next day after this visit of the doctor, and was to arrive by daylight, for the town of Pembroke was distant from the city two days and one night.

Before she stepped from her chamber of sickness and sorrow she stood before her looking-glass, and critically observing her cadaverous countenance, which had indeed little beauty ever, except to the eyes of those who knew the

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manner of spirit she was of, said: "None of your long faces for me;" and put her jaws through a series of exercises, because she felt that they were getting to be inflexible.

While this was going on she saw—Arthur Niles!

It was no imagination. She did see him. Arthur was not in the room when Louise turned toward the door, but that did not affect the fact of his appearing; if he was seen by Louise he was seen—that is all that can be said about it.

"Now we'll have a talk or two, old fellow," said Louise, speaking quite cheerily. "I'll see you in Pembroke to-morrow night;" but at that the vision, or apparition, or whatever it was, lifted its hand, averted its face, and actually appeared to waive her off!

She was bent on Pembroke, however; and with her satchel in her hand went down the stairs, though very slowly, humming a tune which she had heard a church choir practicing the night before.

Ah, that journey of the poor young woman in the lovely, late spring-time, through the pleasant valleys, along water-courses, by the woods, and through the forests!

She saw the hills robed in their purple, the distant valleys in their modest gray, the clouds rolled up superbly from the far horizons; and her heart melted when she saw the living green of the meadows, and the mossy stems of the ancient trees, the way-side pools, and the ferns without number. Do all people who pack their trunks in May and June for the ends of the earth enjoy as much as this poor, trembling, brave young spirit did on her first long journey? Then this *is* a happy world, and inconceivable is Nature's joy.

Late in the afternoon of the second day of her travel the train stopped at Pembroke, and left there a passenger. Louise Worth stood in the street of that pretty town and asked of the first person she met the way to the Niles Factory.

It would be the easiest way, perhaps, of discovering something about this Niles family which she had come to visit. Since she set out on her journey various misgivings had troubled Miss Worth. What did it mean, that vision of Arthur? Was he dead? Had his spirit striven to protect her from danger or from disappointment by warning her not to attempt the trip? Perhaps by this time there was no such thing as the Niles Factory! She had acted in this matter like a person bereft of reason. To be sure, when the family moved to Pembroke her child-heart was broken; in losing Arthur she lost more than a friend and playmate—she lost an inspiring co-worker. She would have gone West with her family but for these old neighbors who remained behind—but for them and for ART. And when they in their turn also went, and she retired to her attic and found that art alone would serve her in this world, and only for an equal service, the conviction was also hers that she had now lost every thing that she could lose.

But though she was in Pembroke on no recent invitation, Miss Worth remembered how often in years gone by she had been told that she would always be welcome here; and that she was capable of trust she had certainly shown, since she was willing to present herself after so long a separation in her present dilapidated state.

In answer to her inquiry the man whom she had addressed told her:

"You'll be likely to find the old gentleman in his house, if it's him you're after. The works is shut up at sundown. They're a mile out o' Pembroke."

"Can you show me where he lives, and how I'll get there?"

"I'll show you how to show yourself, ma'am. It's the house down by them popples. The big white house with red chimbleys, on the corner. Straight ahead. You can't miss it. May I carry your bag for you, Miss?"

"Thank you, no—it's such a little way."

Miss Worth went on; but the next moment, with gentle force, the satchel was taken out of her hand, and she saw the man of whom she had asked information in possession of her property.

"I'll just carry it," said he, with a nod, "if you'll do me the favor of letting me. I guess you're tired, some."

Poor Louise! she thanked the old hanger-round, with tears in her eyes.

Probably on no day of the week, at no hour of the day, could Miss Worth have sought admission in that house on the corner more opportunely.

Old Mrs. Niles opened the door and said, "Why!" in a surprised little way, when she saw a young woman standing there with a traveling-bag in her hand.

"You don't know me. I might have known you wouldn't! It's because I have been dead and have just come to life again, isn't it? You haven't forgotten Louise!"

"Pa!" exclaimed the old lady, "if here isn't Louise Worth!"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Niles, and out he came into the hall and kissed Louise before he had looked at her; whereupon she cried outright, and said, "How glad I am I came!"

They said they were glad too; and when she went into the parlor and beheld the bright fire on the hearth—for the spring evenings were still chilly up there—she dropped into the first chair she saw, and said, "If you could see the place where I came from you wouldn't wonder that I feel as if I had slipped into Paradise."

"Well, well," said Mr. Niles again. "And you're pretty hungry, I reckon."

"Yes, yes," said his wife; "a cup of tea will set her up. You're right sick, Louise."

"No, I'm well. I believe I've had a fever, but don't say any thing about it. I came here to forget—and because I remembered."

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"Arthur's rightly served for being away from home," said Mr. Niles; and then Louise asked the question she had not dared to ask before.

"Where is he?"

"Goodness knows."

If Miss Worth's observation could have penetrated the house before she entered it—could she have possessed herself of the train of thought with which Mr. Niles was occupied—she would hardly have called it Paradise, this home. It was quiet, well-ordered, but there was a vexation there.

She had come at a favorable time on one account: the father had occasion, and now opportunity, to discuss that derelict young man's abilities and achievements with one who could appreciate the former and was ignorant of the latter.

Five years ago Arthur and Louise had been fellow-pupils in the School of Design. They had separated for the first time when Niles the father determined to go to Pembroke and buy the factory which Lathrop the jeweler had offered for sale. In spite of the entreaties of Louise, Arthur had decided then to abandon his art studies; and when he did so it was not easy for him to convince his friend that the determination cost him any thing. The School of Design tests with wise severity the purpose of its pupils, and Arthur Niles had early discovered the irksomeness of discipline.

When Louise said to him, "Is it really true that you are going to give up every thing and quit?" Arthur was very indignant, as much so as if he had been accused of dishonorable desertion.

"If I leave," he answered, in an unnecessarily loud voice—"if I leave, that isn't giving up, is it?"

And this to his friend, to the girl who, he knew, had taken up Art for better for worse, for richer for poorer, for sickness or health, till death should them part!

He had fairly brow-beaten Louise.

Perhaps, though, she afterward considered—perhaps it was best that he should go with his parents, though, when a like decision had been required of her, she had chosen otherwise. He was an only son; Jacob Niles was a practical man, and from the first he had discountenanced Arthur's dabbling with pencils and paints; if Duty called the son to Pembroke, why, to Pembroke let him go. But the parting had proved a sad experience to Louise. No friend took Arthur's place. And so it was, that rising from her sick-bed, and driven into the country, there was but one spot on earth she desired to visit, and that was Arthur's home.

In a very little while after her arrival Louise had said every thing she had to say about herself; was ready to question in turn. "What was Arthur doing?" "Was he working with his father?" To these questions she was answered:

"Arthur's off and on. You might know him by that the world over."

"But good when he is on, pa, you must allow that," said the mother.

"Good enough. But who is satisfied with that? It's Arthur; and we ought to have a right to look for more by this time."

But then, as if he had spoken with perhaps too great severity, the father added:

"He is under contract to furnish me with designs—that is the meaning of our partnership; but I can tell you, Louise Worth, he does try my patience. I pay him his price too. I wouldn't care if it didn't seem nonsense that he should keep me waiting three months for a pattern he could furnish as well in a day. Here he has gone off, I don't know where, just at the time when orders are coming in thick as May blossoms, and it's important things should be worked off as fast as possible. I can't make him see it. I don't know's there's any use of saying any thing more to him. If he *couldn't* do what he's agreed to, that would be one thing, I was going to say, in his favor."

"Please show me something he has done," said Louise, so quietly that the irascible Jacob began to suspect that he had allowed himself to go a little too far.

"Did you ever see his designs for that plate?" he asked, brightening up remarkably.

"What plate may that be?"

Mr. Niles had spoken as though no more than this allusion was necessary. His words, and his manner no less, supposed a general knowledge of his son's achievement.

"Why, that we made for General W——, you know. That plate came out of my factory."

"Possible?" said Louise, with a strange sense of the uncertainty of all things, and a feeble effort to grasp at the probable meaning of what she had heard.

"Why, he carried off the prize, Arthur did, of course, from I don't know how many fellows. And *I* say if a man can do that he can do what he likes, and"—the remainder of the sentence appeared in the form of an act. The old man brought forth a port-folio containing a series of designs, and Miss Louise beheld the work of her rival! her successful rival! No wonder she could hardly believe her eyes.

"Don't you think, now," said Jacob, spreading the sheets out before his guest—"don't you think that the man who could do these is without excuse if he lives on and won't do other things as good? Is there any sense in his being discouraged?"

"Surely not," was the very serious answer; and good Mother Niles, looking on, thought that Louise looked nearly as troubled as her boy's father looked.

"You shall see the plate to-morrow. I keep a duplicate service for myself; it's at the factory. I thought I might afford that—my son's work, you know."

"I should think so," said Louise, with emotion. "If I had a relation in the world, and could gratify him with a success, I should think myself happy."

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"Why—why—you don't say that—" old Jacob began.

"My father and mother are alive," answered she. "When I give them a success to be proud of I shall be, I think, the happiest woman alive."

"Just so. Arthur got his commission from above a hundred competitors."

"I was one of them," said Louise. "I hadn't a suspicion, though, that Arthur was the successful man. I thought the name was Thomas Brown, or something like that. But I have forgotten a great deal since I had that fever."

"Right about the name, though. It was Thomas Brown. I couldn't get Arthur to own that it was assumed. That's him, too! So you tried? Tell Arthur of that! He said once to me, and I declare it was the worst thing I ever had out of his mouth, for you know I would have left him at the school if he had given the least hint that he would like to hold on—he said, if I'd *made* him stay there he would have known enough about his work by this time to undertake any thing! But you see it don't stand to reason that a young man who can do work like that shouldn't know how to go on. Don't you think yourself, now, that he's as well off as if he had staid in the school?"

Persuaded though he was of his position, Mr. Niles would have liked to hear Louise sustain it; but she said:

"I don't know, Sir. He is the best judge. He knows how much he knows."

"But then *you* tried for the prize and failed. And you'd stuck to the business right along for years."

"Yes," said Louise, and she was weak enough to sigh.

"Don't you begin to feel as if a bed was the best thing in the world?" asked Mother Niles.

"If you are sure we shall have another day. I was thinking just now whether there was any thing that could equal the voice of a friend."

"I think that we might reckon on to-morrow," said the kind old woman, and she lighted a candle to show Louise to her bed-chamber.

"You shall see the plate to-morrow," said Jacob. "I am glad you hunted us up. In the morning you must show us what *you* can do. Perhaps you can serve me a turn, and if you can I promise you sha'n't be the loser."

These words had furnished matter for reflection to the guest as well as to her host overnight, as was evident when Louise, sitting at the breakfast-table, drew for Mr. Niles, off-hand, two designs which exactly met his urgent need.

For this reason they walked later in the morning through the factory yard, and went in to look at the plate and other wares, and Louise considered the proposition which Mr. Niles had gone so far as to make—that she should remain in his house a guest at least until Arthur came back, and that she should ascertain when he returned, if possible, what his difficulty really was.

"I'll give you any thing you ask if you'll just stir up Arthur's ambition," said the jeweler. "Perhaps when he knows what he has really done, that he beat you—excuse me for alluding to it, but you understand he's my son and I'm his father, and it's between friends—I say maybe he'll set a little more value by himself."

"I will promise to stay until he comes back, if he don't stay too long, if you will give me something to do. I haven't force enough to set myself to work; and yet I should be working."

"Between us," said Mr. Niles, speaking kindly, "a little loafing won't hurt you any. You'll have to take more fuel on board before you will be able to get into good running order again."

It happened that while Louise was examining one and another of the pieces of that notable plate Arthur Niles came in. Actually—that very morning.

How many things were then to be said! How many things were said! They had parted under such circumstances—they met under such circumstances! There was Louise, cadaverous, weak, half disheartened, and poor; Arthur blooming, hale, strong—satisfied and happy how can I add? He was otherwise. He looked otherwise—especially otherwise in the moment when he recognized Louise and saw her an inspector of plate!

When, after an hour, every thing in the factory had been looked at and talked about, Arthur invited Louise to ride about the grounds adjacent to the factory, and they went out together, Mr. Niles was seized with a sudden fear and ran after them. He thought he was now about to lose both his helpers.

"Remember," he said, overtaking them under the maple-trees of the grove back of the factory—"remember what we talked about last night, Miss Worth; you're booked for me, though he has come back."

"I can't forget that, Sir; it is too good to forget," she answered.

"Does father want you to stay with him?" asked Arthur, as they walked on through the grove. "He is the greatest one for picking up help."

"He has been talking about it."

Striding along a few paces further, Arthur exclaimed:

"Stay, then, for Heaven's sake!"

"I needn't decide how long to-day," answered she. "What a prospect!"

Arthur looked up quickly, as if doubtful of her meaning; then he smiled.

"It is fine," he said. "Father will build up here some time, I hope. You see he has done a great deal to the grounds. I have him almost up to the point. Did you ever see any thing finer? And this in poor old Pembroke! Look at those pines yonder; and then the valley in its bright green! That creek, if you follow it far enough into the woods, you can take trout out by the handful."

And so he talked. But after Louise had exhausted her expressions of admiration, and

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they had walked up and down, and over the field bordered with cedars, Arthur said:

"Louise, I want you to be honest. What do you think of me?"

Miss Louise for answer looked down, *and blushed.*

"Will you please to speak?" said he.

"I am not thinking so much about you as I am about myself," she answered. "What do you suppose brought me to Pembroke? I thought I came for change of air."

"No. You came to discover me. And don't you think I have done a dev'lish fine thing?"

"A pretty clever work, all things considered." And now for the first time since they walked out of the factory the girl looked at Arthur. "How did it happen?" she said, feeling that it would be no mercy to avoid the question.

"I was so anxious that father should have the order. It was live or die with him just at that time. We were on the verge of bankruptcy. If my designs were accepted, of course I could get the execution of them for him. It has been the making of him. When I learned that you were among the competitors—they told me of that to make me see that I had really done something meritorious—I thought I would write to you and make a clean breast of it—tell you I had used your designs, worked up those little drawings you gave me. But by George! I couldn't make my mind up to it."

"Well—no matter," said Louise. "I don't care."

"Well!" exclaimed Arthur, in a very different tone, "I can tell you I wasn't glad to see you here this morning. I think it is a confounded matter."

"The only thing is you have gone on magnifying things till they look monstrous to you, and that is all."

"Didn't you recognize your work the minute you saw mine?"

Louise did not answer that question. There was no need that she should. She had recognized it at once.

"You have imagination enough of your own, Arthur, at least," she said. "Perhaps you borrowed my idea; but you had to do an immense deal to make any thing out of it."

"You know what an idea is worth to an artist, though, as well as I do," returned Arthur. His head sunk lower on his breast. "You know what would happen if you took out the foundations of a building. There'd be some *settling.*"

"If you will keep on saying that you owe me any thing I must keep on saying that you are welcome. But don't talk this way to your father, Arthur."

These words startled the young man. It suggested a thought which he had not entertained before.

"If you could get him to think that I was any thing short of a perfect workman I would thank you," he said. "See what a snarl I am in! I know very well what he has been saying to you. I ought to take him down from his high horse, I suppose, but it's an ugly piece of business. He is an honest man, and would see clearly enough that I hadn't been honest."

"Let your father alone," said Louise. "What right have you to—to—"

"To make him despise me?"

"Do you not know that you are not going to stop short where you are? He expects something of you—more than he did before. Don't you know what a glorious thing it is to have a friend expecting something of you?"

"I know he expects a great deal more than he did before I had that infernal success. But—but what can I do? I haven't knowledge enough, actually, to go on. But he won't be convinced of it. I don't know how I got up those designs. It seems to me as though the devil himself must have stood at my elbow and helped me."

Louise did not laugh. Arthur's trouble was too real to make a jest of. Besides, all at once she was conscious of heart-ache. Must she join her old friend in despising him? Before she could answer he exclaimed, as if suddenly inspired:

"Father wants you to stay! You heard what he said. You can have the whole business at your fingers' ends within a week. Stay here and take my place, Miss Louise. Let me off. I'm tied. Yes," he added, more slowly, "I ran away from the School of Design—to speak the plain truth about it; but such a bondage as I've found my freedom to be!"

"Stay yourself, and I will teach you all I know," said Louise, with generous eagerness. "I can promise you that."

"Stay, and be caught twice in the same trap! Not if I know myself. No—no—Louise, you must finish what you have begun. Stay here, and satisfy father. Take my salary, earn your living easy, and I'll serve my turn outside. Father deserves to be rewarded for having been kept so cramped."

These arguments, in the end, prevailed. Louise did not see how they could be resisted. But it is true that, glad as he was to secure her service, when he saw that he must lose that of his son, Mr. Niles would have haggled a little about the salary he should pay her; for he had certain old-fashioned notions difficult to eradicate, and it was hard for him to see that Louise, skilled and ready though she was, ought in justice to command the payment he had given, without a word, to Arthur.

"Very well, then, father; take my word for it, you will have neither of us. I see where my difficulty lies, and I shall have to get more instruction on certain points before I can go on in your service, or any body's. It isn't likely that *she* will stay here, with all her knowledge and skill, and work for less than such an ignoramus as I had. You should give her more, not less."

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Louise was told that if she would remain in Pembroke she should have Arthur's salary, and if she would live in the house with the old people they would thank her for staying. And somehow they all felt that they were her debtors when she consented to remain on these terms.

If the step which Arthur took next was worth taking, judge. He had become accustomed to ease. Pembroke treated him gently. To throw himself boldly on his own resources, take the cup and the loaf, and fare as Louise had fared, labor as she had labored, with humility, reverence, constancy—it was an experiment; but what man so furnished for labor, so driven to labor, so sustained in labor, ever failed?

He persisted in following the path he had entered in the hour when opportunity for redeeming his honor offered. He unlearned his old, boastful, ignorant self. He took his place in the ranks; bareheaded he walked under scorching suns, barefooted over flinty roads. And verily it seemed that he did it not so much for art as for manhood; but in securing manhood he was blest for art.

Miss Louise labored so faithfully for Mr. Niles—Mr. Somers consenting to all this—that when Arthur came back to Pembroke, his hand trained for labor, his brain teeming with ideas, Jacob even questioned how he could let her go.

Arthur questioned with still deeper earnestness; his heart was concerned as to the answer. But it seemed impossible to make Louise see that she could enter into other and more intimate relations with the house of Pembroke than already existed.

"This is not thy rest; let me go, for the day breaketh," she said to her soul; "let me fulfill the expectation of those who have trusted in me." But a sigh lurked under this resolution, this hope; she could see that, had Arthur appeared before her as a suitor in those wretched city lodgings before she went to Pembroke, she could not have decided as she did now; the past and the future conspiring would have drawn from her quite another answer.

She returned to town and to work, but not to enlighten Mr. Somers in regard to the secret of her failure in competing for the prize; nor could she ever, in the secrecy of her own reflections, recall it with any other feeling than humiliation. She had put victory within reach of her rival—a man; but—the man was Arthur.

And then it was to save his father from ruin; and he had greatly magnified his indebtedness. Louise drew a veil around that fact, and left it.

Therefore, I suppose, we should none of us feel surprised that, later on in life, she was living up in pleasant old Pembroke—the wife of Arthur Niles. Yet perhaps *you* could not have forgiven—forgiven is not the word; what shall we say? Let us say nothing. When the good heart speaks "let all the earth keep silence."

A BUREAU MAJOR'S BUSINESS AND PLEASURES.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

AS Colonel Niles, my predecessor in the Bureau Sub-District of Greenville, South Carolina, sat in his office one summer morning of 1866 an old colored woman entered, and, with a pleading voice and smile which should have persuaded eggs from an anvil, inquired, "Is you got a bureau, Mas'r?"

"What do you mean?" responded the Colonel. "No, I don't keep bureaus, aunty."

"Oh, yis you doos!" persisted the visitor. "An' I wants one mighty bad, I doos, Mas'r."

"Somebody has been fooling you, old lady. You mustn't suppose that I keep sure-enough bureaus, with drawers and knobs, to give out. A bureau here means an office. You don't want me to give you my office, do you, aunty?"

"Oh no!" laughed the old creature, good-humored, patient, and determined to win. "I doesn't want your office; I wants a bureau. Please, Mas'r, let me have one."

After a few minutes of teasing the Colonel's temper showed signs of breaking loose, and, as a consequence, the applicant began to doubt whether she might not be on the wrong track.

"Mas'r Wil'm Graves sont me yere," she explained. "He said you had ever so many bureaus; an' he said you'd say you didn't have none, cos so many folks is after you for um; an' he tole me to stick to you an' you'd give me one. An' ef you would *please* give me one, Mas'r, I'd be so glad, cos I wants one powerful."

"Ah, old lady! Mas'r William Graves has been playing a joke on us," said the Colonel, with a solemnity which carried conviction and sent the aunty away in her habitual content and poverty.

I do not insinuate that all Bureau business was like this; but I do say that a good deal of it was light and matter of laughter. At the commencement of my fifteen months of duty I went to my work at eight o'clock in the morning; but after a while the hour became nine, and eventually ten. My hotel faced the Old Court-house of Greenville, in which was my office, so that, while smoking my after-breakfast pipe and reading the Charleston papers which had arrived the evening previous by railroad, I could keep an eye out for the advent of my constituents. The appearance of one or more freedmen, sitting on the stone steps or leaning against the brick columns of the Old Court-house, and looking up and down the street with an air of patient, blank expectation, was the signal for me to lay down my *Courier*, pick up such official documents as I might have received by mail, and repair to my various though not often ponderous duties.

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I sometimes doubted whether a sham Bureau officer, acting simply under instructions of "how not to do it," would not have answered as good a purpose as a real one. The Mr. William Graves above mentioned seemed to prove, by one of his experimental jokes, that such a scarecrow might serve very acceptably on ordinary occasions. A lawyer, having an office next to mine, and having often enlightened me in such mysteries of civil statutes as I needed to know, and being, moreover, subject to many intrusions from very blundering clients, he was tempted at times to let his jocose temper wander into the solemn sphere of my duties. During one of my brief absences a Pickens farmer and a negro, both a little "corned" and in high good-humor, entered his office and asked, "Which is the Bureau man?"

"There he is," replied Graves, pointing to one of his own clients, a gentleman from Laurens District named Jackson, who happened to have on at the time a blue blouse, the spoils perhaps of his Confederate service. "But I must tell you," he added, in a whisper, "that he never does any business without a drink. You had better step round to the corner store and buy a bottle of the best North Carolina whisky; it is the only way to get any thing out of him."

This was a most slanderous insinuation as far as it touched me; but nothing could seem more rational to the visitors, especially in their present grogginess; they were accustomed to men who could not do "a lick of work" without alcoholic assistance. Out they went and presently returned with a bottle, not, indeed, of North Carolina old rye, but of the stinging corn whisky of their native Pickens, good to take your hair off as clean as a scalping-knife, and probably drawn from some surreptitious keg which they had brought to market in defiance of the revenue laws. Meantime Jackson, who was all abroad and did not even know that Greenville boasted a Bureau officer, had been informed as to the nature of the emergency and instructed in the part which he was to play. Accordingly the offering was accepted graciously; glasses were produced and all hands took a drink. Then followed some conversation on the "craps" of Pickens, after which all hands took another drink. The bottle being now finished, and the extempore Bureau officer warmed up to his work, he announced that he was ready for business.

"Now, to avoid confusion, Major," said Graves, "I suggest that you hear one at a time."

"Very good," answered the make-believe Major. "One at a time."

"And as the white man owns the land he had better speak first," continued the self-constituted secretary. "You, Sir, stand up and state your case."

The farmer got on his legs with some difficulty and told his story; but, being a good-humored, generous man in his cups, he made out very little cause of difference; "mought be five dollars betwixt us, Sir, and mought be less. I ha'n't nothing, Major, to say aginst Jim, in general. He's jist as good a boy as I want to see. But when he says he's entitled to half the fodder instead of one-third he's bearing down on me a little too hard."

Then came a speech from the negro, which, as I was assured, was so exceedingly funny as to be unreportable.

"Now, Major," said Graves, "it seems to me that both these men are so nearly right that they couldn't be more so without splitting the difference. My opinion is that you had better order them to split the difference."

"Very good," decided the sham dignitary. "Split the difference."

Human wisdom could no farther go, and both the complainants were perfectly satisfied.

"Now you see that I put you up to the right way of doing the thing," whispered Graves, as they left the office. "If ever you get into any future trouble bring your whisky straight to me, and I'll put you through."

Had I been there I could not have rendered a wiser judgment, and should not have left the Pickensites so convinced of the convivial and amiable nature of Bureau officers.

Most of the difficulties between whites and blacks resulted from the inevitable awkwardness of tyros in the mystery of free labor. Many of the planters seemed to be unable to understand that work could be other than a form of slavery, or that it could be accomplished without some prodigious binding and obligating of the hireling to the employer. Contracts which were brought to me for approval contained all sorts of ludicrous provisions. Negroes must be respectful and polite; if they were not respectful and polite they must pay a fine for each offense; they must admit no one on their premises unless by consent of the land-owner; they must have a quiet household, and not keep too many dogs; they must not go off the plantation without leave. The idea seemed to be that if the laborer were not bound body and soul he would be of no use. With regard to many freedmen I was obliged to admit that this assumption was only too correct, and to sympathize with the desire to limit their noxious liberty, at the same time that I knew such limitation to be impossible. When a darkey frolics all night, and thus renders himself worthless for the next day's work; when he takes into his cabin a host of lazy relatives who eat him up, or of thievish ones who steal the neighboring pigs and chickens; when he gets high notions of freedom into his head, and feels himself bound to answer his employer's directions with an indifferent whistle, what can the latter do? My advice was to pay weekly wages, if possible, and discharge every man as fast as he got through with his usefulness. But this policy was above the general reach of Southern capital and beyond the usual circle of Southern ideas.

One prevalent fallacy was the supposition that the farmer could, of his own authority, im-

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pose fines; in other words, that he could withhold all or a part of the laborer's pay if he left the farm before the expiration of his contract. The statement, "You can not take your man's wages for July because he has refused to work for you during August," was quite incomprehensible from the old-fashioned, patriarchal point of view.

"But what am I to do with this fellow, who has left me right in the hoeing season?" demands a wrathful planter.

"You have no remedy except to sue him for damages resulting from a failure of contract."

"Sue him! He ha'n't got nothing to collect on."

"Then don't sue him."

Exit planter, in helpless astonishment over the mystery of the new system, and half inclined to believe that I have been making game of him. I could, of course, have sent for the delinquent, and ordered him to return to his work; but had I once begun to attend personally to such cases I should have had business enough to kill off a regiment of Bureau officers; and, moreover, I never forgot that my main duty should consist in educating the entire population around me to settle their difficulties by the civil law; in other words, I considered myself an instrument of reconstruction.

The majority of the complaints brought before me came from negroes. As would naturally happen to an ignorant race, they were liable to many impositions, and they saw their grievances with big eyes. There was magnitude, too, in their manner of statement; it was something like an indictment of the voluminous olden time—the rigmarole which charged a pig-thief with stealing ten boars, ten sows, ten shoats, etc. With pomp of manner and of words, with a rotundity of voice and superfluity of detail which would have delighted Cicero, a negro would so glorify his little trouble as to give one the impression that humanity had never before suffered the like. Sometimes I was able to cut short these turgid narratives with a few sharp questions; sometimes I found this impossible, and had to let them roll on unchecked, like Mississippis. Of course the complaints were immensely various in nature and importance. They might refer to an alleged attempt at assassination, or to the discrepancy of a bushel of pea-vines in the division of a crop. They might be against brother freedmen, as well as against former slave-owners and "rebs." More than once have I been umpire in the case of a disputed jack-knife or petticoat. Priscilly Jones informed me that her "old man was a-routin' every body out of the house an a-breakin' every thing;" then Henry Jones bemoaned himself because his wife Priscilly was going to strange places along with Tom Lynch; then Tom Lynch wanted redress and protection because of the disquieting threats of Henry Jones. The next minute Chloe Jackson desired justice on Viney Robinson, who had slapped her face and torn her clothes. Every body, guilty or innocent, ran with his or her griefs to the Bureau officer; and sometimes the Bureau officer, half distracted, longed to subject them all to some huge punishment. Of the complaints against whites the majority were because of the retention of wages, or of alleged unfairness in the division of the crops.

If the case brought before me were of little consequence, I usually persuaded the negro, if possible, to drop it, or to "leave it out" to referees. Without a soldier under my command, and for months together having no garrison within forty miles, I could not execute judgment even if I could see to pronounce it; and, moreover, I had not, speaking with official strictness, any authority to act in matters of property—the provost-court having been abolished before I entered upon my jurisdiction. If the complaint were sufficiently serious to demand attention, I had one almost invariable method of procedure: I stated the case in a brief note, and addressed it to the magistrate of the "beat" or magisterial precinct in which the negro resided. Then, charging him to deliver the letter in person, and explaining to him what were his actual wrongs and his possibilities of redress, I dismissed him to seek for justice precisely where a white man would have sought it. Civil law was in force by order of the Commanding General of the department; and the civil authorities were disposed, as I soon learned, to treat negroes fairly. Such being the case, all that my clients needed in me was a counselor.

"But the Square won't pay no sawt 'tention to me," a negro would sometimes declare. To which I would reply: "Then come back and let me know it. If he neglects his duty we will report him, and have him removed."

Of the fifty or sixty magistrates in my district I had occasion to indicate but one as being unfit for office by reason of political partialities and prejudices of race. New York city would be fortunate if it could have justice dealt out to it as honestly and fairly as it is dealt out by the plain homespun farmers who filled the squire-archates of Greenville, Pickens, and Anderson.

But the negro often lacked confidence in the squire; perhaps, too, he was aware that his case would not bear investigation; and so, instead of delivering my letter in person, he often sent it by a messenger. As the magistrate could not act without the presence of the complainant, nothing was done. A week or fortnight later the negro would reappear at my office, affirming that "dese yere rebs wouldn't do nothin' for black folks nohow."

"What did the squire say?" I would ask.

"Didn' say nothin'. Jes took the ticket an' read it, an' put it in his pocket."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I was feared he wouldn' do nothin'; so I sont it roun' to him."

"Now, then, go to him. If you have a story to tell go and tell it to him, and swear to it.

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I shall do nothing for you till you have done that."

And so the process of education went on, working its way mainly by dint of general laws, without much regard to special cases. As this is the method of universal Providence and of the War Department, I felt that I could not be far wrong in adopting it. But even this seemingly simple and easy style of performing duty had its perplexities. Magistrates rode from ten to thirty miles to ask me how they should dispose of this, that, and the other complaint which had been turned over to them for adjudication. Their chief difficulty was to know where the military orders ended and where civil law began; and here I was little less puzzled than they, for we were acting under a hodge-podge of authorities which no man could master. I had files of orders for 1865, and 1866, and 1867; files from the Commissioner, and from the Assistant Commissioner, and from the General commanding the Department—the whole making a duodecimo volume of several hundred closely printed pages. To learn these by heart, and to discover the exact point where they ceased to cover and annul the State code, was a task which would have bothered not only a brevet major but a brevet major-general. My method of interpretation was to limit the military order as much as might be, and so give all possible freedom of action to the magistrate.

Occasionally my office was the scene of something approaching to the nature of a disturbance. Once I heard an uproar in the outer passage; and then appeared two farmers leading a tall negro by a long rope which secured his hands, the three closely followed by a small mob of expostulating and threatening negroes belonging to the village. The white men were tremulous with astonishment and alarm, and at the same time not a little indignant.

"Putty rough talk for black uns," said one of them, indicating with a toss of his head the menacing freedmen who now filled my doorway. "Some of 'em may git a knife into 'em if they don't keep their distance."

Meanwhile Edward Cox, a mulatto of convivial habits, and disposed, like many white men of similar tastes, to take a leading part in public affairs, was vociferously questioning the prisoner: "What you been doing? Have you done any thing?"

"Took a pair of trowsers," confessed the long, ragged, stupid-looking subject of arrest.

"Were they yours? Did you steal 'em?" persisted Edward. "Oh, you stole 'em, eh? Then I've got nothing to say for you. Come, boys, get out o' the way; clar out now, I tell ye; don't be bothering the Major. When a man steals, I've got nothin' to say for him, no matter how black he is."

Closing the door on the rabble, I heard the statement of the captors. The negro, it seems, was a stranger in the district, who had called at the house of one of the farmers to beg, and had been furnished with a dinner of cold pieces. Immediately after his refreshment he had disappeared in company with a newly-washed pair of homespun trowsers, which had been hung out to dry. Enraged by the "meanness of the critter," by ten miles of hard riding to overtake him, and by the noisy interference of the Greenville negroes, the prosecutor was bent upon severe punishment. I took captors and captive to a magistrate's office, and left them there. In half an hour I went back, and found that, on the intercession of the squire, and on the darkey's solemn declaration of penitence, the farmer had not only forgiven him, but had hired him as a laborer.

My worst perplexities arose from cases in which I had to deal with respectable white citizens. Just imagine the North conquered by the South, Confederate officers stationed in every community as agents of the "Copperhead Bureau," and all the Bridgets of the land flowing to them with complaints against their masters and mistresses. Would not the "Copperhead Bureau Agent" find himself very often in a quandary? Would he be able always to satisfy both his clients, and his own sense of justice and social propriety?

Mr. John Doe, one of the leading citizens of Greenville, complained to me that he had hired a colored woman named Sarah to work for him, and that she had failed to come, to the detriment of his household affairs. I sent a note to Sarah informing her that she must fulfill her contract. An hour later Mrs. Richard Roe, the wife of another leading citizen, then absent at the North, entered my office in her best robes, and gave me the soundest scolding that I have had since my boyhood.

"This Sarah lives in my yard," was her story. "I only received her out of charity, as she is sickly and has a small child. I gave her the rent of a cabin, on condition that she should do my washing. Then I found that she could not earn her food otherwheres, and I allowed her rations weekly—as a charity. This week she has neglected her washing, and is aiming to get off without doing it. I can hire other people easily enough, but I do not wish to be imposed upon. I insist that she shall do that washing. She shall not leave, Sir, until it is done. To make sure of my point I have locked up her things in my cabin, and I have the key in my pocket. I am not going to be deceived and cheated by negroes."

Then followed a series of sharp scoffs at the interfering disposition of Bureau officers, which my regard for myself forbids me to repeat. What could I do? The imperfect information of Mr. John Doe, and the imbecile laziness of this colored Sarah, had put me in a ridiculous position. Falling back on the fact that I had been assigned to duty for the benefit of negroes rather than of whites, and remembering that Sarah was to get wages at her new place, whereas now she was barely earning a subsistence, I shut my eyes to justice and refused to withdraw

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my order. I attempted to silence Mrs. Roe by remarking that it was a very small affair; but she replied, with tart pertinency, "It was not too small, Sir, for you to meddle with it." So I remained dumb, in all the greatness and meanness of despotic power, and persisted in having my stupid way. With no small satisfaction I learned next day that Mr. John Doe had had his share of humiliation. Meeting him on her way homeward, Mrs. Roe descended from her buggy and gave him a piece of her mind.

"To think of a Southern *gentleman* appealing to these Yankees!" she sneered. "I thought that it was a point of honor among us Southerners to stand by each other, and not to turn informers against each other before our conquerors. It may do for niggers and mean whites, Sir; but have Southern gentlemen come to this?"

"Mrs. Roe! Mrs. Roe!" shouted the wounded and inflamed Doe, panting to get in a word in his defense; but the torrent of feminine sarcasm was too much for him, and he was as glad to finish the combat as had been the Bureau officer. When Sarah came to his house he sent her back to Mrs. Roe; then Mrs. Roe, satisfied with so much of victory, sent her back to Mr. Doe; then Sarah lived a fortnight with the Does, did next to nothing, as usual, and was turned away.

Of course there were numberless little disturbances which were not brought up for my official action. Mr. Peter Cauble is a blacksmith, nearly eighty years of age, but still vigorous, who has acquired by industry, economy, and wise investment a fortune of seventy thousand dollars, and has seen it disappear in the grand hocus-pocus of the Confederacy. A rough, high-tempered, but kind-hearted and generous nature, he is one of the men to whom the poor and outcast of his district chiefly resort for help. White or black, good or bad, Peter Cauble gives them food, finds them shelter, and goes bail for them. Society has pointed out his proper place in it, and made him Chairman of the Commissioners of the Poor. One misty spring morning Peter Cauble arose at four o'clock, as is his hale custom, and, taking a hoe on his shoulder, went out to work in his garden. He was threading a pathway which led along a little bank, when some unknown person ran against him, and at the same moment hailed him with the impudent salutation, "How are you, Pete?" Who it was Peter Cauble could not see, for his spectacles were in his pocket, and the morning was still darkness; but he raised his hoe with both hands and brought the staff of it across the stranger's head, rolling him off his feet and down the bank. The prostrated individual then bounced up and ran away.

It was a negro. For three or four days the adventure made a great noise in the village. The reactionaries declared that this man was on his way home from a Union League meeting, and that there was a wide-spread conspiracy to address all the respectable whites by their Christian names. The Radical negroes called Peter Cauble a reb, and talked about confiscating his land. But the two parties chiefly interested in the affair settled it amicably. "Bill," said Peter Cauble, on discovering that the man whom he had floored was one of his colored acquaintance—"Bill, I knocked you down the other morning. I think I served you right; but if you don't think so, we'll go and settle it before the Major; you shall tell your story, and I'll tell mine; what do you say, Bill?"

"I ha'n't no use for the Major," replied Bill, sheepishly. "I'm ready to call it squar. I'd been drinkin' that night, and didn' know what I was about. I don't want nuffin to do with the Major."

For nothing were the negroes more eager than for transportation. They have a passion, not so much for wandering, as for getting together; and every mother's son among them seemed to be in search of his mother; every mother in search of her children. In their eyes the work of emancipation was incomplete until the families which had been dispersed by slavery were reunited. One woman wanted to rejoin her husband in Memphis, and another to be forwarded to hers at Baltimore. The negroes who had been brought to the up-country during the war by white families were crazy to get back to their native flats of ague and country fever. Highland darkeys who had drifted down to the sea-shore were sending urgent requests to be "fotched home again." One aunty brought me her daughter, who suffered with fits, and begged me to give them "a ticket" to Anderson, so that they might consult a certain famous "fit doctor" there resident. Others desired me to find out where their relatives lived, and send for them.

In short, transportation was a nuisance. I believed in it less than I believed in the distribution of rations and in modes of charity generally. It seemed to me that if the negroes wanted to travel they should not insist on doing it at the expense of the nation, but should earn money and pay their own fare, like white people. I learned to be discouragingly surly with applicants for transportation papers, and to give them out as charily as if the cost came from my own pocket. I claim that in so doing I acted the part of a wise and faithful public servant.

From the class properly known as refugees—that is, Unionists who had been driven from their homes during the war by the rebels—I had no requests for transportation. Not that they were few in number—the mountains near by Greenville were swarming with them—but they had the Anglo-Saxon faculty for getting about the world unassisted. The mean whites, those same "low down" creatures who bored me to death for corn and clothing, were equally independent of aid in changing their habitations. The "high-toned" families, which had fled to the up-country from the cannon of Dupont and

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Gillmore, also made shift to return to their houses in Charleston or their plantations on the sea islands, without any noticeable worrying of government officials. The negroes alone were ravenous after transportation.

I soon found that many of my would-be tourists were chiefly anxious to enjoy that luxury, so dear to the freedman's heart, "going a-visiting." A woman would obtain transportation of me on the plea that she wanted to rejoin a child in Charleston whom she had not seen for ten years, and who was suffering for her care; then, having enjoyed a sufficient amount of family gossip, she would apply to the Bureau officer there to save her from starvation by returning her to Greenville. I became wickedly clever in fathoming this deceit, and used to ask, in a friendly way, "When do you want to come back?"

"Well, Marsr, I doesn't want to stop mo'n a fo'tnight," would perhaps be the answer.

"Ah! if that is all," I would lecture, "you had better wait till you want to stay for good, or till you have money enough to pay for your own pleasure excursions."

It was necessary, I thought, to convince the negroes of the fact that the object of the government was not to do them favors, but justice; and of the still greater fact that there is very little to get in this world without work.

Planters who were about to remove to more fertile regions sometimes asked transportation for their negroes, on the ground that these latter would be benefited by the change of locality, and that it could not be effected without government assistance. Of course this seemed rational; and I understand that aid of this sort was freely rendered by some Bureau officers; but I rejected all such applications. Grant one, grant a thousand; and the government would be bankrupt. At last a general order from the Commissioner sanctioned transportation for this purpose; but the planter's application must be approved by the Assistant Commissioner of the State where he resided and by the Assistant Commissioner of the State to which he proposed to emigrate; he must give satisfactory security that he would feed and pay his hands; he must then get the approval of the Commissioner. What with postal and official delays these preliminaries generally consumed at least a month; and as the planting season pressed, this complicated circumlocution was usually abandoned before it was completed, the applicant either giving up his migration or conducting it at his own expense. Whether the result were intended or not, it was a good one. In so vast and fertile a region as the South the industry which can not succeed alone does not deserve success. Charity is either an absolute necessity or an absolute evil.

Although I received no precise instructions as to visiting the various portions of my district, it was probably presumed by my superiors that I would make occasional tours of inspection, and so attend to local disorders on the spot where they occurred. I did not do this; I made but a single journey of above fifteen miles; I did not absent myself more than a single night from my station, except once when summoned to Charleston. My satrapy contained two State districts or counties, and eventually three, with a population of about eighty thousand souls, and an area at least two-thirds as large as the State of Connecticut. Consider the absurdity of expecting one man to patrol three thousand square miles and make personal visitations to thirty thousand negroes. Then I had no assistant to attend to the complainants who constantly presented themselves at my office. They averaged five a day, or a total of something like two thousand during my fifteen months of duty. Moreover, they came from distances of five, ten, twenty, and even thirty miles. I planted myself firmly in Greenville, and let my world come to me. Toward the end of my term of service an order was promulgated to the effect that Bureau officers should thereafter "travel more," and that they should regularly visit the important points of their districts, giving previous notice of their tours to the inhabitants. Knowing what labor this signified, and how impossible it would be to perform it in any satisfactory manner, I welcomed the decree from the head-quarters of the army which mustered all volunteer officers out of the service, and declined an appointment as civilian agent of the Bureau. How far, and with what good result, my successors have performed their tourist labors I should be glad to know.

Reports, returns, correspondence, and records formed no small part of my duty. The papers for which I receipted to my predecessor included over two thousand contracts, and the addition of Anderson to my district considerably increased my documentary library. Then there were files of letters, files of indentures of apprenticeship, files of orders from various superior officers, files of retained copies of reports and returns. Every thing must be recorded: the contracts must be entered alphabetically in the book of Contracts, with statement of employer's name, number of employés, date of signature, date of closure, and terms of agreement; letters forwarded must go in the book of Letters Sent, and letters received in the book of Letters Received; indorsements in the Indorsement Book; so with transportation; so with orders. If a document appeared in two books, each entry must be marked with reference numbers, so that the subject could be hunted from volume to volume. Along the margin there was a running index, by which every name might be traced from beginning to end. In short, the system of army bookkeeping is a laborious and complicated perfection.

My letters to magistrates concerning freedmen's complaints were so numerous that I only recorded the most important, leaving the vulgar herd of insignificant injuries to the uncertain

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labyrinths of my memory. Had I undertaken to put every matter on paper in duplicate, I should neither have eaten nor slept during some considerable periods, and should have had Main Street blocked up with waiting applicants. It was quite clerical duty enough to book my most strenuous cases of outrage and the august documents which passed between me and my superiors.

My reports were not numerous, but I had to rule several of the forms, and thus they occupied me three or four days of every month. They consisted of a report of contracts; of outrages committed by freedmen against whites; of outrages committed by whites against freedmen; of officers and civilians on duty in the district; of persons and articles employed and hired; of rations, clothing, and medicines issued; of refugees and freedmen; of transportation; of schools. The reports of outrages were required in triplicate, and the others in duplicate. The report of schools was eventually left to the teachers. The report of refugees and freedmen was a letter in which I was expected to consolidate every thing of importance that had transpired with reference to those classes during the month. The total of these documents, it will be observed, amounted to about two hundred and forty a year, to which may be added, as a finishing work of grace, twelve letters of transmittal, every one commencing, "I have the honor to forward," etc., and closing with, "I am, General, very respectfully, your obed't serv't." It is my impression that the Bureau Sub-District of Greenville, South Carolina, was abundantly reported.

But this is not all. Every few weeks special documents were required, such as a census of the blind, the deaf-mutes, the deformed, and other natural unfortunates; a statement of the amount and nature of the crops of my district; a table of the number of negroes in the almshouses; a list of indigent freed-people; a list of colored orphans. How did the lonely Bureau Major, without a soldier or a clerk to aid him, satisfy this incessant hunger for information? He gathered such knowledge of each subject as he could, and trusted that no one was wise enough to detect his shortcomings. To obtain my report of orphans and unfortunates, I addressed a circular to the magistrates of my district, and got it published in the local papers gratuitously, not being allowed to advertise. For my estimate of crops, I went to the United States Census of 1860, and subtracted therefrom or added thereto at discretion, under advice from knowing citizens. There was no other method of arriving at a result, unless I went a-harvesting in the depths of my subjective.

Then there were my property accounts: four regular monthly returns of clothing, and three ditto of Bureau stores; now and then a triplicate return of rations for the Commissary-General; receipts, certificates, and vouchers *ad infinitum*. What would the War Department do if we should drop back to the era of parchment? The heads of the various military offices ought to thank Heaven every morning for the miraculous continuance of the supply of paper. Now that I have got done with it all, it is delightful to think that the annual total of my reports and returns amounted to something like three hundred and fifty, without counting letters of transmittal. And yet there are men, calling themselves patriots and Christians, who abuse the Freedmen's Bureau!

Indeed, a Bureau officer is an official jack-of-all-trades. He must understand the Army Regulations; he must be able to lead troops on occasion; he must have an idea of civil law; he is a poor-commissioner; he is a statistician. With all this multifarious knowledge, he must be a man of quick common-sense, with a special faculty for deciding what not to do. His duties and powers are to a great extent vague, and in general he may be said to do best when he does least.

The citizens were, of course, even less informed than I was as to the limits of my authority; and consequently I was bored with applications for all sorts of favors, countenancings, and counsels. People waylaid me in secluded places to ask leave to put up a little distillery, "just for family use." Others wanted me to collect their debts, to evict their delinquent tenants, to stop the sheriff from selling their lands. I was consulted upon points of law concerning which judges are at variance. If I pleaded ignorance or lack of authority, the reply would be, "Oh, you can fix it just as you think it ought to be;" or, "Can't you issue an order, now?" I was greatly aided in my perplexed wanderings among the civil statutes by four young lawyers who occupied offices in the same building, and who placed their professional knowledge at my disposal with an unrequited liberality for which I here tender them the thanks of the government. My belief is that I robbed them of at least legal science enough to qualify me to succeed Judge Busteed. In return for the advice of my neighbors I turned over to them various negro lawsuits, from which they reaped little pecuniary profit, but an experience of which the value can not be estimated, unless perhaps in fractional numbers.

I have remarked that I had no assistance in my duties; but it must not be understood that I could not have had it. During the first six or seven months of my stay in Greenville, Company H of the Sixth Infantry was stationed there as a garrison; and I could undoubtedly have obtained from it any temporary detail which might appear to be necessary; for the officers were not only under orders to further the operations of the Bureau, but they were personally friendly and obliging. I did not obtain aid from them, merely because I did not need it. My great labor, that of the corn distribution, during which I should have been most glad of help, came on after the company was transferred to Newberry. I anticipated some trouble from refractory citizens on being

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thus left alone, with no troops nearer than Anderson, forty miles away, and with no United States official at hand excepting the postmaster and two or three revenue agents. But I met with none; the population had not a spark of rebellion left in it—not even enough to make it sympathize with the Fenians and Garibaldi.

The revenue officers, by-the-way, were, with one exception, small comfort to me, as well as small help to the government. There were two inspectors and a collector, natives of the soil and reputed Union men, who could not write ten lines without bushwhacking our mother English. There was a wretched little Northerner, a fair specimen of a New York city Johnson man, who staid drunk from morning till night, falsified his returns, and solicited bribes. This youth was thoroughly demoralized; he believed that the ethics of New York aldermen extended the world over; he suggested conjoint peculations to me or to whomsoever else came in his way; he had entirely disconnected the ideas of rascality and punishment. I never shall forget the knowing nods and winks with which he offered me a share in a proposed extortion which he calculated at a profit of twelve hundred dollars. He must have judged me a monster of ingratitude when I subsequently insisted with an inspector upon his arrest, and locked him up in my office until the warrant could be made out for his apprehension.

This inspector of the revenue was another curiosity. He was a German, with a vast deal of that grandiose air which is so vexatious in the petty officials of Continental Europe, but also with a frank, bold military bearing which made me for a time think well of him. It was quite startling to see him shake his forefinger at a simple citizen who had been ignorantly breaking the revenue law, and to hear him thunder out, "I'll make an example of you, Sir!" He certainly acted with energy and courage, even to the point of exceeding his instructions. Obtaining a detail of mounted men from the garrison of Anderson, he swept over Greenville and Pickens districts like a whirlwind of honest severity, confiscating stills by the hundred. He separated his escort, and set every man to work individually. He did incalculable good to a region in which whisky was ruinously plentiful and corn at famine scarcity. I had a pang of sincere regret when I was informed that he too was a peculator, gobbling up horses and cattle for his own profit, and pocketing considerations. No great space of time elapsed before he was in the same jail with the assessor who had fallen before his justice. Both were tried at the same court, and both convicted. One wonders that the South does not rebel anew when one considers the miserable vermin who have been sent down there as government officials. But things had improved before I left, and the Greenville Revenue District was in the hands of a respectable man.

Thus far I have sketched my duties; I must now describe my pleasures. At two o'clock, after from three to five hours of labor or lounging, I closed my office, and rarely had positive need to open it again during the day. Having breakfasted at eight on beef-steak, bacon, eggs, and hominy, I now fortified myself with a still more substantial dinner, and looked forward to a sufficiently solid tea. The manner in which my host of the Mansion House kept up his hotel and supplied a praiseworthy table on a clientage of five permanent boarders and from five to ten weekly transients was to me one of the greatest financial phenomena of the age. The same amount of "faculty" exerted in New York city during the last seven or eight years would have made Mr. Swandale a Crœsus. In a region of miserable hotels, where the publican seems to consider it a part of his contract to furnish his boarders with dyspepsias, I considered myself amazingly lucky in finding such fare as honored the Mansion House. It was a large building, and had been a flourishing stand of business in the prosperous old times of Greenville, when the merchants of Charleston and the planters of the low country came up every summer to breathe the wholesome air and enjoy the varied scenery of this mountain district. There had been a great ball-room—now an apothecary's shop—and in it there had been gayeties of proud ladies and "high-toned gentlemen"—now paupers. Occasionally a representative of this impoverished gentility, a transitory Rutledge, Pinckney, Grimke, Hayward, or Ravenel, passed a night under the roof, finding cause, doubtless, for sad meditations in the contrast of the present with the past. The Trenholms, a comparatively parvenu race, but famous since the days of secession, were there repeatedly, on their way to and from their country seats in Western North Carolina. In memory of the vanished jubilees of the Mansion House ball-room I was tempted to bring away from Greenville the following native-grown verses, in which it seemed to me that a threadbareness of poetic expression was partially atoned for by a glimmer or two of genuine feeling. I need hardly note that the song is evidently an echo from the old ballad of Allan Percy, the first two lines being taken from it entire:

There was a lovely lady, richly drest
  In costly silks and chains of jewels rare;
She held her parting hero to her breast,
  Then bade him meet the trumpet's charging blare.
"Woe is me! Alas for thee!
So Harry Heyward rode away from me.

"I saw the foeman's dark blue billows roll,
  Ablaze with sunny steel and flashes red;
The battle's shriek and thunder tore my soul,
  The smoke stormed up like armies of the dead.
Woe is me! Alas for thee!
My Harry Heyward bled afar from me.

"And did he wrong?—He went with honest heart;
  He fell as gallantly as man could fall;
And he was mine; I had no other part
  In life or hope; he was my very all.
Woe is me! Alas for thee!
Once Harry Heyward was the world to me."

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The lady is no longer splendor's guest,
  She wears no costly silks nor jewels rare;
She seeks to clasp a phantom to her breast,
  And moans and whispers in her long despair:
"Woe is me! Alas for thee!
Once Harry Heyward opened heaven to me."

Laying down the huge and sorrowful volume of the past, I emerge from the Mansion House and proceed upon my constitutional. There are some sights worthy of a glance, and perhaps of a smile, in the eight or ten brief streets of the village. There are the two or three leisurely gentlemen who "do the heavy standing round," one in front of his favorite grocery and another at his pet corner. There are those wonderful acrobats, the cows, who climb into market-wagons after ears of corn and bunches of fodder. There are occasional soldiers—staggering, noisy, quarrelsome, and slovenly, if they have been lately paid off; otherwise, quiet even to demureness, buttoned from waist to chin, and brushed as clean as dandies. Women of the low down breed, in the coarsest and dirtiest of homespun clothing, and smoking pipes with reed stems and clay bowls, go straddling by with so mannish a gait that one doubts whether they can be hipped after the feminine model. The young ladies of the respectable class are remarkably tall, fully and finely formed, with good complexions, and of a high average in regard to beauty. The men are of corresponding stature, but in general disproportionately slender, and haggard from overuse of tobacco. At least half of the villagers and nearly all of the country people are in gray or butternut homespun; even Governor Perry, the great man of the place, has his homespun suit, and occasionally attends court in it.

The negroes are not so numerous as the whites, but there is a wonderful number of variously colored youngsters about, generally in an uproarious excitement of playing or fighting. These youth are getting to be nuisances, and I am on the look-out for the first punishable malefaction among them, meaning to call on the Council to fine and imprison the noisiest. Twice, late at night, I have been so infuriated by their persistent screaming and swearing that I have opened my window and ordered them to go home, and, on receiving a hoot of defiance, have sallied out, cane in hand, only to find the street solemnly quiet. Many of them are children without parents, who have run away from farm labor to enjoy the festivities of the village, and are living Heaven alone knows how, and growing up to be merely vicious and indolent. One urchin of eight or ten presents a fearful example of what may come from overmuch happiness. He has his hat half full of brown sugar, and is eating it with an ecstatic rolling of the eyes; discovering some boys at the next corner, he is taken with the idea of joining them, and claps his hat upon his head; then, seized with dismay, he snatches it off, and exhibits an embarrassing top-knot of commingled wool and sugar. Whether the negro will not use his newly-won social and political blessings with some equally discomforting result is a grave question.

The country around Greenville is hilly, sufficiently wooded, and affords a number of pleasant walks. I have established three or four rounds for myself, going out on one road and returning by another, the trips varying from three to eight miles. I walk alone; no young man would like to be seen much in my company; the Southerner so forgetting himself would not be smiled upon by woman. I do not think that the hatred of Northerners is seriously bitter here; but it is a fashion set by the aristocracy, and Mrs. Grundy is every where potent. However, I can not personally complain of inhospitality on the part of the elder and solider citizens. Yankee, military officer, and Bureau agent as I am, I have been invited to breakfasts, dinners, teas, and picnics. It is my belief that, if I had set my heart upon it, I could have made a footing in Greenville society. I have not tried it because my chief does not want his officers on familiar terms with the citizens, and because I dread to be hampered by the hospitality of men against whom I might be called upon to urge complaints.

A certain judicious and popular post-commandant once said to General Robinson, temporarily in command of the department, that he should consider it a favor to be allowed to remain at his present station, adding that he could easily have the request supported by a petition of citizens. "By Jove!" answered the General, "you bring me such a paper, and I'll order you off immediately. I don't think, by Jove! that it looks well for an officer to be such a favorite with people whom it is his business to govern. It may be all right, but it doesn't look well."

One of the hospitalities offered to me was so great a temptation that I could not decline it. There is a literary club in Greenville; it has weekly essays and discussions, and provides the public with lectures; it has a reading-room also, and a list of some thirty American and English periodicals. To this library I was made welcome, and allowed to draw as a member. It must be noted that a Southern village differs from a Northern one of the same magnitude in possessing a larger class of leisurely people; and consequently, notwithstanding its mania for politics and cotton, Southern society has a considerable element which is bookish, if not literary. Besides this set, Greenville had the Professors of a University and of a Female College, so that it was able to claim rank as the Athens of the up-country, thereby exciting much envy and bitterness among less pretentious communities. Its tone of criticism, by-the-way, was curiously venerable and classic. The favorite works of this conservative public were Gibbon's Rome, Hume's England, Goldsmith's Essays, the *Spectator*, and, in general, "such books as no gentleman's library should be without." The club, with its current periodicals, was rather an innovation upon the

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established literary faith, due, perhaps, to the breach made in ancient ideas by the war, and almost deserving of the epithet of an "ism."

There were other amusements in Greenville. There were concerts of native talent, in which I noted two unusually fine singers of operatic music, one of them a pretty girl of barely fourteen. There were two circus visitations, various afflictions of negro minstrelsy, a series of grievances from a vagrant dramatic company, a wizard, and a magic-lantern. The Baptist church, a most aggressive and money-getting institution, had two admirably managed fairs and a succession of ice-cream entertainments, for the purpose, as I was given to understand, of paying off a mortgage on its steeple. At one of these fairs there was exhibited a fabulous beast called the Gyascutus, who howled and shook his chains to the great terror of an audience of freedmen, but also with much pecuniary benefit to the cause of religion. Whether he was one of the beasts seen by Daniel I did not learn.

Knowing the general poverty of the citizens; I wondered at this succession of recreations. I thought of the desperate Florentines, in the time of their plague, who put on their best apparel and passed their days in festivity. I am inclined to believe that in eras of supreme misfortune the mass of men are disposed to become wasteful, and to seize recklessly upon every chance of enjoyment. The negroes, who were the poorest class in the community, were the most given to entertainments. It was wonderful to see the great circus tents crowded with this bankrupt population, and especially wonderful to note that full one-half of the spectators were freedmen, all screaming in happiness without a cent in their pockets.

The drollest evening that I passed in Greenville was at a magic-lantern exhibition. The pictures illustrated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and were horrible enough to have been designed by Apollyon himself in mockery of that almost sacred narrative. The exhibitors were two "muscular Christians," who had precisely the tone and bearing of professional roughs, and whom I suspected of being Baltimore Plug-Uglies. The contrast between their Blood-Tub intonation, as they explained the designs, and the pious gravity of the story which was illustrated, kept me in a paroxysm of laughter. The climax was reached when we beheld a blue-and-white Christian meeting three greenish angels.

"Here you see the three shining ones," expounded the Plug who stood beside the curtain. "As Christian goes up the hill with his burden he meets the three shining ones. One of them takes him by the hand and says to him—What the h–ll are you doing?"

This last phrase was a loudly whispered aside, addressed to the operator in rear of the curtain, who at that moment extinguished the lantern, perhaps in lighting a cigar from its hallowed flame.

3 HOUSEHOLD GODS.

IT would be hard to imagine any young, strong, healthy woman more apparently helpless than was Margaret Eyre after her father's death. She looked her affairs in the face the day after his funeral, and confessed to herself this fact.

Her mother had been dead so long that she could scarcely remember her; and during all the years since she had lived with her father, and been educated by him, both living and educating going on in the desultory, inconsequent, fragmentary manner in which a man who was half saint and half Bohemian and wholly dreamer would be likely to conduct them. As to morals, St. Anthony himself was no purer than Reginald Eyre. His Bohemianism was only the outgrowth of his restlessness. It suited him to breakfast to-day with the dawning, and climb an Alp before sunset; to lie in bed to-morrow till noon, and sup coffee as lazily as a Turk in his Oriental-looking dressing-gown.

He liked to winter one year in Rome, another in Florence, and a third in Venice—web-footed, melancholy, and princely. Paris he did not much affect. Life there was too bustling, too melodramatic. The French recklessness and *laisser-faire* were of quite another kind from his own, and therefore did not suit him. But half over Europe he and Margaret had wandered together. She had learned languages from hearing them spoken; and art-history from studying among galleries and ruins. This wandering, beauty-worshiping life suited her, and made of her what she was—just Margaret.

I never could make you see the face of clear, healthy paleness; the eyes which had caught the color of so many skies and moods, and never seemed twice the same; the sensitive, proud mouth; the head set like Diana's, and as small and stately. She was her father's idol as well as his companion—the fair embodiment for him of womanhood. He always saw, through her eyes, her mother's soul; and he had never loved any woman but those two.

He had inherited quite a little fortune; but after his wife died, and his wandering habits began to grow on him, he turned it all into an annuity, because its ordinary interest would not keep him and Margaret in the roaming way that had grown to seem to him the only life he could endure. In every thing else his moral standard was of the highest; so I will wait until I find a flawless soul, which has won by virtue of its own spotlessness a right to question, before I try to reconcile for him his idleness with his conscience. In truth, I do not think the matter had ever troubled him. He believed himself to be educating Margaret, and so doing his duty in his day and generation; and perhaps he was. If he had sold salt and potatoes at home, and increased his banking account, would he have done more, or better? I am not casuist enough for such questions.

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His annuity, of course, was to end with his life; but he had sufficient forethought for Margaret to deny himself many a lovely bit of wood-carving, many a choice old missal, many an antique, for which his soul longed, in order to insure that life heavily, and pay each year therefor a large percentage from his annuity, so that when they two could roam together among the wonders of art and of nature no longer she would not want the means for making her life beautiful without him.

At last they had come home to New York.

Though they were far more familiar with half a dozen foreign towns, they always called New York home, because there Margaret's mother had died, and in an old down-town churchyard her dust lay blossoming into roses and pansies when the summer suns shone on her grave. They had always had a theory that they were coming back there to settle, when Margaret's education was completed. Now Margaret was twenty-three; but Mr. Eyre saw that his mission as educator might still be prolonged with advantage to her and ever fresh delight to himself; so he compromised with the old theory by coming home for this one winter, intending to go back in the spring.

They had plenty of cousins in New York, on whom they had no especial claim; but these Eyres and Livingstones and Brevoorts received them with much *empressement*. They liked to see Margaret at their parties. There was something unique and distinguished-looking about both her face and her toilets. The soft-falling Italian silks she wore, and the antique ornaments, suited her calm, proud face and her manner of graceful repose. But from none of these people could Reginald Eyre or his daughter have been willing to receive, or felt free to ask, any thing beyond this courtesy, which, after all, claimed more than it conferred.

They had rooms at the St. Denis—these two—and had unpacked for their adornment whole trunks and boxes of treasures—choice carvings in wood and ivory, illuminated missals, old line engravings by dead masters, cameos, coins, bronzes, and a few pictures, brightening the gray New York of mid-winter with glimpses of Italian heavens.

Here, in the midst of this gay season—in which, however, despite the gayety, Reginald Eyre was secretly homesick and restless—he had been taken suddenly very ill. A few moments' delay in the drawing up of their carriage, after they came out of the heated air of a large party, was the only discernible cause of an attack of pneumonia so severe that it terminated his life in a week, in spite of the best medical skill and the tenderest nursing.

He died, as he had lived, like a dreamer. No thought of neglected opportunities or neglected work troubled his last hours. He spoke to Margaret, in the few intervals his sharp pain allowed him, very tenderly; but he gave her none of the traditional death-bed counsels and exhortations.

"I think God has loved us, my darling," he said once. "I have missed nothing in life but your mother, and I shall find her now."

Margaret was lifted out of herself by the calm expectation of his mood. She did not shed any tears over him, or utter any moans. Time enough for that in the long hours afterward. He saw her to the last, as he had loved to see her, with her fair, unstained face, her true, hopeful eyes. The last words he said to her, an hour before he died, were only,

"We have been good comrades, Margaret. You will miss me in the old places, but not for long. Nothing is long that has its sure end. It seems but yesterday since I kissed your mother's lips when she was dying."

Just at the last the pains of death shook him cruelly. He could not speak, and his only good-by to Margaret was the clinging hold of his fingers upon her hand, which did not relax until those fingers stiffened and grew cold.

The morning after his funeral Margaret looked listlessly into the paper. She had done every thing listlessly in the three days since her father died. Sometimes she thought her soul had gone out of her, and only her body remained, ruled by dull instinct and old habit. She unfolded the paper, and looked it over with no interest about what it might chance to contain, but simply because it was her morning wont. On the second page an item caught her eye and roused her. The office in which her father's life was insured had failed, gone utterly to ruin. She understood her situation perfectly. She knew how resolute he had been in making this provision for her; how entirely it was her sole dependence. Her very first thought was one of profound thankfulness that he had been spared this blow; that he had died without anxiety for her. The next was the question which has confronted so many other helpless women with its blind terror—the problem society would find it well worth its while to aid them in solving—what should she do?

She loved music passionately, but she had never learned its theories; poetry, but she had never written it; pictures, but she could not paint them; sculpture, but she had never thought of modeling. Of course teaching came to her mind for a moment, as it presents itself to most women similarly circumstanced, but it seemed clear to her that she had no vocation for it, and there was no one thing she could have taught well enough to satisfy her conscience. Besides, the world was full of teachers already, to whom the calling belonged by right of possession. She would have shrunk, in any case, from entering their already overcrowded ranks. But what *could* she do?

She looked around her and reckoned up her worldly possessions. A few hundred dollars remained of their last quarter's funds. Besides, she had two rooms full of carvings and pictures and bronzes—a sort of museum of art. They had been selected, she knew, with taste which could not be challenged. They were

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rare, all of them—some of them very valuable. If well sold they ought to bring her a good deal; but she had heard how ruinously such things were often sacrificed at auction. The commissions a regular dealer would require for disposing of them would be large, and that method of effecting their sale would be slow.

At this moment an inspiration visited her. What if she should take a room and dispose of them herself? She understood art well enough to be sure that she could arrange them so as to show to the best advantage. She would need the countenance and assistance of one experienced saleswoman; and while she was thus engaged in turning into available funds her own sole inheritance, she would be getting a little knowledge of trade, and might perhaps be able to find employment afterward in some picture store or art gallery. At any rate, there appeared this one step to take, this one beginning to be made, in answer to her problem, and doubtless the rest of its solution would come afterward.

In this emergency she needed a friend, and she ran over the list of her acquaintances, as she had previously that of her possessions. She could not apply to any of her hosts of more or less far removed cousins. Eyres and Livingstones and Brevoorts, one and all, held themselves grandly above all trade of lesser degree than sending out ships to fetch home silks and velvets. Especially would they hold a woman's hand so soiled by it that no floods could make it clean. Her father's friends had been for the most part men as impractical as himself. But there was just one of them, a man of different type, to whom in this emergency her thoughts turned. So she sat down and wrote a note to Mr. Nathaniel Upjohn, and that evening he answered it in person.

He was a man of thirty-five, with no air of trying to be younger than that, no attempt to catch at the youth slipping forever away from him; but yet a man whom you would never associate with coming age; who seemed strong and resolute enough to stand still here in middle life forever. He had made his own large fortune by his own hard work; and yet he was not merely a worker. He liked whatever was best and worthiest in art and in literature, and these tastes had brought him acquainted with Margaret's father.

I am telling too simple a story to require any disguises. I am quite willing you should understand that this middle-aged, busy, practical man was very much in love with Margaret Eyre. In knowing so much, however, you are wiser than she was, for she had not even suspected it. He had come to see them only occasionally, and then his conversations had been chiefly with her father, though his eyes seldom lost sight of Margaret. He had not meant to let her know what he felt for her at present, if ever. He thought himself removed from her by some subtle barriers which nothing in her manner had encouraged in him the slightest expectation of surmounting. But when her note came to him, when he understood by it that she would allow him, him of all others, to go to her in this time of her great sorrow, a wild, sweet hope sprang to life in his heart, which, however, almost her first words dispelled.

She came into the room in her deep mourning garments, a pale, sad creature, from whose face all the brightness seemed gone, but who had never been so lovely in his eyes at her brightest and her best. She gave him her hand, but there was no response in it to his tender clasp. He might as well have touched the sculptured fingers of some marble goddess. She looked at him, but she did not seem to see him.

She began at once upon the business on which she had desired his opinion, and told him her wishes in a few direct sentences, as if she had arranged beforehand what she would say, and was afraid to trust herself to utter an unnecessary word. In five minutes he understood her position.

"That I should do something," she said, in conclusion, "you perceive to be a simple necessity. That I should do this very thing, for a beginning, appears to me clearly for the best; and I sent for you because I knew no one else so capable of giving me good, sound, practical advice. I must have a suitable sales-room, and a proper clerk or assistant, and I suppose there are some means which I ought to take to bring myself, or rather my possessions, to the knowledge of the public. Can you put me in the way of all this?"

"If necessary I suppose I can; but it seems to me there must be something else for you to do. I do not want to see the treasures my old friend collected with such loving patience scattered to the four winds."

"That will probably be no more hard for you than for me," Margaret said, with a petulance for which she condemned herself the next moment. "Forgive me, but I have thought it over on all sides. It seems to me it is the only thing I can do; and we shall not make it any easier by lingering over it. You perceive that I could not even afford to hire a room in which to keep my possessions, therefore I *must* part with them. Will you help me?"

Some words came to his lips then which he had not meant to speak. He said them hurriedly.

"I wish, Margaret, that you would let me help you to some purpose. I did not mean to tell you, for you have given me no encouragement, but I love you deeply and dearly; and if you *could* love me, and let your future be my care, you would be spared all this, which it is misery to me to see you suffer."

"I am no Circassian girl," Margaret said, proudly; "have you had any reason to think I could be bought?"

Her face was kindled now—aflame with pride and spirit. Her cheeks glowed, her wide eyes held scornful meaning.

"Did I try to buy you?" he asked, with a

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gentleness which disarmed her pride. "I said if you could love me. Love is no matter of bargain and sale; but I believe I have realized from the first how vain my hope was. I will try to help you, in your own way, since you can not let me help you in mine. I must have a little time, however, to think how it can best be done. So, if you please, I will go away now, and either come or write to you to-morrow evening."

"I do not deserve that you should be so kind," she said, very humbly, as he got up to go. "I know that you have done me great honor; but you can hardly understand how determined I am to help myself. The life I look forward to has for me no especial terrors, while to marry a man because I was destitute and he pitied me would be in my eyes a crime."

"It would be no less than that in mine. But if you had loved me you would not have misunderstood me. If I had not loved you first, I should not have dared to pity you. But I had no right to trouble you with my dreams. Will you forgive me, and let me be your friend?"

"If you will honor me so far. Perhaps you will be my only one; but that I shall not mind."

Then Mr. Nathaniel Upjohn went away, and Margaret was left, as she had chosen to be, alone; but her heart was very lonely and desolate indeed, as she sat there among her relics.

The next day she waited anxiously for news from Mr. Upjohn. The afternoon post brought her two letters. The first one, bearing Mrs. Gordon Livingstone's scarlet and gilt monogram, she threw aside, and broke open the other, directed in a strong, compact, business hand, which she felt sure was that of her father's friend.

It contained a proposition, the result, as Mr. Upjohn wrote, of earnest deliberation upon her matters. He saw, with her, that the articles of *virtu* in her possession must be sold, though he was more and more convinced that she herself was not the one to sell them; while he entirely agreed with her as to the disadvantages which would attend intrusting the matter to a regular fine arts dealer. But, in a building of his own, on Broadway, were two vacant rooms. Of the larger he proposed to make a storeroom, for the reception of the articles *en masse*, while the other was to be tastefully arranged as a sales-room, the things in it to be few in number, in order that they might be advantageously placed, and from time to time, as articles were sold, the vacancies to be filled from the other room. He had in his employ, moreover, and could well spare in her service, precisely the right person for a salesman, while he himself would undertake the necessary steps for bringing the sale to the knowledge of the public; which last matter, he thought, should be managed in a very quiet manner, as the patronage of a half dozen art connoisseurs was worth more than that of a hundred promiscuous buyers. As for the expenses of this arrangement, of course they would be paid from the proceeds; he would not even venture to offer his rooms rent free, but Miss Eyre might depend on being charged only the exact cost which was incurred, and would be saved from all extortion in the way of commissions. He made bold not only to hope, but to urge, that this plan which he had proposed might be resolved upon, since it seemed to him the only one by which she could at once fitly and advantageously accomplish her purpose.

The letter was somewhat of a surprise to Margaret—it was at once so cool and so kind, so simple and so business-like. Who would think that last night this man had been laying his heart at her feet? If there had been the least touch of love-making in his communication, however, it is very certain that she would have rejected his proposition. As it was, she began at once to consider it favorably. It is possible that all the time she had secretly shrunk from putting herself before the public in this unaccustomed way; at any rate she was not at all sorry to be relieved from it, and to feel that her interests were to be so thoroughly well represented without her aid.

Having reached this conclusion, she opened Mrs. Gordon Livingstone's scented epistle. It was the letter of a female diplomat. It began with condolences on the death of Margaret's father, and passed to sympathy in the loss of Margaret's fortune. But for this latter knowledge, she said, she would not have ventured to intrude, even by letter, upon her kinswoman in these first days of her grief. As it was, she wrote at once, because she felt impelled to open heart and home to her as a mother. Would Margaret come?

Then followed some rose-colored sentences about admiration and appreciation, the pleasure she should expect from her young relative's society; and then came the true gist of the letter. She understood so well dear Margaret's pride and sensitiveness that she had determined to bait her proposition with an opportunity for her cousin to make herself useful. Her children were provided with a good governess and competent masters; but if Margaret would oversee their practicing a little, and talk French with them enough to impart to them her own perfect accent, she could relieve herself twice over from any unnecessary sense of obligation, and feel that she made Mrs. Livingstone very greatly her debtor.

A little smile of amusement crossed Margaret's face. She was not wanting in shrewdness, and though it had not before occurred to her at what a premium such acquirements as her own in music and languages might be held, even unaccompanied by the gift or the inclination to teach regularly, she perceived it clearly now, through the flowery eloquence of Mrs. Livingstone's periods. This benign kinswoman of hers was not one to proffer benefits without having first made certain of her *quid pro quo*; so, as after all the proposition suited

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her, she felt no hesitation about availing herself of it.

She wrote a letter of acceptance, graceful and lady-like; grateful, too, but frosted with a little reserve and dignity. As her rooms were engaged up to the end of the month she preferred to remain in them until then. This would give her time to superintend the removal of her effects, and to make her preparations.

By the same mail she sent her reply to Mr. Upjohn, cordially thanking him, and putting her business matters unreservedly into his hands.

During the fortnight which followed she bore herself most bravely. All her father's cherished treasures—all the lovely pictures and bronzes and vases and terra-cottas which they had collected with such pleasure and pride during their happy, wandering years together—were packed under her supervision, loaded into commonplace vans, and carried off before her eyes; and if she shed a tear over them, only Heaven and silence knew it.

During this process of removal she saw Mr. Upjohn frequently, and always in the aspect of her father's friend—a middle-aged man, kind, quiet, thoughtful, and somewhat formal. At times she almost believed that she had only dreamed this man once asked her to be his wife. The contradiction between those few strange moments when he had startled her with his love, and these cool, well-balanced interviews since, puzzled her for a time, until she gave the puzzle up, only too thankful to find in Mr. Upjohn what he was—her one true, strong, faithful friend, in this time when she needed friends so much.

At length the whole thing was over. The last household god was gone—not even a clear-eyed Psyche or a winged Hope left to bear her company. She had thanked Mr. Upjohn, and given him her new address, where she asked him to call and report progress; settled all her bills, and still she had half an hour before the time appointed for Mrs. Livingstone's carriage to come for her. She had meant to avoid this, and had lingered over her closing tasks that she might not have time to think. But still a space remained, and silence and memory confronted her, and would have their will of her.

It was a sharp wrench to go out of these rooms which she had shared with her dead—where she had heard his last words, and kissed the cold lips when they could speak no more. She made no outcry—why should she? Who was there to care for her mourning, or to comfort her? But perchance her own true dead, "from the house of the pale-faced images," heard the wail which only her soul uttered, and by some celestial mystery, of us uncomprehended, brought her comfort.

When the carriage came at last that fair, calm face of hers bore no trace of conflict. She went quietly down the stairs, her long, soft, mourning robes trailing after her, and was greeted cordially by Mrs. Livingstone, who sat in the coupé. So her new life began.

If Mrs. Livingstone was prepared for any effusion of grief on Margaret's part, and sympathy on her own, she was certainly disappointed. Miss Eyre was not one to wear her sorrow upon her sleeve, or shed her tears in company. She was quiet and graceful and dignified as ever. The most irrepressible of women could have found no excuse for falling upon her neck and weeping over her. So they made talk about indifferent matters, as people do in society, and by the time they had reached Murray Hill their further attitude toward each other was mutually well understood.

With infinite tact Margaret slipped into her place in the household. She never failed to perform conscientiously the duties which could justly be expected from her; but also she never put herself for a moment in the position of protégé. Mrs. Livingstone understood clearly that she was securing for her growing daughters advantages in certain directions such as she could procure for them in no other way, but she also knew perfectly well that Miss Eyre would remain under her roof no longer than the position was made agreeable to her.

Agreeable in a certain way it was at present—as much so, at any rate, as any home among unloving strangers could be made to this proud, tender girl, who had known nothing but love all her life, for whom the heart of her dead had been always so true and so warm. Her grief never came to her lips in words, or overflowed her eyelids, but there were times when the orphaned heart rent the very heavens with cries which no human ear heard, and reached out into the infinite spaces as if by the very force of its desire it could wrench back from them the dear old love.

Soon Lent began—the cessation of parties and operas, at which Margaret, in her deep mourning garments, had not assisted, and the inauguration of quiet, small dinners and high teas. At these lesser gatherings Miss Eyre was present; and the admiration of more than one man made Mrs. Livingstone fear lest she might possibly lose her fair inmate unfortunately soon; until, seeing the cold sweetness with which all advances and attentions were alike received, this fear gave place to a new one.

Tom Livingstone was the darling of his mother's heart, and the pride of her eyes; and Tom Livingstone was coming home in June. The only son among a household of girls, he had been made a sort of demi-god in the home-circle, and had borne his honors loftily, after the manner of men. There were good things about him certainly, though he was not the hero into which his feminine worshipers had exalted him. He was handsome, in that young, haughty, unchecked manhood of his. He had no vices. Culture had made the most of a mind naturally shrewd and sensible rather than highly intellectual. Travel had developed his taste and stimulated his imagination, until really there was a good deal of charm about Tom Livingstone.

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His mother remembered with a little secret dismay that June was near at hand, and that he had met the Eyres in Florence two years ago, and written home some very extravagant letters about Margaret. What would be the result when he came back and found this "rare, pale Margaret" domesticated under his own roof? She gave this girl, whom she had seen letting brilliant opportunities slip by her so coolly, credit for disinterestedness. If she smiled on Tom it would be because she loved him; but what girl could help loving Tom if he tried to make her? What if he should try? What could be done or said? Miss Eyre was a gentlewoman—as well born and bred as any Livingstone of them all—his cousin by too many removes, moreover, to have the ghost of an objection conjured out of the relationship.

She knew by experience that Tom was ill to drive, and she knew also that he must marry money, or make a vast social descent from the family scale of living. Gordon Livingstone's million, divided into eight or nine portions, could not make any of his heirs rich, as Mrs. Livingstone was accustomed to reckon riches. Tom must mate money with money, or come down in the world grievously. She perceived that she had done a very indiscreet thing in setting a snare for his feet with this pretty, portionless temptation; but she did not so clearly see her way out of the position; so she waited for the future with what patience she could, and a daily prayer that Miss Eyre's heart might be touched by some one else before the conquering hero came.

Margaret herself, meantime, went on with her life patiently but wearily, and quite unconscious of these speculations about her. This living without the ceaseless tenderness which had been her daily food so long begat a hunger of the heart so intense that it seemed to her sometimes as if it could not be borne; but she was never once tempted by it to feed on the husks of a love for which her own heart held no response, which attracted her only by what it promised, though of such opportunities she had more than one. But her loneliness wrought into her mood and manner something gentler and more appealing than she was aware.

Mr. Upjohn felt this change on the occasions when he called to render an account of his stewardship, though he did not gather from it any hope. He never thought of trying to persuade her to revoke his sentence, which he had so well understood to be final. Possibly a bolder and more self-confident man might have caught a hint from her mood, and stormed her heart into his power; but perhaps Mr. Upjohn might not, after all, have cared to hold what he had been forced to win by storm. It was, however, true that she was strongly drawn toward him in these interviews, though by no attempts of his own. He was so true, where all else seemed hollow; so earnest, where all others seemed formal; so devoted to her interests that she felt at last that the man whom she had begun by regarding simply as her father's friend had become now her own personal property—only her friend, it is true, but at the same time her only friend.

He had certainly met with excellent success in her service. Week after week substantial sums of money were transferred to her banking account, as one rare and costly article of her father's collection after another was disposed of at a just and generous valuation. What means he took to bring about these sales, or who purchased the articles, she never inquired. Having once given the matter into his hands she cared to hear no particulars, and she never once went to the sales-rooms. Having gone through the parting with these household gods of hers, she did not care to renew the pain.

In June the family went to their summer home on the North River; and soon after this Tom came. There were a good many fine traits in his character. He was direct, straightforward, honorable, and in earnest, though he was no flower of knighthood, no miracle of constancy. If he loved a woman, and his love were returned, it was in him to love long and well; but he would never waste long in despair for the fair woman who was not fair for him. Neither himself nor his kindred, however, had suspected this healthy, elastic, recuperative power of his healthy, elastic nature. Just a hearty, generous, well-cultured American gentleman—as fine a type, too, when thoroughbred, as one is likely to find—clear-eyed, quick-witted, and courteous.

He was about Margaret's age, familiar with her best loved haunts in the Old World, and an old acquaintance in the days when she had been happiest. It was very natural that his coming should give her pleasure, and she showed it in the frankest, most unreserved way. Talking with him she felt herself more at home than she had been before since her father's death. She brightened into her own softly radiant self—a fascinating creature, with her pure, proud face, her red, smiling lips, her dusky, drooping hair, and the eyes which changed with every thought, took a new color with every mood.

The young hero in Panama hat and Magenta neck-tie lowered his colors before her. She had swayed his fancy curiously in their few meetings in the old days, and he had never forgotten her. But now her graver sweetness stole into his heart, and he was ready to offer her the half of his kingdom.

She had been so used in her father's time to cordial friendship and free companionship with men—friendship touched often with chivalry, but never warming into love—that she went on, unconsciously enough, in this path along which young Livingstone was gallantly leading her. They rode and drove together, or passed long summer twilights hanging in a boat 'twixt crimson sky and crimson river, and Margaret had not enough of ordinary young-ladyhood about her to guess where it all was tending.

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Quite unintentionally, it was Mrs. Livingstone who opened her eyes. Going one day past the door of that lady's morning-room she heard the words:

"It is true that Margaret is all which you say, but it is equally true that you can not afford the luxury of marrying her."

She hurried on instantly, with glowing cheeks. It was all plain now. She had been blind. Tom loved her, and had been trying to let her see it, and taking encouragement from her frank, free manner, while she had never once guessed his meaning. She smiled a little over Mrs. Livingstone's notions of poverty. To say nothing of the hundred thousand likely to come by-and-by, Tom had fifty thousand of his own now; and on an income of less than that would yield what happy years of pleasant wandering she and her father had known! If she loved him, certainly his mother's opposition, based solely on the question of finances, would not deter her from marrying him, or feeling that he had a right to please himself. The question became at once whether she might, could, would, or should love him—a potential of which the indicative was hard to determine. She really did not know herself. If you, my reader, are so clear-headed, so subtle in your intuitions, that you could never be in doubt about such a matter for a moment, turn compassionately this leaf which reveals to you Margaret in her indecision, her poverty of self-knowledge; but, for my part, I think most girls who have never had an accepted lover, or been accustomed to speculate between love and marriage, would have an epoch of similar uncertainty at the instant when a most agreeable, eligible, and altogether unexceptionable friend stood before them suddenly transformed into an expectant suitor.

That night the whole story of Tom's hopes and fears came out. He took courage, perhaps, from a new shyness in Margaret's manner. At any rate, he told her how dear she was and always must be, and then waited for her answer.

"I am portionless," she said, gravely. "If there were no question about any thing else, I think your family would not approve the marriage for that reason."

"They would get over that," he protested, eagerly. "They all think you are perfection. They only fear that I am too good-for-nothing a fellow to help myself, and not well enough off to make you comfortable. But I could do any thing, with you for my inspiration; and in this one greatest thing of my life I must please myself. If you can love me, Margaret, nothing else is wanting."

She looked at him—his handsome, eager face so full of longing tenderness for her, so lonely, so sorely needing it—young, strong, fond, ready to do and dare for her sake. Surely she *must* love him—surely this thrill at her heart *was* love. But—was it? Margaret was romantic; that is to say, she had high ideals. Love to her meant a grand, heroic something, which would be strong and steadfast through life, and outlast death. Would all her skies be dark, she asked herself, her days empty, if the shining of Tom Livingstone's eyes were quenched? Was he so much to her that without him the rest of life would be barren? Her heart uttered no affirmative, and yet she had been accustomed to think that this and nothing else than this was love. The "Yes" which had almost sprung to her lips shrank back again, and she said, instead, very humbly:

"I dare not answer you, for I do not know myself. It seems to me that in marriage there is no half-way. One must be ineffably happy or ineffably miserable. I would not trust myself to be any man's wife unless I was sure, beyond a question, that I loved him with all my being. I can not tell whether I could ever love you like that, for I never thought of you, until to-day, as other than my pleasantest of friends."

He ventured on no prayers or protestations, for the quiet solemnity of her mood awed him. The matter which she looked at with such serious eyes took on new sacredness for him. He dared not be responsible for this woman's happiness, unless she could love him so entirely there would be no doubt about his making it. So he told her, gravely and gently, that he would wait for her to understand herself; and though, whatever her decision might be, he must always love her, he would never blame her or accuse her of having held out to him any false hopes.

Then they sat silent in the evening stillness. He had hoped to have that graceful head of hers upon his shoulder, to kiss the serious, smiling lips of his promised wife, to be happy in her sweet and frankly given love. Instead, he sat a little apart from her side, with a distance which seemed like the sweep of eternity between their souls. Would he ever come more near?

In the weeks that followed Margaret grew thin with anxiety. She meant to do right, at whatever cost; but it was so hard to know what right was, to evolve certainty from the chaos of her emotions. There was so much to incline her heart toward him in his handsome, graceful, courageous youth, in his ardent yet reverent devotion to herself. Sometimes she thought she could ask no more; but slowly a conviction grew on her that in him was not the strength on which she longed to lean. She might be his inspiration, as he said—he never could be hers. She must look at him with level eyes, and it was in her nature to long to look up. The daughter of Reginald Eyre, "Puritan Bohemian," was not likely to have any religious cant about her; but she had strong spiritual needs. A steadfast sense of personal responsibility to a personal God underlaid her life and made it solemn. Tom Livingstone was worthy of a better love than hers, she was ready to grant; but, when she began to think of seeking her rest and

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shelter in it forever, she discovered that that gallant, generous heart of his lacked something without which she could never be satisfied.

At last she told him so, with that sad tenderness a good woman always feels for the man who has loved her in vain.

True to his promise he accepted her decision, and held her blameless. He only said once, with despair in his eyes:

"If you *could* but have loved me, oh Margaret!"

And she answered, in a low voice, which seemed to him sadder than any wail:

"Oh, if I could! Don't you *see* how desolate I am?"

If the family had known any thing of this probation and its results they never alluded to it before Margaret; but Mrs. Livingstone's manner was most cordially gracious just after this final decision; though she made only feeble attempts to combat Margaret's resolution to go back to New York early in September and go into lodgings. Margaret offered no explanations—she was not addicted to them—she merely announced that she felt it desirable to make different arrangements for the next winter, and must go early to town in order to perfect them.

Then she wrote to Mr. Upjohn. Somehow in every difficulty it seemed very natural to turn to him—he was so strong and so self-reliant, so eminently to be relied upon. She felt no hesitation about asking him to secure her suitable apartments—a little parlor and sleeping-room in some quiet and not too expensive boarding-house. He had managed her business matters so admirably that she had quite a little provision for the future, and could afford herself a space of leisure in which to map out that future to her liking. She had somewhat changed her ideas about teaching. She thought now that she could without difficulty make up from among her acquaintances a class of young ladies who had finished school, but who would be glad to read the modern languages under her tuition; and she much preferred the independence this course offered to a longer residence beneath the Livingstone roof-tree. Tom alone was urgent that she should remain under his mother's protection. He was going abroad again at once; and he should be so much more happy and at ease if he left her, as he found her, there. Mrs. Livingstone seconded him courteously; but I think Margaret's presence was somewhat embarrassing to her at this juncture. However that may have been, her courtesy and her son's entreaties were alike met with polite but firm decision. Early in September Margaret removed to her Fourteenth Street apartments; and the next week Tom Livingstone's name was registered among the passengers of the *Arago*.

Miss Eyre felt a strong, sweet delight in her self-sovereignty as she went into her pleasant parlor and looked around her. In one corner stood a Psyche, which surely she remembered; in another a winged Hope, by some disciple of Canova. One picture—a head of Saint Catherine, with eyes full of courage and of faith, lips strong for prayer and tender for praise—hung over her mantle, on which flowers bloomed in crystal vases. It was like coming home to come back to these old, beloved objects; but she did not understand their being in her possession. She felt sure that Mr. Upjohn would come to inquire after her comfort, and she waited for an explanation from him impatiently. When at last he came, and her question followed her greeting, he only smiled and said:

"I thought it would not be good for you to have too much money. The rest had sold so readily that I ventured to keep these for your own pleasure."

He was repaid for all his trouble by her bright, cordial thanks. Somehow they had grown singularly good friends since the night when he gave up all hope of their ever being more than friends. She felt very near to him, very comfortable with him, this evening, as she told him over all her plans, profiting by his clear sagacity, made hopeful by his hopefulness for her, catching the contagion of his strength. She looked at the rugged manliness of his face, and found something noble in it, which she wondered that she had failed to discover before. She was not quite desolate, surely, since she had this one friend, who had loved her father, whom her father had loved, and who, she felt now, would be her friend for all time.

She had no difficulty in arranging her class upon satisfactory terms. She laughed cheerfully with Mr. Upjohn, who came to see her as often as once a week, about being an independent, self-supporting woman; and she found an interest in her regular task which really made life brighter and better worth living for her.

Sometimes, as the winter passed on and she saw more and more of Mr. Upjohn, finding in him always the same cordial, earnest, but unloverlike friend, she began to wonder whether he had really ever loved her at all, or only been moved by sympathy in her distress on that one night which she so well remembered. Did *he* remember it as well, unconscious as he always seemed? She began to long to know. She recalled his words:

"If I had not loved you first I should not have dared to pity you;" and, knowing that he was truth itself, she felt that he must have cared for her then, though his strong manliness had helped him to overcome it so utterly now.

She believed honestly that she did not regret the lost opportunity, but every week she saw more clearly how much he was to her, even as a friend, which Tom Livingstone never could have been. Was it that, after all, the world's workers must ever be nobler than the world's idlers; or that a larger outlook on life had given him a wider horizon; or that in his nature, as God made it, there was capacity for nobler issues than in the other's? She could not tell. She had only a subtle consciousness that, let her soul take wings as it might, in no height of her

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aspiring could she ever soar beyond his capacity to stand beside her.

She was still too shy in her confessions to herself, or perhaps too wanting in self-knowledge, to fully divine how different her answer would be likely to be now, if he were to ask the old question over again; and he, on his part, understood himself so well, and was habitually so sure of his own emotions, that it never occurred to him to doubt whether Margaret was equally self-poised—whether her "no" once spoken must needs be "no" for all time. He was not at all likely, therefore, to give her an opportunity to change her mind. But just here an accidental turn of a conversation, a lucky chance—I speak after the usual fashion, but I believe in a heavenly and special Providence—occurred to set them both right.

He came in one evening, and found her warming her slender fingers by the fire blaze. She looked so lovely, so homelike, so entirely gentle and womanly, that, despite the seal he had long ago set upon his wishes, his heart went out toward her in a great wave of love and longing. But he only spoke to her with the calm friendliness of his usual manner.

"I am cold," she said. "I have just been to Murray Hill to make a call of congratulation. The second Miss Livingstone is soon to be married to Colonel George Seabright."

"Seabright! Why, he is as old as I am, and Maud Livingstone is very young, is she not?"

"Nineteen last autumn; but what is that if she loves him, and I think she does?"

"But do you think it no sacrifice when a woman loves and marries a man older than herself?"

"I think no marriage is a sacrifice when a woman loves."

Some glint in her eyes inspired him. He looked into her face.

"I think you felt differently once," he said, slowly.

"I was not very well worth loving in those days. I neither understood myself nor any one else."

"But you do understand yourself now, and I do not think you have changed your mind."

"If *I* have not, I presume *you* have," she said, archly.

Both her hands were in his in a moment. Pride, passion, power, all looked together from his eyes, and then were succeeded by and lost in a strong, pure tenderness.

"You will"—that was the first impulse—"I mean, will you, Margaret, will you give up your class at the end of this quarter?"

"For what?" the bright archness lingering in her tone, but her pale cheeks flushed with the dawning of a new day, and her eyes too shy to meet those which sought them.

"To be my wife."

Was it the same Margaret Eyre whom he had wooed in vain before whose hands staid in his now so willingly, whose lips he kissed with the glad audacity of a happy lover?

"The patient are the strong," a tender ballad says; but certainly in this instance the strong was not the patient. Perhaps Mr. Upjohn thought that a man who had waited thirty-six years for his happiness had waited long enough. At any rate, he hurried Margaret with her preparations until he had shortened his probation to the briefest possible space. There was a little talk about a bridal journey, but that she put aside.

"I would rather go home," she said, honestly. "You know I never had any home, never in all my life."

So, not at all reluctant at the change of programme, he busied himself in making home ready for her.

She had been used to relying on him so long, in all matters of business, that for him to assume all responsibility seemed natural and proper; and it never occurred to her to wonder that in these arrangements of his he neither consulted her taste nor asked any assistance from her. She went on quietly with her own preparations, more simple, indeed, than they would have been once, but not without a certain distinguished elegance, lacking which Margaret would not have been Margaret.

At last, one afternoon, they were quietly married in church, and drove away together to their home, in a pleasant, up-town street.

When she stepped into the hall, with her husband's welcome spoken low and tenderly in her ear, Margaret began to recognize some old acquaintances—certain bronze knights in armor whom she saw first, years ago, in the shop of a noted Roman fabricant; a cuckoo clock on a bracket of Geneva wood-carving; an antique table with a curious vase upon it.

Watching her face, Mr. Upjohn led her through the house. Here a soft-eyed picture hung; there a shape in marble gleamed; yonder a well-known group in terra cotta told its old story. In her own room, her Hope and her Psyche and her soft-eyed St. Catherine kept watch and ward. They had been removed while she was at church to the place appointed for them. Every where was some beloved relic of the old days—not one of her treasures missing.

"*You* bought them all?" she asked, at last.

"Yes, dear; with no thought or hope, then, of this happy, happy day—but because, even then, I loved you too well to see any thing you had helped to select, or care for, pass into the hands of strangers."

"You know I can not thank you," she began, but just there she broke down utterly, a very woman in her happiness, and wept such tears as all true women who have loved happily can understand. Round her were all her household gods, and she had found, at last, her rest and her home. God bless all true hearts!

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THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. VANDERDECKEN'S alarm and uneasiness did not abate, as she hoped it would. In the pauses of her dinner party, while smiling upon every body and doing the honors of her splendid establishment to all the "best" people of her acquaintance, it stood behind her velvet chair, ghost-like, and would not be driven away. Not though the blessings surrounding her were real and tangible—plate, and furniture, and elegant dresses; polite neighbors treating her with the utmost consideration and attention, as was due to the wealthy and lady-like millionaire's wife who had come into their circle; while the things she dreaded were faint and shadowy, belonging to a period in her life which she would fain have swept away into total oblivion.

She said to herself many times how ridiculous it was to be so afraid! As if nobody besides herself had once been a governess, or had had a poor lover whom she had given up for a rich one! Why, such things happened every day; and if this disreputable fellow, Stone, had known something of Julius Stedman, was that any reason that the mistress of Holywell Hall should trouble herself about him? A five-pound note, no doubt, would settle the matter and get him away from Mrs. Fox's, perhaps induce him to quit the neighborhood, where he could only have come for the purpose of extorting money. But five pounds to the elegant wife of the miserly Mr. Vanderdecken was as unattainable as if it had been five thousand.

As she pondered, smiling all the while sweetly on her right-hand neighbor, Sir Somebody Something, Stone's face, haggard, and wild, and sad—yet certainly not that of a mercenary impostor—rose up before her threateningly, and once or twice that evening, when a gentleman named casually the "Goat and Compasses," she felt herself grow hot with fear, lest some fatality should bring into the conversation the names she dreaded—John Stone or—Julius Stedman.

She woke next morning with the feeling of "something going to happen" stronger than ever; and, as was her nature, the more her fear pursued her the further she tried to flee from it. All day she avoided being left alone with her daughter, and did not venture once to refer to the subject of the Indian soldier. For, when she came to consider it, her plan of seeing him herself became difficult. What was she to say to him? How question him about poor Julius without betraying that this story, which had so oddly come to his knowledge, was the last which she would have desired to have repeated to her daughter, or to any of her neighbors? In truth, to try and stop the man's mouth seemed more dangerous than letting him alone. It would be horrible if he should recognize in her—Mrs. Vanderdecken—the woman who had so acted that even Gertrude, her own little Gertrude, called her "a wicked woman," and declared she "hated" her.

Alas, there was the sting, or else it was Heaven's finger of light touching Letty's foolish, vain heart. More than her husband's anger, her neighbors' gossip, she dreaded the condemnation and contempt of her child. It seemed as if now for the first time the errors of her youth took their true aspect, merely from the dread she had lest her daughter should hear of them; and, looking back on her past, she knew what its blanks and misdoings must have been by the longing she had that Gertrude's life might not be like her own.

Two days afterward came Sunday, and still nothing had occurred, and the mother had managed so that not a word had passed between her and Gertrude respecting John Stone. She had almost contrived to persuade herself that the man was got rid of entirely, when, coming into church, she saw him sitting in the free seats beside Mrs. Fox, as on the first day, and watching the Vanderdecken pew with those fierce eyes of his, which he never removed during the whole service. Mrs. Vanderdecken shivered under them, and looked another way. Church being over she hurried out; but though he did not attempt to speak, or to interfere with them in any way, he followed them silently to their very carriage door.

From that time every Sunday the man was in his place, and many a week-day when she drove out she saw him hanging about on the common, or near the lodge gates, watching, she fancied, for her carriage to pass. But Sundays were the worst. Then, the church being free to all, she could not escape. Nobody could hinder his coming or order him to change his seat; so there he sat, staring at her, not with admiration, and still less with impertinence, but with a cold, blighting contempt that was almost a malediction. She felt as if he haunted her—that miserable man—whom she thought sometimes she must have seen before, yet could not remember when or where.

For Mrs. Vanderdecken was not a woman of imagination. An accepted fact she never thought of contradicting or disbelieving. To doubt that Julius Stedman was dead, or that John Stone, who knew so much about him, might possibly be himself, was a flight of fancy far beyond her. Besides, she never liked to face unpleasant things, and it was sufficiently difficult to have to put off from time to time

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Gertrude's earnest entreaties with the promise that "she would see about the poor fellow by-and-by."

This sort of life went on for several weeks, and Gertrude's tender heart being pacified by the sight of her friend every Sunday she had almost ceased to worry her mother about him, when a small chance raised in Mrs. Vanderdecken's mind a new alarm.

Though she never looked toward the man, and tried hard not to see him, still one Sunday morning she did see him, drawing his thin hand wearily through his scanty gray hair and abundant beard. It was a remarkable hand, and hands often keep their individuality when time has changed all else. It startled Mrs. Vanderdecken by its likeness to one which in the days of her girlhood had so often clasped hers.

What if it were possible—if this wretched disreputable soldier could be her old lover, not dead after all? She had been sorry for his death, but had never had courage to ask particulars about it, and beyond Edna's brief communication by letter, that he had been "drowned," of the circumstances of his end she knew nothing. During their three short interviews the sisters had never once mentioned Julius's name.

Now, Letty thought, if she could only find out exactly when and where and how he died, it would be a comfort and protection to her. Protection against what? She could not tell. She only knew that with this continual dread upon her mind; with the figure of that shabby man, whoever he was, pursuing her constantly, her life was a daily burden to her. The trifling annoyance had grown into a perpetual and morbid fear.

To throw it off she determined one morning, without telling Gertrude, to go to London, and find out as much as she could from her sister Edna.

It is a strange thing, and sad too, but sisters do sometimes come to meet as these sisters met; with mere courtesy—no more; to call one another, as these did, by their married names—"Mrs. Vanderdecken," "Mrs. Stedman," and to sit amiably conversing together on indifferent topics like any other ordinary acquaintances. Alas, their fates had drifted them apart, as brothers and sisters will drift, when there exists between them no real sympathy, no tie stronger than the mere natural instinct of flesh and blood. That may remain, and duty keeps it alive in a measure, still it is only the mummy of love that they dress up in decent clothes for the world to look at. The soul of love—deep, close, fraternal love—is not there.

So it is, and must always be. Better accept the fact as Edna accepted it, and received civilly her sister's civil call, though internally thankful that her husband was out, and that none of her children were at hand to see into what the fraternal bond can degenerate, under given circumstances and with certain characters.

And yet she was sorry for Letty, and when her grand, patronizing manner, and her air of extreme condescension, as she examined the "little poky house," having slightly worn off, Mrs. Vanderdecken betrayed unconsciously her inward troubles, though in a roundabout, irrelevant fashion, Edna felt more sorry still.

"Was that what you came to speak to me about?" said she, with her usual directness. "Yes, it must be a great grief, to have your child setting up for independent action, making disreputable acquaintances, and persisting in them after you have forbidden them entirely."

"But I have not done that, not exactly, for I doubt if I could make her obey me."

"There I think you are wrong," answered Edna, in her quick, decided way, which made the people who did not like her—no person is liked by every body—say she was too much given to preaching. "I would lay upon children as few restrictions and commands as possible; but those made must be rigidly enforced. And for that low fellow, who, from what you say, is probably no soldier at all, but an impertinent beggar, I would never allow Gertrude to exchange another word with him."

"Do you think so? I wish I could do it; I wish I dared."

"Dared! What, dare you not do an unpleasant thing for the good of your own child?"

"It isn't that, Edna, not quite; but I will explain the matter another time," said Letty, hurriedly, finding that it was impossible to get a true answer to the false impression which she had somehow contrived to give, and now felt difficult to remove. "I'm sick of the subject, let us talk about something else. What a fine young fellow is that eldest boy of yours! I met him at the door going out with his brother."

"Will and Julius are constant companions. I hope they will grow up the same, and be friends as well as brothers. It is so sometimes, though not always," said Edna, with a slight sigh. "Their father and I often look at them with a full heart, and wonder what their future will be. For Julius we have no fear. You remember how healthy he was—so good and sweet-tempered, even as a baby."

"Yes," said Letty, with a little return of her stiff manner.

"But Will—the boys ought to have changed names, I think—Will is so delicate, so sensitive, in many things so strangely, painfully like—"

Edna stopped.

Mrs. Vanderdecken felt that now or never was her chance, if she wanted to find out any thing about her old lover, and her desperate anxiety to be free from the doubt which had lately come made her bolder than usual.

"Yes, Will is likely to give you some uneasiness. He does not look strong, as if he had something of that family weakness—was it consumption, or what?—which showed itself so plainly in poor dear Julius."

"Poor dear Julius!" He had sunk to that,

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uttered in the half-pitying, half-indifferent tone in which dead people, whose death is felt to be rather a gain than a loss to their friends, come to be spoken of sometimes.

"And, by-the-by," continued Mrs. Vanderdecken, seeing that Mrs. Stedman remained quite silent, "I have often wished to ask you, did you get that full information which you were in search of when you wrote me the fact—the mere fact—of his death in India?"

"Yes," replied Edna, in a grave, constrained tone. "We have, alas, no reason to doubt his death; though at first we had, and it was a long time before we could reconcile ourselves to believe it."

"What!" cried Letty, turning pale; "was he not dead after all? I thought he was drowned in the Hoogly?"

"We supposed so, but his body was not found, and so we hoped he might be yet alive; had gone up the country, or sailed to Australia, or perhaps come direct home to England, and then shrunk from finding us out—but I will not trouble you with these matters."

"It's no trouble. Please tell me. I should like to hear."

And though Mrs. Vanderdecken testified no distressing emotion—indeed, the absolute fact that Julius was dead proved such a relief to her that she could speak about him without any hesitation—still she looked sad and grave, rather touched than not.

"Do tell me all about him, Edna. Poor fellow! I did not mean him any harm. I had no notion he would have taken it so much to heart. Please tell every thing."

And she listened, not without feeling, while Edna did tell her "every thing:" down to the miserable ending of that life, whose blessing she might have been, instead of its fatality and its curse.

"Poor fellow—poor fellow!" said Letty, sobbing a good deal. "And was he really not seen after that day when he went to the ship and found me gone?"

"Never. We advertised for him half over the world; the advertisements could not but have reached him somewhere, if alive. And he would have come home to us, I am sure he would. He knew how we loved him."

"It must have been very painful," said Mrs. Vanderdecken. "And so—"

"And so, after two years of suspense, we got the evidence I told you of. And some months later we received his pocket-book, with his name written inside it, which he always carried about with him, for it held"—she hesitated—"it held a lock of your hair. It is all we have left of him. Would you like to see it?"

"I think I should," said Letty, in a low tone.

"Then come up stairs."

Letty followed to her sister's bedroom—a sacred room, consecrated by both birth and death; a mother's room, where several toys strewn about showed that the children had still free admittance into its precincts. But there was no baby in the house now, and the little crib, which had been occupied successively so many years, was removed from its place beside the bed, and exiled into a far corner, to be used as a receptacle for spare blankets and other extraneous things. The room and all its appointments were comfortable enough, but well worn, and a little old-fashioned, as if long after the need for economy was gone her love for the familiar objects made Mrs. Stedman averse to any change in her apartment.

"That is your old dressing-table, and the wardrobe too. I could almost fancy myself back in the small house—where was it? I forget—that you lived in when first you were married."

"Could you?" said Edna, as she unlocked a drawer, and took therefrom a faded, water-stained book.

Letty held it gently, crying a little over it.

"Poor fellow! poor Julius! He was very fond of me."

Asking no more questions, she returned the pocket-book to her sister. The tribute to the dead was paid, and its painfulness got over. Her emotion had been sincere enough, but she was not sorry to end it and revert to other things. She began turning over the various contents of the drawer.

"What have you here? A pair of baby-shoes? I should have thought your stock of them had been worn-out long ago."

"These belonged to my little girl that died." After a pause Edna added, "You never lost a child, Letty?"

"No."

And then the two sisters—mothers both—stood by the small treasure-drawer, where, besides the shoes, lay one or two other trifles: sleeve-ribbons, a sash, relics of the dead that we all are prone to keep somewhere or another, and learn in time to look at quietly, as one day others will look at relics of us. While gazing, their common womanhood and motherhood melted both hearts. Letty silently clasped Edna's hand.

"How old was she, poor little lamb?"

"Only four months. She was such a little delicate thing always, but the prettiest of all my babies. I was ill for nearly a year after she died, and gave a deal of trouble to my husband; but he was so good to me—so good!"

"Ah!" said Letty, sighing.

"However, I got well in time, and the year after that my twins were born; twins like you and me, you know," added she, affectionately. "They comfort me, and now I am quite happy again. Only sometimes I wake in the night, fancying I hear my little girl crying to me from her cot, and—it's hard, Letty, it's hard."

Edna leaned her head on her sister's shoulder and burst into tears.

Letty caressed her, kindly enough; but she was puzzled to know what to say, and so said nothing. Edna soon dried her eyes, and quietly locked up the drawer.

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THE TWO WIVES: EDNA AND LETTY.

"That's right; you don't fret about baby now, I hope? It would be wrong, with all your five sons."

"I know that; I know all is right both for her and me, and I shall find my little angel again some day. Will you come down stairs, Letty dear? I hear the bell for the children's dinner."

At this meal "Aunt Letty," as she condescendingly announced herself, was an object of great curiosity and awe. The young Stedmans evidently viewed her with a slight distrust—all save Will, who, imaginative lad as he was, fell a captive at once to his beautiful aunt, sat beside her, paid her his pretty, boyish, gentlemanlike attentions, and watched her every movement with admiring eyes—the very eyes of his uncle Julius. Pleased and flattered, touched perhaps in spite of herself, by some of those ghostly memories which the new generation often so strangely bring back to us all, Mrs. Vanderdecken took especial notice of the boy, and said to his mother, half sighing, that she wished she had a son like Will.

And during the hour she staid Letty was almost the old Letty over again. She placed herself in the fireside circle, where, with the mother as its centre, the younger children soon made themselves merry, and the two elders, busy with book and pencil—strangely enough Will was very fond of drawing—occupied themselves steadily and quietly, sometimes joining in the conversation just enough to prove that they were accustomed to be to their parents neither playthings nor slaves, but, so far as their years allowed, rational, intelligent companions. She talked kindly rather than patronizingly, and seemed anxious to make herself popular. Letty never could bear not to be popular—for the time being.

Also—let us give her her just due—there was something in the atmosphere of this warm, bright little house which touched the heart, such as it was, of the unsatisfied rich woman, who had a mansion to dwell in, but no home; a millionaire to provide for her, but no husband; and who, let her try to compel it as she might, could never win from her only child any thing like the tender, mindful, reverential love that she saw in these five boys toward their mother.

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"How fond your children are of you!" she said to her sister, as she stood arranging her purple ribbons round her still fair face, careful as ever to set it off to the best advantage. "And they seem to obey you too. Now Gertrude is fond of me, poor little thing, but she never minds me one bit. I wish I could take a leaf out of your book."

"Do you?"

"And then your boys all seem to get on so well together; never a cross look or a sharp word; but I suppose that is because you are never cross and vexed yourself."

"Oh yes I am," said Edna, smiling. "But we are so many people in such a small house that we should never manage at all if we did not learn to keep our little tempers to ourselves. Isn't it so, Twinnies?" patting the round, curly heads which had intruded up stairs. "Come, jump up on a chair and kiss your aunt Letty—your great, tall auntie—and tell her she must be starting—Will and Julius shall take her to the railway station—and she must come and see us again as soon as she can."

Mrs. Vanderdecken distributed most affectionate adieus all round, and departed with her two nephews. But she took care to dismiss them at the earliest opportunity, to avoid any possible chance of meeting at the train either some of her grand acquaintances, or, worst of all, her husband.

At the journey's end her carriage was waiting for her, and she drove alone through the lovely Kentish country, beginning to wake up into all the freshness of early spring. Did it remind her—after her long absence from such scenes, for they had wintered in town last year—of many a long-ago spring? that in the Isle of Wight, for instance, when Edna nursed and petted her, and Dr. Stedman was kind to her, and Julius adored her. Or, perhaps, of later springs, when she and Julius sauntered about as affianced lovers, and watched the leaves come out and the thrushes sing in Kensington Gardens? Days when they were all poor together—poor and hard-working, but very happy, or, looking back, it seemed that they were. And as she smoothed down her silken gown, and leaned lazily back on the cushions of her carriage, Mrs. Vanderdecken gave more than one sigh to the memory—now a perfectly safe and comfortable memory to dwell upon—of poor, drowned Julius, lost in his prime, forsaken, dead, and forgotten.

Passing the school-house, she recollected that she had told Gertrude to wait for her there, thinking it a safe place of detention between the governess's hour of leaving and her own return. But, with fatal precaution, she had overshot her mark. For, the moment after having descended, she saw, sitting on the bench beside the school-house door, with Gertrude standing beside him and eagerly talking to him, the man John Stone!

Mrs. Vanderdecken's anger, not unmixed with fear, left her absolutely dumb. But Gertrude ran to meet her without the slightest hesitation—betraying no sense of having done wrong.

"Oh, mamma, I am so glad you are come! I have been waiting to tell you something! Something so wonderful, which Mr. Stone has just told me. You will never be angry with him any more. And Aunt Edna will be so glad; every body will be so glad."

"At what, my dear?" asked Mrs. Vanderdecken, a faint, cold fear thrilling through her.

"Stoop down and I'll whisper it, for it is a secret still, and only you and I are to know," said the little maid, her eyes bright and her cheeks glowing. "But he says—Mr. Stone, I mean—that he is quite certain Uncle Julius is not dead at all."

Had a thunder-bolt dropped at her feet Mrs. Vanderdecken could not have been more startled. For a moment she was silent, then she took to the usual refuge of fear—incredulous anger.

"Don't tell me such ridiculous nonsense. I don't believe a word of it. And you, Gertrude, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Did I not forbid you ever to speak to this—this fellow again?"

"No, mamma," replied Gertrude, boldly, "you forbade me to bring him into the park, but you never said I was not to speak to him. I met him quite by chance, and he walked on beside me. How could I help it? the common was as free to him as to me. Besides," added the little creature, roused to rebellion by what she considered injustice, "I would not have helped it if I could. Nothing should ever make me behave unkindly to a poor sick—"

"Folly! I tell you, child, he is nothing but a low impostor."

"I beg your pardon, Madam! What were you pleased to call me?"

Stone had followed, walking feebly with the help of his stick, and now stood before the lady, taking off his hat to her with an air of mock deference.

Voices change, like faces, in course of years; or perhaps he intentionally altered his; or, still more probable, was the truth of the old adage, "None so deaf as those who will not hear." But even now Mrs. Vanderdecken showed no sign of having recognized who he really was. Her reply was given in unmitigated anger.

"I do not know who or what you may be, but I know you have no business with my daughter. I said, and I say again, that you are a low impostor. If you persist in following us about so impertinently I will tell my husband, and he shall give you in charge to the police."

The man stood a minute, face to face with her, apparently feeling neither insulted nor afraid. Then he said, in a very low voice—

"Mrs. Vanderdecken, you will neither tell your husband, nor will you give me in charge to the police; I am quite sure of that. Look here!" and he took from his waistcoat pocket a

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letter, an old, foreign-looking letter, on which was still visible in a woman's hand the address, "Julius Stedman, Esquire, Calcutta." "I have half a dozen more of these. They came into my possession—never mind how. They are not very interesting reading, but they might be useful. I was just going to show them to your little girl here."

"Oh no, for pity's sake, no!" gasped the mother, in an agony of terror, and placing herself so that Gertrude could not see the letter, she hastily bade her run away and call the carriage, remaining in it till she herself came.

Then, half blind with dread, she turned back and forced herself to look at this man, to find out who he really was, whether only John Stone, a poor wandering wretch, who had somehow got hold of her story, and still worse, of her letters—or some one more formidable still, *who*, she dared scarcely imagine.

There he stood, with the sun slanting on his bare, bald head and gray beard, leaning on his stick, his threadbare coat wrapped round him, the mere wreck of a man—as much a wreck as that poor broken ship which they had used to watch the waves beating on, off the Isle of Wight coast, and yet, like it, preserving a certain amount of dignity, even of grace, amidst all his downfall. A man deeply to be pitied—perhaps severely blamed—since every one has his lot in his own hands, more or less, to redeem or ruin himself—but a man whom in his lowest plight could not be altogether despised.

"I see, Madam, you do not remember me, though I have the fortune—or misfortune—accurately to remember you."

"How? Who are you? But no, it is quite impossible," cried the frightened woman, shrinking back, yet knowing all the while how useless it was to shrink from a truth which every second forced itself more strongly upon her.

At that critical moment there came out of the school-house two of her friends—the rector's wife and sister, who having heard that she was expected, waited to consult with her about a school-feast—for the Vanderdecken purse and the Vanderdecken grounds were always their prime strong-hold in all parish festivities.

They met her with much *empressement*—these kindly women, whom she liked, and who liked her—for Letty Kenderdine's old pleasant ways had not faded out in Letitia Vanderdecken. She would have gone forward eagerly to meet them, but there—just between her and them—watching her like her evil genius, haunting her like an impending fate—stood this shabby, disreputable man. The man who had been the betrothed of her youth—whose arms had clasped her—whose lips had kissed her; to whom she had written those silly letters that a *fiancée* was likely to write, and unto whom she had been false with the utmost falseness by which a woman can disgrace herself and destroy her lover—an infidelity than which there is none greater or crueler, short of the infidelity of a married wife. There he stood—she was certain of it now—not John Stone, but Julius Stedman.

How it came about that he was still alive, or what had brought him hither, she never paused to think. She only recognized that it was, without a doubt, her old lover, risen up as from the very grave to punish her: to bring upon her her husband's jealous anger, her daughter's contempt, her neighbors' gossip. No wonder that the poor, weak, cowardly woman was overpowered with an almost morbid terror—a terror so great that she did not even perceive the faint fragment of right that she still had on her side—namely, that for any man, let him be ever so ill-treated by a woman, to take upon her this mean revenge, was a cruelty that condemned himself quite as much as it did her.

But there he was, undoubtedly, Julius Stedman; and Mrs. Vanderdecken felt that if the earth would open and hide her from him she should be only too thankful.

Alas! the earth does not open and hide either sufferers or sinners when they desire it. They can not escape. They must stay and meet the consequences of the sin; learn to endure the suffering.

Mrs. Vanderdecken slipped a step or two aside, and received her rectory friends with a nervous, apologetic smile.

"I beg your pardon, but I was just speaking to this poor man, a very honest and respectable person, in whom I have complete reliance, and for whom I am most anxious to do all I can. I wanted to hear his story, but I will hear it another time, if—if he will kindly excuse me now—"

"Certainly," said the man, with a formal and stately bow. "Certainly. I have no wish to intrude upon you, Madam. I am quite at your disposal any day. Good-afternoon."

He took off his hat once more, first to her and then to the other ladies, and walked away slowly in an opposite direction.

"I know that man by sight," said the rector's wife, looking after him in some surprise. "He comes to church pretty regularly, I think."

"Yes."

"Poor fellow, he seems as if he had seen better days. My husband must call upon him. What is his name?"

"John Stone," replied Letty, faintly.

"And you have been kind to him, as you are to every body. You are a real blessing to our parish, my dear Mrs. Vanderdecken."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Vanderdecken's intense fear—a fear which it was now impossible either to fly from or to set aside—made her cleverer than ordinary. She carried on the conversation with her friends till she had furtively watched this man—once her lover, now her bitterest enemy—safe

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out of sight. Then she stepped into her carriage, much agitated indeed, but still able by a violent effort to control herself before her daughter, and account for her nervousness by saying how very much worn-out she had been by her journey to London.

"But why did you go, mamma? Oh, I remember; it was about a bonnet. Still I would not have you so tired and looking so ill for all the new bonnets in the world."

"Don't talk to me till we get into the house and have had our tea. Then I shall be rested, and you can tell me all your story."

"Very well, mamma," replied Gertrude, with her customary acquiescence, and then sat looking out of the carriage window, amusing herself with her own thoughts, which were generally quite as interesting as her mother's conversation.

Upon her new discovery the little girl's fancy dwelt with a tenderness indescribable. Stone had told her that for many months Julius Stedman had been "out of his mind"—though carefully tended by some natives who took pity upon him, but never even knew his name. That he came to his right senses in some up-country station—all but penniless; and had enlisted for a soldier—seen much service—and was finally sent home to England invalided—at which critical point in the story Mrs. Vanderdecken's carriage appeared.

But Gertrude had heard enough. Her imagination was vividly excited. That most divine doctrine of Christianity, which comes as a natural instinct to the young, the gospel of repentance and the forgiveness of sins, the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, was deep in the inmost heart of this child. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of poor Julius Stedman, looking not unlike the prodigal son in her pictorial Bible, coming home to his brother and sister; taken into the bright little house at Brook Street, and there made happy to the end of his days. She forgot one thing, which overtender people also sometimes forget, though it is not forgotten in the parable—that the prodigal first said, "I have sinned," and that in no way had Stone ever hinted that Julius Stedman—wherever or whatever he might be—was in the least sorry for any thing.

But this was an ethical question about which the child did not trouble herself. She only waited with painfully restrained impatience till she had leave to tell her tale.

This was not for an hour or more. Mrs. Vanderdecken kept putting off, on any excuse, what she so much dreaded to hear. At last, getting one of the not unfrequent telegrams that her husband would dine in the city and not be home till next day, she took a little more courage, and stretching herself on the sofa in her morning-room, prepared to hear the worst, and to take things, hard as they were, at least as easy as she could.

"Now, Gertrude, while I have ten minutes to spare, tell me what was that silly story about Dr. Stedman's brother being still alive, which Mr. Stone told you."

For she had satisfactorily discovered that as Stone only did the child know him; he had, for some reason or other, been careful to preserve his incognito; nor, to Gertrude at any rate, had he identified himself with Julius Stedman—if indeed he was Julius. Sometimes a wild hope that he was not, that her own fears and some chance resemblance had deluded her, came to comfort Mrs. Vanderdecken. So, as carelessly as she could, she repeated the name of John Stone, and found that her daughter received it with equal indifference. So far she was safe.

But when she began to hear the story, so minute in all its details, she felt that though a child might be deceived, no grown person could be, into believing it a tale told second-hand. Gertrude's accurate memory and vivid imagination reproduced, almost as graphically as it had been given to her, the history of the young man's passionate despair—how, having lost his bride, he determined to lose himself—at once, and completely as if he had been dead.

"He wished his friends to think him dead, mamma. He thought they would be happier if they did: if he could drop out of the world and be utterly forgotten. Was that right?"

"I can't tell. And where is he? How did Stone know him?" cried the mother, with eager deceit—or perhaps wishful even to deceive herself.

"You forget, mamma; but then you know you are not very good at remembering things," said Gertrude, patronizingly. "Have I not told you ever so often that Mr. Stone declares he never met Uncle Julius in all his life?"

Obvious as the quibble was, Mrs. Vanderdecken took it in for the moment and breathed freer.

"Oh, yes, yes; go on, child."

"After he turned soldier he was knocked about the world in all directions. I'm afraid," Gertrude added, gravely, "that he was sometimes very naughty. Mr. Stone says so: but he wouldn't tell me what he had done. I told him I thought the naughtiest thing of all was his not writing to his brother, who loved him so dearly, and would have been so happy to get him back again."

"Did he ever come back?"

"Yes. That is the delight of it. Mr. Stone says he is certain he is in England—in fact, I almost think he knows where he is, though he did not say so. I fancy he—Uncle Julius that is (oh, please, mamma, let me call him Uncle Julius, for I feel so fond of him)—must be very poor, or very miserable, or something; for when I asked why he had not gone at once to his brother, Mr. Stone said, 'No, he would never do that, for his misery would only disgrace him.' But, mamma, that can't be true, can it?" said the child, appealingly. "I am sure if I had a brother, and he were ever so miserable, nay, even if he had done wrong, and were to come to me and say he was sorry, and

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would never be bad again, I would take him in and be glad to see him, and feel it no disgrace, even if he were in rags and tatters, like poor Mr. Stone. Would not you?"

"Yes," said the mother, and knew she was telling a lie, and that one day God would surely condemn her out of her own lips, before the face of her own child. She turned paler and paler, and scarcely could utter the next question—apparently needless, and yet which she felt she must fully assure herself of before she ventured a step further. "But the lady—she who went out to India—did not Mr. Stone tell you the name of the lady?"

Gertrude's lip curled with the supreme contempt of indignant youth.

"No, he told me nothing about her, and I did not care to ask. The false, mean, mercenary woman! Don't speak of her, mamma; she isn't worth it."

No, the mother did not attempt to speak. She only turned her face to the wall, with a half-audible groan, wishing she could lie silent forever—silent in the grave, where, at least, her child could not have the heart to say such cruel words, or she herself, hidden in the dust of death, would not be able to hear them. And yet she knew they were true words—true as the warm light in Gertrude's eyes when, feeling that she had somehow vexed her mother, though she could not in the least guess how, she crept closer to her and began caressing her and amusing her with careless words, every one of which stung like wasps, or pierced like arrows.

"You see, mamma, she must have been such a very heartless woman, as well as faithless, and such a coward too. She never sent one line to Uncle Julius, to tell him she had changed her mind—left him to be told by somebody else—any body who cared to tell him. It was the ship's captain who did it, when he came on board; and he fell down on the deck as if he had been shot. Mr. Stone says it felt like being shot—that he laughed—and it did not seem to hurt him at all for a minute, and he got up and staggered back to the boat and landed again. After that his mind went all astray. Poor man! Poor Uncle Julius!"

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Vanderdecken, faintly. "You have talked so much you have quite made my head ache. I think you had better go to bed now."

"Oh no; it is hardly eight o'clock; and, besides, you will want me to wait upon you, and get you your paper-case and things. You know you have a letter to write, mother dear," said Gertrude, coaxingly.

"What letter?"

"To Aunt Edna, of course, telling her that Dr. Stedman must come here at once."

"Why?"

"Can't you guess, mamma? To see Mr. Stone, and get out of him every thing he knows about Uncle Julius. He would not tell me, but of course he must tell Dr. Stedman, who is Uncle Julius's very own brother. No time ought to be lost. You'll write, of course, mamma?"

"Of course," replied the mother, actually shivering with fear as this new difficulty in her position opened itself out before her. Vainly she turned it over in her troubled brain, wondering how she was to escape it. Escape, indeed, was what she most thought of; whether she could not, by continuing utterly to ignore him, and keeping still in dead silence the secret which he had so far kept, get rid, temporarily or permanently, of this man, who might be Julius Stedman, and yet might not. But in either case it could not signify much, nor for very long. He was apparently in bad health—he might not live. If he were Julius, he probably had his own good reasons for not wishing to be recognized by his brother; since, during all the weeks he had remained in England, he had made no effort to see him. And let the silly, romantic Gertrude have what notions she might, theirs could not be a pleasant meeting. Indeed, as a physician in good practice, it might seriously injure Dr. Stedman to have thrust upon him a brother so low in the world. Was it not advisable, perhaps, to keep them apart?

So reasoned this woman, long used to view all things by the light of custom and convenience, and half persuaded herself to take the easiest course, of letting things alone, when she was startled by the voice of her daughter—the funny, decided little voice, which often half coaxed, half governed her to do many things against her will.

"Mamma, shall I bring you your letter-case now? The post-bag will go in half an hour; and here is your favorite paper with the crest upon it. I'll get you an envelope immediately."

Mrs. Vanderdecken knew not what to do. This, which seemed to her child the most natural and simple course imaginable, was to her nearly an impossibility—a dread indescribable at the time, and the opening up of endless future troubles. For of the great enmity that the man Stone—or Julius Stedman, whichever he was—bore her there could be no doubt. He would do her harm if he could. Instead of aiding, she would thankfully have annihilated him. Not out of cruelty—poor Letty was not naturally cruel—but out of mere fear. Yet, are not half the wickednesses and barbarities of this world done out of simple fear? She did not mean to be wicked—she would have been horrified had any one suggested such a thing—yet more than once the dim thought crossed her mind—oh, if only that poor sickly man, whoever he was, had slipped away from the world, instead of coming here to be the torment and terror of her life!

Not daring to refuse her daughter—for what possible excuse could she give for so doing?—she sat with the pen in her hand—her irresolute, trembling, jeweled hand—until the stroke of nine, and then laid it down.

"I am so tired, Gertrude, so very tired, and I hate writing letters. It is too late now, for I

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ought to word it carefully, so as not to startle them. I'll write it the first thing to-morrow."

"Very well, mamma," said Gertrude, passively; she had had only too much experience of her mother's dilatory ways, her weak habit of putting off every thing till "to-morrow." Still, she would not complain, this good child which Heaven was teaching, as it has to teach the luckless children of some parents, by negatives. Though bitterly disappointed, she held her tongue, and indeed begun, as she often did, quietly to lay her own plans for doing what her mother would most likely leave undone—or do too late. But before she could settle any thing to her satisfaction, nurse came to carry her off to bed, where she laid her busy little head down, and slept off in multitudinous dreams, in which Uncle Julius, Aunt Edna, and all the rest figured by turns, the intense excitement of the day.

Not so her mother. Mrs. Vanderdecken not seldom had to pay the penalty of an idle, luxurious life: her sleep often fled from her. In the wakeful, silent hours every small grievance became a mountainous wrong. No wonder then that the same thing befell her now, and after a miserable night she arose sick, unrefreshed, driven by sheer desperation into what yesterday would have been the very last thing she had dared to do—a resolve to go and see for herself whether her fears were true or false; whether she really had at her very door Julius Stedman, returned alive, who, though he could have no actual scandal to bring against her—Letty Kenderdine, with all her folly, had ever kept her fair fame clear—was acquainted with the numerous love affairs of her youth—in her vanity she had often teased him with them, and laughed at his ridiculous jealousy. Now, even if he did no worse, he might repeat them all, and make her the by-word and the laughing-stock of her neighbors. The idea of this low fellow, who, whatever or whoever he had been, had now sunk to be a lodger in a village ale-house, giving out to all the drunken hangers-on there that he was once the lover—the plighted husband—of Mrs. Vanderdecken of Holywell Hall! It nearly drove her wild.

To prevent this, by almost any sacrifice, she was driven to the daring expedient of attempting an interview—a private interview—with the man who called himself John Stone.

At first she thought of sending for him to her own house—but Gertrude might wonder, the servants might gossip—besides, the man might refuse to come. In any sight she had had of him he had seemed more and more resolved to make her feel she had cause to be afraid of him, not he of her. Better seize him of a sudden, before he had time to settle what advantage he should take of her—whether he wanted revenge or only money. For still she clung feebly to her old delusion, that money could do any thing, atone for any thing.

Yet as she pondered over these things, considering how she might best protect herself from him—there came more than once to her a vision of her young lover, who would have given his existence to protect *her*, who worshiped the very ground she trod upon, who though poor in worldly wealth had been rich in every thing else—most rich in the only treasure which makes life really happy—honest, hearty love. And though she had got all she wanted—nay, was in a far higher and more prosperous position than she had ever dreamed of as a girl, still she felt that something was missing out of her life—something that never would come into it again. She could understand dimly what that text meant—"to gain the whole world, and lose one's own soul."

This feeling did not last, of course. Letty's nature was too shallow for any emotion to last long; and she shortly turned away from it to consider how she could accomplish, with least observation, her meeting with Stone.

It happened to be her day of district visiting, when the village was accustomed to see her carriage waiting about while she went from cottage to cottage, splendid and condescending, though sometimes a little alarming to the inmates. But Mrs. Fox's house was not included in her list, partly because the good woman was not quite poor enough to warrant her dwelling being taken by storm by a rich neighbor, who had no other excuse than the superiority of wealth to give for so doing, and partly because Mrs. Vanderdecken did not consider a public house exactly "respectable."

Great, therefore, was the landlady's surprise when the Holywell equipage stopped at her door, and its mistress, leaning out smiling, requested to know if there was not a person named Stone lodging there?

"Yes, sure, ma'am; has been here since before Christmas; a very decent man, or I wouldn't have had him in my house, I can assure you. A soldier, ma'am, just come from India."

"So I understand. I have had friends in India. I should like to see him—and—it would be a pleasure to me to do any thing I could for him. Will you tell him so?"

"That I will, Mrs. Vanderdecken, and I'm real glad too," added the old woman, confidentially, "for to tell you the truth, he's sometimes a great weight upon my mind—poor Mr. Stone: not for fear he won't pay me—he does that reg'lar—but I can see he's poor enough, and very sickly, and has such queer ways. I was thinking of telling our rector about him, in case any thing did happen."

"Don't, don't!" said Mrs. Vanderdecken, eagerly. "The rector has only too much upon his hands. If you want things for your lodger—food or wine—just send to the Hall."

"You are only too good, ma'am; and I've said to Mr. Stone often and often what a kind lady you be. But here he comes to speak for himself. My dear soul," darting up to him and whispering in his ear, "do look alive for once. Here is somebody come to see you—a kind lady as says she has friends in India, and wishes you well."

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Stone, who had been creeping lazily across the common in the sunshine of the lovely spring morning, looked about him in his wild, weary, confused fashion—he seemed sometimes half asleep, as if it was a long time before he could take any new idea into his bewildered brain.

"Don't bother me, Mrs. Fox, pray! Ask the lady who she is and what she comes about." And then, deaf and blind and stupid as he seemed, he perceived the face leaning out of the carriage window. The mutual recognition was instantaneous.

"What do you want with me?" asked he, hoarsely.

"I want to speak to you—just half a dozen words. Will you come into my carriage, or shall I get out?"

"You had better get out."

Driven desperate by her extreme fear, Letty obeyed. As she did so the mere force of habit made Stone come forward to assist her—as any gentleman would assist a lady—but by this time Mrs. Vanderdecken had recovered her prudence. Pretending not to see him, she rested as usual on her footman's arm, and descended leisurely from her carriage.

"Mrs. Fox," said she, carefully addressing herself to the landlady, "can I have a word or two with your lodger in your little parlor? And, coachman, walk the horses up and down the common; it is rather chilly this morning. Don't you find it so after India, Mr. Stone?"

Truly Letty had rather gained than lost in the art of keeping up appearances.

"Mr. Stone, my dear," whispered the landlady, pulling him by the sleeve as he stood motionless. "You're forgetting your manners, quite. Do go in and speak to the lady—Mrs. Vanderdecken—she is such a kind lady, and might turn out a good friend to you."

And considering him woefully blind to his own interests, which were somehow or other in her charge, the old woman fairly pushed him into the parlor and shut the door.

So the two—once lovers—stood face to face together and alone; even as when they had parted fifteen years ago, expecting to meet again almost as husband and wife. They stood, looking blankly at one another across the sea of dead years which had rolled between and forever divided them.

Hardly knowing what she did, Letty slightly extended her hand, but it was not taken, and then she said, in a frightened voice:

"I know who you are; but how did you come here? I thought—every body thought—that you were dead long ago."

"You thought I was dead? Well, so I have been these many years. Shall I tell you who killed me?"

Mrs. Vanderdecken shrank back, and then bethought herself that, whether he were mad or not, it was advisable to pacify him.

"I beg your pardon; I only meant that, as we are both middle-aged people now, we had better let by-gones be by-gones. Won't you shake hands, Mr. Stedman?"

At sound of that old name—the boyish name, his and Will's—the artist's name which he had hoped to make famous, and give, covered with honor, to the woman he loved—the man started and began to tremble violently.

"Don't call me thus. I have long since dropped the name; I have forgotten I ever bore it. I told you I was dead—dead."

Mrs. Vanderdecken looked sorry, but she was too much afraid for herself to give way much.

"Pray don't talk in that sad fashion; I am sure there is no need. You are, of course, a good deal changed, and I am grieved to see it. You must have had a hard life in India, or wherever you were. I should like to be of service to you if I could; if you would promise never to refer to youthful follies."

"Follies!"

"You know they were such," said Letty, gathering courage. "Ours was just a boy and girl affair. We were not suited for each other, and should never have been happy. It was really quite as much for your sake as my own that I did as I did."

"Stop!" cried Julius, fiercely, and rose up in his rags—his old coat was actually ragged now—to confront the lady—so much a lady to look at, so graceful and so elegantly clad. "Stop. You and I may never meet in this world again; so at least let us tell one another no lies. There were lies enough told by one of us fifteen years ago."

His manner was so wild that at first Letty glanced toward the door; then, rapidly calculating consequences—a new thing for her—she decided to propitiate him, if possible.

"This is not kind, or even gentleman-like, of you—and you were always such a gentleman," said she, in a soothing tone. "I dare say you were much annoyed with me at the time, for which I am very sorry, though I did all for the best. But you must have got over it now. And please don't speak so loud; people will hear you outside."

"Oh, that is all you care for still, I see; how things look outside."

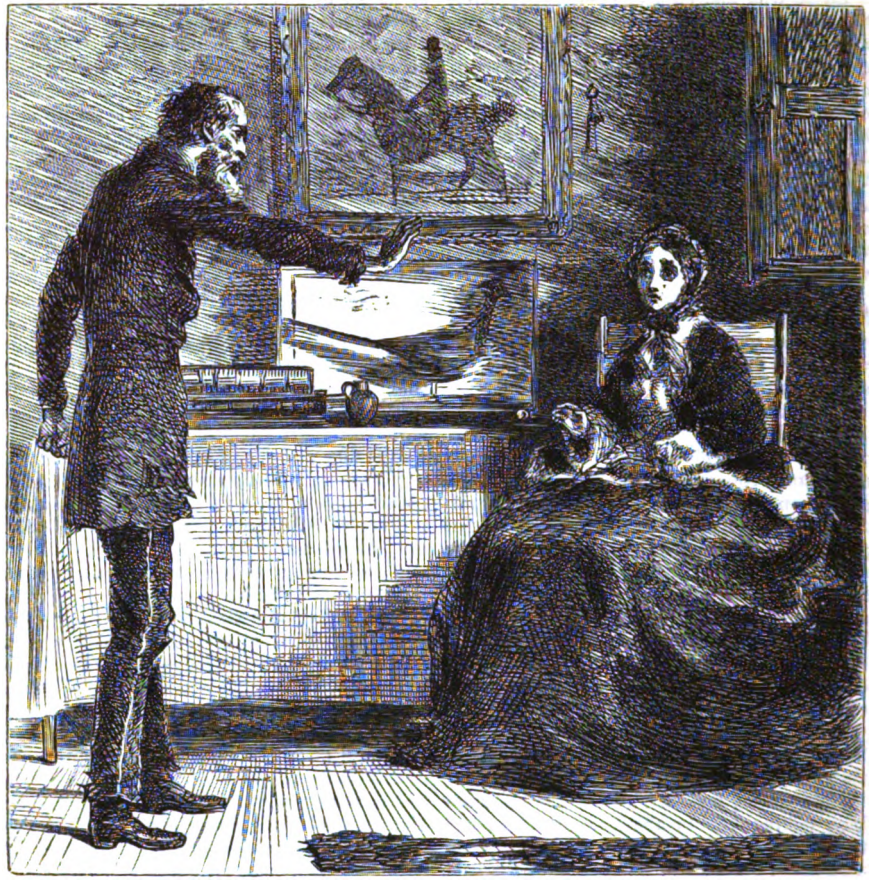
His laugh was so strange, so dreadful, that Letty again doubted whether, at all risks, it would not be safer to get away from him. She looked toward the door.

"Excuse me, but since you have desired it, we will have out our 'few words.' You need not be afraid, I shall not harm you. I am not insane, though the quantity of opium I eat makes me a little queer sometimes; nor a drunkard; nor a thief, as you supposed me to be. But every thing else bad that a man can be—that a woman might have saved him from—I am, and it is your doing."

"My doing!"

It was fortunate for Letty that at this moment her carriage passed the window, reminding her that she was Mrs. Vanderdecken after

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JULIUS AND LETTY.

all. She rose in her stately height from the horse-hair sofa.

"If you talk in this way I must really go."

"Not yet; I could not allow it. But pray be seated. Though I am aware it is but poor accommodation I have to offer you."

"I can not stay indeed. My position as—as a married lady—"

"A married lady!" repeated he, in the sneering tone of young Julius Stedman, deepened tenfold. "Fifteen years ago you were in heart and vow married to me. When you gave yourself to another man you did—what the other women do who sell themselves body and soul to any men that desire them—what your Bible calls by the ugly word—"

"I can't listen. I won't listen," cried Letty, flushing up. "Only a brute would speak in this way to me—me, a wife and a mother. Oh, my poor little girl!"

There was truth in what she said, and, maddened as he was, Julius felt it.

"I have done no injury to your little girl," said he, more quietly. "She in no way resembles you. She is a sweet little creature, and I am rather fond of her."

"You fond of her!" cried the mother, roused into courage by the one pure, unselfish instinct she had. "And what right have you to be fond of her? What is she to you that you should have gone and made friends with her, and turned her heart against me by telling her my whole miserable story?"

"I have not done so, not yet. I have never mentioned your name."

"But she will find it out, when she learns who you are, as she must when you go home to your brother."

"I shall never go home to my brother. It is the last kindness I can show to him and his—to keep away from them. I have seen them all, and that is enough. To make myself known to them would only disgrace them. They will never see me, or hear of me, any more."

The voice was so hollow, so sad, and yet so resolute, that for a minute it touched Letty. Then in her infinite relief that things were thus, she thought it wiser to leave them so.

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"You may change your mind," she said, "especially if you should be ill."

"No. I am accustomed to be ill alone; it will not be much harder—perhaps less hard—to die alone."

"Ah, we'll hope not. You are too young still to talk of dying. But perhaps your plan is the best after all."

Julius regarded her, as she spoke so coldly, so indifferently—the woman who had been his idol, into whose hands had been given, as into many another woman's, almost unlimited power over a man, to save or to destroy him; who, loving him not blindly but faithfully, might have conquered his faults, developed his virtues, and led him, like his good angel, through the world, up to the very gate of heaven. But now—

As he gazed the last trace of softness went out of the man's heart. He was no longer her lover, but her bitterest enemy.

"You are right," he said. "My plan is best. And now we need not mention my brother again. What else have you to say to me?"

"It was about my little girl. I want you to promise never to meet my Gertrude any more."

"Why not?"

"Oh, can you not see? Only just consider."

"I have considered, ever since I saw you at the railway-station—the rich, prosperous woman whom God would not punish. But I am juster than He—I will."

"Punish me? What do you mean?"

"I will tell you, for I like to do things fairly and openly; it was you who did them underhand. That Sunday night, by the kitchen fire in your little house at Kensington—do you remember it? I told you that you might make me either good or bad. If you refused me at once—point-blank—I might bear it—I was young, I should 'get over it,' as you women say. But if you trifled with me, or deceived me, I should never get over it—I should turn out a vagabond and a reprobate to the end of my days. This came true. See what I am! and I repeat, it is all your doing."

"Oh, Julius!"

She said it, involuntarily, perhaps—or, else to soften him—for she was growing more and more frightened, but it only seemed to harden him the more.

"Never utter that name again. I told you I had renounced it, and shall never resume it while I live, which will not be long, thank God! That is, if there be a God to thank for anything."

"Hush! You are talking blasphemy."

"Who made me a blasphemer? Who taught me to disbelieve in every thing good, and holy, and sweet? Who turned me into a heathen, and then, as you say, into a brute? But it does not matter now; I shall be at rest soon. Only, before I die, I will make certain of your punishment."

"Oh, this is horrible," moaned Letty. "And what do you mean to do to me?"

"Nothing that shows outside, if you are afraid of that. Nothing to make your neighbors laugh at you, and your husband ill-treat you, which, I understand, he sometimes does already."

"It is not true!" cried she, faintly.

"True or not, it is no concern of mine. I mean to be very just, very judicious. I shall not disgrace you in the world's eyes. Nobody shall discover who I am—nobody but you. But I shall stay here, close in your sight, a perpetual reminder of your falsehood toward me, as long as I live."

"You will do no worse than that? Oh, promise me."

"Promises are not necessarily kept, you know. But I always had a trick of keeping mine; so I would rather not promise."

"Only—only—" and the mother's voice grew sharp with misery, "you will not tell any thing to my child—my poor little Gertrude that loves me?"

"I can not say. It is possible I might take a fit of atonement; might make up for my various ill deeds by one good one, and prevent your daughter from growing up such a woman as yourself by giving her the wholesome warning of her mother's history. It would point a moral, would it not?"

Mrs. Vanderdecken groaned. "But you can not prove it. You have no evidence but your own word."

"You forget. I showed you a letter. I have kept every one you ever wrote to me—not many—nor very brilliant—but sufficient. Suppose I were some day to inclose them in an envelope, addressed, not 'Mrs.' but 'Miss Vanderdecken, Holywell Hall?'"

In real life, people do not drop on their knees and beg for mercy, nor stand glaring at one another in fiendish malice and gratified revenge; we are too civilized for this sort of thing nowadays. So, critical as the "situation" was, the poor soldier and the fashionable lady maintained their positions; and nobody listening outside could have heard a sound beyond the ordinary murmur of conversation.

Half frantic, Mrs. Vanderdecken fell back upon the last expedient that any wise woman would have tried. She put her hand in her pocket.

"You must be very poor. I am poor too. I get but a very small allowance. Still, I would give you this—every week, if you like."

Julius took the purse, and fingered its sovereigns—truly not too many—with a half disdainful curiosity.

"And so you are poor, after all; though you did not marry me? And you want me to accept your money? Once, you know, you might have taken all mine—by dint of working, saving, almost starving, I had gathered a good heap of it to lay at your feet—but now— Excuse me, I have no further interest in examining this elegant purse." He closed and returned it.

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"Will nothing persuade you then? Have you no pity for me—a mother with an only child?"

"None," said Julius. "Am not I going down to my grave, a childless man, with my name blotted out upon earth? No; I have no pity for you—none."

"Yet you cared for me once. Oh, Julius, is all your love for me quite gone?"

"You must have a strange kind of love for Mr. Vanderdecken when you can condescend to ask another man that question."

The insult—and evidently meant as such—roused every womanly bit of poor Letty's nature. She started up, burning with indignation.

"Mr. Vanderdecken is a better husband to me than ever you would have been, since you can so turn against me now. And for my little girl—my poor little girl—the only creature I have left to love me—if you wean her heart from me, God will punish you—I know He will. It is a cruel and a wicked thing to do; and if you do it, you will be a wickeder man than I took you for."

And Letty burst into tears.

She had been given to weeping always—it was her strongest engine of power over Julius; but it had no effect upon him now—at least not apparently. He rose and walked to the window.

"Your carriage is still waiting, I see. Had you not better go? It is a pity to agitate yourself needlessly."

"I will go. And you may do what you choose. I never mean to speak to you any more. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mrs. Vanderdecken. Allow me," and on the latch of the door their hands met. Letty drew hers away with a gesture of repugnance, and passed out, never looking at him again.

When she was gone—quite gone, and even the faint perfume which her dress had left behind—Letty still liked perfumes—had melted out of the room, Julius sat down, exhausted, gazing wistfully on the place where she had stood.

"Was I right or wrong?" said he to himself. "But no matter. Nothing matters now."

And yet for hours after he wandered about the common, stricken with a vague remorse; also, in spite of himself, with a touch of something approaching respect for—not Letty, but Gertrude's mother—the woman whom, even while adoring, he had sometimes half-despised.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Little Miss Vanderdecken sat in rather a melancholy frame of mind under her yew-tree, by the pond. It was a very pleasant seat now, with the leaves all budding, and the birds singing on every side; but the little maid did not enjoy them so much as usual. There had been overnight one of those "convulsions of nature," as, with a pathetic drollery, the clever child had a habit of calling them, which shook the whole household more or less—the disputes between her father and mother, which are so sad for a child to see, and weaken so terribly all filial respect for both. The conjugal war had been violent, and lasted long; it had reached, and considerably entertained, the servants' hall, also the nursery, where Gertrude had overheard not a few remarks upon "Missis's" changeableness and selfishness, in insisting on the removal of the whole establishment at once to Brighton, and shutting up Holywell Hall entirely, for at least three months. Quite preposterous, the servants thought; giving so much trouble for nothing; and none of them wondered that master objected to it. He, being "close-fisted," was with them the least popular of the two; but here they decidedly sympathized with him, as did his little daughter.

Gertrude could not imagine what had come over her mother, to be so persistent in her fancies, since, finding all persuasion vain, Mrs. Vanderdecken had actually started that morning for Brighton, to take lodgings there on her own account, for herself and her daughter. Gertrude, hating Brighton, and loving every nook in the pretty park at Holywell, was in exceedingly low spirits at the prospect before her, of which she could not at all see the end; for her father was obstinate, too, in his way, and it was hard for him, an old man, to be driven from his comfortable home, and forced to travel daily a hundred miles by rail, as he would have to do. At seventy he still worked at his favorite pastime of money-making as hard as if he had been twenty-five.

"I wonder how they will settle it between them, poor papa and mamma!" thought the child, dwelling on them with a sort of pity. "I wish they wouldn't quarrel so; but mamma says all married people do quarrel; if so, I'm sure I hope I may never be married," added she, kicking away a large fir-cone as contemptuously as if it had been a young lover at her feet; then stooping to pick it up again, and add it to a large heap which she had built round the root of the tree one day when she was listening to Mr. Stone's stories.

This changed the current of her thoughts, and she began to reckon how soon there might come a letter in answer to the one which, if her mamma had kept her promise, the Stedmans would get late last night, telling them that Uncle Julius was not dead.

"Mamma must surely have written, even though she did come in tired from her district-visiting. I wonder what it was that worried her so all day. Poor mamma!"

But, in spite of poor mamma, who was so often worried, Gertrude's thoughts wandered longingly to the cheerful house in Brook Street, and the good news that was coming there—nay, had come already; and it seemed to her quite a coincidence, an opportunity not to be missed,

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when she saw passing down the foot-path that crossed the park an old woman, whom she felt sure was Mrs. Fox. She ran forward at once. "Please tell me—I am Miss Vanderdecken, you know—how is Mr. Stone to-day?—and—has any body been to see him?"

Mrs. Fox looked surprised, but dropped a respectful courtesy. "I didn't know as you know'd him, Miss; and I only wish somebody would come and see him, poor man. I was just going up to the Hall to ask your mamma if she would do so, being such a kind lady."

"I am sure mamma would—but she is gone to Brighton to-day."

"Oh dear, what a pity! What shall I do?"

"Can I do any thing—take any message?"

Mrs. Fox turned and, shrewd old body as she was, "took stock," so to speak, of the child.

"Well, my dear, I think you're a little lady to be trusted, and the servants might forget—servants in a big house often do. Would you please tell your mamma, when she comes back, that Mr. Stone is took ill, very bad, indeed; and if she'd see after him a little—she was a-talking to him in my parlor for nigh an hour yesterday morning."

"Was she?" exclaimed Gertrude, excessively astonished, and then touched to think how kind her mother had been, and how she misjudged her.

"And I dare say she had promised to be a good friend to him, as I told him she would, for I found that in his coat pocket"—handing to Gertrude a small packet, which felt like a bundle of papers, addressed, "Mrs. Vanderdecken." "It's likely certificates of character, Miss; I thought I'd best bring it at once, and ask advice as to what's to be done with the poor man, for he's very bad indeed—quite off his head, and knows nobody."

"How did it all happen?" asked Gertrude, greatly shocked, and yet feeling upon her a strange responsibility. For if this poor man lost his reason, or died, what means would there be of finding out any thing about Uncle Julius? "Please tell me, Mrs. Fox; I am nearly twelve years old, though I look so small, and mamma always tells me every thing."

"I dare say she does," said the old woman, approvingly, and went on to explain how that, after the kind lady left him, Mr. Stone had gone out and wandered about all day, as he often did, returning for supper as usual; "though afterward he asked me for pen, ink, and paper, which was the only queer thing he did. But this morning I finds him lying straight on his bed, like a corpse, only not dead and not insensible, for his eyes kept rolling about, and he seemed to know what was said to him, though he never spoke one word. I think it's brain-fever, myself, but I'd like to take advice as to what's to be done, for I know nothing of him except his name. Poor fellow! and yet I'd do any thing for him; he lies like a lamb, and follows me up and down with his eyes;" and the old woman wiped hers with her apron before she could say another word.

"And has nobody been to see him?" inquired Gertrude, cautious through all her anxiety, for she felt that the story of Uncle Julius was a family secret not to be gossiped about in the village.

"Who was there to come, Miss? he hasn't a single relative or friend as I knows of. But I thought your mamma might have heard—he might have told her something yesterday—she being a lady, and somehow I've often fancied Mr. Stone was a born gentleman. And, any how, she might have got him a good doctor."

"I know a doctor," cried Gertrude, eagerly; "I'll send for him at once, he will be sure to come, he is my"—uncle, she was going to say, but, with the painful consciousness which experience had taught her, stopped. "If I write the letter can you find any body to take it at once to him—to London?"

"Tommy will; but would the doctor come, Miss?"

"Oh, yes; I am quite sure he will come at once, if I say something to him which I shall say."

And, not without a spice of enjoyment at the romantic mystery which lurked under her compassionate errand, Gertrude fled into the house and scribbled, as fast as pen could go, her impulsive letter:

"DEAR UNCLE STEDMAN,—I write to you because mamma is not at home to write herself, as I know she would. Please will you come down here immediately, to the 'Goat and Compasses,' Holt village, where lies the poor man of whom mamma wrote to you yesterday: John Stone, the soldier from India, who knows all about your brother Julius, whom every body thought to be dead. He is very ill, Mr. Stone I mean, and if he dies you might never find out your brother. Please come at once.

"Your affectionate niece,

"GERTRUDE VANDERDECKEN."

It was not till the letter was written, and Mrs. Fox away, in total ignorance of its contents except that it would be sure to bring Dr. Stedman at once, that Gertrude paused to consider what she had done.

No harm, certainly; a common act of charity toward a sick man—the man who had been so kind to her. And yet she was by no means sure that her mamma would like it—her poor mamma, who had shown such an unfounded jealousy of this Mr. Stone—why and wherefore Gertrude could not conceive. But, alas! the child had already, by sharp experience, learned to distinguish between what mamma liked done and what, in her keen instinctive conscientiousness, she herself thought right to be done. And why? Because the mother had herself laid the fatal foundation for all disobedience in teaching one thing and practicing another.

"Yet I have done nothing that mamma told me not to do," argued Gertrude with herself,

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after the letter, not the spirit; yet only as she had been brought up, poor child! "I have neither written to Aunt Edna, nor gone to see Mr. Stone. And when mamma comes home to-night, of course I shall tell her every thing. And, let me see, what shall I do with this packet? I'll put it on a high shelf, and not touch it again."

And though she was dying with curiosity to know what was inside it—no doubt something relating to Uncle Julius—she restrained herself, and looked at it no more. Nay, she did what was harder still, though her little heart was bursting with sympathy and anxiety—during the whole long day she neither went herself, nor sent any of the servants to inquire how things fared with poor Mr. Stone.

* * * * * *

Edna and her husband were taking an afternoon's stroll in the broad walk of Kensington Gardens—the place which they had haunted so much in their old poverty days—days when even the sweetness of being together hardly kept their tired feet from aching, or their anxious hearts from feeling that it needed all the love that was in them to maintain cheerfulness.

Now things, outwardly, were quite changed. No weary walking—Dr. Stedman had driven his wife to the Palace gate—and the carriage was to meet them at the Bayswater end. She walked beside him, clad "in silk attire," and "siller had to spare," and he had earned it all. Earned, too, as he rose in the world, those bits of delicious idleness which a man may lawfully enjoy, who, having done his best for his wife and family, yet feels that life is not all money-making, and that it is sometimes wise to sacrifice a little outside luxury for inward leisure—and love.

So, with a clear conscience, and a boy-like happiness, pleasant to see in one whose hair was already gray, he daundered on, with his wife hanging on his arm, listening to every bird, and noting every budding tree, stopping continually to look in Edna's face and see if she were enjoying herself as much as he.

She did, though in a more subdued way. Women like her have natures at once lighter and deeper than men's; and no mother of five children is ever long without some anxious care or other. Still, for the time, Mrs. Stedman put hers aside: her sons were, after all, less dear to her than was their father. And as she walked along these familiar places, where she now came seldom enough not to disturb their old associations—she thought of him, not as he was now, but as William Stedman, her lover, with his love untried, his character untested, and both their lives looming before them in a dim rosy haze, under which might lurk—what?—They knew not—no lovers can know. Unmarried, a man or woman can stand or fall alone—but, married, they stand or fall together. Perhaps, if, before she was wed, Edna had felt this truth as strongly as she did now, she might have been more afraid. And yet not so, for she loved him, and love and suffering would have been better to her than loneliness and peace. But God had not sent her suffering—at least not more than was needed to temper her joys; or it seemed so, looking back. She, like all pure hearts, had a far keener memory for happiness than for pain.

And now her life was all clear, nay, it was almost half done. She and William had attained—one nearly, the other quite, their half-century, and they had been married twenty years. As she walked on—thoughtful, for this spring season, which had been the time of her courtship and marriage, her eldest son's birth and her baby's death, always seemed to make her grave—Edna clung with a tenderer clasp than ordinary to the arm which had sheltered and supported her so long.

"What are you thinking about, my wife? You have been silent these fifteen minutes."

"Only five, or I am sure I should have heard of it before," said Edna, smiling. "You and the boys think something dreadful must be the matter if ever I chance to hold my tongue."

"Well, but what were you cogitating on? I like to hear. If you had put all your pretty thoughts into a book, you would have turned out a celebrated authoress by this time."

"Oh no, thank goodness! for then how could I look after you and the five boys. But, seriously, I was thinking of something which I dare say some of the clever people who come to our house might find a grand subject for writing on."

"What was it?"

"Did you notice, as we drove through Kensington, a pawnbroker's shop—with a notice in the window: 'To be sold, unredeemed pledges?' It struck me how, in our human lives, so many early pledges are forever unredeemed."

"That is true," said William, sadly.

Edna hastened to change the conversation. "However, we did not come here to moralize. Tell me about the cottage at Sevenoaks."

This was a project, dreamed of hopelessly for many years, and this year in a fair way of being accomplished. All her life Edna had hated London, and yet been obliged to live in it: and all his life, for the last twenty years, Dr. Stedman had determined that the first use he would make of any wealth that came to him, should be to buy a cottage, where his wife, country-born and country-bred, could take refuge whenever she liked, among her beloved fields and flowers.

"Yes, I'll tell you all about the cottage by-and-by. It, at least, will not be one of the pledges unredeemed. We have not had many of these."

"Oh no. Thank God, William—no."

"Sometimes, when I look back these twenty years upon my life, and think what you have made it—"

"What God has made it."

"Yes, through you." He stopped, and loosing her arm, "eyed her over," as she called it, from head to foot. "Such a little woman she

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is!" said he, fondly, "but what a spirit! When we were poor how the tiny feet kept trotting about all day long, and the small head wore itself out in ingenious contrivances! And what a cheerful heart she kept—how she met all the world and its care without one fear!"

"There was no need for fear. I had not a single-handed battle to fight. There were always two of us. And we were always agreed."

"Not quite, perhaps," said Dr. Stedman. "Especially when we began to rise in the world—and I might have been foolish sometimes, only this grave little face kept me in my balance. Who forbade the brougham, and made me be content with cabs till I had a carriage I could honestly ride in? Who refused, year after year, to take her autumn pleasuring as many wives do, because her husband would only have to work the harder for it?"

"William!" with a laugh and a stamp, though the tears stood in her eyes, "do hold your tongue, or I shall begin to quote against you,

> 'Who rose to kiss me when I fell,
> And would a pretty story tell,
> And kiss the place to make it well?
> My mother.'

But," added she, gravely, "though we may have made many mistakes, and done many a wrong thing, perhaps even to one another, the pledge my husband gave me on his marriage-day has not been one of these melancholy 'pledges unredeemed.' I could begin and tell my tale too—of patience and tenderness and self-denial, so much harder for a man than a woman. But I'll tell nothing, unless I should happen to go up first and tell it to the angels."

"Don't talk nonsense," said William, hastily, and reverted at once to the subject of the cottage at Sevenoaks.

The plan had so delighted him that he had entered into its minutest details with the eagerness of a boy, and Edna was a long time before she had the heart to suggest the only objection she saw to it; namely, that it was on the same line of railway as—indeed, only a few miles distant from—Holywell Hall.

"And, if her husband has the objection that she says he has to the intercourse of our families, this might place my sister in rather a painful position—poor Letty!" Somehow, after her last visit, Edna had always called her "poor Letty."

"I can not see that we need modify our plans on account of either Mr. or Mrs. Vanderdecken. They have never shown us any consideration, and we owe them none."

William spoke in that formal tone, almost akin to severity, which any reference to his wife's sister always produced in him, and Edna answered gently:

"You are quite right, and it would be foolish in us to be affected by these difficulties. Still, they do exist, and I know you will feel them far more than I shall."

"Possibly, because you only feel them for yourself, while I feel them for you. It makes a good deal of difference. But we will not discuss these matters, my dear. Whenever your sister likes to come to my house, she can, for it is your house too; but never expect me to enter hers. And I shall take this pleasant little cottage, and live in it, even were it under the very shadow of Holywell Hall."

Edna dissented no more, for she knew it was useless—her husband had a will of his own, and most often it was a right and just will. In this matter she found herself incapable of judging, especially as she was dimly conscious that, had she been in his place, she would have felt as he did—that no consideration on earth should have induced her to cross the magnificent threshold of a brother who had in any way slighted her husband. But he had no brother—oh! poor, poor Julius! So she set her mind to bear for the living lost that pain which her husband had long endured for the dead, nor wondered that William, strong in his hatreds as in his loves, shrunk with a double repugnance from every mention of her sister Letty.

She walked on silently, hoping that the thrushes would sing peace into his heart as well as her own, which felt a little sad and sore, in spite of the brightness around her. It is so easy, so blessed to see God's hand moving behind some human hand, for good; but when the same occurs for evil, or what appears to us as evil, the trial of faith is somewhat hard. It had cost her a good deal to "forgive God Almighty," as a forlorn mourner once expressed what many a mourner has thought since for the lot of poor Julius.

And thinking of him in these pleasant places, where they had so often been together—of him far away from the world and its riot and care, gone into peace, though how and where no one knew—Edna quite started when her husband said, suddenly:

"Look, there comes Julius."

Julius their son, of course, walking quickly toward them with a letter in his hand.

"This came just after you were gone, father. A boy brought it and said it was very important—about some one who was dying—so I hunted you up as fast as I could. I think," he added, in a whisper to his mother, "that it has something to do with the Vanderdeckens."

"Oh, William, what is it? Nothing very bad?"

"Look here," and he made her read the letter over with him—little Gertrude's letter. "What does she mean? What did your sister write to you?"

"Not one single line."

Dr. Stedman, violently agitated as he was, again perused the letter carefully. "See what it says, '*Your brother, whom every body thought to be dead.*'"

"It is possible, William—only barely possible. But we must find out. Read on."

"This man—who knows all about him—this John Stone, who I suppose sends for me—did I ever have any John Stone among my patients?"

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"No," said Edna, decidedly, being one of the few doctors' wives who are trusted with all their husbands' concerns.

"A soldier, too, from India. If he had any tidings to bring, why did he not find me out? It was easy enough to do so."

"Mother," interposed Julius, greatly excited, "once, lately, an Indian soldier kept hanging about our house for a whole morning. Will and I both spoke to him. So did you."

"Yes, I remember, a thin, sickly, rather elderly man, with a long gray beard. Perhaps he was John Stone. But we must not detain papa here. William, you will start at once?"

"Certainly."

"Julius, run and look out for the carriage," said Edna, as she took her husband's arm, trying to shield his emotion even from his own son—fond and tender as the boy was, how could he understand it?

Without another word the two passed rapidly down the Broad Walk to the Bayswater gate, whence, almost as silently, they drove direct to the railway station.

Edna kept close to her husband until the train should start.

"You can not say what time you will be back, of course, but let it be as soon as possible."

"Most certainly. Julius, you'll take special care of your mother to-night?"

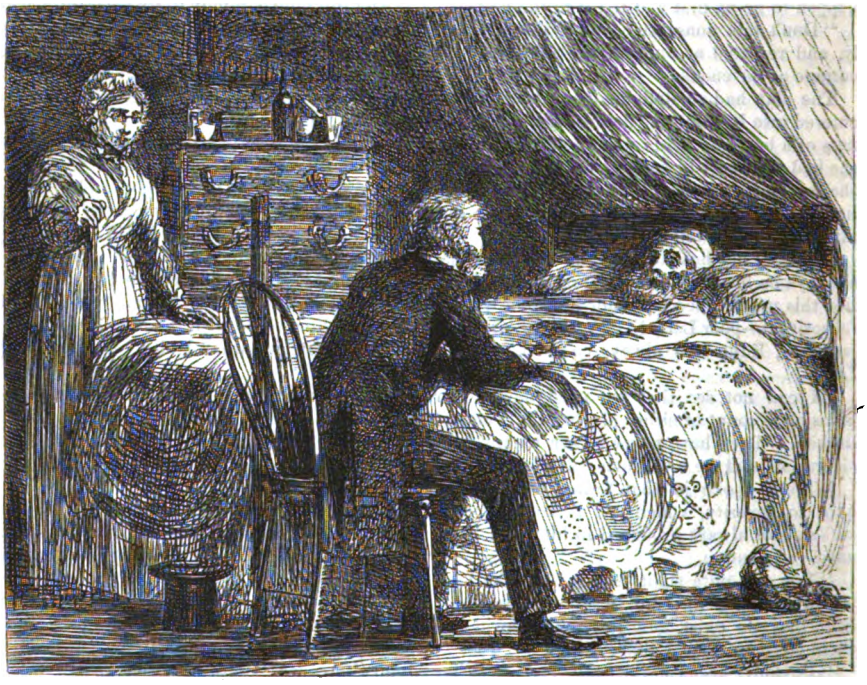
"That I will," said the boy, tucking her under his arm in his loving, protecting way. "Cheer up, mamma. Suppose papa should bring home some news—real news—about Uncle Julius. Or if he were to come back again alive after all. What a jolly thing that would be!"

"Hush!" whispered his mother, and then left her son's arm to lean forward and whisper to his father. "I wish I were going with you. Take care of yourself, William, my darling."

After Dr. Stedman reached the station he was bound for, he found he had a three-mile walk before him, and it did him good. His mind was all confused and bewildered, and the sentence in Gertrude's letter, "whom every body believed to be dead," kept running in and out of his head, awakening strange hopes, which sank the next minute into the old dull quietness which had succeeded the long suspense of pain. Julius might be alive—it was just within the bounds of probability; but how and where had he lived, in what manner had he contrived so long to hide himself from them, and what steps could be taken to discover him? Why had Mrs. Vanderdecken not written?—so like her though—and what if this delay of hers were to make every thing too late, and John Stone should die with his secret untold?

As Dr. Stedman thought of this chance he ground his teeth together—it seemed to be the last wrong Letty had done him. He walked on fierce and fast. If he could have hated any thing so frail as a woman it would have been this woman, who, from her accursed weakness, had been the bane of his brother's life.

His brother, his own, only brother. Though William Stedman was no longer a young man by any means, and had been knocked about the



THE BROTHERS STEDMAN.

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world enough to make his life appear long, even to himself, still, as he walked to-day between the bursting hedge-rows, and under the budding road-side trees, his boyish days came back to him vivid as yesterday. He seemed to see the two little lads who used to go birds'-nesting of Saturday afternoons—the two youths in their teens—always together, like his own two elder boys, delighted to seize the opportunity of any stray half-holiday to ramble away for miles across country, returning, tired indeed, but, oh! so merry, with a mirth that never flagged; for Julius's light nature always stirred up his own graver and more phlegmatic one, so that they suited better than if they had been more alike. And after all the years that had rolled between, busy and prosperous, anxious and sad, Will's heart leaped back with a passionate rebound to those years that were gone forever; and he felt as if he would give nearly all he had in the world—except his wife and children—to have Julius back again, or only to see some one who could tell him how and where he died.

Dr. Stedman reached Holt Common just at twilight. A lovely spot, a heavenly evening; just the hour and place that would be sweet to die in for one unto whom death was better than life. But the doctor, accustomed to fight death hand to hand, also fully recognized the blessing of life, and the duty of preserving it. Wasting not a moment in useless delay, he hurried as fast as he could to the door of the "Goat and Compasses."

"You have a lodger here," said he, stooping his tall head to enter the bar, "a soldier, John Stone by name, ill, as I understand. Can I see him? I am a physician. My name is Stedman."

For he had determined not in the smallest degree to allude to the Vanderdeckens, or to his connection with them.

Mrs. Fox rushed forward, infinitely relieved. "Dr. Stedman, sure? The gentleman the little Miss sent for? Oh, Sir, I'm so glad you've come! Will you walk up stairs?"

"Stop a minute. Are you his sister, or mother, or what?"

"Only his landlady—Mrs. Fox, at your service. But I can't help feeling for him, poor fellow! and I'm sure I'd look after him as if I was his mother, for he doesn't seem to have a friend in the world."

"A young man, or old?"

"Neither, Sir. Over fifty, I reckon, or may be a bit older than you are."

"Older than I am?" said Dr. Stedman, and a wild possibility that had lurked in some corner of his brain dropped out of it completely. To him his brother Julius was still a young man. "Poor fellow! I'll go to him directly; but if, as my son found out from your messenger, his brain is affected, I can not talk to you much in his room; so tell me here all you know about him."

Mrs. Fox did so; but her statement was too involved and confused for Dr. Stedman to gain much more information from it; so, afraid of losing time, he bade her take him up at once to his patient's chamber.

The good old woman had been very mindful over her charge. His sick-room was quiet and in order; he had every thing comfortable about him—clean linen, smoothly arranged pillows and sheets, and a neat patchwork counterpane, upon which the two thin hands lay stretched, like the dead passive hands which tender friends straighten out in peace, never to work any more.

Indeed, in the darkened room, the figure on the bed looked altogether not unlike a corpse, being quite still, with wet cloths on the head, and the eyes closed. But at sound of the door latch they opened, and met the two incomers with that strange, glassy, unseeing stare peculiar to brain disease.

"This is a doctor, my dear," whispered Mrs. Fox, soothingly. "A kind gentleman from London, who has come to see you and make you well."

"Indeed, I hope so, my poor fellow," said the doctor, kindly, as he sat down by the bedside.

At sound of his voice the sick man turned his head feebly round, and looked at him with a kind of half-consciousness; a long shiver ran all through his frame; then he closed his eyes, and clasped his hands together as if bent upon concealing some secret, which, with the last remnant of life or sense that remained to him, he was determined to keep.

"Let me feel your pulse; I'll not hurt you," said Dr. Stedman, as with his quiet, determined, professional manner he unlocked the rigid fingers, and drew the hand toward him. The face he had not recognized in the least—it was so covered with beard, so totally changed; but the hand with its long fingers and delicate filbert nails—the true artist's hand—startled him at once.

"Doctor, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Fox.

"Nothing," said he, controlling himself at once. "Only give me more light. I want to look at my patient."

"No, no!" A sound, hollow as if out of the grave itself, came from the sick man's parched lips. "No light—no! Send the doctor away. I want none. I want to die."

Without answering, Dr. Stedman rose, and drew up the blind. But by this time the gleam of sense had faded entirely out of the poor face; it was sharp-set, and vacant with the terrible vacuity of a human face from which—temporarily or permanently—the conscious mind is quite gone.

Will stood looking at him—this utter wreck of all he had once been so proud of, so tender over, almost with the tenderness of a man over a woman. Then stooping over Julius, with one great smothered sob, he kissed him on the forehead; softly, as he would have kissed the dead.

"Thank God! it may not be too late. Mrs. Fox, I must send a messenger to my wife at once. This is my brother."

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THE VISIT.

THOUGH my mother, the Widow Belton, was well to do in money-matters, and I had nearly reached the age of nineteen, my life had been so monotonous and dull in all its years that the invitation for the visit I am to speak of produced a mental perturbation which only had its parallel in the natural phenomena of thunder-bolts, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions. I had an aunt, who was the wife of my mother's brother, and from her the invitation came. She resided in the town near the secluded farm where I moved and had my tranquil being, and frequently came to see us, especially in the churning and fruit season. This aunt, belonging to our connection by marriage, was the only elegant and worldly-wise person we knew, and though my mother spoke of her with pity as "Poor Susan," and "Flighty Susan," her influence was undeniable. The woman who, in spite of domestic exigencies, appears early in the morning with her hair neatly dressed, boots laced, and collar correctly fastened, has an advantage over the woman who comes to breakfast slipshod, and with the ends of tape visible here and there about her garments. There was this difference between Aunt Susan and my mother, who despised dress, fine manners, and long words. Aunt Susan was the first to remark that I was a pretty and capable child, and being as obstinate as she was amiable, continued remarking the same for several successive years. My mother replied to her remarks with pithy exclamations more expressive than polite. When Aunt Susan dilated upon the "advantages" I ought to have from my position and appearance, and reiterated that time was passing, and I had not yet made the acquaintance of a single eligible young man, all that mother said was, and in a tone of contempt, "Cat's foot."

Aunt Susan, however, bided her time and made ripe her design. Meanwhile I scarcely listened to either. I was busily engaged in the simple fact of keeping awake all day, and sleeping all night. I had various regrets, of course; I thought I was too fat, and, emulating the girls of my acquaintance who were thin, occasionally ate slate-pencils and pickles, and had headaches which my mother could not account for. I was also too fond of cake, and that fondness created a feud between my mother and myself. Barring these trifles my existence was as smooth as a mill-pond covered with lily-pads.

One day Aunt Susan made a more fluttering appearance than usual. She had left Uncle William to keep house, and had come to spend a couple of days, she said. Were we glad to see her?

"You are welcome, Susan," said my mother. "But what ails you? you have the ways this morning of a hen with her head cut off. Maria, look into the kitchen and tell Polly that your aunt Susan is here. She may cook the second ham on the right-hand side of the smoke-house to-day."

I obeyed her, not only by looking into the kitchen, but by going into the smoke-house with Polly, and there making an attempt to induce her to take the third ham on the left-hand side.

"Durs'n't for my life," answered Polly. "Miss Belton would know it, if it was biled, and fried, and roasted to rags."

"Why, do you think mother so sharp, Polly?"

"Ask no questions, and I'll tell you no lies. That 'ere aunt of yours, who is as polite as pie, is no match for *her*, you had better believe it."

Polly took down the ham, and I went back to the sitting-room.

"Sister Ann," said Aunt Susan. "She is a Beauty, absolutely, and you know it."

"And because she is, you want her to find a Beast," said my mother. "She is contented: she is in perfect health; she will have property enough for her support, and enough to make her busy. I say her lot is just right, and I wish you would not torment me about her."

I took up my work, and though they saw me, both went on with the conversation, being excited, if not a little angry.

"I know people," continued Aunt Susan, "who would so thoroughly appreciate her."

"You think too much of the appreciation of others—too much of good looks—too much of appearances altogether," retorted my mother. "Why *you* should, I don't understand."

Upon this thrust I looked at Aunt Susan with a new attention. Why, indeed, should she put stress upon beauty? What were her lessons in that world or society she spoke of which made her value it so? She was plain; I never looked at her without observing that her teeth were too long, and her hands bony. She had little peculiarities in the way of gay ribbons, and fanciful caps, and loved ornaments. My uncle William was a poor bank-clerk—straitened so in means that Aunt Susan could afford to keep no servants, and did all her house-work. But I shall always recollect that she washed her dishes in a diamond ring, whose high setting made her finger look as if a little horn grew on it; and that while she hovered over the kitchen fire the extreme neatness of her ankles was most visible. Brown and slight, and cheaply dressed as she was, I felt her to be my superior, and if I, as she was now asserting, possessed a gift denied her, what power could I attain?

"Let me do as Aunt Susan desires, whatever it may be, mother, and so end your eternal controversy."

My mother gave an angry jerk to her yarn, for she was knitting, which broke it, and the ball rolled under Aunt Susan's chair.

"Pick up that ball, Maria," she ordered. "You need not interfere between us."

"Would you like to make a visit with me at my brother Mr. Edford's house?" asked my pertinacious aunt. "You require society; you know that, my dear."

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"To Mr. Edford's! The beautiful place you have talked of so much to me? Oh, Aunt Susan, I would give worlds to go; but am I asked?"

"Susan," said my mother, "is that what you are aiming at? What have the Edfords done for you these few years past?"

"Sister Ann, you should recollect that I have a present every New-Year's from Brother Edford, and every midsummer an invitation from him to pay a visit. I confess I am anxious to make myself welcome to him, by taking a fresh, attractive girl, my niece Maria."

"How many fresh, attractive girls does he devour a year?" asked my mother, crossly. "I do not like your way of speaking."

"Sister Ann, you are too bad."

"Mr. Edford has grand company in his house. If I give Maria permission to go, she will come home disgusted with us and our homely ways."

"*I* make a visit now and then at Mr. Edford's, Sister Ann; do *I* come home disgusted or spoiled? Ask your brother."

"I make no complaint of you, Susan; but, as you said, Maria is a beauty; with a *beauty* what change may we not expect?"

"Mother," I begged again, "if you will let me go I'll wear goggles all through the visit; Becky Snow will lend me hers."

"Go up stairs, Maria, and shut the window in the entry; it is going to rain, my foot twinges," was my mother's irrelevant reply.

"All the windows and doors are shut, mother. There is no need of my going any where, except to Mr. Edford's."

But my mother remained immovable, or pretended to be, for three days, and suddenly gave way on the fourth.

Aunt Susan was sent for, and the preliminaries of the visit were arranged.

The intervening days Aunt Susan devoted to awakening my deeper interest in Mr. Edford, his house, and his friends. With incredible patience and anxiety she went over numerous details regarding what would be expected of me; how I should be observed; the effect I should certainly produce; and the condition I should find myself in, once there—in the place she thought the most delightful earth could afford. By the time we were ready to start I believed myself fully prepared for any emergency, and incapable of being surprised. My behavior had been regulated in regard to breakfast, dinner, and tea at Mr. Edford's; and what was customary in dress and habits I fully understood. Though my mother had given but a niggardly consent to the visit, she permitted me to have a liberal outfit, in which Aunt Susan was allowed a voice.

"I am sure nothing can fail us," she said; "we *must* have a delightful time, with good weather, good health, good spirits, and *such* a welcome as we shall have."

"Don't be any more childish than you can help, Susan," were my mother's parting words. "Things never happen as we plan and expect."

But I felt convinced that Aunt Susan was correct in her predictions, and my ideas of the coming fortnight never deviated from hers. Perhaps it was not her fault that most of these predictions proved false ones, and I received a totally different impression of Mr. Edford and his surroundings than the one she gave; but so it was.

We left home, to travel all day by rail, on the second of August, early in the morning. The beginning of first love can only compare with the beginning of a first journey. I made the same start with one as with the other. I had youth, new hopes, new dreams, and supposed I was traveling rapidly and joyfully toward their fulfillment. The world near me wore a sweet, fresh, harmonious aspect. In our exalted moments—whether of happiness or of sorrow—the soul is capable of reflecting its own physiognomy in the nature which surrounds it. The pure morning light, the still air, dewy and gray in woody nooks and lanes, bright and powerful on the hills and level meadows; the full foliage, the ripening, reddish grain; the blue, yellow, and scarlet wild flowers, tossing, climbing, creeping, spreading every where in summer's last, richest burst of blossom—were all a definition of my anticipations.

Beside me, also, was my devoted, admiring aunt, to whom I could confide any weakness, confess any error, and adding myself to this list as an object adorned with a fresh and becoming costume, was it any wonder that I mentally agreed with Aunt Susan when she was moved to murmur in my ear, "See what attention you attract. The journey has already improved you."

Late in the afternoon dark clouds rose round the horizon, and meeting in the zenith a violent thunder-storm burst over us. When we arrived at the station marked "Poland," where Aunt Susan expected to find Mr. Edford's carriage, it was quite dark, and the rain came down in torrents. There was no carriage waiting from Mr. Edford's, which was three miles from the station, and we were obliged to hire a crazy, flapping, covered wagon dragged by a pre-Adamite beast. Simultaneous with our starting came little streams of water from all directions upon us.

"Why, the wagon leaks," said aunt, crossly.

"This 'ere wagon has leaked off and on for nigh two year," replied the driver.

"My dear Maria, do you think the colors of your dress will run?"

"Indeed I do, aunt; my face is streaked with blue from my bonnet ribbons."

She addressed the driver again:

"Have you seen any of Mr. Edford's people to-day when the trains came in?"

"No, marm; for the most part Mr. Edford drives to Lancaster station; it is further up, but he likes the roads better."

"I am positive," she said, in a doubtful tone, however, "that I wrote Mr. Edford to meet us at Poland."

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"No matter, aunt. I see hills looming up all round; you did not say that the country was hilly."

"It is; the whole range of the Tontine Hills can be seen from Mr. Edford's library windows. Here we are in the avenue of pollards; one more turn of the road and we shall be at the gate."

In a moment the pre-Adamite beast shied at a flash of lightning, our wheels grazed the gate-posts, and then crunched over a gravel-drive. I saw the house from veranda to roof in the glare of the lightning; it was dark and shut up.

"It is a cottage, aunt; I thought it was a palace."

She was busy in extricating herself from the embrace of the leather wagon-curtain, and made no reply. As our wagon went down the circular drive a carriage with lighted lamps dashed through the gateway and pulled up to the place where we stood.

"It is old Ben," screamed Aunt Susan. "You don't mean to say you have been to the Lancaster station for us?"

"I do, mum," growled Ben; "and my horses will sweat for it. What's to do with the door that you ain't on the other side on it? Have the folks gone to bed, scared with the thunder? Round this way, mum, by the back-door, they be all in the lib'ry."

"I know the way, Ben. Come, Maria, the veranda runs all round the house, and Mr. Edford's man Ben has been with him fifteen years or more."

It was evident that for some reason or other Aunt Susan was growing slightly incoherent.

"The stables are down yonder," she continued, standing stock-still, "splendid stone stables, the back piazza overlooks the whole country, the kitchen is underneath."

"There's something wrong," called Ben, down the slope. "Here's a lantern on the bank, and the gravel's cut up."

I took Aunt Susan by the arm and led her round the angle of the house; every window in the back of it streamed with light. Aunt Susan looked over the railing into the kitchen-yard: "There is something wrong, the kitchen is all confusion," she said.

The door being ajar I pushed it open, and following the direction of voices, came upon a scene which made Aunt Susan, already fatigued and annoyed, faint away immediately. Some person behind us instantly seized her and bore her away; nobody noticed me, and I remained in a corner. Several people were in the room applying aid to a gentleman who lay upon a sofa seemingly insensible; his coat was off, and one of his boots. One fanned him, another held a bottle to his nose, and a third manipulated his leg. I sat down with composure in my wet dress and limp bonnet, considering the drama before me a part of the programme of my visit, which Aunt Susan had omitted; but I entirely forgot about her fainting fit.

The noise of wind and rain ceased, the thunder was dying behind the Tontine Hills, the odors of wet leaves and flowers penetrated into the library by the open window, and there was a rush of small moths toward the candles, that stood just where they had been hurriedly set down, on the floor, the chairs, and tables. In the stillness we heard a loud pistol-shot, then another, then a third one. The gentleman opened his eyes, sat up with an effort, and listened.

"That scoundrel, Ben, has shot her," he said.

Chorus from all present except my mute self:

"But, oh, Mr. Edford, what an escape *you* have had! *you* are safe!"

He fell back on the sofa, asking, "Who kicked me in the shin?"

Chorus promptly replied:

"Your gentle mare, Sally. You were regularly boxed up in your overturned wagon, and some of us pulled you out, as Sally aimed for the stable. She was frightened to death, nearly."

"It won't be done again, Sir," said Ben, entering; "and I knowed from the day you were jockeyed into buying this mare that it would come to this or wuss. How be you, Mr. Edford—not much hurt?"

"It was not the mare's fault," replied Mr. Edford; "she was afraid of the lightning, and she was too near the dasher; consequently I got into trouble."

"Her leg was broke, any how; I had to shoot her."

At this moment somebody from outside asked me in a low voice if I would go to my aunt. Hitherto I had been in the shadow, but rising hastily, all eyes dropped upon me. I was a forlorn-looking creature, of course, with my long, wet, green veil, and long wisps of hair, beaten out of curl; but the astonished smiles I saw did not hurt me any the less. I slipped out without a word, so angry with Aunt Susan that I half determined to scold and shake her; but when I saw her sitting up in bed, in a frilled night-cap, with a distressed face and embarrassed manner, I sat down beside her and laughed till I cried.

"Hush, dear Maria; they will hear you and wonder. I had no idea I should find so much company. I mean I did not expect to meet the persons who are here; perhaps they will leave in a day or two. Do change your dress. Martha unlocked your trunk; I could not find my night-gown. She is going to send up some supper; it is not best for you to go down to-night. Mr. Edford will be lame for a short time only; he is badly bruised merely."

"Who is Martha?"

"The housekeeper."

"Did I see Mrs. Edford?"

"Maria Belton, *what* do you mean? Do you suppose my sister Lucy has come to life, after being dead two years? Oh! I wish that horrid Mrs. Marsh and her daughter Emily were not here!"

"Is Mrs. Edford dead? You never told us."

"Have you forgotten that two years ago I

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was here on the occasion of her funeral? But I do not like to speak of her. You never knew her, and could have taken little interest in the tidings of her death, which possibly you did not hear us mention."

"My dear Aunt Nickleby—Susan, I mean—a new light breaks in upon my mind. You have set a trap for me. I'll not fall into it. I saw a young man down stairs, and I have fallen in love with *him*."

"Mr. Edford's nephew, not mine, John Byron, a boy! Now *I* am going to have a nap."

She covered her face a moment, uncovered it, and declared she was too nervous for any thing. In truth she was afraid of Mr. Edford, and being in his house recalled the fact. I saw that she felt a relief at having her plan taken from her, as well as chagrin at my discovery of it. Martha soon came in with a tea-tray and apologies from Mr. Edford, and Aunt Susan chatted with her till she felt in better spirits. During the night I thought out my thoughts, and in the morning told her that it was my intention to carry on matters with a high hand, and that she should neither trifle with nor compromise me. I was still debating, I continued, whether I should make deliberate inquiry of Mr. Edford concerning the absence of his wife from the family circle, or tell him of her own ingenious match-making plan.

"Since it has come to this, Maria, I will own that, feeling an interest in your future happiness, I devised the scheme of introducing you to Brother Edford. He is a man girls go crazy for from a variety of reasons. He is peculiar, very peculiar; he is good; and many call him handsome; he is very rich, and in the best society. How could you expect, born and situated as you are—added, your mother's views—to move in the sphere you are entitled to, unless some friend made a strenuous effort in your behalf? These are the thanks I get for making the effort."

"I am going to play the cards myself."

"Play your own self; I ask no more."

"I have got a new self, developed by the electricity of last night—the same which made Mr. Edford's mare Sally kick him."

"You frighten me. Well, try to enjoy yourself. The opportunity may not come again. I shall not make one, nor attempt to manage you."

"You mean *now*, Aunt."

"Yes."

"Then we are friends once more. We shall get on delightfully."

We kissed each other, and Aunt Susan was quite affected—so teary that I thought it best to take a view of the landscape from the dormer-window. There were the Tontine Hills—gigantic, blue, leafy vegetables, with a solemn, earnest look. They were thickly wooded, and already tinted with autumnal shades. It was pleasant to derive from their savage, massive tranquillity a new feeling, which vanished, however, the moment I removed my eyes and saw two ladies and a little dog walking on a grassy terrace below the piazza. I guessed the ladies were the obnoxious Mrs. Marsh and her daughter Emily.

"Have they got a black-and-tan terrier?" I asked, putting my head in from the window.

"Are *they* out there, with that miserable, yelping cur?" replied Aunt Susan. "We must go down; breakfast must be ready."

"Wait; there is something wrong about my hair. I have been examining the style of Miss Emily's, and am going to alter mine."

Aunt Susan now put her head out and in again, to watch the operation I submitted my tresses to, which, when finished, gained her approval.

We went down stairs into a small parlor, and met Mrs. Marsh, who rose and kissed Aunt Susan, Miss Emily murmuring, "So glad to see you, Mrs. Griffin; it is an age since we met." She also deposited a kiss upon her chin. The dog barked, and Mr. John Byron came forward for an introduction. Salutations over, a small fossil lady, hailed as "Cousin Nancy," trotted in, and breakfast was immediately served.

Mr. Edford was not present, but the conversation entirely related to him; Cousin Nancy, having seen him that morning, was authority for the opinion that he would be confined to his room for a week.

"Is it Mr. Edford's opinion too?" Mrs. Marsh asked.

"Sending his compliments to the ladies," replied Cousin Nancy, stiffly, "he said he should be among them in a day or two."

Here Cousin Nancy exchanged a fiery glance with Aunt Susan, and at that moment they made an alliance against Mrs. Marsh.

The morrow arrived; but Mr. Edford did not appear. I made acquaintance with Mr. Byron, and time passed agreeably. I never till now walked in a garden or on a piazza with a gentleman. Nobody of either sex had read a line of poetry to me; *he* read Tennyson and Moncton Milnes to me in a sweet, chanting tone, and I could not distinguish one poet from the other. I tried to make my statement concerning him true, but could not, indeed; the impulse to contradict and tease him continually rose, and I only resisted it for the sake of blinding Aunt Susan. Miss Emily Marsh regarded me with the deep disdain of an accomplished woman of society; she ignored any identity about me; I was a person, in her estimation, who, being in her presence, was entitled to the ordinary "Yes" and "No" of conversation. Aunt Susan observed me with sadness, and Cousin Nancy with severity.

"Cousin Nancy," remarked Aunt Susan, "has considerable influence with Mr. Edford; she is a keen old lady. She admitted to me that you were uncommonly handsome."

"Did she admit nothing more?"

"She said Mr. Edford did not approve of open flirtation."

"I must make my affair serious," I replied.

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On the evening of the third day of my visit I was presented to my host. With the aid of a cane he entered the library at the moment of my acceptance of a flower from Mr. John Byron, who requested me to place it in my hair. Cousin Nancy and Aunt Susan were in a window talking in under-tones; Mrs. Marsh was lying upon a distant sofa, with a handkerchief over her face; and Miss Emily was in the parlor, connected with the library by an arched passage, playing on the piano. She was a skillful performer, and distracted my attention from Mr. Byron with her sad and powerful music. Then, I was an untuned, untried instrument myself; strung with chords whose vibrations were more a revelation to my heart than they could be to any heart besides. As they were struck I was educated instantaneously, as all grown-up savages are. But, as with them, my sensations were in bud, flower, and fruit at once. This music, now, sweet, urgent, with a reaching, rising swell, smote something beneath my breast, and fluttering there, created a flock of beautiful sensations which flew all through my being.

I was mechanically adjusting the flower, as Mr. Byron had suggested, when I saw Mr. Edford so noiselessly proceeding through the room toward me that Mrs. Marsh did not, with her face covered, perceive him either with ears or eyes. Cousin Nancy made a plunge forward, but he waved his cane at her, and she fell back again.

"John, my lad," he said, "you are in my favorite seat; I shall have to urge your removal."

John got up from his place beside me, with a short laugh, and said, that so far as favorite seats and nooks were concerned, his uncle was as fickle as a Sultan.

"Now, John," continued Mr. Edford, "introduce me properly to Miss Belton as your old and amiable Uncle Edford, a foolish and affectionate creature, who bears the burden and trial of the society of a brilliant nephew."

John did as he was bid, and, with his hands in his sack pockets, sauntered into the parlor and took a stand beside Miss Emily; we could just see his left elbow.

"I am very much indebted," Mr. Edford began, in a low voice, "to my sister-in-law for bringing you to me—here, I mean."

A mean blush rushed into my face at his remark, and, not knowing what else to do, I pulled the flower from my head and nipped off the leaves.

"Is that John's flower?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered; "I have not met the gardener yet."

"Well, here he is, and I say that the rascal has picked one of my rarest flowers for you."

"Will you take it back, Mr. Edford?"

"Certainly I will; I have a right to it, and it shall adorn my button-hole."

I gave it to him, and he coolly fastened it in the black coat he wore. A short silence occurred, in which the articulation of the music floated in upon us, and its sounds were like words. I stole a sideways look at him; he was listening also, his eyes were so downcast that they looked shut, and so motionless that I could have counted his thick black eyelashes. He showed his hurt, I thought; he was pale, and there was exhaustion in his face. Suddenly he turned his head and our gaze met; he was in nowise discomposed, but I,

"My heart pierced through with fierce delight,"

saw what I had never seen before.

"That girl plays well," he said, lazily.

"I think so; I feel the music acutely."

"Do you? Why, are you musical?"

"Every thing is so new here, so agreeable," I answered, vaguely, and with an unwise frankness.

"Will you drive with me to-morrow?" he asked, abruptly.

"After Sally's mishap I dare not venture."

"Sally was frightened by the lightning, and behaved naturally. It will not thunder to-morrow."

The music stopped, and, as if by magic, his manner changed; a slight flush rose in his face, he lifted his head, which had rested against the back of his arm-chair in my neighborhood, and looked toward the arch through which Miss Emily advanced toward us.

"Oh, Mr. Edford," she cried, "are you not imprudent, after such a frightful accident?"

Mrs. Marsh snatched the handkerchief from her face, and started to her feet, and exclaimed, "Is it possible, Sir, that you have ventured to step? I beg you will be careful, Mr. Edford. It is very painful for us to bear your seclusion, still—"

She was interrupted by Cousin Nancy; then Aunt Susy burst in mildly; they all talked now, and Mr. Edford jested and fenced with them—said a hundred civil, insincere words, but contrived to hold his own with all his politeness and good-humor. From the way he was taken by his friends I perceived this was his ordinary manner, and I did not like it; what was that I had seen in his eyes, on his lips, and where had it gone? A second or so ago the blood flowed and sparkled in my veins like the wine of a noble vintage; now, though still changed, it was like Champagne *frappé*—chilling and sluggish—obstructing.

I learned afterward that Mr. Edford liked Champagne *frappé*.

Said Miss Emily, seating herself upon a frail chair before us, and dashing her voluminous robes about her feet with an audacity that bared her handsome ankles, "Could no one supply your lordship with a fresher flower? Your specimen is forlorn."

"It is a second-hand sort of blossom, but it is sweet—so many things are sweet, though not fresh."

Her color rose, and she looked at me with cross eyes; but I confessed to myself that she was an exceedingly fine-looking woman, emi-

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nently suited to adorn a rich man's house—Mr. Edford's, for instance.

"Could your ladyship go to the garden and select me a better one?—the white lilies must be blowing by this time."

I did not wait for her reply, but left them, and went after Mr. Byron. I found him meditating. Somehow he seemed an old friend; so I familiarly asked him immediately if he liked Miss Emily.

"I never thought about it, having always known her. I suppose so. She is a 'rounder,' you know; but that is her mother's fault."

"What is a 'rounder?'"

"Makes the grand tour every year—Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch; Europe, even, has been tried. Your flower is gone!"

"By request."

"Of course, I know that; my uncle loves to appropriate every thing. If I had given you a weed or a vegetable it would have been all the same."

"Was it a rare flower?"

"No. He said so, I'll bet. Just look at him now receiving number two."

I looked through the arch and saw Miss Emily bending over Mr. Edford, in the act of fastening a pure, cool lily in the place of my poor crushed carnation. Perhaps Mr. Byron thought I might be annoyed, for he said, hastily,

"You need never mind my uncle's freaks. He is at heart the kindest and best of men; he is spoiled just the least bit by the Marsh portion of society. And his relations toady him, he is so rich and so generous. No wonder he is autocratic on this country estate; his servants and laborers are astonished that the people do not elect him President. Shall we walk on the piazza? the moon is up."

"Presently; I will speak to my aunt first."

He followed me obediently. Passing by Mr. Edford I looked over the floor in his vicinity for my deposed flower, and was detected. With surpassing assurance he touched his vest, and gave me the faintest nod. Aunt Susan had been watchful, as I believe Mr. Edford know, and noted the flower episode; on our way to the piazza she joined us, and went to the hall door.

"Mr. Edford appears like a peculiar man. Don't it seem so to you?" she whispered.

"*Is* he different from—Uncle William, say? I only know him, as you are aware; consequently my opportunities have been small for judgment of men."

"Pshaw, Maria! I tell you it is necessary to understand him to have a good opinion of him."

"Uncle William?"

"Mr. Edford; you know I mean him. He has his ideas about the Marshes."

"So I should say."

"If he breaks with them his house can no longer be their refuge, and where would Mrs. Marsh's annual black silk come from? How could Miss Emily undergo her winter campaign but for the summer's renovation here, I should like to know?"

"He has my permission to renovate them the year round."

"They are a selfish, scheming, transparent pair of women."

"What are you so earnest about, Mrs. Griffin?" interrupted Mr. Byron. "We are losing the moon, you know."

Aunt Susan turned back, and said: "It is too damp for me. Do not stay out long, Maria. Your chest is delicate."

Delicate! I was as robust as a panther, and could that very evening have climbed the Tontine Hills, and slept soundly afterward. I did not discover the secret of my delicacy till I heard the remonstrances, calculated to touch Mr. Edford's sympathy, of Mrs. Marsh with Miss Emily, regarding her delicate constitution.

"By Heaven, a lovely eve!" exclaimed Mr. Byron, looking into my face instead of the landscape, as we hung over the railing of the high piazza. The wide yet bounded view, so beautifully revealed by the moonlight, made my heart cry out with delight. Suddenly I perceived that Mr. Byron, standing so near me with his platitudes, was but a good-natured boy, restless, vain, and thoughtless.

"Hush!" I said; "I must try to define this new landscape. Do you think of our way, where there are marshes, which, when the moon shines, are never-ending levels of creeks and bogs, which swallow the horizon? When the moon does not shine they are a black pit, where lost souls might exist?"

"This is an everyday landscape to me," he muttered.

"If you will be kindly silent for a moment or two!"

"If you say so, I'll light a cigar and go down to the garden till the edge of your enthusiasm is taken off."

"Do so, John, if you please," said Mr. Edford behind us. "I can keep silent, having nothing to say. Come back when you have finished your cigar, and I will leave the post."

A second time Mr. Byron left us, snapping a match as he went.

"Now look," said Mr. Edford, producing from somewhere a minute camp-stool, and seating himself close to me, with his head no higher than the railing.

Beneath the unclouded moon I saw distant silver mists, deep shadows, and belts of light, the shining outlines of the hills against the pure, pale sky, inclosing the wide space of wood and field, and along the winding roads, on slopes and in valleys, household lamps shining from invisible windows. There was not a breath of air, but there passed across me woody, wild odors from the hills, and the delicious scents from the garden flowers.

"Never was any thing so sweet!" I cried.

"Never," he replied, in such a voice that I looked at him, to learn that he was observing me, not the landscape.

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"What influence could this landscape establish with you?" he asked.

"You are not silent, Mr. Edford."

"Candidly, I am afraid to be so, for I may fall into that silence called 'eloquent,' you know. Barbaric enemies are sometimes made to retreat by noise."

"The noise of mere human babble would be hateful just now."

"These moths are appropriate to the occasion. I feel little velvet wings fan me."

"The desire of the moth for the star."

"Poor, uneasy Shelley! I wonder Italy did not quiet him."

"Tell me, Mr. Edford, if the spectacle of natural beauty inspires or torments the soul. Does it awaken our aimless passions for the purpose of leading us from itself; or does it teach us that in Nature alone shall we find satisfaction?"

"Hitherto—" he began, and stopped; his promised silence set in, and I soon felt the eloquence he had mentioned. It possessed and intoxicated me.

"Hitherto—" he presently repeated; but I interrupted him.

"Is your lily wilted, Mr. Edford?"

"Long ago."

I stooped toward him, took the lily from the place where Miss Emily had fastened it, and threw it over the railing.

"Oh," he said, rising, "you venture so much! Do more." The something I saw in his face when near me in the library I saw again—an expression of an indescribable emotion, felt only by men who habitually repress the most powerful part of themselves, but which, when given way to, are overwhelming in their effect.

"The flower is gone; but Mr. Byron is in the garden, the ladies are in the library, the lamps are burning, and your world is going on, Mr. Edford."

"Yes, and my world does not feel the moon-glamour, nor know that the hour is world-obscured."

I had nothing to say just then; I was occupied with the discovery, as true as incredible, that at the moment I took the lily I had given him all the heart I should ever have—flinging away the lily, had I flung away myself? Aunt Nancy broke the spell by begging him to come in, and telling the hour.

"Certainly," he replied; "I am coming in."

"Now, Maria," said Aunt Susan, as we re-entered the house, "you are pale as a ghost."

"I have been drinking moonmist, aunt. I feel indebted to you for bringing me in sight of this place."

She looked gratified, for I had not been very gracious to her since I discovered her plan of match-making.

"There he goes into his room, and we can go to ours. The Marshes, professing fatigue, retired some time since," she said.

If Mr. Edford's intention was to drive alone the next day it was overruled; for when it was spoken of Mrs. Marsh declared the idea was delightful, would not Mr. Edford go to the Tontines? Consequently Mrs. Marsh sat victorious on the seat beside him, while Miss Emily and myself dignified the back seat. During the sixteen miles' drive he did not turn his face toward us. Miss Emily reproaching him with the fact, he said his horses were apt to shy; that he must keep his eyes upon them; and bade her remember the fate of Sally. His ears were attentive to us, however, and his tongue most civil. I discovered that day how conventional a man he was; that he was a slave to the small proprieties of his position; from this point I proceeded to others in his character, and I decided he had various weaknesses, which Aunt Susan called "peculiarities." He was afraid of Cousin Nancy, of Mrs. Marsh, of every member of the Unitarian Church to which he belonged; and he had a great dread of betraying any human folly to his *dependante*. It was a melancholy business to study him; but I did not quite understand him. I could not analyze the secret of his influence with me, nor why my influence upon him should be so positive, yet so partial. He was a changed being when alone in my society, and instantaneously his old self when out of it. As the mystery deepened I formed a resolution to let my love die a natural death; I would go home, learn to manage the farm, and only love pigs and poultry. Meantime we lived a gay life, one that suited my tastes thoroughly. Occasionally we passed happy moments, apart from others, when we walked or rode together. Sometimes we enjoyed a veiled happiness in the presence of the world he was so guarded in. The time passed, and I must wake up. So the limits of the visit were reached—the last evening came. Aunt Susan sat with me in our room, discussing the necessity of packing.

"Let the dresses go in the trunks any way," she said. "I wish I had not brought you here."

"I wish you had."

"Truly?"

"Yes. One must have an idyllic passage once; and this visit is mine. It has been unique, I am sure."

"Then you shall come here next season?"

A tap on the door. Aunt Susan opened it.

"Mr. Edford would be glad to speak with Miss Belton in the library," said a servant.

"Certainly," she answered for me. "Miss Belton will be down at once."

"Why, Aunt—"

She interrupted me.

"It is very kind and like him to want a little quiet chat at the last moment; there can be no other opportunity; those eternal Marshes are always in the way. Go; I'll sit up for you."

My resolution made me hesitate, but my weakness made me go.

Mr. Edford was walking up and down the room, which was dimly lighted, and more attractive than ever.

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"You must not go to-morrow," he said.

"Indeed!"

"The Marshes are going in a day or two, they say to-night; and I wish for the privilege of entertaining you in my fashion."

"Which they have not permitted you?"

"You know what they are, and what must be done for them."

"No, I do not."

"Will you stay?"

"How dared you to send for me? It is very dangerous."

"To you?"

"Thank you, though. I am glad to say good-by here. Good-by, Mr. Edford."

"Nonsense!"

"Thanks for your hospitality."

"How long are you going on like this?"

I would not answer. With a sigh he turned from me and went to the window across the room, where he was entirely hid. It was a convenient moment for my departure, but I remained. Presently, in the dead silence, I heard a light step in the hall, heard the parlor door open, and some one entered, who moved about and stopped as if in search of something. The rays of a candle were then visible through the arch, and Miss Emily Marsh, with loosened hair, came into the library.

"Good Heavens, Miss Belton! *Here*, in Mr. Edford's room, at this hour?"

"With yourself, Miss Marsh."

"*I* am looking for something I have lost."

"So am I."

"It appears so from your attitude on the sofa. Do you expect the article to come to you?"

"She does," said Mr. Edford, coming forward, his eyes gleaming with the expression I loved.

"*You!* Ah! I understand."

"I hope so, Miss Emily," he said. "Should you not, however, shall we explain? Maria, my love, will you, or shall I?"

I could only stare at him.

"This girl," he continued, "with whom I fell passionately in love the very night of her arrival, is generous enough to have obeyed my whims. I sent for her to come here. You have interrupted us, Emily; but, since you are here, you might as well join me in soliciting her to be my wife."

She was so angry she disdained to reply, and swept out of the room.

"My darling," he said, "you never guessed me to be an obstinate man, did you?"

"I must go," I said, solemnly.

"Yes; kiss me first."

I did not get away immediately, but when I entered my chamber I found Aunt Susan asleep in her chair.

"Aunt Susan!" I cried, "Mr. Edford has been frightened into marrying me, and a meaner girl than your niece never lived. I am happy that the fright happened!"

"I'll hear about it in the morning. Brother Edford is a peculiar man—a very peculiar man."

RURAL LIFE.

"GOD made the country, and man made the town," wrote Cowper.

"Very pretty sentiment for a poet," says Sacharissa, whose husband is always threatening to buy a farm; "but I wonder how he would like weeding the turnips at high noon, being waked up before dawn with the guinea-fowls, and dropping asleep with the morrow's churning lying heavy on his mind? Don't talk to *me* about the country!"

But Sacharissa is just the one who needs to hear about the country, since, in the mean while, she requires butter on her bread, down in her pillow, and vegetables in her soup. Possibly she never heard of one Hesiod, who actually composed a poem on Agriculture; never dreamed that a certain Roman wrote twelve volumes on the theme; and that Thomas à Becket handled a rake as easily as he handled a king. Perhaps she would go so far as to repudiate any relationship with "the grand old gardener and his wife" to whom was given the command, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

There are too many Sacharissas in the world, who are as good, or rather as bad, as buried alive in brick and mortar; who have hardly a bowing acquaintance with the sweet and glorious face of Nature—who, in fact, pass her by unrecognized, as if she were some country cousin with whom it were vulgar to be on too intimate terms.

But there is no danger of drawing too near her; she is not overbold nor presumptuous, but she is approachable and gracious; neglect her and it is your loss; cultivate her and she blesses you with profusion; she spreads her feast, and invites both the simple and the wise, but whether you slight her or not, all the same the revel goes on.

But perhaps you have the whim to study her closely, the curiosity to learn her secrets, to understand the system in her subterranean and aerial laboratories; the whim to surprise her in the instant when the particle of carbon casts off its impurities and crystallizes into the perfect diamond; to comprehend the mysterious adjustment of properties, the grand sum total of which is the precious metals thrown like rubbish into hidden crannies of the earth, and swept down to the sea with the sands of mighty rivers. But all this from no love of Nature in herself; consequently you lose the fine perception of her moods. It is true she invites you to the study; she gives you page after page to translate; she shows you the corn growing in its silken chambers, the patient winged germ folded in the seed-vessels; tells you that the Dryads are no mythical creations, but an interpretation of the life that lives and breathes and circulates in every shrub and tree of the forest, in every weed of the field; she reveals to your amazed senses many miracles; but just now, when you fancied yourself hand-in-glove with her, like the very

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spirit of Illusion, she beckons from remoter regions. Measure for measure; for half service, half wages.

"Why is it," asked a little daughter of Sydney Smith, "that one flower is pink, another blue, another yellow?"

"It is because it is their nature," answered her brother of eight years; "and when we say nature, what do we mean? We mean that we know nothing at all about the matter. Nature is only another name for mystery."

But are we always to know nothing at all about it till nature sublimates into spirit? At least let us begin at the beginning, honestly, and go upon a farm.

"Pity me," sighed a certain lady to her friend; "I am going into the country to vegetate!" It was extremely doubtful if she would do any thing half so useful and ornamental as to vegetate—which was in her eyes a plain, prosaic, everyday affair of little significance, clothed in no miracles. She had not paused to consider the lilies of the field; to sit under her own vine and fig-tree had no charms for her; the odor of apple-blossoms savored of apple-sauce and "vulgar faring;" the wild flowers, blowing at their own sweet wills, fed by dew and sunlight, had nothing of the high-breeding of the darlings of the hot-house, which owed their existence to artificial heat and the gardener's watering-pot.

Few people seem to realize that the earth is ours while we live upon it, as much as other things which we call our own; ours to embellish, to make the most of, to sing our praises if we will. Much more our own than the house we hire; nevertheless, here, in the house, we are scrupulous to maintain order, zealous to adorn and render it attractive; here we expend all our strength and wit in devising means for the ends of upholstery, and the dear result is a quaking fear lest accident, or awkwardness on the part of others, should mar the grand effect that has cost us so much anxiety and care to produce. By-and-by we go down to "our great sweet mother," whom we have scorned all these vain years, who has thought of us, fed and clothed us, while we blinded our eyes to her, and these things which we had set our hearts upon serve us no longer. No one blesses our memory for these. Nobody says, "he or she procured this dinner-service at great cost and trouble; the design of this *fauteuil* is a benefaction to mankind; the elaborate setting of these mirrors has contributed to the well-being of millions." In the mean while our neighbor, who has busied himself in his garden-patch, who has introduced marrowfat peas, established a finer method of grafting, discovered a new and profitable system of pruning grape-vines, means to arrest the ravages of the canker-worm, or solved the problem of the potato-rot, has given somewhat of himself for the public good. One morning he is called away to fairer gardens; but these things are told as a memorial of him, and he lives in the gratitude of generations.

A few acres well cultivated is a poem in so many cantos; and it should be the ambition of each of us to make the earth a little pleasanter, a little sweeter, for our having lived upon it, if for no better reason than to keep our memory green. When we go hence, to leave something behind us that year by year will bud and bloom and renew itself in strength and beauty—this it is to have a worthy monument. To plant a tree or hedge is the least we can do in return for the grateful shade that has been afforded us, for the delicate odors that steal upon us from hill and hollow, for all the generous gifts of fruits and flowers. One day, willy-nilly, we shall do a little gardening on our own account, when the mortal portion of us feeds the roots of grasses that grow upon our graves; perhaps, if we put a little thought and spirit into rural employments now, we shall blossom all the fairer and sweeter in that by-and-by.

The Egyptians and Greeks regarded agriculture as a religious duty, no less than as the first of occupations and pleasures; to pay no attention to it would have been to slight the gift of God, and to have forfeited the delights which no other employment could yield. The Romans, likewise, considered that from husbandry sprung their most faithful defenders, and to be careless concerning one's farm was esteemed a crime in those enlightened days—since a rural and moral life being synonymous then, it followed that neglected lands were the sensible and visible result of neglected morals. And even the good Bishop of *Bienvenu*, when engaged in the work of feeding his flock and administering kindness to whatever benighted Jean Valjean he happened on, was used to say he had been gardening, well aware that the primitive title detracted nothing from holy deeds—that he had been, indeed, transplanting the pure inspirations of Heaven into an earthly bosom.

It is a matter of conjecture if those individuals who look upon a farmer's life as low and menial, full of ill-breeding and ignorance, of plodding, uninteresting toils and weariness, behold the true significance of it in all its bearings upon human affairs. While the manufacturer or mechanic merely changes the form of some materials already prepared to his hand, adapting them to other ends and purposes, the farmer supplies much of this material through his own exertions and the assistance of nature; and *he* alone, of all laborers, by the work of his hands, by the influence of his mind upon matter, is enabled to evolve substance from the evanescent particles of earth, air, and moisture; only to him is intrusted the art of moulding the secret processes of nature to his will, while to him is revealed, in the procession of the seasons, the resources of the physical world, the beauty and infinity of which move him to special wonder and sweeten homely tasks.

He who turned the first sod for the purpose of cultivation, with whatever rude implement, unconsciously gave the first impulse to arts and

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commerce; greater than the founder of kingdoms or dynasties, the work begun by him has gone forward, century by century, till it has rounded itself into the magnificent result of European and American civilization, which, like a bird of passage, still spreads its eager wings and reaches forward toward unimagined things. That was the talismanic touch which loads our tables with the luxuries of every clime, clothes us in purple and fine linen, makes our homes beautiful, and keeps up the constant circulation and interchange of thought between most remote countries and peoples; which has expanded the dwarf crab into the luscious Baldwin apple, and multiplied the five-petaled wild rose by twenty that we might rejoice in the hundred-leaved flower. It was this act which gave impetus to the best faculties of man; which drained the marshes, redeemed waste lands, and besides rendering them available for the purposes of cultivation, ameliorated the climate by removing their deadly properties. Thus the winter frosts that once frowned upon Italy are now almost unknown, and other portions of Europe maintain a milder degree of temperature than previous to the diffusion of agricultural pursuits. But for this benign influence the Euxine would be yearly frozen over as in the time of Ovid, and Northern Europe be to-day the inhospitable Gaul of the classics.

We have all read, perhaps, of the owner of a few sterile acres, who, being warned in a dream of the existence of a great treasure hidden in the bowels of his land, gave himself up to the task of unearthing it. For three consecutive nights the dream returned to him, after the manner of such dreams, and for three weeks he delved upon his lot with the desperation of a gold-digger. Nothing came of it but the derision of his neighbors. But behold! next harvest-time his crops outmeasured all theirs, his barns overflowed with plenty, his bins groaned from repletion, year by year his harvests increased till it became plain that the treasure had come to light! The reason was obvious; the soil below the surface required the action of the sun and air upon it in order to extract therefrom the fertilizing properties of which it stood in need, and combine them with those already in possession. It is to be hoped that this good fortune did not subject him to the charge of sorcery, like the old Roman of whom one of the ancient writers relates that in reply thereto he produced his sturdy oxen and implements of husbandry. "These, Romans, are my instruments of witchcraft," said he; "but I can not here show you my labors, sweats, and anxious cares."

If we were all to dig for treasure in our unprofitable lands it is possible we might prove quite as successful as the hero of this tradition. Lieutenant Herndon tells us of a man in South America who, on clearing his grounds, pulled up a shrub to the roots of which was attached a beautiful diamond; it was indigenous to the soil. Let us trust that diamonds are indigenous to every soil, and continue to clear our lands and plow our fields without losing faith, should they not turn up in that particular form; the treasure is sure to be there, in one shape or another; but, like every thing else worth having, it was never known to come to us for the mere wishing. Nothing but careful thought and patient labor will cause the wilderness to blossom like a rose; only "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

It is not to be denied that there are great pleasures as well as many hardships to be encountered in a rural life; there is a pleasure both retrospective and prospective, in which the disagreeables go for nothing. The habit of early rising—without which Poor Richard affirms neither health, wealth, nor wisdom are to be tasted—though perhaps a great cross to the tyro, becomes by the force of habit and the rich rewards of the dewy hours something to count upon with certainty of delight. Weeding the turnip-beds in the early morning, with the sun lazily mounting from behind distant, vapor-wreathed hills, sending flocks of pink wings before him, belting the horizon in tawny gold; with the birds making every shrub and stalk vocal with hallelujahs, now far away in tender diminuendo, now directly overhead among the branches of the crooked plum-tree; with thousands of bright-winged ephemeræ just dancing into the life out of which they will dance with the sun; caterpillars breakfasting off the juicy young leaves, and snails looking out of their snug dormitories to take a view of the weather—weeding turnips, or what not, at such a time, with so much of interest before one's eyes and beneath one's hand, can not be the monotonous affair one might suppose. Indeed, the vigor and tinting of the most common leaf is subject for profitable reflection: its habits and conditions of growth; the use it knows how to make of every ray of sun, of every dew or rain drop that visits it; the various insects that prey upon it, that find an asylum in its heart, or feed upon its life-blood, or that are born and die upon it, without ever journeying to other countries—that is, to other leaves; all these things give it character and identity, just as struggle and suffering are believed to concentrate and fix the personality of human beings and overcome lightheadedness.

But we are traveling away from our garden, of which this is but one leaf, and the shadow has already begun to retreat, square after square, from the potatoe-field, closely pursued by the sunlight that deluges the blue and white stars with a heat before which they shrink and contract their pale disks. And here come the ducks waddling up from their baths, in which particular they are as dissipated as the old Romans, with the difference that the latter had the trouble of designing their own, while the ducks take possession of those nature has already provided, which are sufficiently beautiful with rank green weeds and purple iris, and per-

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fumed with water-lilies. See how the sun smites their glossy feathers into the emerald tints, which flash and fade and come again in perpetual interchange. It reminds one of the sun of prosperity, which sometimes develops unexpected beauties or deformities of soul.

All this time the guinea-fowls, strutting about the coop in their silver brocades, have been informing the neighborhood, in no very silvery tones, to be sure, that it is going to be *foul* weather; being the barometers of the barn-yard they know all about it, and are much more reliable than the almanac. Of course the hens proper have long since abandoned the roost and gone afield, like the Swiss peasantry, with their broods following on, and the fiery little bantams are scratching with might and main to fill the mouths of chickens as big as themselves. All over the field you can hear their caw-caw, as if some industrious and contented housewife were singing at her work.

By this it is time to drive the cows from pasture. How smiling and fresh the fields appear!

"As if but yesterday the Lord had finished them."

The dew is still heavy on crimson clover-head and on all the patches of gossamer; here and there wild strawberry blossoms give a hint for future use, and bunch-berries are ripening into scarlet profusion along the walls; the air is balmy and invigorating, and from every grass-blade and vagabond wild rose ascends the incense of creation. At every step we tread out perfumes which no distiller's art can counterfeit. It is a festival of the senses and the soul that is spread for our delectation, and if it will not take the place of breakfast it will lend a flavor to the coarsest fare. Old Chestnut has strayed down into the wood-lot, as she has a fancy for doing, and you can hear her bell trolling out a little pastoral melody as she moves about from spot to spot, and mingling agreeably with the murmur of the pine-trees and the bubble of the thrush, with the lowing of cattle from the neighboring farms. Then must the procession ford the noisy brook, which has watched the constellations slide across the midnight sky, and has been out all night photographing "the City of the Heavens." But they may not linger here, however picturesquely disposed; they must be driven home to fill the "foaming bowie," in order that there may be a heavy churning to-morrow, in order that butter-milk biscuits and batter puddings may hobnob with cream custards. At breakfast there are the baked beans and johnny cakes that would never have known what it was to be eaten but for us; and while we discuss the meal we may entertain our guests with romancing about this last.

"The romance of a johnny-cake!" cries Sacharissa aforesaid.

"But it has a romance, Madame, or rather the corn of which it is made has—a romance in common with other grains." It is a sort of lost heir, or child of adoption, whose origin is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. It may trace its genealogy from certain wild grasses, which some scientific men have succeeded in transforming into cultivated corn; or it may have sprung into being "full statured," the free gift of Heaven, as the inhabitants of some rude countries devoutly believe. It is owing to man, however, that it still has a hold upon the earth, that it has the privilege of expanding its plumule, of reaching upward by this delicate finger to collect the atmospheric food which shall assist it to develop its broad ribbons and silken tassels, and consummate into "the full corn in the ear." Without his fostering care it would soon perish from off the face of the earth, and there would be no cakes and ale indeed.

And now that we are on the subject of bread-and-butter, let us glance at the strange fortunes of the wheat: its plumule has just begun to elevate itself, to rejoice in its strength and energy, when there arrives a little insect to deposit her egg in its bosom. Misfortune, say you? Well, it is very much the manner in which one receives events that constitutes their malignancy or benevolence. But the plumule dies, you persist? The fact is, it surrenders, but only at discretion; it is like a prudent general besieged in his castle, with the treasure of a kingdom in his keeping; the enemy has made a breach, and it has become clear that the castle must be given up, but not till he has devised means for transporting the treasure into the interior; thus the plant, defeated in one direction, sends out new and strong shoots from the knots, thereby producing several ears, when but for this fortunate misfortune it might have matured only one.

"This is he who, felled by foes,
Rose strongly up, refreshed by blows."

Now that the day is far advanced we shall not find ourselves in Elysian fields when we go forth with hoe or whatever implement. But there is consolation in the thought that while the sun scorches us a little it is doing well by the plants. It is as if one could almost see them grow under its influence; and certainly these bean blossoms were closed half an hour ago, and here they are flaring like scarlet torches, as though the bean-poles had actually caught fire from these ardent rays. And what a scarlet it is, to be sure! One forgets all about uncomfortable sensations in contemplating it, in seeking for something with which to compare it, in wondering if the scarlet of the ancients was any thing half so magnificent. And we take a justifiable pride in reflecting that we have so far won nature to our side that it has been given to us to decide whether or no these brilliant things should have an existence. We really begin to feel as if we had blossomed ourselves. To redeem the soil from worthless weeds, from poisonous swamps; to make something grow this year where last year was barenness and blight; to test for yourself the grand forces of nature; to translate the beautiful fairy tale hidden in every seed-vessel, and to break the

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charm that holds each germ inert—surely this is no contemptible or unambitious office.

But perhaps the beans are not yet in blossom; perhaps it is yet early in the year, and the ground is only being prepared for its festival. The souls of most plants are still sleeping in their cotyledons, unconscious of the blessed future awaiting them. The grasses, to be sure, have waked up bright and early, and the violet-tinged anemone is to be met with in the borders of the woods, where it has taken refuge from its native East Indian heats. Every day, as the plow is driven up and down the long fields, the murmur of spring grows louder and sweeter; yesterday it was but a semibreve; to-morrow it will be the whole chromatic scale, with grace notes thrown in at random. The keenly-attuned ear catches the first whistle of the bluebird as he flashes in the sun, a flame of lapis lazuli; and the interrupted trill of the robin, as, following the plow like another husbandman, he pauses to discuss the worm it has unearthed, mingles gratefully with the chirping of a hundred hungry sparrows and the bold *tenore* of the blackbird. Air, earth, and water are full of a cheerful effort and faithful hope, which imparts to us somewhat of vigor and earnestness. Glancing over the brown fields which the sun is quickening, already we behold, as in a vision, the waving grain, the fair-flowering potato, the gadding squash-vines, the blushing banner of the beet, which are to spring up under our hand and put to shame the fables of the story-books. There has fallen to our share the inspiration of the Pythoness of old, and we predict miracles.

But this is not all the fruit of the land; as the plants grow there are a thousand beautiful and curious insects that grow and thrive with them, whose economy would both interest and profit us to study. It is a drama that is enacted daily before our eyes, the grand transformation scene of which is a thousand times more wonderful than any other theatre can afford; a drama in which there are loves and hatreds, strategy and cruelty, warfare and slavery, and all comprised within a single flower-bed, but as complete in itself as that of a far larger scale. This which resembles a swelling of a branch of the peach-tree is merely the skeleton of a parent gall-insect that has given up the ghost in order that her children might have a cradle; this berry-like excrescence on the leaf of the shade-tree is the nursery of a certain grub, who will find himself dowered with wings some bright morning, and will avail himself of them to see other lands and insects. Here on the gooseberry bushes is a little pearl-colored colony, each member of which is so small that we are tempted to turn aside in disdain. But even here is something sufficiently strange to fix attention; this little atom which we just escaped from destroying has changed her skin four times within twelve days, and is already the mother of twenty children since sunrise, and that without once stopping from sucking up the sap with her little proboscis, or throwing a glance over her shoulder at the numerous progeny; before the harvest is gathered in she will have become the progenitor of twenty generations.

"But not if she is devoured by this hungry ant, which is even now pouncing upon her," say you? Wait a little; the ant is no wolf in sheep's clothing, like this flat cinnamon-colored worm, which seizes one after another, sucks them dry, and tosses the empty skin aside or dresses himself in them—with what purpose it would be hard to say, unless to protect himself from enemies in his turn, as the Aphides never refuse to cater for the famished wayfarer. The ant, however, has come on quite a different errand; she has come to milk her little cows, that secrete a sweet liquor from the sap on which they feed, and which the ant knows how to extract from their bodies without injury to them and with satisfaction to herself; at times, indeed, she goes so far as to transport her kine into ant-hills dug at the foot of roots which the Aphides affect, thus having them conveniently at hand. Every thing that passes before the eye in this insect world has the flavor of purpose and expectation in it, which allures the mind. We have just seen, perhaps, the charming white butterfly intrusting her egg to the care of a cabbage leaf; another fly, a grain of jewel dust on wings, has observed it too, we may suppose, and as the butterfly intrusted her egg to the cabbage, our Ichneumon takes a step further, and buries her own in that of the other. After a certain time there will come out from this egg a little fly like the Ichneumon, but the white butterfly will never come to its estate, which has been literally mortgaged for the sustenance of its parasite.

Now this burly caterpillar, this gorgeous fellow in vestments of black and orange velvet, is he not satisfied with his circumstances? The truth is, that like many another finely appareled being, he is unhappy; it is not, however, the glorious discontent which urges upon him the yearning for wings; he has something on his mind or his stomach; his banquet of leaves has become tasteless to him; nevertheless, he imagines that wings may assist him to fly from pain, and he goes to weave his cocoon with the promise of issuing forth a creature of the air, disembarrassed from the tyranny of appetite; but alas! he is destined never to dance forth into freedom and frolic life; there emerges a creature from his cocoon, it is true, but a usurper; it is the offspring of a fly who deposited her egg in the body of the caterpillar, while he, unconscious of the deadly wound, appeased his hunger on the green things of the earth; it was this egg, grown to a worm's estate and subsisting upon his juices, which gave him the pangs of indigestion, and completed by destroying his entire substance; absolutely eating him out of house and home. No wonder he was unhappy!

Perhaps we here come across a dead sparrow

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in the path, to which some enterprising beetles are giving sepulture. Do the beetles, like the ancients, believe that the shades of the dead wander disconsolately upon the earth if denied that rite? We are very certain that they believe much more in the necessity of burying their eggs in the earth, together with something upon which they may feed when arrived at the dignity of a worm; consequently the sparrow gets put underground, and the embryo beetles have a magazine of provisions to go and come upon. It were as well if we were all as honest in our professions, and did not so often perform services for our own advancement and call them fine and high-sounding names.

How many pleasures are lost by those who never deliver themselves to the charms of a rural life; who see nothing of these transformations that go on year after year among both plants and insects; who run the chance of believing with La Fontaine that the ants provide themselves with well-stored granaries for winter use—with Virgil that bees are subject to a king—with the fathers of Trevoux that these same bees find their young ready-made on flowers! At least they are never able to surprise the grub of the dragon-fly, like a prince *incognito*, with its claws fastened upon a reed at the edge of a pool, bursting from its disguises, and shaking itself in the warm-scented wind before darting away a living jewel on wings of netted gold. Nor is it probable that they often observe the gnat launching her boat of eggs, or the aquatic creature suddenly become a denizen of the air.

He who contents himself with spending his days within the brick walls of a city, walking on hard pavements in place of green-sward, among dusty thoroughfares instead of fresh fields, breathing infectious air, a thousand times breathed already, rather than the perfumed breeze of the country, can hardly be supposed to regret things of which he has little or a mean conception, yet forfeits much enjoyment and health. What does harvest mean to him? A matter of statistics, of breadstuffs in the market quotations, provender for his stud, peaches for his table. Nothing of the generous hilarity of harvest-time, the song of reapers, the whetting of scythes, the fragrance of clover fields—nothing but dreary facts and something to eat! Orchards groaning in plenty, grape-vines reeling under the purple, grain inviting the sickle, the satisfaction accruing from a year spent in the toils of husbandry—these are things of little account to him. He does not know what it is to have successful grafts, to develop new powers in a plant—to improve its color, perfume, size, or other virtues—to become the direct heir of heaven. It signifies little to him that a seed increases fifteen times its own weight in a single minute, the rate of increase being always uniform; that Nature giveth to all liberally, is no niggard, only reserving the right to be entreated—that for every "anxious care" bestowed she returns to us a thousandfold, not only in the fruits of the earth, but in the vigor of the frame, the lustre of health, the elastic step, the increased beauty of the eyes, the cheerful heart confident of itself and creation, and a mind quickened and enlarged. We are moulded in a manner by our circumstances; wide sky views give us liberality and large-mindedness. Out of doors we readily forget our littlenesses and hypochondria, because we are reinforced from the great reservoirs of life and health and perpetual growth.

Roger Bacon somewhere speaks of an old man who, plowing in Sicily one day, discovered a vial containing a solution of gold, which, supposing it to be dew, he drank, and immediately he became a hale, robust, and highly accomplished youth. Since we do not wish to doubt the chronicle, how can we choose but think it more likely to have been the plowing which wrought the miracle rather than the solution of gold—the elixir of life of the Alchemists, the virtues of which have long since been exploded?

It seems to me only a poetical and somewhat roundabout method of saying that, when an old man, he discovered the elixir of life while engaged in plowing, and from that healthful exercise derived the heartiness and robustness which are the true accomplishments of youth.

A MOVING TALE.

NEW YORK is a magnificent city in a certain way—such as Broadway. It is always a satisfaction to live in a metropolis; to feel that you are a part of the biggest place belonging to the biggest country in all creation. You know that whatever of great and good there is in America finds its way to the largest market, where you may buy, or be a looker-on while others loosen their purse-strings. Here Art, the Drama, and Literature have their headquarters, and here you may expand under their benign influence. Here there is too much competition for any Mutual Admiration Society to brow-beat the rest of mankind; and a glow comes over you at the thought that the dreadful word "provincial" can in no way be applied to yourself or any of your family. Therefore I am very glad that Tom's business—Tom is my husband—obliges him to live in so great and important a city.

Yes; before we moved across the river I really did like living in New York; that is when I felt settled, which was about four months in the year. After moving in May it took me two months to get the house to rights, by which time July had arrived. Then we always went out of town until October. Of course order was not restored until November, for what with unpacking, getting the boys ready for school, and house-cleaning, I did not breathe from the first to the last day of October. From November to February I felt as though life meant a cer-

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tain amount of rest and pleasure. I lived and moved—no, I mean I did *not* move—and had my being. With the approach of February care once more fed upon my damask cheek, for with the dawn of spring came the necessity of informing our landlord whether we would submit to an increase of rent. We never submitted; consequently from February to May I passed my time going from house to house, with a newspaper in one hand and a pencil in the other, and treated generally with about as much consideration as an applicant for cold victuals.

About this season of the year, too, one of my boys—(I have three, the eldest being ten and the youngest six)—would fall down and cut his head open, or have the whooping-cough, or catch the measles. Seeing me in trouble, and knowing I was about to move, one of the "help," or perhaps both, would kindly leave me. Then I became distracted, and wished I might be gently removed to a lunatic asylum with all the modern conveniences for rendering its inmates happy; or I longed for the wings of a dove, or oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where May-days and rapacious landlords are unknown!

There was a time when we were not afflicted with the epidemic of moving. That was when we had a lease of our house. Then we lived in Fifteenth Street, where we were surrounded by our friends, and were in the centre of all that makes New York attractive and instructive. Four years ago our lease expired, and our landlord raised the rent two hundred dollars.

"Tom," said I, gazing with pathetic fondness on my household gods, and feeling as though my heart would break did the iconoclastic hand of "Pahdees" once touch them, "let us pay the extra amount, and remain where we are. Moving will cost us more than the difference of rent. All our associations are clustered about this house, and no other place can ever be so much like home."

"Sue," replied my husband, "you talk like a woman. Why are women always imposed upon? Because they never fight for a principle. The platform upon which I stand is pure and unadulterated justice. My whole nature rebels against this extortion, and as a matter of conscience I can not consent to be imposed upon. Move we must, and it would be well for you to look about. I'll send home the *Herald*, and you can run your eye over the 'To Lets.'"

Whereupon Tom lit a cigar and sauntered down town to his business.

Let it not be thought for one moment that I do not love my husband. On the contrary, I am excessively fond of him, and were I to begin matrimony over again I should cleave to Tom, for the simple reason, I suppose, that I was born to love him better than any other man. Certain things are inevitable. But Tom, like the rest of humanity, has his objectionable points of character, prominent among which is his overpowering sense of right. Notwithstanding his opinion of me, and of women in the abstract, I am not wanting in principle, and will fight for it whenever I see that more is to be gained than lost by the conflict; but there is such a thing as having too much conscience. Virtue, like vaulting ambition, may

"o'erleap its selle,
And fall on the other side,"

thereby losing the cause. This is the style of virtue with which Tom is very seriously afflicted.

Whatever you do, dear unmarried young lady, never allow yourself to become desperately in love with a man who runs full tilt against every imposition with which he comes in contact, or your life will be a series of bumps and bruises, such as can only be acquired in this expensive and manly art of self-defense. Take the experience of one who is an authority on this subject, and marry a man whose love of comfort is sufficiently strong to teach him that the game of principle is not always worth the candle, and that economy means fixedness. When you have an income of $1000, and it costs you $1500 to ride your hobby-horse of justice, where are you likely to be at the end of a few years? I pause for a reply.

There was no appeal to a higher court, consequently we moved. We traveled from Fifteenth to Thirtieth Street, within smelling distance of a very lively tenement-house, and our "matter of principle" cost us $250, being $50 more than we should have paid for rent at the old home. I mentioned this little fact to Tom.

"Sue," he answered, "what is a paltry fifty-dollar bill when compared with a principle?"

I said nothing farther, and of course Tom supposed my silence was entirely owing to conviction. There is nothing I so much abhor as a "scene," especially where the performers are husband and wife; consequently, whenever Tom has a very bad attack of principle, I quietly allow nature to take its own course. Like fever, it must have its run.

On the day after our removal I was up in the third story unpacking, when I heard a frightful crash, proceeding apparently from the kitchen.

"Mistress of herself, though china fall," I murmured, and attempted to be calm and wait for enlightenment. Finding myself unequal to the strain, I went down stairs, and, as I neared the kitchen, overheard the following animated conversation between Bridget and my eldest born, Tom junior:

"It wasn't."

"It was."

"It wasn't."

"It was."

"Bridget, you're a liar, and I'll tell mother."

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary language?" I asked, plunging suddenly into the middle of things.

"Shure, ma'am, an' Tommy 's as bad a boy as iver I laid my two eyes on. He's bin an' upset the table, an' broke all yer best china, an' tells me to my face that I did it."

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"Mother, it wasn't me"—(all of my boys hate grammar)—"I was only leaning against the table; but Bridget, in trying to reach the top shelf of the closet, put her foot on it, slipped, and down she and the table tumbled. She's a nasty old thing, and I hate her."

"Tom, come with me," I said, sternly, and led our eldest to my room. I there delivered a lecture on the sin of lying, and then, promising my immediate pardon, commanded Tom to confess the truth.

"Mother, it wasn't me. I told the truth down stairs; but if you prefer to believe Bridget, who steals the tea and sugar—for Bob see her do it—you can."

I could not disbelieve those honest blue eyes. Kissing Tom junior, and assuring him that he was a good boy, I went into the parlor to see how many scratches my piano had received. There I made the frightful discovery that my beautiful rose-wood piano-stool was missing.

"Whoever heard the loikes of that!" exclaimed a "Pahdee," who was busily engaged in doing nothing, "for a piano-stool to go walking off on its own account! It's a miracle, shure!"

And that was all the satisfaction I could obtain. Long ere this my symmetrical piano-stool has gone astray in Chatham Street.

While living in Thirtieth Street we never enjoyed a moment's peace of mind. The principal occupation of the tenement-house inmates seemed to consist of dying and catching fire. When there was not a funeral there was a running to and fro of engines; and our boys became so crazy on the subject of wakes and "running with the machine," that the law of self-preservation determined us to move at the end of the year.

Every New Yorker knows how rents went up year before last, and how difficult it was to obtain a local habitation at reasonable rates. I read the *Herald* perseveringly, and lost ten pounds of flesh in search of a needle in a haystack. I made many excursions to Pine Street and its vicinity, and became so intimately acquainted with life as seen from a New York stage that drivers pulled up the moment they caught sight of my melancholy face. Finally I said to an agent, who for the I-don't-know-how-manyeth time assured me there was nothing on hand at present, but would be in a few days:

"Sir," said I, with a look in my eye that Ristori might copy with advantage, "if you do not find me a house by to-morrow you will be guilty of murder. For two whole months have you chanted the same refrain. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. Find me a house, or prepare to dig my grave!"

My sepulchral words produced an effect. The next day I received the offer of a house in process of erection in Fifty-ninth Street.

"Take it, by all means, Sue," urged my husband.

"But think of the distance up town," I faintly murmured.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "What are distances in New York, where cars are so numerous? Think of the comfort of going into a clean house, and the pleasure of being near Central Park!"

I had not that profound faith in cars on which Tom reposed, nor did the Park strike me as enthusiastically as it struck him. Still the rent was within Tom's means, and I made no serious objection. Nevertheless, I *was* surprised when, on coming home that night, Tom exclaimed:

"There, Sue! there's the lease of the house in Fifty-ninth Street. I thought I'd clench the matter at once, and save you from further anxiety."

"But are you quite sure you were wise?" I answered. "It is always well to turn things over in one's mind."

"Oh, bother on one's mind! Aren't you worn to a shadow, and isn't the house better than any thing we have seen or expect to see for the price?"

"Perhaps so. Of course you arranged that the landlord should furnish the gas-fixtures."

"Of course I didn't do any thing of the sort," replied Tom, looking at me with astonishment, not unmingled with dismay. "You never once mentioned gas-fixtures."

"Because it takes time to think of every thing, Tom, and I did not dream that you would conclude the matter so suddenly. Two heads are always better than one, you know. Gas-fixtures are a very important item, and will cost us a great deal of money."

"The deuce they will!" said Tom, retiring behind Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," from which he did not emerge during the entire evening.

Not being a "nagging" wife, I avoided all further mention of the unfortunate lease, knowing that the poor fellow required no assistance from me to fill the measure of his self-disgust. While leaving dear Tom to pursue his own reflections I endeavored to calculate how much the gas-fixtures would cost, and found that for the amount required by this extra expense, and for the other new item of car-fare, he might have procured a house further down town that had realized all my modest aspirations. With a virtue to which few women would have been equal, I did not mention this harrowing fact to Tom. In heaven I shall meet my reward.

We moved. If there is one thing I long for it is an old, well-brushed, and well-regulated civilization; if there is one thing thoroughly antipathetic to me it is the ragged, scraggy, fenced-in, surprised, and disheveled outlines peculiar to the suburbs of American towns in general, and of New York city in particular. Such was the outline visible from the windows of our "home" in Fifty-ninth Street.

"But only think, Sue, of the untold comfort of being in a clean house, one that has never been occupied by a human being!" exclaimed Tom, while carving our first day's dinner.

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My reply, which I intended to be one of pleasant acquiescence, was eclipsed by a violent fit of sneezing, proceeding from the dear little head of our youngest.

"Dear me! Sammy, where did you catch that cold? At this season of the year, too, when a cold is so difficult to get rid of!"

"The child has been playing outdoors without his over-coat, I suppose," answered his father.

Sammy stoutly maintained that he hadn't been doing any thing of the sort; while between the sneezes a horrible fear, which had secretly attacked me some days before, now overcame me entirely.

"Tom," said I, "it's the house. The house is damp. There always is danger in moving into a new building before it is thoroughly dry; and I am afraid we have been guilty of this very great imprudence."

It was good of me to say "we," and take half the blame, when the author of our griefs was in the singular person, and he knew it; but a little salve was needed, and I administered it. Poor Tom! that sneezing was the final straw to break the camel's back. The gas-fixtures were nothing by comparison.

The next morning we all woke up with colds in our heads, and ate our breakfast in chorus. One of the "help" left me, saying that her lungs "was weak," and she didn't wish "to go into a gallopin' consumption." The other gave notice, but did not object to remain until I supplied her place; for which consideration I was ready to bless her.

"Sue," said Tom, looking very pitiful, "I can't bear to think of you and the boys suffering because of my thoughtlessness. Let's move."

I put my arms around the dear old fellow's neck (*old* is a term of affection), and asked, "Where, Tom?"

Tom scratched his head, and didn't know.

"The only remedy, Tom, is to make the best of it," I answered. "I dare say we'll get through it well enough, provided the house is kept well aired and well heated."

That was all that could be done. The furnace was kept going night and day, and I went about as in a Turkish bath—with the difference, however, that our form of this Oriental luxury was far more expensive than on ordinary occasions; nor, being prolonged, did it seem quite so delightful. When we were absent from home all the windows were thrown open, and the air allowed to riot through the house. In this way we managed to get the walls dry in a couple of weeks; and by the middle of June the last cold had disappeared, leaving our lungs in tolerable condition.

It was pleasant enough during the warm weather, barring the dust created by the irrepressible rubbish incident to an "open" neighborhood; but, as Tom said, we had the Central Park, which was charming in the mornings and on moonlight nights. Nevertheless, even the rose persists in having thorns, and there was that about the Park which made life somewhat of a trial.

Boys will go mad over something, and there never were boys who rode hobbies with greater frenzy than mine—a proof of character and unlimited spirits that I hope one of these days may be of benefit to the country, and thus compensate me for my present anxiety of mind.

Having no distractions in the way of wakes or running after "machines," they took kindly to the water, haunted the Park ponds as though they were fish out of their element, spent all their money in being rowed, and fraternized with the swans. I found it impossible to keep bread or cake in the house. It all went down the very long and capacious throats of the swans that daily, and I might say hourly, greeted my boys with a public reception. Bob, my second, who is always getting into scrapes, ruined four hats within a month by having them blown into the water, or using them for boats. He finally succeeded in tumbling in himself. A big dog mercifully came to the rescue; after which, to guard against death by drowning, we provided Bob with a dog of his own. This investment, however, was not particularly successful, for Bob made several bets on the prowess of *his* dog, and in order to win them, jumped into the water that Carlo might pull him out. Two suits of clothes were thus ruined. One of these days I hope to get used to having boys.

Sunday was not a pleasant day in Fifty-ninth Street. I never forbid my "girls" having "followers," for human nature is human nature, whether it works in the kitchen or sits in the parlor; and as I used to have beaux, I thoroughly comprehend why "help" desire to enjoy the same privilege. But there *is* such a thing as moderation—a virtue of which I saw nothing in the basement during the continuance of warm weather. The Central Park, with Biddies thrown in, was too great an attraction for the gallant sons of Erin to resist, and our basement swarmed as though it were headquarters for Sunday evening concerts. We expostulated, and even went so far as to change our servants. The cry was "Still they come," and we resigned ourselves to fate. I learned from the neighbors that when we went into the country, "High-Life Below-Stairs" went up stairs and gave a party in our parlors and on our new carpet, which party wound up with a fight on the door-steps between the friends of O'Reilly and Donohue.

During the summer it was with difficulty that I could get rid of servants; during the winter it was with difficulty that I could get them to stay. And such a winter! The mere thought of it puts me into a cold perspiration. It blew, it rained, it snowed. When I was not ankle-deep in mud, I was knee-deep in snow. During several severe storms I feared the house would tumble about our ears; and it was in such an exposed situation, and so poorly built, that although we consumed twice as much coal

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as ever before, none of us could honestly declare that we were thoroughly warm.

Being so far up town, I rarely saw any of my old acquaintances. Meeting one of them in the street, she gave me a melancholy shake of the hand, as though she were bidding me farewell for all time and eternity, and said,

"Friendship is an affair of streets. Good-by."

"The heartless creature!" I murmured to myself, in taking my leave.

And yet, when I sat down calmly and thought about the matter, it seemed to me that my former neighbor and frequent visitor had reason on her side. Were not distances a great bore to me? Yes. Had I called upon her since my upheaval? No. Did I not know charming people in Brooklyn, and had I not neglected them quite as much as I was now being neglected by others? Yes. This self-examination demonstrated that I was quite as heartless as the rest of the world; that personal intimacies are, for the most part, purely accidental, and that ordinary friendship is an affair of streets, as any New Yorker will testify.

Living so far up town, of course we were always obliged to take the cars, and poor Tom generally came home more dead than alive, looking as though he had been hanging upon the car by the eyelids. Usually he stood up the greater part of the distance—being a gentleman, I am thankful to say—and never permitting himself to sit if a woman, whether rich or poor, black or white, stood. That he rarely received any thanks for his chivalric heroism is so much the worse for my ungrateful sex. I appreciated Tom's gallantry, if those wretched women didn't; and my husband often declared that thoughts of me kept his chivalry alive. Why are American women so brutal in their manner of receiving civilities from gentlemen?

Never shall I forget those several memorable days when the cars did not run. Of course I was not particularly wretched on my own account, although I failed to keep important engagements; and the boys were ecstatic because they could play at "polar bear." (By-the-way, I should not be at all surprised if Bob became some day Governor of Walrussia, or Alaska, or whatever may be the name of the late Russian America.)

But poor Tom! "Business is business, and must be attended to." And that blessed man walked to and from the office rather than go in pursuit of overcrowded stages, few and far between. As an appropriate reward, the dear fellow caught cold, and was laid up with rheumatic fever for three weeks.

After this pleasant episode I would never allow Tom to sacrifice himself by coming home to dine when he had business down town of an evening; the consequence was that for the first time in my life I partook of solitary dinners, and had no appetite whatever. I appeal to every married woman when I ask if there is any thing more forlorn in domestic life than sitting down to meals alone, with the clean plate and empty chair of your husband staring at you from the other end of the table? As charming little Marjorie Fleming said of the multiplication table in general, and of 8 times 8 in particular, "it's what nature itself can't endure." I no longer wonder that women who live in suburban homes and never see their husbands beside the festive board live on apple-pies and cultivate dyspepsia.

When, therefore, Tom asked me in February, 1867, with much pathos in his voice (and as if he never again intended to have his own way about houses), whether we should remain where we were for another year (our landlord having put the question to him, with the information that the rent would be raised three hundred dollars, and a particular friend of his was anxious to obtain it on a long lease), my emotional nature, that had long been smouldering under the effects of Tom's rheumatic fever, burst forth:

"Let his particular friend have it. I'd rather live in Siberia"—(the icebergs of Walrussia were not then the property of the United States)—"than remain another twelvemonth in this detestable house. No amount of money could tempt me to endure a repetition of our past sufferings. No, Tom; much as my principles are opposed to moving, move I will or perish in the attempt."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Tom, heaving a sigh of relief. "The idea of increasing the rent!"

"But," I continued, "I move upon one condition—that we go into a house of our own."

"What, Sue!" exclaimed Tom, looking as though he had been shot out of a Columbiad; "do you know what houses cost?"

"Certainly I do; and do you know what a few more moves will cost? My life!"

Tom grew very serious, sat down, and scratched his head until bedtime.

Things had arrived at that state when active measures were required. The sight of several gray hairs and a well-defined wrinkle determined me to take a stand and be furiously strong-minded. Rheumatism had had a beneficial effect on Tom's theories of domestic economy.

"Were you in earnest about buying a house?" he asked the next day at dinner.

"I never was more in earnest in my life."

"I've been pricing houses to-day. I can't find any thing that *you* would like, and there is nothing decent in the market for less than twenty or thirty thousand dollars."

"I suppose so."

"I really can *not* afford to pay so large a sum, Sue. What do you say to Brooklyn?"

Brooklyn! I felt like shrieking, but for the sake of example refrained—my boys were at the table, and believed in the dignity of their mother. Brooklyn! the horror of all New Yorkers! the place of places that had enjoyed my most rampant abuses, that I had declared nothing could tempt me to live in! And I was calmly asked as to the propriety of buying a house there, making it my earthly home, having my children married

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there, and as an old woman taken over to New York by my grandchildren of a Saturday afternoon to see the circus! I shuddered, but preserved an outward show of composure as I quietly said:

"Why do you speak of Brooklyn, Tom?"

"Because a friend of mine who is going to Europe for several years has offered me his house for a very reasonable amount. It is on the Heights, and very near my place of business—one hundred per cent more convenient for me than living in the upper part of New York."

Near his place of business! Should I be a selfish monster and say I wouldn't? Shouldn't I see just as much of my friends, who were all down-town people, in Brooklyn as in Fifty-ninth Street? And shouldn't I be just as near Elysium? Tom, too, could always come home to dinner, and wouldn't have to stand up in horse-cars until he dropped, for the benefit of the female sex.

"How long before you must give an answer?" I finally asked.

"Oh, there's no hurry about it. He told me I might have the refusal of the house for at least a month."

"Well, Tom, if I can't find any thing better in a month I'll go to Brooklyn without a murmur."

"Sue, you're a jewel!" and jumping up from the table, Tom put his arms around my neck, in the presence of my children, and kissed me.

The boys looked wretched, and the two youngest began to cry.

"We don't want to go to Brooklyn. It's a nasty place. There isn't any Central Park there; and they don't have no swans; and I won't go; there!" screamed Bob. In consequence of which disaffection all the boys were deprived of ice-cream and sent to bed.

I had, however, given in my adhesion with an "if," and resolved to struggle womanfully against destiny. I read the *Herald*; I renewed my old acquaintance with house agents; I once more haunted the region of Pine Street; I took the soundings of all the promising puddles at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street; I went about with "permits" in a water-proof cloak; and when I asked for the "lady of the house," was invariably told that "they didn't want no plain sewing done." "Just as though you didn't always look like a lady," said Tom, disgusted at the want of penetration in "help." It seemed to me Biddy's estimate of me was wonderfully correct. If any one can prosecute house-hunting and not look like an underpaid seamstress, that woman deserves to be held up to public reprobation as incapable of appreciating her trying position.

It was useless. The Fates were spinning a different fate for me. The more I persevered the more I felt that I was in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp. Tom said as much to begin with; but, having been brought up on a little song entitled "Try, try Again," and having also been taught by a youthful copy-book that "Fortune rewards the Brave," I continued unto the end, when, surrendering at indiscretion, I said to my husband, "Tom, I am ready to go to Brooklyn or any where—any where out of the world."

Tom could have knocked me down with a word of four syllables; and if Tom had asked me to sign an agreement to go to Icy Cape, cultivate Esquimaux, and eat train-oil, I should have signed it. Fortunately he didn't.

We moved; but prior to moving I discovered that we were in possession of an elephant.

"Tom," I asked, "what's to be done with the gas-fixtures?"

"Hang the gas-fixtures!"

"That's more easily said than done. Where shall we hang them? Our house in Brooklyn is already supplied with fixtures. The best way to get rid of them is to sell them to the new tenant."

"That's a good idea, Sue. I'll speak to Tompkins when I meet him on 'Change. There's nothing like having business with a gentleman. He at least will be ready to pay us our price."

"Love's young dream is always doomed to disappointment," thought I to myself when Tom came home that night and ventilated himself on the subject of Tompkins.

"I always thought Tompkins to be a liberal-minded man; but I vow I believe all the stories I ever heard against him. Why what do you think he offered for the fixtures, Sue, saying he couldn't afford to pay a dollar more? Half price! when he knows they are as good as new, and that their being in the house saves him bother and expense. By Jove! he sha'n't have them, if I have to give them away."

"There's where Joe Tompkins gets his meanness from," chimed in Tom junior. "I'll tell the boys at school on his father to-morrow. When Joe takes a bite out of my apple I always ask for the bite and offer him the apple. He's all-fired mean."

For this volunteer remark Tom junior received an appropriate lecture on the subject, "Children should be seen, not heard."

"The Jews may have the fixtures for nothing. Tompkins shall not have them for the wealth of California!" Such was Tom's declaration.

So I sent for a second-hand furniture man. There is a vast difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee; and selling is entirely different from buying. The sublimely indifferent manner in which that "second-hand man" glanced at the fixtures as though they would be dear at any price; the condescending way in which he allowed me to suppose that pure benevolence and a desire to oblige me was the only cause of his making any offer whatever; and the wonderful facility he displayed in discovering scratches on the gilt and bronze, petrified me. In a very few minutes I began to think that the fixtures really were very much out of order, and gladly sold them for just one-third of their original cost.

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Tom groaned. His sole consolation lay in the fact that Tompkins at least did not get them.

We moved. I thought I had realized what moving meant. Vain delusion! I was an infant in experience until we emigrated to Brooklyn. I endeavored to be in two places at the same time. I tried not only to see my "things" start off in New York, but to see them arrive in Brooklyn. Need I say that I failed lamentably? Finally I confined my field of action to Fifty-ninth Street; trusted to luck and "help" for the rest; saw the last "load" off with a feeling akin to getting rid of a nightmare; and then marshaling my boys and my umbrellas, betook myself to an omnibus.

Going down Broadway I felt very much as Mary Stuart did when she bade farewell to the receding shores of France. The boys were quite as wretched as myself, and Tom junior declared that just as soon as he became a man he'd build a house for me wherever I liked, only it shouldn't be in Brooklyn. Bob had spent the whole day feeding the swans on our last loaf of bread. I dare say some of them died of surfeit. He made me promise that, as he couldn't have swans, he should have chickens.

How it rained!—it always rains on the 1st of May. And how draggled I became walking from the ferry to Brooklyn Heights! "But the worst is now over," I said to myself as I approached our house.

Was it? On reaching the front door I found the cartmen quarreling among themselves, totally regardless of the fact that the rain was pouring down upon my best mattresses that they had left uncovered. Didn't I want to be an emperor, and send the Erin-go-braghs to Cayenne! Wet mattresses! Think of it, my suffering sisters! Entering the house I found the parlor floors looking like chaos gone mad. Boxes of books were burst open; our largest mirror was cracked down the middle; the back of my favorite easy-chair was broken; greasy finger-marks adorned my picture-frames; the leg of a chair had been run through the left eye of Lafayette—a rare old portrait that Tom treasured jealously; and there lay my beautiful Venus of Milo, with her head in one corner and her left leg in another!

"Who has done all this mischief?" I asked, sinking upon a mountain-range of carpets.

Of course nobody did it. Nobody ever yet broke any thing. Mirrors, chairs, and Venuses always smash themselves, and Lafayette put out his own eye. I was ready to die of vexation.

"Shure, ma'am," said the cook, trying to console me, "that whitewashed woman ain't much worse off than she was before. She hadn't no arms to start with, and indeed, ma'am, it's served her right, for she's the most ondacent female I iver laid my two eyes on."

I shivered with rage. My beautiful Venus of Milo indecent!

When Tom came in I still occupied my first position. He said I reminded him of Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and began to whistle the air of "As I view these scenes so charming," from "La Sonnambula;" but when I pointed to Lafayette he—he—well, he swore, and I didn't blame him, but wished I were a man that I might enjoy the same privilege.

"Tom," said I, "had I known what marriage entailed I never should have done it."

"Neither should I," he replied.

This brief conversation took place over a cold dinner, served on a table innocent of a cloth and without napkins. Cold victuals were too much for me, and I revenged myself on Tom. Lafayette was too much for Tom, so he retorted. Then I *did* break down, and went to bed on the floor with a raging headache.

Both of us felt more amiable the next day, and said we didn't mean it.

Thank Heaven there's an end to all things, even to misery, and gradually the house was set to rights. The boys behaved so well, and were of so much use to me, that, in a moment of effusion, I promised Tom junior and Bob that they should go to the Museum. They had been once, and now quite forgot the swans in their long and highly scientific conversations on the subject of wild animals. Saturday afternoon came, and though faint-hearted at the idea of Tom and Bob going to New York alone, I still gave them permission, being urged on by my husband, who wants his children to be men before they have gone into pantaloons.

Dressed in their Sunday clothes, the boys came to bid me good-by, Bob having one of his chickens tied up under his arm.

"Why, Bob, what are you going to do with that chicken?" I asked.

"Yes, you better ask," burst forth Tom junior. "I told him not to do it. He's goin' to give it to the 'structer."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Well, I don't care if I am," now answered Bob, with tears in his eyes. "The 'structer swallows things alive, and God made him so, and I want to see him do it. The chicken won't feel it much, because the 'structer will eat him whole."

I took the chicken from Bob and looked very stern. To think that my husband should belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and that a son of his should be born with such blood-thirsty propensities! Yet I could not scold Bob very severely, for, after all, it was knowledge that he was in pursuit of.

"I don't feel wicked a bit," persisted Bob. "If any body's cruel it's God, for he made 'structers, and they must have live animals, and my chicken might as well be gobbled up as Mr. Barnum's chickens."

What reply could I make to this incontrovertible logic, saving that severe silence which parents always fall back upon when their children are too much for them?

Tom came home early that afternoon to ar-

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range the books in the back-parlor, and as I had all the carpets down I gave myself a delightful surprise-party by reposing upon a lounge and watching my "better half" grow dusty and red in the face setting his department to rights.

"After all, Sue, Brooklyn *is* a pleasant sort of place, don't you think so?" said Tom.

"I can't tell yet. I've not been outside of the house."

"And I really find a great charm about the ferry, Sue. The coloring in the sky this afternoon was beautiful."

"I dare say the ferry would be very nice if it were not for the water."

"Why, what's the matter with the water?"

"I'm dreadfully afraid the boys will tumble into it."

"Nonsense!"

"Then think, Tom, of the winter season, and being blocked up in ice."

"Pshaw! we're to have a bridge, which will save us from that annoyance."

"Only to give you more rheumatism. One walk over such a bridge in wind and storm will wrap you up in flannels for the winter."

"Now, Sue, this isn't fair. You promised not to grumble."

"I'm not grumbling. I wish to be prepared for the worst; that's all."

"But I say, Sue, where's the first volume of my 'Heavenly Arcana?'"

"There, I suppose. All the books were packed together."

"The deuce they were! And where's that rare old edition of Milton, and Mickle's 'Lusiad?'"

"Why, Tom, can't you find them?"

"No, nor you either."

Alas, it was too true! The books could not be found. I searched from the top to the bottom of the house. They were gone; and they had been carefully packed.

"This is too bad!" exclaimed Tom, as he careered up and down the parlors like a caged tiger with a ferocious appetite.

It *was* too bad, and I was raging internally quite as much as Tom's legs and arms were, when we were startled by a violent ringing of the bell, followed by the entrance of Tom junior and an unknown man bearing Bob in his arms; the latter dripping with water that fell in pleasant streams on my Turkey carpet.

"Don't be frightened, mother," exclaimed Tom junior. "Bob isn't hurt; he's only frightened a good deal, and stunned some. He tried to jump on to the pier before the chain was let down—like the men, you know—and fell into the river instead; but a man jumped right straight after him, and caught him before he went down once."

I never fainted in my life, but I came very near it then. Poor Tom grew quite distracted trying to attend to Bob and me at the same time. But it was over in a minute. The man had deposited Bob on my damask sofa, and the darling lay there looking so pale and penitent that I could have cried, but I didn't. I at last realized that he was catching cold in his wet clothes, and ruining my yellow damask at the same time.

"Carry Bob to the bath-tub," I said; and to the bath-tub he went, where, after undergoing rubbing enough to have brought a mummy to life, he was put to bed with a kiss and a short sermon.

"Mother," murmured Bob, after promising that he would never do so any more, "I wouldn't have drowned any way, for I struck out just as I'd seen the frogs do; and I do believe I can swim, because you see I've practiced on the piano-stool."

After remaining by Bob's side until the dear boy fell asleep, and assuring myself that there was no danger of fever, I went down stairs to find Tom with his face buried in his hands. Looking up as I entered he said:

"Sue, I've the blues. I suppose it's wicked, because I ought to be rejoicing over the safety of Bob. That threatened danger seems now like a terrible impossibility, and I can't help thinking of my 'Paradise Lost.' Why, Sue, there wasn't such another copy in the country. And my 'Mickle!' Then to think that I can't accuse any body because I can't prove any thing! Do sing 'Auld Robin Gray' and make me forget myself."

Going to the music-stand for the very valuable and rare book of old songs, in which were all Tom's favorites, I failed to find it. Once, twice, thrice I looked over my books. In vain. Finally I exclaimed, in a frightened voice:

"Oh, Tom!"

"What's the matter now?" he asked, jumping to his feet.

"My book of old songs is gone."

Tom muttered something that sounded very like a word that begins with D, and began pacing the room.

"I suppose this is what you call discipline."

"I call it stealing."

"But, Tom," I continued—with the cracked mirror in one eye and my "Venus de Smash" (as a friend calls it) in the other—"the next move I make will be to heaven, and that move will be for eternity, as this is for all time."

"Amen," murmured Tom.

WITH A BOOK.

Full often, pictured on the page,
Some reader sees a fair sweet face
That floats between the vacant lines
And paints the margin with her grace.

Precious becomes the illumined sheet,
Though idle all its lettered lore;
He learns a secret never sung,
And spells a charm unknown before.

Yet page less fortunate than mine,
If here a fair sweet face shall bend,
And to the trembling happy leaf
Perchance one shade of beauty lend.

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LUCY RUTHVEN'S WILL.

POSSIBLY it was the east wind—yes! upon mature retrospective reflection it seems an undoubted fact that it *was* the east wind—that made Mr. Charles J. Ruthven so particularly low and uncomfortable that summer morning. Some persons are peculiarly sensitive to its influences, and very probably he was, although neither himself nor his friends were aware of the fact before. Still that does not prove any thing; he might have been so all his life, and never found it out, you know; as persons have been born with the sight of one eye only, and never discovered it until middle life, and then only by accident.

To be sure he had had no end to the vexations in his business the day before. He was engaged in an important law case, involving a large amount of property, and the decision of which would go far to establish a precedent in regard to important business liabilities. It was a case which just suited him—no low, beggarly, criminal affair, but a pure, logical question of ethics. He had thrown himself into it "heart and soul," as the saying is, and, we may add, body and mind too; and he had been very successful: he had worked up a vast amount of evidence upon it, and the chain was perfect, not a missing link; he had been over it again and again, and it was clear and conclusive; and now, one of his most important witnesses had suddenly "backed down" in his testimony, in a most material point of the evidence, at the last moment, and the work had all to be gone through with again! What wonder if he passed a restless, sleepless, feverish night, and was far from hilarious when he came down to breakfast? His head ached, his hands trembled, he had a general sense of lassitude, of dissatisfaction with himself and all the world—a physical irritability of skin and brain, which refined people are wont to term nervousness, but which, in the country, is sometimes aptly described as "feeling creepy;" and then, as we have said before, there was the east wind!

Still, Mr. Ruthven was a Christian and a gentleman—a man of almost faultless temper in general, and it was not his wont to annoy his wife and children with his business cares. Mrs. Ruthven always said she believed he locked up his office cares when he turned his office key; but this morning the coffee was not so strong and clear as usual, when his head particularly needed it; the eggs were overcooked, and the ham was not cooked enough. He asked for smoked beef as a substitute; it came at once; but, cut in haste, it was not "a clean shave," but cut almost in slices (of Vauxhall thinness to be sure); but who can eat dried beef cut so?

Mr. Ruthven made no remark, but quietly put the offending dish from him; and when the children, who had been engaged in a playful discussion of their own, turned to him as umpire, he silenced them with such a long "Hush-sh-sh!" so unusual from his lips that Charley lifted up his frank blue eyes in innocent wonder, and the more sensitive little Lucy dropped hers and blushed deeply, in the painful consciousness that she had, in some unknown way, offended dear papa.

But breakfast was over at last, and the children left the room.

"One moment, if you please, Charles," said the pleasant little Mrs. Ruthven, gently detaining her husband as he rose from the table; "I want you just to look over these bills, if you please, and let me have the money."

"My dear Lucilla! more bills?"

"Yes, dear—I am sorry to say it—more bills; but these are not very heavy ones."

"But I thought we paid off all the bills not a fortnight ago."

"So you did, Charles; but I suppose we neither of us expected that would be the last of them; weeds and bills will keep growing in spite of us, I believe, as long as we live; when we pay off our bills we 'only scotch the snake, not kill him,' you know."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Ruthven, languidly extending his hand to take the papers his wife held out to him. "What bills are they, Lucilla?"

"Principally for the children," said Mrs. Ruthven; "these two are their school bills; this is for Lucy's music lessons; this is from Perkins and Ludlow for Charley's new suit of clothes; and these are minutes of what I have spent for Lucy's summer outfit."

Mr. Ruthven silently glanced at the amount of each bill.

"Seems to me, my dear, these children grow more and more expensive in their wants every year of our lives."

"Of course they do," laughed the mother, lightly; "it is to be expected; and I suppose they will continue to; as they grow older their clothes and their education must, of course, be more and more expensive every year."

Now, really Mrs. Ruthven did not mean to be either unkind or unsympathizing; she was a warm-hearted little woman, devoted to her husband and children, whom she honestly believed to be very far in advance of all the rest of their kind. But she was blessed with a strong, healthy organization, wholly free from dyspepsia, and ignorant of nerves; and as to the influence of an east wind, she would have scoffed at it. She had passed a perfectly good night herself; how was she to guess all the household had not done the same? and, as her husband had not mentioned his headache to her, she did not dream he was not as bright and well as usual. But now something in his tone struck her, and looking up, she saw that he was paler than usual, and her kindly nature asserted itself at once.

"No matter about the bills to-day, Charles," she said, pleasantly, as she reached out to take the papers back again. "Another time will do just as well; there is no hurry about the

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money to-day, or for a month to come. Wait until it is convenient to yourself." But Mr. Ruthven gently retained them.

"I suppose they may as well be met now as any other time," he said. "But really, Lucilla, these bills do seem high. Do you not think that suit of Charley's was rather costly for a little boy of his age?"

"Perhaps so," said his wife. "Yes, it *does* seem so; but you told me to have it made like those your brother Edward's boys wore, and I did; theirs were made at the same place and of the same materials. All goods are high now, you know. I have economized in Lucy's clothing by having it made up in the house, and so I do some of Charley's; but things run up unaccountably at the present prices; but still, Charles, I do not mean or wish to be extravagant, and I will retrench at once if you say that it is necessary, and will tell me in what direction you wish me to do it"—(she spoke gravely and tenderly now)—"only say if it shall be in their education, dress, or food, and I can easily economize, without any injury to them either. Lucy can give up her music for the present, if you think best; and they need not go to dancing-school another term just now; only believe me, I did not for a moment imagine that retrenchment was necessary, or even desirable."

"No, no, Lucilla! I do not really suppose that it is. Do not, I beg of you, deprive yourself or the children of any advantages or pleasures, and do not give yourself any uneasiness. I have got the blues, I suppose; I have heard of them, but I don't think I ever had them before. There! I have got the bills; do not think a word more about them, and I will hand you the money in a day or two. Don't say or think a word more about them; and now good-morning."

And shaking hands with his wife, Mr. Ruthven departed. He had nearly reached his office, deep in thought, when a hand was laid lightly upon his shoulder, and he turned round to meet the kind and beaming face of one of the companions of his old college days.

"Why, Ruthven!" said the new-comer, as he wrung his friend's hand warmly; "the very man I wanted to see; on my way down to your office when I chanced to overtake you."

"Well, then, Carlisle, go to the office with me now, will you?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow, no; not if you will give me an answer here. I really have not five minutes to spare. You see, we fellows of the old set, you know, are going to get up a spree, as we used to do in the days, or rather nights, of 'auld lang syne;' a little cruise on the water; got a splendid yacht—a regular beauty too—and engaged a gem of a skipper. There's Allard, and Tracy, and Dexter, and Cunningham, and half a dozen more, the very '*crême de la crême*' of our old set. Allard has picked up a lot of choice old wine somewhere or other; got it for a song too; and Tillinghunt has got some cigars such as you never saw equaled; and we are going in for the *dolce*—what do you call it—*niente?* and try to have a good time generally! You will go with us, won't you? Shall I tell the boys they may count you in? Of course I may."

"I think not," said Ruthven, hesitatingly. "I should be delighted to join you—the very thing of all others I should enjoy—but I can not manage it just at present. You must excuse me."

"Oh, pshaw! yes you can, if you will only think so; we *can't* excuse you; and it will do you good too. You are overworking; I see you are. You look pale and intellectual, and all that, this very moment; walking slow and stately as Hamlet's father's ghost when I overtook you. Come away from your cares for once, and enjoy the memory of old times. It won't stand us in more than fifty dollars apiece, I'll engage, and we want you."

Mr. Ruthven thought of his conversation with his wife, and of the unpaid bills then in his pocket, and his resolution grew stronger.

"Come, say you'll go, there's a good fellow," pleaded the cheery voice.

"No! I can't, Walter; I wish I could; I am sure I should enjoy it; but my business interferes."

"Business be blamed! I don't believe a word of it. It is all that little wife and the chickabiddies—*that's the business.* And so I am to tell the boys you won't come? And we had all depended upon you; and there'll be lots of fun. Old Hamden is going, and he is a *host;* and little Franzier, full of fun as a monkey! Well, I can't help it, I suppose, but I am sorry. It's very grand and stately to be the head of a family, I know, but I do not fancy having my wings clipped. Wife and children are fine things, and very good in their way, but I rather guess there are times when they are a good deal in their owner's way too."

"I don't agree to that, Carlisle. Make my excuses to the boys, and a good time and a safe return to you all;" and the friends parted.

As Mr. Ruthven pursued his walk alone his thoughts went out with the merry cruisers; and was it to be wondered at if, as he opened his office-door and addressed himself to his morning's work, a feeling of regret rose up in his mind, not that he was surrounded by family ties and cares, but that he could no longer with propriety join in these meetings of the old friends of his bachelor days?

"Where is Lucy?" asked Mr. Ruthven, as he sat down to dinner, after a harassing morning's work, and noticed the vacant seat at the table.

"Lucy is not quite well," answered the mother. "Her teacher sent her home from school this morning with a very bad headache, and she is on the bed."

"Poor little thing! Not much sick, I hope?"

"Oh no, I hope not; but she is rather feverish, and I think you had better call, as you go down after dinner, and ask Dr. Bellingham to

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look in upon her. Lucy's constitution is so delicate that I am always more anxious when she is sick than about either of the others."

When Mr. Ruthven returned at night his wife met him, anxiously:

"Where is the Doctor, Charles? He has not been here, and I have been looking for him all the afternoon and evening. What can be the reason? Is he out of town? Did you see him yourself?"

Mr. Ruthven stood confounded. "My dear Lucilla, how shall I tell you? I forgot to call on him! How could I have been so thoughtless? It is true I have been harassed and driven with my business all day, but that is no excuse at all—not the shadow of one. My precious Lucy! how could I forget her? Is she worse, Lucilla?"

Mrs. Ruthven hesitated, unwilling to inflict pain, or add to her husband's evident remorse. "She is not any better, dear," she said; "she is very feverish, and her mind wanders at times. I think you had better go for advice at once."

"I will—I will," gasped the penitent man; "and God in his mercy grant it may be in time! Oh, Lucilla, how shall I ever forgive myself if my neglect should be visited upon my child, my darling one!"

"Do not look for the worst," said his wife, soothingly. "It may not prove to be much, after all; nurse and I are both too easily alarmed, you know. Wait and see what Dr. Bellingham says when he sees her; only go and bring him here at once, if you can;" and Mrs. Ruthven returned to her post by the sick-bed of the child.

In a very short time Mr. Ruthven and the Doctor joined her there, and a sad pang smote the heart of the father as, standing by the bed of his child, he listened to her rapid, incoherent speech, or turned from her wild eyes and flushed face to the grave face of the friendly physician.

Dr. Bellingham, who had known the little girl from her birth, at once pronounced it a case of typhus fever, and did not conceal from the parents that the child was in imminent danger. "Still," he said, kindly, "little Lucy has the benefit of youth and previous good health on her side, and every thing in the way of position, as well as the most devoted care. All these must tell in her favor, and we must do all we can, and hope for the best."

After the Doctor had left the house, and all his prescriptions had been faithfully followed by the anxious and devoted mother and nurse, Mrs. Ruthven descended to the dining-room, where she found her husband sitting, with his folded arms resting upon the table, and his face hidden upon them, wholly overcome by the sudden and terrible announcement.

"Charles," she said, soothingly, as she laid her own trembling hand upon his shoulder, "is this right?"

"No, Lucilla!" he replied, raising his head dejectedly as he spoke. "It is not. It is wrong, all wrong—I know it; but I am so totally miserable. Oh, how can you ever forgive me; how can I ever forgive myself for my criminal neglect?"

"Do you mean, dear, in not going earlier for the Doctor?"

"Of course I do. Oh, how could I have been so thoughtless? I am wretched when I think of it!"

"I do not see that you have any need to be so. I know that your mind was preoccupied with your business; perhaps I ought not to have asked you to go, but sent myself. Besides, I did not give you the idea that Lucy was very ill; indeed, I did not then think so myself; we can not foresee events; and if on your return you had found the child bright and well again we should both have said it was fortunate you had forgotten it, and laughed at my over-anxious fears. It is not right to judge by results; and even if we allow you all the blame you seem disposed to take upon yourself, and say you *did* wrong not to go, still, I do not believe it has made any difference. Lucy undoubtedly had the fever upon her when she came home, and I do not believe, if Dr. Bellingham had chanced to be in the house *then*, he could have averted or arrested it."

"God bless you, my dear wife, for these words of comfort! Is this your real opinion?"

"Honestly, it is; and now, to go back to first principles. You, Charles, are a Christian, and a believer; you acknowledge that all things are of God—that is your faith. You know and feel, then, that the life of our child is not in your hands, or mine, but in His who gave it. Can you for one moment dare to suppose that your trivial mistake has been suffered to interrupt the course of His providence? He sees the end from the beginning, and uses the actions of his human creatures as instruments to work out His own holy will. Think what it would be if it were otherwise, and every human life was at the mercy of every fellow-being's mistakes! It is one of the most merciful ordinations of God that we can not look into the Future; and who of any common-sense ever looked upon the Past and did not see how he might have done better if he had only known? But that he was, for wise purposes, not permitted to do. Can you suppose any one ever met with misfortune, or a bereavement, that did not feel ready to say: 'Oh, if I had only done this or that, or had forborne to do that or this, all this might have been otherwise!' And after all, what does that amount to? It seems to me the whole matter begins and ends here: The will of God—whatever it may be—is to be met and submitted to. Will you not rise up and meet it? You are the head of the house. You owe it to the children and to me to set an example of firmness and submission. My own burden is a heavy one (her voice grew tremulous and weak), and I need your support. Oh, Charles, my husband, will you fail me in this hour of bitter trial?"

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"No, no, Lucilla, I will not. I promise you I will do my best to be firm and submissive; but it is so sudden. And then, if I could only help you, and be of use to her, our darling! But it is terrible to sit here and feel I am so powerless. You can be every thing to her, and I, her father, who love her so fondly, can do nothing for her."

"And why not, Charles? Why not come and help us to tend her?"

"Lucilla, because men are so clumsy, so worse than useless in a sick-room."

"Indeed you mistake, Charles; that is an old popular error, which should have been exploded long ago; men can, and do, make the best nurses in the world, if they will put their hearts into their work—they are so strong, and patient, and tender. When I was a girl I had a rheumatic fever; and I remember even yet the difference in comfort when my father or one of my brothers moved me, lifting me in their strong arms as if my weight was nothing at all to them, and being lugged up by my well-meaning but clumsy nurse. We must move Lucy now; will you come up and help us? If you will lift her on to the couch, or, better still, hold her in your arms and soothe her while we put fresh linen on her bed, it would really help us much more than you can believe."

"Certainly; I will gladly come; and thank you, dear Lucilla, for suggesting it. If you only could know what a relief it will be to me to make myself useful I am sure you would not spare either my time or strength."

From that time the father was established as one of the regular nurses by the sick-bed of the child, who seemed in a certain sense to recognize him; and even in her wildest delirium his voice had power to check her ravings or soothe her irritability; his strong arms lifted her, his steady hand dropped the medicine, and held it to the parched lips, his clear mind received and remembered the Doctor's directions; and he took his patient turn as watcher by the bedside when the devoted mother and faithful nurse snatched their short and needful moments of rest.

Ah, that weary-hearted watching, when hope dies out, hour by hour!

"Are there no words for that common woe?
Ask of the thousands its depths that know.
That which our love to the earth would chain—
Wearily striving with Heaven *in vain*—
That which flits from us e'en while we hold
Clasped to our bosom its earthly mould,
Was fading before him afar and fast."

And still he held by his melancholy watch; and so the long, hot, weary summer days, and the close, sultry summer nights, rolled on and on; and at last there came a time when the Doctor said the fever had run its course and the crisis was passed. The heart of the father rose up in bounding joy and gratitude. "The fever was gone, the crisis past," and the child still lived—what more could he ask? for to his inexperience it was only a question of time and patience before her perfect restoration to health and strength.

But the good Doctor looked grave, the mother troubled, and the faithful nurse anxious; for the little patient did not rally. She lay, free from pain, and with restored consciousness (and that was much); but, ah! so weak; it seemed as if all the powers of her nature were so prostrated by the fierce struggle she had gone through that they could never rally again; as if, having fought and won the battle, she must die of the victory.

Still, it was something to see her thus; lying as she did in a calm repose, a dreamy state which was neither sleep nor wakefulness, but a condition hovering closely upon the confines of each, yet rousing up from it at a word, and answering with clear comprehension. Was it, indeed, to be one of those sweet but melancholy cases we sometimes meet with, in which,

"By imperceptible decay
The gentle victims fade away?
Ever the same, day after day;
Yet every month, and every week,
The fading eye and sunken cheek
A fatal, fearful change betray!"

Gradually this terrible fear took root and grew, even in the sanguine heart of the father, who hung around her now, more watchful, more tender, if possible; but, ah! less and less hopeful, as day after day rolled on and yet brought no change for the better.

At the close of a long, close, breathless summer day—and there had been many such since Lucy's illness—Mr. Ruthven sat by her bedside in the dusky twilight, fanning the child with slow, regular, monotonous vibrations. She lay, as usual now, placid and motionless, with closed eyes, the long, dark lashes resting upon the white-rose cheek; but yet not sleeping.

Suddenly she stirred, and the father bent forward.

"Papa, dear."

"Yes, darling. I am here, close by you."

"Papa, who else is here?"

"No one, my child."

"Only you and I alone, papa?"

"No one else, Lucy. Do you want any thing, darling?"

"No; but mamma—where is mamma?"

"She is in the other chamber, dearest. Shall I call her?"

"No; oh no. But what is she doing? Will she stay in the other room?"

"Not if you want her, Lucy. I will call her; she is close at hand."

"Oh no, papa; don't call her. I only wanted to know where she was."

"She went to lie down, dear; but she told me to be sure and call her if you should want her."

"I did not want her, papa. And where is nurse?"

"She has got the baby. Do you want her, Lucy?"

"No, no, papa. I don't want any body but you. I only wanted to know if you and I are all alone here."

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"Yes, my dear, all alone."

"Then, papa, I have got something I want to say to you; but I don't want any body else to hear it, not even mamma—only just you. May I tell you what it is?"

"Certainly you may. Tell me, my sweet child; what is it?"

Little Lucy closed her eyes again, and lay silently so long that the tender watcher thought she had drifted off into one of her little dozing slumbers, and he waited patiently. Suddenly she roused again, and raising to his face the great, luminous, dark eyes, which looked larger and more spiritual than ever, in contrast with the little wasted face, she said, quietly,

"If you please, papa, I want to make my will."

"Lucy, my child!" ejaculated the smitten listener, starting as if an adder had suddenly pierced his heart. "My precious Lucy!"

"Yes, papa," pursued the little one, quietly. "I am very sick, you know, and I may never be any better. I *don't* get any better, you know; and I do not believe the doctor thinks I shall; and I don't much think I shall myself; and I don't so much mind about it, papa, as I used to think I should. I do not *want* to die. If I had my choice, I would rather stay here with you, and mamma, and my brothers. But I am not much afraid. If God thinks it is best for me to die, and Jesus Christ will come for me, I do not think I shall be afraid to go with him—should you be, papa?"

A fervent pressure of his quivering lips (half kiss, half benediction) upon the child's white brow was the poor father's only answer, and Lucy went on:

"But about my will, papa. I was thinking—you are a lawyer—I suppose you make people's wills sometimes, don't you?"

"Sometimes I do, Lucy," the poor father forced himself to answer.

"Yes! Then you can make mine, can't you? Oh! that will be so nice, won't it?—only I want it made strong and right; just like grown people's wills, you know."

"Yes, dear, I understand. But, my dear Lucy, what made you think of such a thing?"

"I will tell you, papa. You know my dear grandmamma that I had once—my grandmamma Ruthven. She's dead ever so long ago; but I remember her. You remember her, don't you, papa?"

"Yes, my darling, I do;" and the father smiled sadly, that even a little child like Lucy should for one moment imagine he could have forgotten the tender mother, so beloved and revered, whose saintly memory was enshrined in his heart, as something pure and lovely almost beyond the limits of mere human perfectibility.

"She died a great, *great* while ago," pursued the child, thoughtfully; "oh! ever and ever so long ago, when I was a little bit of a girl!"

"That is not so very long ago, either, Lucy."

"Oh yes, indeed, papa! it was a great, great, *monstrous* long time ago. How long ago do you guess it was, papa?"

"I know, Lucy; it was just three years ago."

"Three years!" repeated Lucy, triumphantly. "There! I knew I was right; that is a monstrous long time, I'm sure. Why, I was only four years old then, and now I am seven—almost eight! I shall be eight next Christ—" Lucy stopped suddenly. Did it flash over the mind of the child, as it did over the mind of the father, that, when another Christmas came,

> "They might not count by months and years
> Where she had gone to dwell?"

She lay silently again for a little while, and when she resumed the conversation it was very subdued in tone.

"I remember grandmamma just as well as can be, though I was such a little bit of a girl, because I loved her so much. You loved her too, did not you, papa?"

"Yes, Lucy, I did. I loved her dearly."

"I know you did, papa; and you always said I was like her, did not you?"

"Yes, my darling, you are very like her."

"So every body always says, and I am so glad; you like me to be like her, don't you?"

"Yes, my dear Lucy; you could not have a more beautiful model. But what has that to do with what you asked me?"

"My will? Why, don't you see, papa? I like to be like grandmamma, and you like to have me; and don't you remember how she made her will before she died, and how she left me her great Bible with the beautiful pictures, which mamma is keeping for me, and ever so many other things?"

"Yes, Lucy; but there is a difference. Your grandmamma was a grown woman, and you, you know, are only a little girl."

"I know, papa; I can not be just like her, but I want to do what she did just as near as I can."

"You do not understand me, my darling. Your grandmamma was a woman of large property, and left children, and it was right and proper for her to say what should be done with it."

"Well, papa, and I want to say what shall be done with my things; can't I?"

"Yes, dear; but it is not necessary for you to make a will."

"But, papa, I want to."

"My dear Lucy, I will try to explain to you. You are only a little child, what is called a minor; and you can not make a will that would stand in law."

"Then, papa, do you mean I can not give away all my pretty things, as grandmamma did?"

"Not by a will, Lucy, because you are not of age. All that you have is mine. You are mine yourself, my dear little daughter. You can not give away your things by a will, Lucy, for that would not be legal. But you can tell me just what you want to do, and I will promise to see that it is done."

"Oh, well, that will do," said Lucy, bright-

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ening up. "I don't see any difference. It seems to me it is just the same. So you get a pen and paper, and I'll tell you, and you write it all down, won't you?"

"But I can't write in this dark room, my sweet one; and if I should light the gas I am afraid it would hurt your eyes, or give you the headache. Suppose we put it off, and do it in the day some time."

"Please, papa, I want to do it now—to-night."

"Then, Lucy, I believe you must *tell* me, and I can write it down to-morrow."

"But, papa, do you think you shall remember it all?"

"I think I shall, Lucy."

"Well then, papa—but I'm dreadfully afraid you will forget."

"I think there is no danger of my forgetting, darling!" faltered the poor father; "I feel sure I shall remember every word."

"Well, perhaps so; but it is a great deal to remember. Raise me up a little, will you, papa, and take my hand in yours—so, that is right; and now then I will begin. And first, there's dear mamma; of course I love her the best of any body in the whole world, *only you!* She is so sweet and good; I want to give her something nice; I want to give her the Bible that grandmamma gave to me; and you know, papa, how it says in the beginning of it—'A parting bequest from Grandmamma Ruthven to her darling little Lucy.' You know, papa; I guess you wrote it for her; and I want you to write right under it: 'A parting bequest from little Lucy Ruthven to her darling Mamma;' and then put in the date and every thing, just as you did before, wont you?"

"Yes, Lucy."

"And you'll write it nice, won't you, papa? your very best hand!"

"I will try, my darling," faltered the poor father.

"Oh, well! I'm sure you will if you try, you can write so beautifully! And, papa, I want mamma to have my camel's-hair shawl Uncle James brought home from India for me; and the silver card-case Aunt Fanny gave me; you know I could not use them, because I am a little girl, and they were not proper for me yet, so mamma is keeping them for me 'till I grow up a woman;' but mamma can use them, because she's a grown lady. Won't they be nice presents for mamma? Don't you think she will like them?'

"Yes, Lucy; I am sure she will value them very much indeed."

"I hope so. Dear mamma! I love her so much! And next, papa, there is Charley. I want to give him all my books, and my paint-box, and Carlo, and my canary-birds. Papa, my mother canary was setting before I was sick; I wonder if she has hatched yet. I forgot to ask before."

"No, Lucy; I guess not."

"Well, Charley must take good care of them; he *will*, I know, he is such a dear, good boy! Papa, I do not think there ever was such a good boy as our Charley, and such a good brother! We never quarreled, did we, papa? Only once we came *pretty near it*, when Charley wanted to cut off poor Carlo's ears and tail. Poor little Carlo! I almost cried then. Papa, I wonder what *is* the reason little boys always want to cut off a dog's tail and ears. What did dogs have them for if they are not of any use? I don't see, I'm sure."

And here, pondering apparently upon this abstruse question in natural history, Lucy drifted off again into a little, weak, dozing slumber. Very patiently the sad father waited; in a few moments she roused again.

"What was I saying, papa? What were we talking about? Oh, I know! about Charley and Carlo. Papa, you must not let him cut off Carlo's tail and ears, will you? Oh, but he won't want to *now*, I know, when he remembers how it made his little dead sister feel only to think of it; so you need not say a word to him about it—he won't do it *then*, I am sure he won't.

"And next, there's the baby—dear little Freddy; he won't know any thing about me, he is so little. Papa, I want him to have my silver cup I had when I was a baby, and the knife and fork and spoon my godmother sent me; and, papa, you must tell him about me, dear little fellow! and try to make him remember they were given him by his little sister, who loved him dearly; though I know he is too little to remember me. You *try* to make him love me, won't you, papa? And next, papa, there is one thing I do not quite know about—I mean I do not know if it is just mine to give away or not. You know, papa, you have promised me a new piano on my birthday, next Christmas—but you have not given it to me yet. Is it mine? I mean, may I give it away?"

"You may, my dear Lucy."

"Oh, thank you; that is beautiful! Papa, I want to give it to my cousin Georgiana. Georgie plays and sings a great deal better than I do, and she is such a nice girl! Do you know, papa, when I told her you had just promised it to me she seemed almost as glad as I was, and she kissed me and said, 'Oh, Lucy dear, that will be grand! I am so glad! If my dear papa had lived, perhaps he would have bought me one; but now, you know, mamma can not afford it. But I am sure you will let me come and practice on yours sometimes, and we can play duets together, and it will be splendid.' Now, was not that sweet in her? So, if you are quite willing, I should like to have you give it to her, and tell her it is in memory of her cousin Lucy, will you? Oh, dear! I am so tired! But there is not much more."

"Had you not better stop, and try to rest now, Lucy? You can tell me the rest of your wishes another time—to-morrow, if you like; will you?"

"No, papa; if you please I had rather tell

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you all now. Oh, I am so glad that I have told you! I have been thinking of it ever so long, and I did not like to tell you, because I was afraid it might make you feel bad; but it don't—you don't mind it a bit, do you, papa? Oh! I am so glad you don't; *you don't*—do you, papa?"

"Go on, my darling," whispered the tortured listener.

"Yes, papa. Next, then, you know I've got some money somewhere—in the bank or *somewhere*—you know where it is; it is a hundred dollars, or a thousand—which is it, papa?"

"About two thousand dollars now, I think, Lucy."

"Dear me! so much, is it? I did not think I was so rich. I am very glad there is so much. I want you to take some of it and make nurse Parkinson a real handsome present—she has always been so kind to me ever since I can remember; and when I had those dreadful blisters how good she was! and only think how many nights she has set up to watch with me! Let it be a real handsome, valuable present. You and mamma will know what it ought to be. And please give it to her with my love, and my thanks for all her care of me. Will it take *all* the money, do you think, papa?"

"Oh no, my dear child; there is much more than enough for that."

"Is there? Oh, I am glad of that! for, papa, I want you to keep the rest, and every Christmas morning, when you go to see the poor people and give them money and things, just put some of mine in with yours, and give it to them; and then you will feel as if your little daughter Lucy was still going round with you, just as I used to do.

"And now, dear, dear papa," said Lucy, hesitatingly, "there is only one more, and that is *you*; and I have not any thing half good enough to give you—unless you would like to cut off one of *these* to keep. Would you, papa?"

And as the child spoke she lifted one of her long, bright, golden curls and laid it across his hand. Alas for the poor tortured father! For Lucy's sake he had been enduring, with more than Spartan firmness, suffering such as the Spartan never knew. Twice or thrice, as he listened to his child's innocent dictation, a mighty throb of feeling had risen within him, and had been met and conquered, though with an effort which shook his strong frame almost to the weakness of infancy. But now, indeed, it seemed as if the very utmost of anguish had been reached. Lucy's long, fair curls had been the pride and delight of her father's heart. He had been wont to wind them around his fingers in caressing playfulness; they had flashed around his study chair as she frolicked about him in their twilight game of romps; they had gleamed across his breast when she lay nestling in his arms, with her head upon his shoulder, hushed and smiling, as he improvised, for her sole benefit and amusement, gorgeous and wonderful tales of giants, and goblins, and fairies. And now, as he held the bright lock she had put into his hand, his thoughts followed her words, and there rose before him, sudden as a vision, distinct as a reality, with all the dread prescience of a coming sorrow, the sad scene those words prefigured.

He saw, he felt, the close, deadly, oppressive stillness of the hushed and darkened room—the little flower-lined casket, with the slight, graceful little figure reposing there, so still and beautiful—at once so attractive and so repellent—which *was*, and yet was not, his child, his Lucy. He saw himself bending over to gaze down upon the strange, marble-like beauty of the little changed face, which brightened not beneath his loving gaze—so still, so pale, so statue-like in its pure, faultless loveliness—so *like*, and yet so strangely *unlike*, his living darling; and as the thought of shredding away with his own hands one of those treasured curls from that pure brow rose in his mind he shrunk as if from a contemplated deed of sacrilege, and, wholly unnerved, he bent forward and buried his face in the bed-clothes, to hide from Lucy the agony he could not repress and would not reveal. But the child's loving eye was upon him; her quick apprehension noticed the movement, though she misinterpreted its cause.

"Oh, papa, my dear papa," she said softly, in a voice full of tears, as she laid her little, trembling, white hand caressingly upon the head so bowed before her, "you do not like it, do you? and I am *so* sorry! and I have got nothing better to give you—*you*, whom I love the best, the very, *very* best of all; but I have not got any thing a grown man like you would care to have. Oh dear, dear papa, I am so sorry!"

Again "love strong as death" conquered; the father raised his face, pale with emotion, but calm, and answered her in a voice which sounded strange even to himself:

"But I do like it, Lucy, darling! you mistake, dearest; I *do* like it; you could give me nothing I should value half as much."

"Oh, papa, do you mean so—real—certain—true?"

"I do indeed, my sweet one; there is no wealth in the world so dear to me as these curls. I do like it, Lucy."

"Oh, then I am so glad; I hoped you would. And now, papa, that is all. And oh, I am so tired, and my pillow is so hot! Would you mind carrying me about in your arms a little while, as you do sometimes, and let my pillows cool?"

In a moment the father had bent and tenderly raised her—a light burden to the strong arms, but oh! how heavy upon the loving heart—and bore her backward and forward through the cooler chambers and dimly-lighted hall.

"Ah, that is so nice!" murmured the child; "you carry me so easily it seems almost as if I was flying. Will you sing to me, papa?—sing 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,' will you?"

And pacing backward and forward, with

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gentle, measured steps, like some faithful sentinel, the father bore her, while he sung in low, murmuring tones the sweet child-hymn that Lucy loved.

"There, that will do," she said, at length; "thank you, papa. I feel quite cool and rested now; and if you will lay me down, and give me my drops, maybe I shall go to sleep."

Shaking up the pillows, and adjusting them with womanly tenderness, Mr. Ruthven laid down his precious little burden; and while the child dropped off into another little dozing slumber he sat and fanned her, and held sad communings with his own spirit, through some of those dark hours which are perhaps to the human heart what the early frosts are to the wild grape, giving it a richness, maturity, and sweetness it might never have won from the sunshine.

But the sad event Lucy's words had foreshadowed, and her father's heart foreboded, was not so near on the wings of time as they had imagined. Little Lucy was not to be summoned away in the bloom of her innocent childhood. Day by day, by degrees almost imperceptibly slight, the dull, cold shadow of death drifted away from the house, as gradually, by degrees almost as imperceptible, color and freshness came back to the wasted cheek, light and life to the sunken eyes, and strength and roundness to the weak, emaciated little limbs; as the sultry summer days shortened and grew cooler the little one left her couch; and when autumn came with its invigorating breezes Lucy took again her wonted place among her delighted family-circle.

Months rolled on, and when Christmas came, with its hallowed associations and loving wishes, Mr. Ruthven descended to his breakfast-room to be met by his little daughter, radiant in health and spirits, and with earnest congratulations and warm expressions of gratitude blended on her lips.

"Good-morning, papa; 'a merry, merry Christmas to you,' and a great many of them! And oh, papa, it has come, and I have seen it, and it is splendid—real splendid—the new piano I mean; and I'm so much obliged; I never saw such a beauty! But, papa, what does this mean? Here is a note just come from Georgie, thanking me for it; is it to go to Georgie, papa?"

"No, Lucy, not this one; this is for you, but Georgie has one just like it."

"And you are going to give Georgie one too? Oh, papa! ain't you splendid? Dear Georgie, I am so glad!"

"Do not you remember, Lucy, the long talk we had when you were so very sick—when you asked me to give the piano to your cousin if you did not get well again—do you remember it?"

"Yes, indeed; I remember it all very well. About my will, papa."

"And I remembered it too, darling. And as you *did* get well I have sent the piano to your cousin, in your name, as a little thank-offering to Him who in His great mercy spared the life of my precious little daughter.

"And now, Pussy, see if you can pour out my coffee for me. Mamma is late—detained, I suppose, by that little monkey, Fred; and we want our breakfast immediately, you and I; for it is quite a cold morning, and we are going out, you know, to call upon some of our 'poor relations.'"

MEHEMET ALI OF EGYPT.

RESIDENT for many years in Egypt, and during that period having visited almost every place of interest in the East, I carefully studied the peculiar characteristics, and still more peculiar lives and habits, of that people. Some of those recollections of travel I now propose to recall, and faithfully to sketch; and if the truths I shall tell should seem stranger than fiction, they may be depended upon as true, nevertheless.

Much as has been written of the East generally, and of Egypt in particular, by tourists who wrote as they ran, and who understood neither the language nor the life of the people they pretended to describe, much more yet remains untold or unknown, which it required a long residence among them to see and learn.

The Egypt of the Pharaohs, familiar to all readers of the Scriptures, and the Egypt of the early Christian period, when Greek, Goth, and Roman disputed for the mastery, so glowingly depicted by Charles Kingsley in "Hypatia," differed not more from each other than from the country which bears that name to-day. The Egypt known to us, and which is now yearly trodden by the feet of so many American pilgrims (Howadji), is the creation of the genius of one man—Mehemet Ali.

The impress of the first Napoleon is not stamped more strongly on the Empire now ruled by his nephew than that of the Napoleon of the East (as he has been aptly termed) upon the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, and on the scattered provinces which he welded into an Empire for his dynasty.

For, by treaties, wrung at the sword's point from his trembling suzerain, the Sultan, it has been decreed that "*the eldest male of the blood of Mehemet Ali*" is to reign in perpetuity over Egypt and its dependencies, far down into Nubia and Abyssinia and the Soudan, and almost to the gates of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, into whose secret shrines but two Christians (Burckhardt and Burton) have ever penetrated and returned to tell the tale.

And there are curious coincidences in the character and career of these "men of destiny" in East and West. Both were aliens by birth to the land over which they established their rule and founded their dynasty. Both were soldiers by profession, and statesmen and lawgivers by intuition. Both were unscrupulous, crafty, and cruel, never sacrificing the end from

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scruples as to the means, nor hesitating to commit acts of ruthless cruelty when policy dictated them. And finally, the ambition of each was to found an Empire over which his line should rule forever. Both succeeded in this aspiration. To-day the "nephew of his uncle" rules the fair realm of France; and the eldest male of the blood of Mehemet Ali exercises an equally despotic rule over Egypt—having recently introduced parliaments and suffrage too!—a gigantic joke to all who know the country and its people, as well as the paternal character of its government.

As though to make the parallel more perfect, the fate of each was equally tragic. The Corsican adventurer ate out his own heart in exile, on the barren rock of St. Helena, uncheered even by the hope of an Empire, since so strangely reverting to one who bears his name, if not his blood. The soldier of Cavalla cemented his work, but finished his career in living death, his fine intellect and strong will shattered by madness, dying a prisoner in one of his own palaces, the ghastly wreck of his former self—a mournful illustration of the nothingness of human ambition. Yet the man was a very great man in his day. The work he did lived after him, and many of the earlier European settlers at Alexandria, who knew him intimately, still love to repeat their recollections of him, and dwell on the peculiar traits of his character and the romantic incidents of his career.

The history of Mehemet Ali is almost as familiar to every one as that of Napoleon, whose footsteps he followed in the conquest of Egypt, and whose fiercest and most unsubduable foes —the Memlook Princes—he crushed at one fell blow, combining craft, cruelty, and treachery in the mode by which he did it. Every one recalls the memory of that high festival to which he summoned those warrior chiefs—his great rivals—at the Citadel of Cairo—a feast of blood. The haughty chiefs—not unlike in character and power to the feudal barons of the Middle Ages, and who were then plotting his destruction, as he knew—came to the banquet at his bidding, and were entertained right royally. When the feast was over, courteously and affectionately bidding them farewell, Mehemet Ali dismissed them with smiles. Mounting their splendid horses, covered with trappings embroidered in gold and glittering with precious stones, in the outer court-yard, when they sought to ride with their retinues through the outer gate of the citadel they found it closed. The high walls hemmed them in a large square space, on one side of which was a steep precipice, on the top of the three other walls were the cannon, from the mouths of which suddenly belched forth a storm of shot and shell, which hailed down death among them. Caught in this trap these fierce warriors could neither fight nor fly. Short shrift and sudden doom was theirs; while, it is said, their doomsman sat calmly surveying the scene as he smoked his chibouque on the wall above. The wrath, the agony, the terror of that situation may be imagined, it can not be described; but the grim fatalism of the Mussulman prevented either useless appeals for mercy or idle imprecations against their faithless foe. Grimly silent all sat motionless on their horses until they perished, one man alone escaping—Emin Bey.

The traveler from foreign lands, who always visits this place, is shown the precipice over which, in desperation, he leaped his horse sheer down into the black depth below, where now nestles a portion of the town, the citadel crowning a lofty hill, one of the range of the *Mokattam*. The steed was killed by the fall—they found his carcass, but not the body of his daring rider, and supposed some friend had removed it. Some days after, as Mehemet Ali was sitting on his divan, in public, receiving petitions from all who chose to present them, a ragged, filthy Arab woman forced her way into the line, and falling at his feet, kissed them in Oriental fashion, at the same time raising the veil and disclosing the well-known features of Emin Bey—sole survivor of the feast of death to which he had summoned his Memlook guests. Finding escape or flight from the country impossible, he had adopted this desperate expedient of appealing to the mercy of the Viceroy. And he succeeded: was allowed to live; and had wealth and honors showered upon him; although the pale, reproachful ghosts of his slaughtered brethren must sometimes have haunted his luxurious repose. No Turk, however, *is* a sentimentalist; so probably neither the appetite nor the digestion of Emin Bey was much disturbed by memories of the dead, or of that hour of hell on earth spent in the square of the citadel.

This episode marks the character of the man who made Egypt, but who was also capable of great and generous deeds, and who must be judged by the canons of his own time, place, and people. By force and fraud he worked his way doggedly on to place and power, from low to high station. He first subdued, and then welded together into one province, for his master the Sultan, all the scattered and warring tribes of Egypt, carrying the terror of his arms down into Arabia, and first curbing the audacity of the wild Bedouins of the desert (who to this day own no lord save the head of their tribe), and the still fiercer and more fanatical Wahabee—the Puritan of Islam. Then, as now, the Bedouin was the scourge and terror of his less warlike neighbor, who had a settled home, or flocks or herds or growing crops, or aught to pillage—a creature much like our own Comanche Indian.

With fire and sword Mehemet Ali first put bounds and limits to their depredations, and they shudder at his name to-day. And then, having done all this for the Sultan, Mehemet Ali began to plot and plan for himself, and to dream of independence. This dream he soon made a reality. From insubordination to the

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Sublime Porte, which had perforce given him almost absolute power in and over Egypt, he broke out into open rebellion, and not content with invading Arabian provinces and annexing them, in defiance of his master, sent a powerful army under his warrior son, Ibrahim Pacha, to subjugate Syria, also a possession of the Porte.

His avowed purpose was to found an Arabian Empire like that of the Caliphs, leaving the Sultan the empire over all who spoke the Turkish language, and reserving for himself all who spoke the Arabic. But this vision he was not destined to fulfill. Although Ibrahim—who inherited all his father's genius for war, and his ambition, though not his far-reaching intellect—swept like a tempest over Syria, and came but to conquer, his triumph was blasted at the moment of apparent success. The great powers of Europe, who had thus far looked on without interfering, became alarmed when they saw the ambitious vassal threatening to tear down the tottering throne of the Sultan, to erect a living power on its ruins. They intervened with material force, wrested from the old lion his prey in Syria and Arabia, and compelled him to renew his fealty and make terms with the Sultan. So strong and so confident was Mehemet that it required much diplomacy and the display of actual force on the part of England before the Egyptian could be persuaded to renew his allegiance and renounce his projects of empire. But neither blandishments nor threats could induce him to resign Egypt again as a province into the hands of the Porte. He claimed the vice-royalty of that country for himself and his line forever, and his obstinacy triumphed, for he obtained it, as he was too strong and too dangerous still to be driven desperate.

Mehemet Ali was compelled to relinquish his hold on Syria, and to sign the treaty of peace with his sovereign — tearing out handfuls of his white beard and imprecating curses while he did so. It was a terrible trial for him to abandon his dream of an empire over all the lands where the Arabic tongue was spoken—including the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and the scarcely less sacred Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, built on the site of Solomon's Temple.

For all practical purposes, since 1840, Mehemet Ali and his family have been absolute masters of Egypt even to this day. The authority of the Sultan there has been only a shadow, and chiefly visible in the extortion of money out of the reigning Viceroy, under various pretexts.

The most common of these has been the hope of setting aside the regular succession in favor of the son of the reigning Viceroy, and assuring the absolute independence of Egypt. Both of these baits have been successfully dangled before the eyes of successive Viceroys, but the reigning one—Ismail—seems actually to have clutched them.

As before stated, the last days of Mehemet Ali were darkened by insanity, caused, it is said, by a love-potion administered by his daughter—the famous or infamous Nejlé Khanum—who revived in her life the tales of licentiousness with which the "Arabian Night's Entertainments" are filled. This sin against her father, however, was not willfully committed. It was done through ignorance and superstition, for the purpose of strengthening the waning powers of the old man, whose blood had been chilled by years.

Be the cause what it might, the last days of the great founder of Egypt alternated between violent and moody madness. He was deposed after committing such freaks as proved his incapacity, and first his warrior son Ibrahim, and after his death his grandson, Abbas Pacha, ruled as Regent, until death relieved him from the dregs of life. Every where in Egypt still his hand is seen in the traces he has left—from the Mahmoudieh Canal connecting the waters of the Nile with those of the Mediterranean at Alexandria, to the private pleasure-gardens of Shoubra, near Cairo; from the gigantic *Barbage*, or proposed breakwater of the Nile, to the shade-trees of the public gardens of the *Ezbekieh*.

He brought order out of chaos; yet he made great mistakes on a great scale. After consolidating the country, and securing its control, his impatience of foreign intermeddling induced him to undertake the wild project of making Egypt independent of all other countries, by producing within her own borders all she required for the use of her people.

Nature had made her agricultural; he determined she should become manufacturing too. Hence, at great cost, he caused to be transported to Egypt machinery of all kinds, together with skilled foreign operatives, and erected mills on the grand scale in which he did every thing.

The skeleton ruins of those mills for manufacturing silks and cotton goods, many of them still filled with the rusting machinery which has never been removed or otherwise utilized, present a curious spectacle to the few visitors who, like myself, have been permitted to see them. After wasting much money on these experiments, as well as on others connected with mining operations, he suddenly abandoned them, as he did many others which his fertile brain engendered.

His reply to a French engineer who criticised the plan of his Mahmoudieh Canal shows the readiness of his wit:

"Your Highness will permit me to observe that your canal is very crooked!" said the Frenchman.

"Are the rivers straight in France?" asked the Pacha, abruptly.

"Certainly not," was the reply; "very crooked."

"Who made them?" again questioned the Pacha. "Was it not Allah, whom you call God?"

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"Surely so," responded the puzzled Frenchman, who could not imagine what the Pacha was aiming at.

"Well, then," responded Mehemet Ali, triumphantly, "do you think that you and I are wiser than Allah in contriving how water runs the best? I imitated him in my canal, otherwise it would have been a ditch, and not a canal!"

The Frenchman was silenced.

The palace and gardens of *Shoubra* throw the best light on his private character and habits. These gardens, now the residence of his sole surviving son, Halim Pacha, realize our dreams of Eastern luxury and enjoyment. A new notoriety has just been given them by the vindictive destruction of the stately avenue of acacias, four miles long, which led to them from Cairo, by order of Ismail Pacha, reigning Viceroy, and nephew of Halim, in petty spite toward his uncle, with whom he was displeased.

Every traveler in Egypt will recall with regret the memory of those giant trees, under whose grateful shade he pursued his pleasant way to those "Gardens of Gul in their bloom"—almost a realization of his dreams of Paradise. To these gardens Mehemet Ali was wont to come to relax his mind and body from the fatigues and cares of state. Those great acacias, so ruthlessly destroyed by his grandson, were planted by his orders—many by his own hand. In the midst of that garden, blooming with its rich variety of tropical plants, where the golden oranges glowed like the apples of Hesperides among the dark green foliage, and the senses ached with the perfumes of the rose and other fragrant flowers, he caused to be erected a grand kiosque of white marble. It was a lofty building in the form of a hollow square, one story high, a long veranda running round all four sides, and at each corner a single chamber, sumptuously furnished, with floors of tesselated marble or inlaid wood-work, in which luxurious ottomans and divans, with pillows and cushions, alternated with costly European furniture, the walls inlaid with mirrors from floor to ceiling. In the central open space, over which there was no roof, was an artificial lake, paved with marble, in the centre of which was a small marble resting-place.

It is said, one of the favorite amusements of Mehemet Ali, when his beard was like snow, and his blood ran slower than before, was to sit on this central seat and watch with amusement the overturning into this lake (which was about four feet deep) of the women of the Hareem from small boats in which they were rowed upon it.

What a curious picture does it present to the mind to fancy this grim old man, stained with much blood and surrounded by many tragic memories, sitting in the midst of such a scene and amusing himself with such frivolities! Yet it is easy to understand why he should have loved this garden so much, even without the attraction of the attendant houris, for on those occasions women alone were his attendants.

The Eastern man loves nature, its sights and sounds, far more than the Western; and when you call to see the most ignorant and brutal Pacha or governor of a province, you will find him sitting silently smoking his chibouque, at an open window commanding the best view of the surrounding scenery, on which his dull eyes rest with placid satisfaction. However steeped in sensuality and debauchery his senses may be, this love of nature seems to cling to the Turk to the last.

But when he emerged from that bower of roses Mehemet Ali was essentially a workingman. He literally made Egypt; and though the condition of the Egyptian fellah, or peasant, was lower and harder than that of the Southern slave, and attended by none of the alleviations or comforts of that exploded system, yet out of this mass of toiling humanity their master wrought great results. The labor of the fellah was compulsory. He was as much attached to the soil as the Russian serf, and could not leave his native village to settle elsewhere without special permission from the governor of his province. His labor on the public works was paid for chiefly in bastinado; although nominally he was to be fed, yet really he was not, owing to the rascality of the subordinate officials.

The condition of the fellah, in spite of the high-sounding proclamations of later Viceroys, is probably little better to-day. But while compelling this mass of bones and muscles to till the soil, and make Egypt again the vast granary she was in olden times, Mehemet Ali did not neglect to revive her commerce.

European emigration was invited and encouraged by the Viceroy, who treated the pioneers most liberally, especially the merchants, so that in a short time others were attracted, and the country was enriched by the development of its resources and its trade.

The earliest merchants there, chiefly Greeks and Italians, were merchant princes indeed. They built themselves palaces, kept large retinues of servants, and lived in the greatest luxury and most lavish expenditure. As a single exemplification: it was the habit of one of them—a Tuscan, who was in high favor with Mehemet Ali, whose residence was on the canal, four miles out of the city—when he gave an entertainment, not only to send carriages for all his guests, but also to send them home. This was not so difficult, for he kept twenty carriages, and a proportionate number of horses in his stables, for the purpose.

That Golden Age of Egypt has long been over, yet the country still offers a rich harvest to commercial enterprise, though the eager competition and the increased number of foreigners now inhabiting it forbid such magnificent returns. As late as 1852 there were not more than 20,000 foreigners in Alexandria, and about 3000 at Cairo. Now the foreign colony in Egypt probably exceeds 150,000.

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The Suez Canal project alone has brought a colony of Frenchmen there, and towns have been substantially built up along the line of that great work, colonized by French workmen and engineers, and bringing glimpses of the charming little villas that fringe the Bois de Boulogne into the very heart of the arid desert between Suez and the Mediterranean. The contrast is scarcely more striking than that offered between the Frenchman and the fellah—men and brothers certainly, yet as surely by very different mothers.

But in the days of Mehemet Ali this transformation had not been dreamed of. His was the primitive era of the Egyptian formation, and as such I saw it when, shortly after his death, I went to reside in the country.

Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha were before my time in Egypt. All of the other Viceroys I saw and knew intimately, and can therefore speak of them from personal knowledge, including the present "King," Ismail, whose ambition and craft remind us of the leading traits of Mehemet Ali.

Between the two reigns three others of the family have intervened—viz., Ibrahim, Abbas, and Said—the days of an Egyptian Viceroy never being "long in the land;" not more than an average term of eight years.

FLOWER SONGS.

I.—THE VIOLET.

Soar, solemn heavens, your splendid height,
And then in flashing darkness bend,
Wrap the sweet earth about with night,
And wide dim fields from end to end,
Lying far off and low,
Serenely with your brooding mystery blend.

Slumber, sweet earth! Thy lofty shade
Glows with the shining phantom dreams
That haunt thee nightly. Music made
By burdened boughs and rustling streams,
Now falling hushed and slow,
Remotely lapped in dewy silence seems.

And ever blow between, faint air,
Blow with light, hesitating breath
From melancholy places where
Perpetual fragrance wandereth.
O'er grave and garden blow,
Over warm life, and over lonely death.

And while the murmur rang, the sudden stir
Of branches tost in a tumultuous gust
Of showers and sweetness, darkling, swept the brow
And passed. And through the fluted melody
There breathed that sound that silence listens to—
The crickets chirping their unbroken strain
On th' hill-side, in the black warm summer night,
Thrill of ethereal tone, as if were heard
The rustle of the great orb's wings through space
What time the brede of stars its lustre floats
In self-poised circles, and the dusk is deep.

And then, as when across one's rarest dream,
Just drawing off from the rich dregs of sleep,
A cheery cry comes, and a broken tune,
And in the covert of their odorous depths
The robins shake their wild wet wings and flood
The shallow shores of dawn with music, till
The world is rosy—so another voice
Stole toward me, and I saw the hyacinth
With its white helmet part the sun-soaked sod.
And heard, as if from out the bells that wreathe
Its spire of piercing perfume dropped the tones
Like rain-drops tinkling in a way-side pool.

II.—THE HYACINTH.

On topmost twigs when morning burns
And lights his trembling fires,
When from his wing the glad bird spurns
The dew, and with his carol yearns
And to heaven's gate aspires—
The Maker looks upon his world
That puts her beauty bare,
All freshly, fragrantly impearled
Beneath the tender air,
Looks on his soft and gleaming world
And smiles to find her fair.
Then waken, waken,
The earth has taken
Into the sunshine her wondrous way:
Then waken, waken,
The dews are shaken
Loose from the leaves and melt away,
Lost in the beautiful light of day!

Here the clear singing of the joyous sprite
Startled the echoes of that underworld
Where buds lie sleeping—straight the silent bush
Beside me quivered in the happy light:
The red sap mounted along stem and spray,
In countless hurried convolutions whirled
To break at once into the perfect flower—
The perfect flower—proud was the song she sung.

III.—THE ROSE.

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win;
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my fragrance in.

The dew-drop on my bosom gives
The whole of heaven to searching eyes,
Only he who sees it lives,
And only he who slights it dies.

Ah, what bewildering warmth and wealth
Gather within my central fold!
Love-lorn airs of happy health
Hive with the honey that I hold.

This dazzling ruddiness divine
Shrouds spicy savors deep and dear,
Passion's sign and countersign,
The inmost meaning of the sphere.

Petal on petal opening wide,
My being into beauty flows—
Hundred-leaved and damask-dyed—
Yet nothing, nothing but a rose!

And shaking off a sudden passionate tear
The rose ceased warble, and in an ecstasy
Shed all her lovely leaves around my feet
And stood discrowned.
Then gently was I ware
Of a pure breath from that delicious hour
When day sweeps all her glory after her
To fresh horizons—rapt and holy tone
Where lingered yet the note that haply fell
From seraphs leaning o'er the battlements
Of shining tower and rampart far above,
And ever in their idlesse singing praise.

IV.—THE LILY.

Lift thine eyes, against the deepening skies
All the sacred hills like altars glow,
Waiting for the hastening sacrifice
Ere the evening winds begin to blow.

Lift thy heart, and let the prayer depart
To meet the heavenly flame upon the height,
Till all thy shadows into splendor start,
And the calm brain grow clear with still delight!

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MARTYRDOM.

"AND so shall take the next steamer and be with you nearly as soon as my letter will—"

The rustling sheet of foreign paper fell upon the reader's lap, while her hands closed convulsively upon each other in silent thanksgiving. Then she slowly looked about her in the mute wonder we must all have some time felt, that the world and our surroundings can remain indifferent and unchanged while the crises of our lives come and go, destroying or creating, crushing or beautifying all within.

Douglas March was coming home! Douglas March, the lover from whom Eveline Brathwaite had parted sixteen years ago—she a girl of eighteen summers, he seven years older—with promises of life-long love and constancy, and a speedy reunion. But the world had come between them. For years Douglas vainly strove to gain the home and the competence he had promised his future wife, and then for other years Eveline had refused to leave the place at her mother's side that no one else could fill. And so the days went on, and the years, until the burden, at first intolerable, became fitted, as it always does, to the shoulders that must bear it, and the lovers ceased to fill their letters with either hopeful plans or despairing laments, ceased, in fact, to write love-letters at all, and subsided instead into the affectionate and sympathetic, but somewhat prosaic, correspondence of sensible middle-aged friends, whose days of romance were past, and over whose hearts the world had woven so close a screen that themselves could hardly tell whether the passions once reigning there supreme were dead or only sleeping, like the Beauty in the wood, until the Fairy Prince should kiss them into life.

But she knew now, this quiet, shy woman, sitting there alone with the sweet summer air floating the perfume of the garden through the shaded room, and the hundred voices of bird and insect making jubilee without—she knew now full well that the beauty of her life was not dead, but already stirring in her sleep, with the smile dawning upon the lips he was to kiss; for was he not coming, this Fairy Prince, hastening over sea and land to enter in and take possession of the fair domain awaiting him?

What wonder that the summer air seemed breaths of Paradise! what wonder that all Nature held jubilee, and that Eveline Brathwaite felt the warm blood glow in her cheek and lips as it had not glowed for years, and even fancied that the somewhat shrunken and withered lines of her figure were filling out to girlhood's fair proportions!

"I wonder if my hair would curl as it used if I should let it down?" murmured she, putting her hand upon the somewhat formal and not too abundant bands of pale brown, drawn unbecomingly away from a face whose beauty had waned beside her mother's sick and dying bed, and in long years of waiting, watching, and almost despairing.

The quick tap of little boot-heels through the hall, a few bird-notes in a clear, girlish voice, and Molly stood in the doorway—Molly, Miss Brathwaite's orphan niece and ward, bright-eyed, sunny-haired, blooming and glowing and redundant with the joy and grace of seventeen. Standing there in the doorway waiting for her eyes to accustom themselves to the shaded room after the glaring sunlight, she looked, in her airy muslin dress, one hand gathering the folds of the little white apron full of flowers, the other dangling the pretty garden-hat, like a personification of the summer, like an idyl of youth, like, as Eveline Brathwaite thought, with a quick, sharp pang—like what she was when Douglas saw her last, and what she never would be again.

"There! now I can see you, aunty, but at first I really could not have told, to save my life, whether any one was in the room or not. Oh, aunty! such lovely roses, and the honeysuckle is so sweet—but bless me, dear, what's the matter? How queer you look! And you have a letter! Oh, dear Aunt Eveline! has any thing dreadful happened?"

And down she went upon her knees beside her aunt, the roses, honey-suckles, passion-flowers, and holy-lilies all tumbling to the floor at Eveline's feet.

"Aunty darling, has any thing happened?"

She forced herself to smile, and kiss the pretty, blooming face upturned to hers.

"Silly child! how your fancies run away with you! But yes, something has happened. Mr. March has met with unexpected success in his business, and is coming home at once—to remain."

"And be married! How perfectly splendid! Oh, Aunt Evy, to think of you being married at last! And what will you wear, white muslin and a veil, or no— But I am so glad! I want so much to see Mr. March, and he will have so much to tell about China, and he will bring all sorts of lovely things! Oh my! how jolly it will all be!"

And Molly, with a little squeal of delight, threw her arms about Miss Brathwaite's neck and kissed her a dozen times.

"There, child, there! have a little mercy, I pray. Now go arrange your flowers in the vases. I—I am going up stairs a few moments."

Molly, re-collecting her flowers, paused a moment to look after her aunt's retreating figure. Then she murmured, with a little sigh,

"I am afraid she was hurt by my saying she couldn't wear white muslin and a veil. How stupid of me! But there! I never think until it is too late. Poor aunty! Well, I will be careful; and I won't treat Mr. March like an old bachelor, if I can help it. Poor things! To wait sixteen years! Why I'd rather never be engaged at all."

So Molly, trilling a gay love-song, arranged her flower-vases, and thought of—who knows

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what, or rather, what not? And in the chamber overhead her aunt stood before the mirror, the full blaze of noonday let pitilessly in upon her face and figure, studying them with scornful scrutiny:

"Thin straight hair, faded weary eyes, a tarnished skin, pallid lips, sunken cheeks, and shrunken form; no freshness, no sparkle, no freedom of motion left; no youth, no grace, no beauty," murmured she, bitterly; and then unlocking a drawer she took out a miniature-case and opened it. Within were pictures of herself and Douglas, painted soon after their engagement. She looked at her own long and earnestly, then glanced again at the mirror.

"I was more beautiful then than Molly is now," said she. "And Douglas has the counterpart of this picture, and thinks to find me like it. Oh! what shall I do? how shall I live, and see the dismay, the disgust, the cruel disappointment in his eyes when he first meets me? And Molly! Of course he will turn to her for the realization of the dream he has cherished all these years. She looks as I did when he left me, and he will never have imagined the change. Sixteen years! All the flower of a woman's life; and he left it to wither here alone. It is his own fault; but, for all that, he will never choose the faded flower when the fresh young bud is before him. Oh, Douglas, Douglas! and I have clung so to you, and waited—"

She sunk upon a chair, and wept and sobbed as she had not done in years. The grace and beauty of youth might indeed be past, as she had said, but the keenness of its suffering, the violence of its grief, had come back upon her at a blow.

At last she wiped her eyes and thought, was she distressing herself without cause? No. Common-sense, the experience of the world, the teachings of philosophers, her own observation, all proved her correct. What man, having the power of choice, would not prefer youth and beauty to the faded form and weary heart of middle life? What man was proof against regret at finding himself bound to these, when those were before him? Bound? Yes; Douglas March was bound to her indeed, and she well knew that did she choose to hold him she had the power, for he was a man to whom a promise was an inviolable oath. But should she hold him, an unwilling captive? And in at the open window came Molly's voice:

> "Nay, I'll not wear your ring,
> Lest it should prove a fetter."

Miss Brathwaite glanced down at her own finger, so shrunken now that the betrothal ring Douglas had placed there when he went away could only be held in place by a guard.

"It shall prove no fetter to him," sighed she, and taking off the ring laid it away with the miniature.

A week later he came. A bronzed, splendid-looking man in the glory and vigor of his manhood, full of delight in his return home, interested in every one and every thing, ready to admire and to wonder, ready to believe that every one was as delighted in meeting him as he was in meeting them, full of a traveler's ready talk and anecdote, and mixing the details of his Oriental life with the memories of his boyish experiences in a manner so droll, so naïve, and so altogether charming that Molly declared, before he had been in the house a single day, that Mr. March was the most delightful man she ever met in her life, and she was madly jealous of her aunt Eveline already. Miss Brathwaite heard the speech, and had not yet forgotten it when March remarked:

"Why, Eveline, what a little darling poor Mary's child is! She does not look so much like her mother either as she does like you at her age. I could almost fancy when I see her dancing about the house that I have not been away at all, and that nothing is changed."

"Until you look at the true Eveline, and then you see that every thing is changed," said Miss Brathwaite, quickly.

March looked at her fixedly.

"Sixteen years can not pass without leaving their trace, Evy," said he, kindly; and then a silence fell upon the two—a silence broken by Eveline, who said:

"Yes, Molly is a very pretty girl, and a very good girl too. She was every thing to her mother, and since Mary's death she has been like a daughter to me. She has a sweet nature, and a warm, true heart. Every one must love her."

And then, her task over, she left the room, murmuring some household excuse.

Douglas March walked up and down the room a dozen times, whistling softly to himself, then paused with an odd, shy smile before the mirror, and glanced in.

"Why, of course," muttered he, "we both have changed. I am getting an old fellow, with some white hairs among the brown ones, and some crow's-feet at the corners of my eyes. Of course, of course. But it is a pity for poor dear Evy. She was such a lovely girl; prettier than this little Molly even. Poor dear, she feels it too."

"Oh, Mr. March, if you would only come and pull down this branch, so that I could see into the linnet's nest! It won't keep you a minute," called Molly from the garden; and March, with a gay reply, leaped from the window to join her, and sauntered at her side for half an hour; while Eveline, watching them through her closed blinds, fought desperately with her own heart, and conquered.

That evening as Molly, with a demure little smile, was leaving the drawing-room to the exclusive possession of the lovers, her aunt said:

"Stop a minute, Molly. You never have sung to Mr. March, and he used to be fond of music. Would not you like to hear some to-night, Douglas?"

"Yes, of all things. I did not know Molly

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sang, or I should have had her at the piano long ago. Don't you ever sing now, Eveline?"

"No. I lost my practice, and after a while my voice, in the four years that my mother was so sick, and since then I have never tried to sing," said Miss Brathwaite, quietly; and then she rose, and unlocking a book-case brought out a music-book and placed it upon the piano.

"Try some of those songs, Molly," said she, seating herself in a shaded corner of the room.

The girl turned over the leaves a little curiously, murmuring the titles of the songs aloud: "'Come rest in this Bosom;' 'Drink to me only with thine Eyes;' 'Love's Young Dream;' 'Oft in the Stilly Night;' 'The Young May Moon.' Why, aunty, they are all Moore. Did you use to sing them?"

"Yes, dear. Douglas, do you remember the book?"

March rose, and leaning over Molly's white shoulder, glanced at the volume.

"Remember it! I think I do, indeed. It was I that gave it you, and how many hours we spent over it afterward, you singing, and I listening with open mouth and eyes, like a precious young fool as I was! Awfully spooney, but awfully jolly too, those times were, Evy."

"Sit down, Molly, and sing some of those songs," said Miss Brathwaite, so sharply that Molly glanced at her in wonder and hastened to obey.

One after another she trilled them out, in her pure, flexible young voice, and Douglas March hung over the piano enraptured with music and musician, and Eveline sat in her dark corner, her hands clenched until the nails cut into the icy flesh, her eyes closed, a sick, deadly faintness at her heart.

"Can I bear it? can I bear it?" asked she of her own heart again and again; and then, remembering that this was but the beginning, she nerved herself for the martyrdom, remembering that "God loves a cheerful giver," and resolving that this gift of hers should not be marred by any cowardly shrinking, any niggardly reservations. Her reverie was broken by Douglas's hearty voice:

"Why, Eveline, are you going to sleep? Who would have imagined that you would lose your interest in music so completely—you, who used to sing so beautifully? I think Molly's voice is very like yours, as I remember it, only rather fuller and clearer. A perfect lark-voice."

"It is a very good voice—better than mine in every respect; but it needs cultivation. Molly, you shall begin next week with Signor Brignoli, if you like."

"Oh, thank you, aunty! How utterly gorgeous that will be! Oh! oh! oh!"

And Molly with three pirouettes was at her aunt's side, embracing her ardently. Miss Brathwaite endured her for a moment, then pushed her gently away, saying, with an attempt at a smile:

"There, that will do, child. Go and sing some more."

"If you will thank me in the same way I won't say 'that will do' in such a hurry, little Molly," said Mr. March, laughing; and Molly, full of delight, and running over with fun, made a feint as she passed him of offering an embrace, which Douglas, in his frank unconventionality, would have reciprocated with an actual one, had not Miss Brathwaite interposed:

"Molly, I am ashamed of you! Mr. March, please don't play with the child in that way."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Eveline, and yours too, Molly, if I have offended you. I am only a poor savage, uncivilized from the ways of the world. But you did not use to be so prudish, Eveline, sixteen years ago."

He spoke rather sharply, his man-pride touched at this reproof from a woman; and Eveline answered a little bitterly:

"You never will become used to the changes that time has wrought in your absence."

"They are no greater than I expected—or ought to have expected. Come, Molly, sing some more," said March, resuming his chair. But the zest of the music was gone; and when, earlier than usual, the guest took his departure, it was with a coldness and constraint on both sides.

"The change has begun," moaned Eveline, as she locked herself into her own chamber, not to sleep.

"Why can not a woman remain unmarried without becoming a regular old maid?" asked Douglas March of himself, striding homeward through the balmy summer night; and then, with quick remorse, he added:

"And whose fault is it if she has grown an old maid? And what a brute I am to blame her for my own work! Come, I will put an end to this sort of thing out of hand."

And the next day he took Eveline to visit one of their old wood-land haunts, and there asked her what day she would appoint for their wedding, adding that the earlier it might be the better he should be pleased.

Hearing this question Miss Brathwaite knew that the crisis she had invited was arrived, and summoned her strength to meet it.

"I have been thinking about this myself," said she, coldly.

"About our marriage, dear? Of course we have both thought of it a great deal in all these years," said Douglas, tenderly.

"But since you came home, and we feel the differences that time has brought between us, I have thought of it in a new way," steadily pursued Eveline, but was hotly interrupted.

"The differences! You mean to say that I have lost whatever attractions I once possessed, and your affection has gone with them? I have seen it, Eveline, ever since I came home; I have felt your coldness, your silence, and your frequent displeasure more keenly than you can imagine. You are disgusted with the commonplace hard-working man who has come back to you, in place of the romantic boy to whom you engaged yourself. Is it not so?"

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He spoke with warmth and feeling; and Eveline looked at him with devouring eagerness in her eyes. Might she believe this? Might she assure her lover that her own heart had known no change, and that she was giving him up for his own happiness? Oh, might she dare to turn back, and re-enter the heaven of love and trust from which she was turning, self-banished? One moment she hesitated, and then she thought of Molly, and her purpose grew like iron.

"There is no use in arguing the matter, Douglas," said she, coldly. "We have both of us changed very much, and it is not reasonable to hold each other to a contract entered into under such different circumstances. I have a proposition to make. You have often said that Molly is like me as I was when you went away, far more like me then than I myself am now. Love her, Douglas, love Molly, and so you will be true to your ideal, and truer to me than if you insisted upon taking this poor wreck of what you once loved."

Her voice faltered, and she glanced wistfully at him as he leaned against a tree, moodily switching at the grass with the stick in his hand. Then, hating herself for her own cowardice, she hurried on:

"Yes, Douglas, it is the best thing for both of us. Molly is young and pliant; she can adapt herself to your habits and tastes; she can gratify your love of beauty and art. She is a sweet, loving child, without a drop of bitterness in her heart, and I think she would easily become very fond of you. She likes you now better than any one she knows. She said so."

The torture was too keen, and she paused abruptly. Presently Douglas asked, without looking up,

"And what plan have you laid for yourself, Miss Brathwaite?"

She opened her white lips, but no answer came. What! should she falter now? Now, when the battle was all but won—the goal in sight? She tried again:

"Oh, I? Why, I do not need any other life than this that I have led since my mother's death. I have my house, my garden, my poor people, my books, and work; I have enough. You know I am an old maid, and they are always busy."

"Yes, you have enough to do, and enough to enjoy without me, and I was a fool to think that I could add to your life. I had better have staid away," said March, bitterly.

"No; for I want you to love Molly," persisted Eveline, not daring to be silent lest her heart should fail.

"Molly!" repeated March. "And why should I love Molly, or why should Molly love me, any better than her aunt does? I had a little scheme too; I was going to speak of it to-day, but it is useless now. I have a nephew, Philip Sigourney by name; you know who he is, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wrote last week and asked him to come here and stay with me a while. I thought he would very likely fall in love with Molly—"

"He sha'n't have her! She sha'n't marry him or any one but you! It is for her sake that I gave—that I spoke to you as I did just now. I have set my whole heart upon your marrying Molly, and you have no right to give her to another man."

She spoke with such passion that March turned and looked at her in surprise.

"Do you mean to say that Molly cares for me—that she has ever thought she could be my wife if—if I were free?" asked he, slowly.

"Yes, she cares for you. She said— I know she cares for you; and you *are* free, for I make you so, and I shall tell her so to-night," said Eveline, rising and walking rapidly away.

Douglas followed her, muttering in strange perplexity,

"That child care for me, and Eveline care no longer! I can not understand it."

But did ever a man understand a woman?

That night Miss Brathwaite called her niece into her chamber.

"Molly," said she, looking the girl full in the face, "how do you like Mr. March?"

"Why, aunty, I think he is splendid. I like him better than any gentleman I ever saw," said Molly, in innocent wonder at the question.

"So you said before. Well, we are not to be married, he and I; and if he offers himself to you, I wish you to accept him. There, now go, child; I am very tired, and wish to be alone."

"But, Aunt Eveline! you can not—"

"Go, go, child!" and with scant ceremony Eveline pushed the girl from the room, and closed the door. Her last atom of strength was expended; the tension of heart, brain, and nerves had become insupportable; the necessity for solitude and expression was imperative; and could Douglas March have caught one glimpse of that prostrate, writhing figure, that pale and haggard face, those streaming eyes and locked hands upraised to Heaven in an agony of supplication that found no words, he had not sat the night through cursing the foolish faith of a lifetime, cursing woman's fickleness and man's credulity, rooting out with violent hand the love whose blossoms had been the beauty of his life.

And poor little Molly too! She did not lie awake, for at seventeen one sleeps and eats, and remembers the ribbon in one's hair through all; but to her innocent prayer she added a petition that the Father in heaven would show her what she ought to do, and make dear Aunt Eveline happy—some way.

And now life rolled on with these three much as before, to outward appearance, and yet set in a new groove. Quietly, but very persistently, Eveline withdrew herself from companionship with the other two, resuming the occupations and studies interrupted by the return of Douglas March, and resuming them with an osten-

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tations cheerfulness and interest that caused March to say one day, with a bitter smile,

"I see how much happier you are. What a pity that I interrupted your pursuits at all!"

"Oh no. I enjoy seeing you as a friend very much, and— Molly is waiting for you at the piano," said Eveline, hurrying from the room.

One day Mr. March brought a guest—a tall and comely youth, full of the mingled fun and romance, young faith and still younger wisdom, of twenty-five.

"My nephew, Philip Sigourney," said he, with a reproachful glance at Eveline, who answered it with a subtle smile.

"Now I shall have a cavalier as well as Molly, for Mr. Sigourney looks good-natured enough even to squire an old lady like me."

Every one laughed, but Miss Brathwaite meant what she said, and soon proved that she did. Whatever excursion was proposed, she claimed Philip's escort and constant attention; if they remained at home she begged him to read aloud to her, to help her in the garden, to advise with her concerning some improvements she was making upon the place; in fact she monopolized him as nearly as possible, somewhat to the amusement of the young man himself, much to the astonishment of Molly, and still more to the bewilderment of Douglas March.

The days and the weeks went on. The roses and honey-suckles had all faded, and with them faded the roses of Molly's cheeks. The singing-birds were silent, or only twittered mournfully of their approaching departure; and Molly, who once had kept the whole house alive with melody, only sang now when she was bid.

And Philip, grown silent and thoughtful, spoke day by day of his departure, which his uncle as constantly forbade, and grew less cheerful in his attendance upon Miss Brathwaite, who on her part pursued her usual occupations, and added to them others, until every hour of her day was amply filled, and at night she was forced to sleep instead of think.

Douglas March, whose forty years and world-wide experience had not left him without something of the wisdom of the serpent beneath the blunt honesty of his manner, watched his three companions narrowly and constantly. At last one day he said:

"Philip, I want your opinion. Shall I marry Molly if Molly will marry me?"

Taken by surprise, the young man started, turned red and white, after the ingenuous fashion of his years, then bravely said:

"I should think, Sir, you could do nothing better."

"What! when she is eighteen, and I forty-one?"

"She has so pure and truthful a heart that if she once promised to love you she would never change, even if you grew old while she still was young."

"But she will want gayety, and change, and all sorts of distractions, and I like quiet."

"She is capable of sacrificing more than gayety for the man she loves."

"And then I can not talk nonsense all day; and besides, I am growing peevish and irritable as I grow old."

"Nonsense, do you say, Sir? I am sure Molly never talks nonsense; and her temper is so sweet and sunny that you need not fear growing peevish if you live with her," said Philip, sadly; and his uncle, nodding once or twice, answered, thoughtfully,

"Yes, yes; you are about right, Phil. I will think of it, and perhaps to-day—let me see, to-day—"

"I did not mention, Sir, did I, that I have determined upon leaving you to-day? Letters of— I am extremely sorry, but—"

"Going? What, back to Boston? Not to-day, Phil; in fact I have made an engagement for you to-day, and can't hear of your going. To-morrow, if you still insist, we will start."

"We? Are you coming to town, Sir," asked Phil, in great surprise.

"Very likely. I have not quite determined. But to-day I really insist upon your staying. Come, it is time for us to pay our respects to the ladies."

They entered the pretty grounds through the garden gate, and found Molly busy among the late autumn flowers.

"Queen-rose in the rose-bud garden of girls," murmured Philip, and the poor fellow sighed and upbraided himself for treachery to the friend and uncle who had been so good to him.

"Good-morning, little Molly! How pale—no, how red you look! Is it red or pale, Molly?"

"How can I tell, Mr. March? Good-morning, Philip."

"Good-morning, Miss Molly! Is your aunt in the house? I have to bid her good-by."

"Good-by! Are you going away?" faltered Molly, pale now without a doubt.

"I must," murmured Philip, his soul in his eyes. Douglas March took Molly's hand in his and beckoned Philip to follow to the little summer-house, where he seated her, and standing before her, his hand upon Philip's shoulder, said, very gently and very tenderly:

"Molly, dear, I am going to ask you a question, and I want a full, true, womanly answer. Will you give it?"

"I will try," faltered Molly.

"Well, dear, here am I, a man over forty years of age, passably well-to-do in the world, and as fond of you as I can be of any woman except the one whom I have loved since I was a boy, and who now refuses to marry me. For the rest it does not become me to speak, except to promise that what a man can do to make a woman happy I will do for you, faithfully and lovingly. Will you be my wife? Take time now, and answer from your very heart. Nothing less will satisfy me."

"Oh, Mr. March! I can not, I can not! I

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have tried so hard; but it is not right, it is not true, or good, or what could make you happy if I gave it you—I mean if I tried to—to marry you!" stammered Molly, and then stopped, affrighted at her own rebellion against the fate her elders had appointed her.

"You can not love me as a wife should, you mean, Molly. Well, now answer me another question. Do you know any man you could so love?"

Dead silence now, and then March spoke again:

"You will not answer me, Molly. Well, perhaps I have no right to expect such a confidence; but here is Philip, nearer your own age, and perhaps nearer your own feelings and sympathies. Tell him what you will not tell me, and—God bless you, children!"

He turned and left them, already gazing in each other's eyes with the faltering, blissful incredulity that softens such sudden joys, and went away to the house, muttering,

"Once more, Eveline, and then—"

He surprised her off her guard, sitting alone where she had sat to read that letter three months before, her head bowed upon her hand, all the weary sadness of her heart visible upon her pallid face. Suddenly he stood before her and said:

"Eveline, I have tried my best to obey and please you. I have tried to love Molly, and to make Molly love me, and I have succeeded in making her miserable, and myself contemptible in your eyes. This morning I have offered myself to her, and been refused, as I hoped that I should be; and at this moment she is probably exchanging betrothal kisses with Philip Sigourney. Are you satisfied?"

"She refused you?" asked Eveline, in genuine astonishment.

"Yes, as you did two months ago. No one cares for me, no one values me; I am only in the way here, and I will go back to China, leaving the lovers to their love-making, and you, dear, to your good works and quiet occupations. I had better never have come here, for I should at least have kept my faith—but no matter. You will be my friend still, Eveline, and perhaps you will write to me sometimes."

"Oh, Douglas!"

"What! crying, Evy! Nay, don't cry, dear. It is no fault of yours that you can not love me. We both have changed, as you say, and I was unreasonable to expect you to feel as you did when I went away. There! don't fret, and don't blame yourself. I shall be a little lonely, perhaps, at first, and as I grow older I shall wish there was some one to love and care for me; but—well, well, I ought not to have expected it."

"Oh, Douglas! I only wanted to make you happy. I thought you liked Molly, and I knew I had faded, and grown old and stupid, and I did not want to have you feel bound to me, and so—"

"And so, Eveline, you tried to make a fool of me, a sacrifice of Molly, a disappointed lover of Philip, and a—well, a what of yourself?"

"A martyr," whispered Eveline, hiding her happy face within the embrace that enfolded her.

So Douglas March did not go back to China, or Philip Sigourney to Boston; and though the roses had withered, and the singing-birds flown, there were both flowers and music, and glad hearts, and deep, true happiness at the old country house, where, just as the winter came, the double wedding was celebrated with abundant mirth and merry-making, and something better and more enduring than mirth beneath the surface.

DEMOCRACY OF THE CHINESE.*

THE recent treaty of the United States with China has aroused an interest in that wonderful people. And it is reasonable that there should be a desire to learn more of a race to whom chiefly we must look for the aid necessary for the development of one-half of this continent; a race to whom this co-operation is to be the education for Divine ends yet more grand in the continent of which they constitute the chief nation.

It is greatly to be regretted that the sentiments of Americans in respect to China have been principally obtained from writers under monarchical influence—from those of England, which has brutally drugged her that she might rob her, or from French and Italian priests, who flattered and lauded her rulers that they might aggrandize themselves and their work.

A fairer estimate of the Chinese will take the place, on the one extreme, of the blunders or misrepresentations as to her political character which held up their empire as a model despotism; and, on the other extreme, of the mistake and folly of those as to her moral character which painted her people as the most vicious or sensual of the heathen. A letter was published four years ago from Mr. S. Wells Williams, the Chinese Secretary to the American Legation at Pekin, and author of the work entitled "The Middle Kingdom," in which he says: "The Chinese race has, perhaps, risen as high as is possible in the two great objects of human government—security of life and property to the governed, and freedom of action under the individual restraints of law." The object of this paper is to exhibit them in such a light, as the deduction from the writer's experience among them in their own country and in California.

There are few nations of the world among

* The following paper is by the Rev. William Speer, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education, at Philadelphia. We believe that there are not five men, European or American, who are as thoroughly acquainted as Dr. Speer with the Chinese in their own country. We think there is no other man so fully conversant with the Chinese in California.—Ed. Harper's Magazine.

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whom the freedom of the people is more large, more squarely founded upon their intelligence, or more carefully guarded against despotism than it is in China.

To those who are acquainted with the history of mankind this will not seem strange. For though it flatters our national vanity to assume representative forms to be the pleasant fruit of bitter seed, and of long and painful cultivation, yet this is not the truth. The first state of men in society is one of political equality. The first natural advance toward its organization is their election to authority of those most capable of protecting them and punishing the vicious. Where society has remained most peaceful and unchanged we may expect to find its original institutions less disturbed. The dispersion of great families, interferences with regular occupations, long migrations, wars, changes of circumstances, tend to break them up. The planting of mankind upon a new hemisphere is like a new creation, in which a small number of individuals, compelled to meet the first necessities of existence, return to the primitive ideas of government.

To men, therefore, who are informed as to the past history of the nations of the earth, and as to their present relative condition, it will seem credible that the oldest and most unchanged of them should not be so different as many believe from the newest of them, which has revolutionized the forms whose tyranny drove its founders beyond their reach to another hemisphere—that China should be the freest nation of the East, as the United States is of the West. Nor will it seem improbable that the notions which many entertain of the Chinese, which are gathered from the writings of Europeans as prejudiced against the one as they are against the other, and indeed very ignorant of the real condition and spirit of either, or else formed from the partial and superficial observations of some of our own people, should prove to be mistaken and unjust.

The classical student will see the force of this when he remembers the political system of ancient Rome—an empire whose history has some remarkable points of analogy to that of China. Beneath the monarchical rule, which became more and more strong, until the popular liberty was at last crushed by it, there rise constantly to view institutions which display the power of the people. Thus the "tribes" held their separate regular assemblies; they elected officers who at length came to be represented in the Senate, and even administer the government; they were governed by their own regulations or laws; they aided the state in the collection of debts, and in the punishment of crimes; they had a certain control over the property of their members, and over its transmission to heirs; they did not permit intermarriage between families connected with different tribes; they maintained each a particular religious worship; and they exercised a benevolent care over their own poor, supplying them when necessary with food. The members of various trades formed another class of popular associations, which were possessed of great power in the state. In the time of Numa there were nine of these colleges or associations: pipers, goldsmiths, carpenters, dyers, girdle-makers, tanners, potters, workers in brass, and one embracing the remaining trades.

In India the despotism of successive conquering races has been checked and ameliorated by the continued maintenance from the earliest ages of the system of clans or village communities, which is described by a very able English lawyer to be "more than a brotherhood of relatives, and more than an association of partners. It is an organized society; and besides providing for the management of the common fund, it seldom fails to provide, by a complete staff of functionaries, for internal government, for police, for the administration of justice, and for the apportionment of taxes and public duties."

A nation of Europe whose extraordinary friendship to our own has often puzzled politicians of both that and our continent who did not see the deeper principles which bind them together, Russia, which wonderfully unites the ancient with the modern, and the Oriental with the European, in her political and social structure, may be given as another example of the power of the ancient republicanism. It may be said that the government is more in the hands of the people than with the emperor and aristocracy. This is the key to the astonishing advancement of Russia in wealth, freedom, and power within a few generations past. The empire was built upon the subjugation of numerous cities and tribes, independent and democratic in their form. And now these elements are again leavening the whole system. The communes hold triennial elections; voters must be twenty-five years of age, and the elders elected not under thirty; no man can vote who has been convicted of crime; persons of any useful employment are eligible to office; the poor consider themselves equal with the rich, the only distinction in the garments is in the richness of the material, not in the shape or fashion, and they eat together at the same table; the officers elected are the elders, a number of councilors, a collector of taxes with the necessary assistants, an overseer of the public granary, and the police; provision is made for the supply of recruits for the army; and the commune is allowed, if it desire, to establish a local bank. A general council of representatives from these village councils is held in each county or district once in three years, which elects a chief elder, a permanent council, a board of arbitrators, and a secretary. Thus it will be seen how much power resides with the people of Russia, and how far the general government yields local affairs into their hands. Even the mines discovered on the property of individuals is not claimed, as is the case in many countries of the West, by the govern-

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ment; and to this many of the great families owe their rise.

I have mentioned these ancient republican institutions, or their remains, in order to justify the comparison made between those of China and the United States. It must surprise many of our people to observe how much their features resemble those of our own forms, save that ours are overridden by no foreign conquests, and as yet by no successful ambition within our own borders; and further, that ours are more complete and extensive. But the freedom of the people in China is superior to that in either of them; and I will now describe in what it consists, and upon what it is founded.

Let us take up three leading features of the Chinese government—the theory of the imperial power, the principles on which the general government is administered, and the forms of local popular government which universally exist. As the latter is the most interesting subject, the first two will be discussed more briefly.

The theory of the imperial power is that the people are not subjects to be ruled by fear, but children to be inspired and controlled by affection and gratitude toward a father, who, with unceasing anxiety, watches over and cares for them all. There is a book of remarkable interest, in a moral view, which well-illustrates this. It is a series of moral discourses prepared by the emperor Yung-ching, upon the basis of sixteen maxims of his father, the great Kang-hi (who reigned from A.D. 1661 for sixty years), for the purpose of having them read to the people of the whole empire at the beginning and middle of every month. The first of these "Sacred Instructions" is upon "filial piety." Yung-ching says:

"The definite design of our sacred father was to govern the empire through the principle of filial piety. Upon that principle is founded the unchangeable laws of heaven, the government of providence on earth, and the common obligations of all men."

In the second discourse, upon the duties of families and kindred to each other, he applies the idea practically:

"The kindred which spring from the same stock are like the streams which flow from one fountain, or like the branches which grow upon one tree. Though these differ, as the one may in its course flow through extended districts, or the other as its branches ramify more widely, yet the source of the stream and the root of the tree remain the same. Thus with the maintenance of the principle of filial piety. Harmony is promoted in the family, in the village, and in the city; the spirit of unity is breathed abroad; general happiness is enjoyed; and a scene of peace is presented."

And it is but just to say that these admirable sentiments are repeated in the state papers of each succeeding emperor of that great nation.

The comparative freedom of the people of China is, in the next place, made manifest in the political principles upon which the general government is administered. To secure an intelligent, capable, and faithful magistracy the foundation of all preferment is planted upon education. To this fact the admiration of the world may be boldly challenged! Hear it nations of the West! It is not hereditary perhaps without personal honor, it is not the power of wealth, it is not the claims of favoritism, it is not pandering to popular prejudices or interests, upon which the aspiring in China are encouraged to place their hopes, but upon education! The best writings of their sages from the earliest ages are compiled into books for the instruction of the young. Schools abound, taught at cheap rates by advanced students, or supported by endowments or charitable contributions. Books in common use are much cheaper than in this country. The examinations of children in the villages are conducted monthly by the elders, at which a simple theme is proposed upon which they write their juvenile essays. And examinations upon given topics, in prose and in poetry, chiefly moral, historical, and political, are held at times and places which vary according to their importance, for scholars at successive stages of advancement, until they reach the highest, which is held once in three years at the capital of the empire. The successful competitors at the higher ones receive appointments to the offices under government.

I was at Canton upon the occasion of a great triennial examination of candidates for the second degree, which entitled to the best offices of the cities and districts of the province of twenty-one millions of people. Seventy-two were to be selected. For a chance among that number seven or eight thousand educated men presented themselves, some of them white with old age. Two imperial commissioners from Pekin presided. The candidates were all shut up in close rooms of a range of buildings provided for these occasions, and could not come out until their essays on the five themes given were completed. The whole city and province were in a ferment of interest. Heralds were in waiting, who, by swift boats, horses, and running, conveyed tidings of the result to every part of the province; and in their native towns the successful ones were welcomed with banners and music and feasts of joy! I have shed tears of regret that in my own dear country no such sublime and delightful spectacles are witnessed.

The principles on which the government is administered are forcibly brought before us in the consideration of the numerous methods which have been introduced to guard against abuses and insure impartiality and honesty. Four of these are particularly worthy of observation.

First, The officers of the general government are detached from local influences by the rule that no man shall hold office in the province of which he is a native.

Second, The dangers connected with the growth of such influences in any portion of the country are provided against by another rule which fixes a term for holding office, and that a comparatively short one—only three years.

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If the question be asked whether this provision may not spring from the jealousy of a foreign ruling dynasty, the reply is at hand that it was established in the fifth century of the Christian era, and appears to be held as a fundamental idea of the political system.

Third, A Board of Review, or Censorate, at Pekin, is appointed to revise all documents sent to the court, and inspect the conduct of officers, from the humblest of them even to the emperor upon the throne. Officers connected with this department report in every part of the empire acts of official misconduct. The courage with which this Board and its servants expose and rebuke even the most wealthy and powerful, and secure their punishment, is often surprising and worthy of admiration. They do not spare even "the Son of Heaven," when the welfare of his subjects seems to require his vices to be sternly reproved; and some of them have suffered death in consequence. The histories of the empire hand down with language of praise the names and actions of those who have been most faithful. This remarkable feature of the government has attracted the attention of the monarchical powers of the world. Sir George T. Staunton, in making the translation of the Penal Code of the present dynasty, adds the note that "the Tribunal of the Censorate has the power of inspecting and animadverting upon the proceedings of all the other boards and tribunals of the empire, and even on the acts of the sovereign himself, whenever they are conceived to be censurable." But it is not a censorship for criticism. The French Jesuit, Du Halde, presents it in its higher office of a constant monitor of the responsibility of the government to the people. He describes them in his work on China as the representatives of the people, to whom the emperor himself is compelled to yield; for, "should he injure them, he would really increase their honor, and obtain for himself odious epithets, which the appointed historians of the empire would scrupulously transmit to posterity." He says the court is compelled to degrade officers whom they persist in accusing, "to avoid disgusting the people and sullying its own reputation."

Another of the methods by which the welfare of the people is secured is the system of official reports to the six boards or departments of the government, which reports virtually appeal to the popular sentiment of the nation for its support, through the *Peking Gazette* and other means of universal publication. This *Gazette* (whose proper name is the *King Chau*, or "Reporter of the Capital") is a pamphlet of forty to sixty pages, published each one, two, or three days, as the matter is supplied. It is distributed over the whole empire in a limited number of copies to leading points, which are there rapidly reprinted by various means, and supplied to officers, to men of wealth who pay about twelve dollars a year for copies which they retain, and to circles of readers who hire them successively for sums which diminish according to the time after their publication, just as the London *Times* and other expensive newspapers are supplied in England and on the Continent. The officers of each province in turn publish their reports or subjects for popular information or consideration. And, indeed, the walls of Chinese towns are covered with placards of every kind—political, commercial, quack-medicines, etc., etc., just as they are in this country. Thus a thinking and intelligent people keep public affairs incessantly under their own eye.

These statements as to the theory of the imperial power, and the principles of the general administration, possess great weight in estimating the true character of the political institutions of China, and evince an amount of popular intelligence, liberty, and power which will bear comparison with that of the monarchical countries of Europe.

But an acquaintance with the structure of the general government is not the true way to comprehend the extent of the freedom which the Chinese enjoy. This is only to be learned from a careful study of their popular forms, which are distinct from that, and which often successfully oppose it. I refer to the organizations of the clans, the town or district councils, the trade associations, and the clubs or companies established for occasional or special objects. The secret societies, for political and other purposes, are numerous and powerful; but an account of them does not come within our scope in considering the lawful institutions of the country.

The first-mentioned, and, it may be justly said, the fundamental and most ancient organization of a political nature, is that of the "clan."

The clan stands in China just where it did in the Hebrew commonwealth and the kingdoms of Judah and Israel—at the foundation of the whole structure. No man thoroughly conceives the polity of the Hebrew people who looks at it through the medium of European and Western models. There are many features of it which it is most important, as illuminated by Divine revelation, for the statesman, the scholar, the Christian to examine. Such are the operations and effects of the fundamental republican form, united with the primary honor accorded to the lineal representative of the founder of the clan; the conjunction of political and religious objects maintained in the education of the youth, and public acts; the legislative and other powers of these lesser presbyteries, or of the general assemblies of the representatives of the people; the functions of the elders, judges, and other officers, and their place in the church and state, both ancient and modern; the police regulations of villages and towns; the energy of a military system, either for defense or offense, which is built upon free and republican institutions and the affection of the people; the jealousies and quarrels of clans and tribes, and their ruinous results; the regard of the general government to

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the rights of those of a local character, even in the appointment of the two hundred and twelve porters at the gates of the Temple at Jerusalem, "according to their genealogy in their villages," and the provision for "their brethren in the villages to come, after seven days, from time to time, with them;" the careful observance of natural laws as to consanguinity and marriage, and the effects of polygamy and other infractions of them; the precise and scientific nomenclature of degrees of kindred, as throwing light on the tribal systems of the nations of the world, and as an evidence of the descent of the human species from one stock; the nature, benefits, and evils of frequent popular festivals; the laws as to the entail, the conveyance, and the restoration of property, pledges, pawnbrokers, the collection of debts; the provision from the public funds for the wants of the poor and the infirm; the reservation of a proportion of the produce of years of abundance in public granaries to meet the wants of years of scarcity or famine; the origin and obligation of the use of sevenths in respect to time, and of decimal numbers in respect to property, as seals of the Divine right in them, and as measures of duty in the consecration of them for religious purposes; the fundamental principles in the punishment of criminals, and the modes of inflicting it; the exceeding reverence for the aged and the honorable; the regard for the dead, and the use to be made of the examples of the wise and good; the ideas as to the seminal principle of life in the human bones; the care to be exercised in preserving them, and collecting them in and about the ancient sepulchres of the family, and the resurrection of the dead; the annual religious observances connected with the repair and care for the spot; the peculiar force of the prophecies of the Scripture, the comfort of the specific promises, and the solemnity of the warnings, as to "families" and "kindred," and as to the "*gentiles*," or nations whose peculiar social edifice is reared upon the relation to ancestry.

These are some of the topics which arise in the investigation of the nature of clans as they did exist in Palestine, as they do exist in China, and to a less extent in other portions of the Old World, and among the remains of the Indian tribes on our own continent. I employ the analogy of the Hebrew clans to the Chinese in order to simplify the idea of the latter in the minds of the people of this country, and to show their democratic nature; and further, that I may suggest this as one of many kindred themes which open broad and fertile fields of remunerative research, which is of a nature to comfort the mind and strengthen the purposes of the foreign missionary of the Gospel, and to peculiarly interest and instruct the people of our country as to relationships and bearings of republican institutions which may be new to many of them, and are most important for us to understand, who see the beginning but not the end of our national life.

The general design of the support of the clan organizations may be briefly stated to be four: Defense against the power of the general government; Mutual aid and protection in business and the common transactions of life; Festive enjoyments; and the maintenance of the worship of the spirits of the dead.

There are about four hundred and fifty clans in the empire. Branches of the most important of them are found in nearly every province. A town, however, never consists of people of one clan alone, as a man is not allowed to marry a woman of the same name. The organization of them is so complete that, while it sometimes secures justice to the innocent, it may besides thwart the designs of the government, and even of justice. In some parts of the country they keep up bitter and even bloody quarrels from generation to generation; and the chiefs of the clan at Pekin are able to prevent the punishment of murder and violence committed by members of it elsewhere. In the country in the south of China we have seen tombs broken up and defaced, the dykes of rice-fields destroyed, and property abused, through the feuds of hostile clans. Emigrants do not generally maintain these organizations. I know of none in California.

The second class of powerful popular organizations in China is the trade associations, or guilds. These resemble those for similar objects in Europe and America, and therefore need no special description here. They are there, as here, often beneficent in their operation, and yet often oppressive. In a monarchical or despotic government they are useful as a check against its tyranny; but it is still doubtful whether they are not more of an injury than a benefit, since they interfere with healthful competition, remove incitements to industry, and provide opportunities for the arts of intriguing and worthless men, or resorts for the depraved. It is stated that there are a hundred and fifty of their halls in Canton. They spend a great deal of money in parades and acts of idolatrous worship.

The third class is that of town and district councils. This forms the highest advance toward a regular representative government. They exercise the local powers of government to such an extent that the imperial officers rarely dare to rouse them to general resistance. The local administration of justice is left almost wholly in their hands. Police arrangements, and taxation for local purposes, are within their jurisdiction. The elders elected generally are continued as long as they perform their duties with satisfaction to the people. They are allowed a salary of from two to four hundred dollars a year. The elders of a district, which may embrace fifty to a hundred towns and villages, meet in a district council, which has its central hall, and a president and other necessary officers, who receive sufficient salaries. The cities are divided into large wards, which have their separate councils, but act together

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by representatives when occasion requires. Their administration is very effective. The police of the city of Canton number about a thousand. The streets, which are only a few feet in width, have a gate at the end of each square, which is closed at night and guarded by a watchman, who also strikes the hour upon a loud-sounding hollow piece of bamboo.

During the stormy times succeeding the Opium War, foreigners seeking to enlarge their former restrictions often came into conflict with these councils, and proved the extent of the popular power. We were effectually prevented renting houses, after agreeing to pay the most outrageous exorbitant rents, by a simple notification from the council of the ward of the city in which they were situated, that if the owner admitted us to the building it would be destroyed, and himself put to death. Nor was the governor-general, with the power of the emperor to back him, able to sustain us against such a decree.

These democratic bodies do not hesitate to resist the imperial officers. A mandarin who had made his name detested by his evil deeds, was met one day in going forth with his retinue by an aged, white-haired coolie bearing a heavy burden. The old man was unable quickly to clear the way, and the officer commanded him to be thrown down and beaten. The enraged inhabitants of the ward closed their shops and did not rest until the man who treated hoary hairs with disrespect, and a poor man with such cruelty, was driven from the city.

A robber of desperate character was detected amidst a crowd in the court of the Walam temple, listening to the recitations of a story-teller. He killed a soldier before he could be overpowered. He was tried, and sentenced by the judge to be beheaded in the temple, and his vitals to be laid upon the altar as a sacrifice to the spirit of the slain soldier. So unusual a punishment created much excitement in the district. The ward council took up the matter, and prohibited the execution of the sentence; but gave permission for the head of the ruffian, if he were decapitated at the execution-ground, to be hung up near the temple as a terror to evil-doers.

The imperial government is much less to be blamed than the people of Western nations have supposed on account of the disturbances which have occurred with foreigners. The local democracy was more often the offending party. And their resistance in turn was the result of the misdeeds of our people. After the conclusion of the bloody Opium War—which seemed to them a most inexcusable and tremendous crime from beginning to end—it was made one of the provisions of the treaty with Great Britain, August 29, 1842, that five new ports were to be opened for foreign trade; and it was generally understood that the same privileges would, as soon as practicable, be granted at Canton. The people, however, resisted, being alarmed at the idea of the introduction of British traders and soldiery within the city, confident in their numbers, and filled also with a superstitious terror of the powers of "the foreign demons," whom they supposed to be of a constitution and nature different from their own, and much to be dreaded. Their local councils proclaimed that a hundred thousand "braves" had been enlisted to carry on the war to the extermination of these "devils." Kiying, a most able and intelligent governor, was completely baffled in his efforts to maintain peace; and neither the power of their own government nor the continued threatening demonstrations of that of Great Britain could subdue them, until finally Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, commanding the allied English and French fleets, bombarded the city in December, 1857, burned down a considerable portion of it, and placed it under a military control which continued for two years. The Presbyterian mission buildings and library were among the property destroyed.

It affords me much gratification to be able to present a full and satisfactory illustration of the capacity and practice of the Chinese in the maintenance of their native republicanism, by exhibiting its operation among the immigrants to California.

The Chinese "companies" in San Francisco, with their branches in the principal towns of the State, and regions where that people resort in large numbers, have been a continual puzzle to Americans. They have regarded them as an ignorant, stupid race, reared under a cruel despotism, and most of them brought here as slaves, to work for capitalists who owned them and received the proceeds of their labor—these capitalists being the heads of the companies. The most absurd stories of this kind have been incessantly repeated, to the great injury of the Chinese, by newspapers and in the Legislature. My thorough acquaintance with them, and the confidence they reposed in me, on account of aid often rendered to them in their difficulties, enabled me to obtain information which I now proceed to lay before the reading and thinking people of the country, just as I often have spread much of it before the people of various parts of California.

Under a fourth class, it will be remembered, of popular organizations, I embraced clubs or companies established for occasional or special objects. These are so numerous, for political, social, or benevolent ends, that I only mention the general fact here, and pass to the consideration of the "companies" referred to, which are seen on our Pacific coast, as among the most important of them. These "companies" greatly resemble the ward and village councils spoken of under the previous head; and the information which I present in regard to the former will assist the reader to comprehend the nature of the latter, and of the general ideas of the people as to popular government.

Wherever a large number of Chinese from one province are thrown together in another

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province of the empire, or in any of the countries or islands whither they trade or immigrate, they at once form associations for the control, protection, and general benefit of their members, which are analogous to the councils of their native towns and districts. Among a people of so much shrewdness and common-sense, as may be supposed, these objects are thoroughly accomplished. First, let us notice their houses or halls.

Upon the southern side of Telegraph Hill, which shields on the north the harbor of San Francisco from the ocean winds which rush through the Golden Gate, a large frame-structure stands conspicuous, which is evidently of Chinese architecture, yet different in its appearance from the Chinese dwellings in the city. The front is painted light blue, and from it projects an airy portico. A pair of lions, carved in wood, guard the wide doorway. Above and on either side of it are gilded tablets, with upon each an inscription of several large Chinese characters. This building has often been referred to as "a temple." But its object is not religious. It is an "*Ui-kun*" (pronounced *Ooy-koon*), or Company House. The large tablet over the door tells, if English alphabetic letters be employed for the Chinese characters, the name of the Company: "YEUNG-WO UI-KUN." The two perpendicular inscriptions on either side are poetical lines. They read:

"Tseung kwong hám mán li."
"Sui hi p'o t'ung yan."

"*May the prosperous light fill a thousand leagues.*"
"*May the auspicious air pervade mankind.*"

The two smaller lines on either board contain the words, "Set up on a fortunate day of the eighth month, second year of the Emperor Hienfung."—"Carved by Fan I."

Upon entering the house by the side-door, an uncovered area, in accordance with the Chinese custom, is seen in the middle, from which rooms open toward the front and rear, and stairs ascend on either side to the second story. The smaller apartments below are occupied by the managers and servants of the Company. The largest room or hall is pasted over with sheets of red paper covered with writing. These contain a record of the names and residence of every member of the Company, and the amount of his subscription to the general fund. The upper story and the attic, with the outbuildings on the upper side, are, it may be, filled with lodgers, nearly all of whom are staying but temporarily, on a visit from the mines, or on their way to or from China. A few sick persons lie on their pallets around, and a group here and there discuss a bowl of rice, or smoke and chat together. In the rear is the kitchen. All is quiet, orderly, and neat.

This building is the house of the Company, which embraces—since scarcely a solitary individual chooses to separate himself from association with his own neighbors and people, or deprive himself of their sympathy and assistance—the entire body of emigrants from three beautiful and rich districts which lie around the Pearl River and its estuary down to the ocean. Heang-shan, at the mouth of the bay in which the Portuguese colony of Macao is situated, is thirty miles long from north to south, and twenty-five miles wide; Tung-kwan and Tsang-ching are each larger, but have less intercourse with foreigners. The Company had some years ago another building, owned by the three districts in common, at Sacramento; and the Heang-shan men had one of their own in Stockton, to which they may since have added others as they have been needed for their accommodation elsewhere.

For the full information of the people of our own country as to the real nature of these "Companics," which has been so much misunderstood and widely misrepresented, and in order to show in a plain and convincing way the intelligence and capability of this extraordinary people, I procured, by a formal application to the Yeung-wo Company, a copy of its constitution and rules, a literal translation of which, sentence for sentence, I now give:

NEW RULES OF THE YEUNG-WO UI-KUN.

Since it is necessary for the government of such associations, and the promotion of the common good, that some rules should be adopted, we members of the Yeung-wo Company, now dwelling in a foreign country, have established those which follow. Those which formerly existed in a general form we deem it necessary to draw up in a new and definite shape, and to publish them to all men, since successive emigrations have become less substantial in their character, and troubles have sprung up like thorns. They are in conformity with the customs of the foreign country in which we are sojourning. We trust they will be exactly observed, by common consent. They were adopted in the following order on a fortunate day of the ninth month of the year 1854.

People of the three districts of Heang-shan, Tung-yuen, and Tsang-shing are required to report themselves at the Company's room; otherwise the Company will exercise no care for them in their concerns.

The entrance fee shall be ten dollars; if not paid within six months interest will be expected. These fees may be paid to collectors sent for the purpose into the northern and southern mines in the fourth and tenth month in each year. No fees will be required from those proved to be invalids, or from transient persons. Receipts for payment of fees must be entered on the books and bear the Company's seal. Disputes will not be settled between persons who have not paid the entrance fee. Members purposing to return to China must make the fact known to the agents, when their accounts will be examined, and measures will be taken to prevent it if the entrance fee or other debts remain unpaid. Strangers to the agents of the Company must obtain security of persons who will be responsible for their character and debts. Members leaving clandestinely shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars; and the security for a debt for helping one thus to abscond shall be fined one hundred dollars.

In the Company's house there must be no concealment of stolen goods; no strangers brought to lodge; no gunpowder or other combustible material; no gambling; no drunkenness; no cooking (except in the proper quarters); no burning of sacrificial papers; no accumulation of baggage; no filth; no bathing; no filching of oil; no heaps of rags and trash; no wrangling and noise; no injury of the property of the Company; no goods belonging to thieves; no slops

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of victuals. For the heavier of these offenses complaint shall be made to the police of the city; for the lighter, persons shall be expelled from the Company. Baggage will not be allowed to remain longer than three years, when it must be removed; nor more than one chest to each person.

Invalids that can not labor, are poor and without relatives, may be returned to China at the expense of the Company for their passage-money; but provisions and fuel and other expenses must be obtained by subscriptions. Coffins may be furnished for the poor, but of such a careful record shall be kept.

Quarrels and troubles about claims in the mines should be referred to the Company, where they shall be duly considered. If any should refuse to abide by the decision of the Company, it will nevertheless assist the injured and defend them from violence. If when foreigners do injury a complaint is made, and the Company exerts itself to have justice done without avail, it ought to be submitted to. Whatever is referred for settlement to the assembly of the five Companies conjointly, can not again be brought before this Company alone.

Where a man is killed a reward shall be offered by the Company for apprehension and trial, the money being paid only when he shall have been seized; the members of the Company shall subscribe each according to what is just. If more than the anticipated amount is required, the friends of the deceased shall make up the deficiency. Complaint shall be made of offenders to the civil courts, and proclamations for their arrest shall be placarded in the principal towns; but any one found guilty of concealing them shall pay all the expenses to which the Company has been put. Difficulties with members of other Companies shall be reported to the agents of this Company, and if justice demand, shall be referred for the judgment of the five Companies conjointly. Offenses committed on shipboard, upon the sea, shall be referred to the five Companies conjointly. Difficulties brought upon men by their own vices and follies will not receive attention. Thievery and receiving of stolen goods will not be protected; nor will troubles in bawdy-houses; nor those in gambling-houses; nor debts to such; nor extortions of secret associations; nor the quarrels of such associations; nor those who are injured in consequence of refusal to pay their licenses; nor smuggling; nor any violation of American laws. The Company will not consider complaints from a distance, of a doubtful character, or without sufficient proof. No reply will be made to anonymous letters, or those without date and a specification of the true origin and nature of difficulties. Names must be carefully given in all complaints from the interior. No payments of money will be made in the settlement of cases where the rules of the Company are not complied with. Where the conduct of an individual is such as to bring disgrace on the Company and upon his countrymen he shall be expelled, and a notice to that effect be placarded in each of the five Companies' houses; nor will the Company be responsible for any of his subsequent villainies, or even make any investigation should he meet with any violent death. Costs connected with the settlement of disputes shall be borne by the party decided to be in the wrong. In difficulties of a pressing and important character in the mines a messenger shall be sent thence, and a judicious person shall at once accompany him to the place. In any quarrel where men are killed or wounded the person who originated it shall be held accountable. Any defensive weapons belonging to the Company shall be given to individuals only after joint consultation, and the register of their names. Those requiring such weapons for defense shall give security for their return. If any shall take them on their own responsibility they shall be held accountable for any consequences.

Any one using the seal of the Company, or addressing a letter in its behalf unauthorized, shall be severely censured if the matter be unimportant; if a serious offense, he shall be handed over to a court of law. The parties and witnesses in cases shall be examined under oath. Representatives from the people of different counties and townships shall be notified by the agents of the Company of the time of any meeting; and when assembled they shall not leave until the business be dispatched. Notices of meetings upon urgent business shall be marked with the words "urgent case;" the representatives so informed shall be fined ten dollars if not present within an hour of the time. In arbitrations the agents of the Company, the representatives, and the witnesses shall all be put on oath.

Claims for debts, to avoid mistakes, must particularize the true name, surname, town, and department of the debtor. The manager of the Company shall give the claimant a bill of the debt, which will be received again when the money is paid. No claim can be presented of less than ten dollars. Claims presented through the Company must, when afterward paid, bear the receipt of the Company; else the debtor will not be allowed to return to China. Persons making false claims against an individual shall recompense him for any expenses to which he shall be put in consequence thereof. Accounts must be acknowledged by the debtor to be correct before collection. A person appointed as collector for another must indorse the bill. A creditor, in returning to China, must name an agent who will receive the payment of any claims made by him. Accounts sent from China for collection shall be admitted by the Company. The manager will not pay over collections except upon the presentation of the paper of acknowledgment he has previously given. Part payments must bear the receipt of the Company. In cases of dispute about debt the debtor may return to China if a representative from his district is willing to become his security. Debtors shall not be hindered returning to China on their pleading poverty or chronic sickness. In losses occasioned by oversight of the agent he shall be held responsible for the amount, unless he declare them upon oath to have been unintentional. Claims for debt, if unpaid, must be again put on record at the expiration of three years. Claims presented by a member of another Company shall be certified by the manager of that Company, and when recorded shall be subject to a fee of twenty-five cents.

This Company shall elect three managers; one to attend to the internal affairs, one to attend to the business with Americans, and one to be the treasurer; and these shall mutually assist one another. A faithful servant shall be hired as a house-servant and porter. A committee of four shall be elected as counselors, who shall receive five dollars a month for teamoney. The monthly accounts of the Company shall be counted till the last Sunday of the month, on which day the committee shall audit and publish them by a placard. The treasurer shall never retain more than four hundred dollars in his own hands at one time; and his deposits in the treasury, and payments from it, shall be under the supervision of the committee of four. The treasury shall have four different locks, and each of the committee shall have one key. The treasurer must always be present when money is taken out. Should the committee employ collectors who have not been duly elected by the Company, they shall be held responsible for them. The account of the Company shall be closed with each month, that there be no private or wasteful employment of its funds; and in cases of fraud, a meeting shall be called and the offender expelled. When inadvertent mistakes are made in accounts the committee shall state them to be so on oath, and the correction shall then be entered. Managers or committee men whose accounts are not clear shall be censured. None but the managers shall have common access to the account-books. Payments in behalf of the Company shall, when made at their house, be indorsed by the committee; but in the interior they may be made by the proper manager alone. The office of the managers shall be kept open daily, from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon. The doors shall be closed at New-Year's for three days. Managers shall not use offensive language toward each other; but any differences shall be settled by a meeting of the Company. If lodgers at the Company's house do not comply with the

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regulations and respect the authority of the managers, they shall be expelled by a meeting of the Company. Managers who are remiss in attending at the office shall be mulcted to twice the amount of their salary for the time lost."

In the summer of 1854 I addressed to each of the five Companies a series of questions in regard to their principles and operations, in order to elicit authentic information which I could use in explaining the character of the Chinese to our own people. The answers were most clear and satisfactory. I translate one of them *verbatim* as a sample of the whole. The comparison of the Company to "American churches," which is made in this one only, and the careful detail of its benevolent purposes, had a rather amusing origin. Not long previously the Superintendent had come to me with the inquiry whether it would not be possible to have their building made free of taxes, as he understood that American churches and benevolent institutions were granted that privilege. I explained to him that a club or company of its character, designed, in the first place, for purposes of mutual convenience, had no more right to claim such immunity than a hotel, which often gives food and lodging to the distressed or to beggars, or than a multitude of associations which from their nature must, in some cases, relieve suffering. He determined, however, to attain his object by some means or other, and made application for the release of the building from taxation on the ground of its belonging to a benevolent institution. He put over the entrance to it a sign designating it an "Asylum;" and besides, to carry out his purpose, induced the Company to order an image of the god Kwánti from China, and set apart a large room for the worship of it. This he told American visitors was a "Chinese church!" His efforts, however, failed; for on my furnishing the assessors with an exact account of the purposes of the Company the tax was laid upon the house, much to his disgust. With the exception of this, the brief compendium given is fair and reliable. The "Four Districts," with the other two subsequently connected with them in the Company, are all in the province of Canton, and not remote from its capital city.

SZE-YAP COMPANY.

Our house is built throughout of brick. It is surrounded also by a brick wall. It is situated in Pine Street, San Francisco. We have also a frame house in Sacramento. The Company was originally composed of people from the four districts of San-ning, San-ui, Hoi-ping, and Yan-ping; hence our name, Sze-yap (which means "Four Districts"). Afterward men from the two districts of Hok-shan and Sze-ui also entered it. We did not, however, change our name on this account.

In China it is common to have councils, and in foreign countries *ui-kuns* (or company-halls). The object is to improve the life of their members, and to instruct them in principles of benevolence. They are somewhat like American churches. The buildings furnish beds, fuel, and water to guests who remain but for a short period; also a lodging-place and medicines for the infirm, aged, and sick. Means are bestowed upon the latter to enable them to return to China.

There are three agents employed by the Company; also a servant, who sweeps the house.

The number of our members that have arrived in this port, according to the record made at their landing, from the first until December 31, 1854, has been about 16,500. Of these there have returned perhaps 8700. In April of last year above 3400 separated, and formed the Ning-yeung Company. More than 300 have died. There are at present in California altogether about 9200. We do not know the number who have left this for other countries.

Except the buildings used by the Company we have no other property. This has been purchased by the members, who have subscribed of their free-will, some twenty, some fifteen, some ten dollars. A portion has been paid in; some will be paid when they are ready to return home. This is a perfectly voluntary matter; there has been no coercion used. Nor is any money required from the disabled, the sick, the aged, or those making a second voyage to this country.

The objects to which the subscriptions to the Company have been devoted are as follows: 1. The purchase of ground and erection of the buildings used by us.—2. The salaries of agents and servants.—3. For fuel, water, candles, and oil.—4. To assist the sick to return home.—5. For the bestowment of medicines.—6. For coffins and funeral expenses of the poor.—7. For the repairs of tombs.—8. Expenses of lawsuits.—9. Taxes upon our frame house at Sacramento.—10. Drayage and other outlays for passengers landing or departing by ship.

The unpaid subscriptions amount to $35,000; the names of others who have not yet stated the amount they intend to give will be good for perhaps $6700 more.

The agents of the Company are elected. At the election all the districts must have a voice. If from any one no members are present they must be heard from. The agents must be men of tried honesty, and are required to furnish security before they enter upon their office. Their election is for the term of six months; of the expiration of which they must give notice, and call a new election. But if they be found faithful to their duties they are eligible to re-election.

Our Company has never employed men to work in the mines for their own profit; nor have they ever purchased any slaves or used them here.

Thus ends the exact translation of the rules of those Chinese "Companies," institutions which have alarmed and distressed so many good people in California and throughout the United States; which have been made a ground of so much reproach against them, on the part of interested politicians and others inimical to them; but institutions which have no parallel for utility and philanthropy among the emigrants from any other nation or people to our wide shores.

These interesting papers have, however, a higher and peculiar value to us, inasmuch as they exhibit not alone a general evidence of the democracy and good sense of the Chinese, but also that of the transfer of the ancient institutions of the East to our own soil. The democracy of the utmost extremes of the world side by side! The rising of the sun joins the setting of the sun! The simple self-government of the ancient patriarchal ages finds the nearest resemblance to itself in the last and farthest, though now it discovers nearest, of them!

It is not denied that, in regard to the general government, the theory of it and its better aspects chiefly have been presented. If it be thought I have gone too far, I might sustain this

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view by quotations from the most intelligent men who have come into direct acquaintance with the Chinese. Sir George Staunton speaks with admiration of the Chinese system of law. He made a translation of the penal code of the present dynasty. Concerning this translation the *Edinburgh Review* says:

"The most remarkable thing in this code is its great reasonableness, clearness, and consistency; the business-like brevity and directness of the various provisions; and the plainness and moderation of the language in which it is expressed. It savors throughout of practical judgment and European good sense."

Thomas Taylor Meadows, a thorough student of the Chinese literature and politics, interpreter in the British service in China, declares that the Chinese

"enjoy an amount of freedom in the disposal of their persons and property which other European nations than the Russians may well envy them." He says that if civilization should be moral and mental before material, then "the Chinese civilization has from the earliest ages been the highest in *kind*, whatever it may have been in *degree*, or in the extent to which it has been practiced."

It is not denied that in the administration more especially of the general government in China there have existed, and do exist, great abuses and corruption. In so far as these facts relate to the general government alone the objection built upon them does not affect the estimate we place upon the popular forms. But it will be granted that these have had a share in the universal increase of evil which the most excellent Chinese testify, with great grief, has grown up within the past half century. And this may be accounted for by the following reasons: The imperial power is in the hands of foreigners, the Manchu Tartars, who are hated by the people, and who have yielded to bribery to obtain means to carry on the government. The popular mind has been every where unsettled, the better classes held in anxiety, and vice allowed to prevail, on account of the prevalent spirit of rebellion; many treasonable societies have sprung up; and the people have freely quoted the words of old prophecies and oracles to the effect that the time had come for the overthrow of the present general government. Tremendous corruption, beggary, crime, death, have followed the vast enlargement of foreign trade; most terrible, most inexcusable, most wide-spread of all, the source of them has been the cultivation by Europeans and Americans of the fatal passion for opium.

The question of the qualifications to be required of the Chinese in connection with their admission to citizenship is one of the most serious that has come before the people of the United States. The continent will be occupied by millions of them. They are by nature one of the shrewdest races of the world. Scarcely any other race can compare with them in capacity for organization and in adroitness in political management. This may easily be supported by an observation of their astonishing control over all the nations contiguous to them, with comparatively little resort to force; or by their dexterity in undoing by strategy what the European powers forced them to concede at the mouth of the cannon. It may be sustained by the judgment of men like Mr. Meadows, who says the Chinese possess that "power of combination for common purposes which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxons among Western nations." Such a people, holding the balance of power by a compact minority, may sway the politics of a State, may decide a Presidential election, or the supremacy of a political party, in some crisis of the nation.

There are three chief elements of danger—their paganism, their ignorance of our language and laws, and their temporary residence.

An intelligent acquaintance with our institutions and principles should be made imperative where application is made for the privilege of naturalization; and the converse duty is obligatory upon us of affording all possible aid in the way of schools and other educational advantages. And the warning can not be given in language too strong, that if these claims of reason, humanity, and patriotism be despised, the hereditary jealousies of their native districts and clans, the unavoidable control of the masses of them by those most acquainted with our laws and customs, the tricks of our politicians, their untaught passions and their uncorrected fears, will inflict upon us severe and not unmerited retribution.

Few of the American people, and far fewer of the Chinese, went to the Pacific coast with a purpose to remain there. They, like ourselves, have migrated voluntarily, in the hope of speedy fortune. Their residence is essentially transient. If left to themselves, few will seek naturalization. And since our laws relating to it contemplate strictness as to the abjuration of foreign allegiance, evidence of fixed purpose to make this New World their home, and the security of the asseveration of one or two citizens to that effect, peculiar care is justifiable that, with reference to them, the evidence of sincerity be sufficient.

The defects of Chinese civilization are, first, its want of sound general political principles; and second, of the influence of enlightened Christianity. These it is the office of American democracy to supply. Shall we not perform it? There is a strange feat of medical skill in which, in cases of extensive hemorrhage, or old age, or special debility, a portion of the blood of a young person has been drawn and transfused in the veins of the patient, pouring into them a new vigor. The youth and health of Christian America could be poured out in no nobler cause than in the rejuvenation of a nation so interesting and so great; a nation which is the mother of a family of nations, whose domains fill half the continent; to whom she has given their religion, their arts, their forms of government, who will always imitate her spirit and be fashioned by her life.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

MY Uncle Toby was a humane man. He would spare even flies. Insects appealed to his forbearance in the degree of their helplessness. Go, little nuisance, quoth my uncle, there is room enough in the world for thee and me. A certain excellent Episcopus is as kind as my Uncle Toby, but it must be pardoned to professional habit and necessity that the insect can not be suffered to escape without a brief exhortation. The cloth obliges. Who has not felt it who observes, for instance, the slightly erratic modern ecclesiastical costume? The straight-collared coat, the high-buttoned waistcoat, the sad avoidance of cheerful color—the priest's costume that is not a priest's costume, just as the good clergyman is not exactly a priest; why does he wear it? Wine is good and so is water, but what is wine and water? A church claiming superiority to the temporal power, and denouncing eternal death to all who do not accept its creed and acknowledge its authority—a church handing over heretics to the civil hand for discipline, the fearful story of the Inquisition—this is imposing, and ghastly, and revolting. This appeals to the master emotions. The cloth obliged then in a tremendous manner. But when we contemplate Tyng at New Brunswick and Hubbard at Olneyville, it is evident that it obliges differently now.

But clerical costume is of the manner and mind as well as of the body. If you happen to be in the city of Rome at a certain ecclesiastical feast in midsummer, you may see the Pope borne about the Piazza of St. Peter's, kneeling and bestowing the benediction. Now, an old gentleman carried about on a very warm day in such a posture must be excessively uncomfortable, and the common story is that he is not kneeling at all, but is quietly sitting in a frame which gives him the appearance of kneeling. It is, doubtless, an untrue story as to the facts, but not as to the feeling with which the spectacle is regarded. That supposed frame has about the same relation to the reverential attitude that the single-breasted garments, of which we just spoke, have to the sacerdotal robe. And yet how many a youthful Clericus have we not seen who wore his little uniform with the air of Loyola! And in like manner how the mild Episcopus has inherited the tone of Torquemada, even in dismissing with a sermon the moth that flies into his candle.

But how about the moth? *Peccavimus!* Let him fly humbly in a little sheet and bear meekly a penitential candle. Hie away, small nuisance, from taper to taper. Let us behold the momentary sparkle of thy wings, and vanish! The Easy Chair cries *peccavimus*, because it is the moth, the midge, the insect; and Uncle Toby Torquemada kindly permits it to flutter, provided it will not try to fly. Torquemada will do the flying. The Easy Chair may prattle, Torquemada will talk. Let it leave thinking, my Uncle Toby will attend to that. For instance, why should an Easy Chair which chats every month about the little events of life, the minor morals and manners, as we say, of poetry, pictures, and the like—why should an Easy Chair of this kind venture to speak of things "Catholic" or "Protestant?" They are subjects too weighty for its little arms. This is the kind advice it receives from Episcopus, who will have no poachers upon a certain domain. The Protestant principle, says Episcopus, is matter to be disputed among experts whose studies have fitted them for the debate. It is not to be lightly turned off from the lips of a minor critic.

The occasion of this forbearance of Uncle Toby is some remarks of the Easy Chair in our August issue in reply to a courteous correspondent who made observations upon the term Catholic as applied to a church. The Easy Chair said that any church or body of believers which is in as perfect communion with itself every where as the Roman Church is as catholic in the essential sense as that church. There *is*, indeed, no catholic, or universal, church; but the mere larger number of adherents to the Roman communion certainly does not make that church universal, nor does it require much study to perceive so simple a truth. But behold the peril of the pulpit or of the habit of pommeling an opponent without contradiction! Even Episcopus, with no ill-intention, in undertaking to repeat the Easy Chair's remark, says that "it puts forward the droll notion that a number of persons—ten, a hundred, any number—may rightfully call themselves a catholic church because they *agree with each other* in belief and forms!" Now, what the Easy Chair did and does say is that "the Roman Church is no more catholic in any essential sense than the Methodist or the Baptist." This is entirely different from the representation of Episcopus. It is tolerably evident that if no church is catholic which is not universal, a larger number has no more claim to that designation than a smaller. The half is no more the whole than the quarter. John Wesley was as much a Christian as Bossuet; but by no proper use of words can Bossuet's church be held to have included John Wesley. Yet Bossuet was no more truly a catholic than John Wesley, while if in a loose and unmeaning manner all that is called Christendom is to be reckoned as the Church Catholic, Bossuet, John Wesley, and Voltaire are equally catholics.

But Episcopus denies that the essence of Protestantism is the assertion of the right of private judgment, and feels called upon "unceremoniously" to "upset" the Chair for saying so. Episcopus asserts that the question about the right of private judgment is not at all a question about the human soul acknowledging the binding authority of other human souls. Every body of Christians, says Episcopus, asserts that there is no rightfully binding authority in religion save *Divine* authority. "In short, Holy Scripture interpreted by the universal consent of the church is the rule of faith." Oh, my Uncle Toby! What church? Was the Bible interpreted by Bossuet and his fellow-believers a rule of faith for John Wesley? Is Holy Scripture as interpreted by Convocation, or by a Convention, or by a House of Bishops, or by a Defender of the Faith, or by any ecclesiastical authority which the Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledges, a rule of faith for Cardinal Antonelli?

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Or, supposing that there were a church, in the sense of a body of all believers, and that by any possibility there could be a universal consent of such a church, what is that but to state a sheer begging of the question, or else to fall upon the very point of the Easy Chair? If there be a universal consent of all believers, there is, of course, no further question. If, however, certain ecclesiastical authorities, such as a council, or a synod, or an assembly, or a body of whatever name you choose, assert certain dogmas to be a rule of faith, what is this but Bossuet and Company, or John Wesley and Company, or Doctor Channing and Company claiming the Divine sanction and declaring their view or authority to be binding? That Bossuet tells Wesley his opinion has Divine authority does not persuade Wesley. Wesley believes what he approves, and nothing else. He may profess what he will. Words, as every well-meaning Uncle Toby understands, do not change things. Here is Juvenis, who wishes to know what religious view "Divine authority" sanctions. That of the Church Catholic, cries Bossuet. That of the Church Apostolic, cries Saint Henry VIII. That of Geneva, cries John Calvin. Mine, cries Roger Williams. Mine, cries John Wesley. The Easy Chair imagines that under the circumstances Juvenis will privately judge for himself.

But Episcopus says that this is not historically the Protestant principle, because only a few Protestant denominations hold it. Very well, then they hold the essential Protestant principle. Does the popular principle of government not involve equal suffrage because the Venetian Republic was an oligarchy? Is it a reply to one who asserts that the popular principle of government implies universal suffrage, to say that Washington did not think so, that most political parties do not think so, and that its assertion is confined to a few? In nothing are all of us more inconsistent than in politics, except in religion. Episcopus says that Luther protested against Rome because in his judgment it had corrupted the Catholic faith; but that he was willing to submit to the judgment of a truly free General Council. That is to say, Luther thought the Church unfaithful; but if certain other people did not think so, he would be governed by their opinion. Very well, that is not Protestantism. Luther was no more a Protestant in saying that than he was a Protestant when he was intolerant of the Swiss reformers for their views of the Sacrament.

Like all the rest of us, Martin Luther was an extremely inconsistent man. Had he done nothing more than ask the judgment of a General Council, he would not have made trouble in the Roman communion. That appeal was not the Protestant proclamation. But his declaration that he would not yield unless convinced by the clearest arguments, "because *it is neither safe nor expedient to act against conscience*"—this was the essentially Protestant assertion that disposed of the "universal consent of the church as the rule of faith," and this is the corner-stone of Protestantism. Whatever man or body of men cherish that principle are strictly Protestants. They vitalize the great multitude called "the Protestant Church," composed of many sects; and when the Easy Chair says that the Protestant Church holds the absolute right of private judgment, he uses the words exactly as when he says that by the Republican party he means that body of political thinkers who hold to equality of rights. Very possibly "millions" of Republican voters do not agree, and that the number of those who do is comparatively small; but it is, nevertheless, the essential Republican principle.

These are not matters which require an especial training before an opinion is justifiable. The essential substance of the Lutheran protest is among the great familiar facts of history. The refinements and subtleties of interpretation in regard to it, the splitting between the west and northwest sides, belong to ecclesiastical training, and may very safely be left there. The extremely uncertain foundation upon which he builds who will neither choose one side nor the other, who will neither rest in Rome nor in his own conscience, is shown with great power, if with irrepressible contempt, in the comedy of Convocation. When the Vatican speaks it declares its thunder to be the very voice from heaven. When Lambeth does the same it will no longer be the sport of logicians.

At least it seems so still to the moth which will vex the candle of the good Episcopus no more.

EVER since Louis Napoleon has been Emperor of France he has known what was his chief enemy — an enemy relentless, untiring, invincible. From time to time the "man of the 2d of December" exclaims that his empire is peace. He never says that it is liberty. From the first he must have felt that his struggle was with the law of civilization—that he was trying to build a palace of ice in the dog-days. No man can hope to found a dynasty in France, nor in any other country, who does not conform to the conditions of his time. He must be willing to risk the hostility of the press, relying upon his ability to govern so well that a large part of the press will always be upon his side. But when it is necessary to his success that the hostile newspaper be forcibly repressed, he has defeated himself. Louis Napoleon's fatal foe is not Russia or England, it is a sheet of printed paper. His laws against the press are laws against himself. Every prosecution of a newspaper is a blow at his heir. He is really trying to govern upon the system of Charles X., of George III. in England, of the old policy in this country. The government that lays a violent hand upon the newspaper commits suicide. But let it rather employ the most brilliant talent, at the most lavish rate, upon newspapers of its own; let it encounter argument with argument, quip with quip, sneer with sneer, laugh with laugh — and all will go well. The moment it begins to muzzle its opponent the dullness of the most stupid adversary becomes a storm of eloquence that will blow over the government.

This is a commonplace of political experience, and has had its most striking illustration in England, where Louis Napoleon lived so long, and where he ought to have learned the lesson. But he has undertaken the same warfare upon Rochefort's *Lantern* that George III. waged upon Wilkes's *North Briton*. The famous Number Forty-five of Wilkes's paper was not very bitter, and not at all brilliant. But then it was published more than a hundred years ago. The

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Number Fourteen of the *Lantern* is one of the most pointed and severe popular appeals ever made against the rule of the foolish Louis Napoleon.

The English historical writers, including Mr. Massey, the latest, even when they are liberals, do not like John Wilkes, and the general impression of him is of a demagogue. But the same writers admit that the most sacred rights of the citizen were outraged in his person, and that the dangerous tendencies of the Georgian policy were fully revealed in the action of Parliament. Even Chatham, an aristocrat of aristocrats, could not shut his eyes to the peril of the royal coronet, and "Wilkes and liberty" became the rallying cry of the party which saved England from incalculable trouble and suffering. Still later, when Chatham's son became the archenemy of the traditional guarantees of freedom, and prosecuted men upon the most absurd charges of public expression of opinion, Erskine, by his successful defense, again vindicated free speech, and again saved the country from the madness of the Ministry. The result of this struggle in England is that there is a greater intellectual independence and a freer press in that country than in any other—not excepting the United States. Our laws, indeed, are as unrestrictive, but the habit of deference to the majority hurts our independence.

This is a chapter of history indispensably important to any gentleman of the day who proposes to set up an imperial throne, but which seems to be curiously forgotten by Louis Napoleon. During his whole experiment he has been very jealous of the newspaper, and has laid his hand very heavily upon it. Indeed political discussion has virtually ceased, except in the mouths of a very few representatives like Thiers and Jules Favre, and in the columns of a very few newspapers which have taken the risk, and have usually succumbed. But every Goliath has his David, if only time enough be given. Louis Napoleon's is the *Lantern*.

It is a paper which has now become famous; and it is to-day the most noted in the world. The story of its marvelous success and of the enormous salary paid to M. Rochefort, the editor, has been often told. At length it has dared Emperor Louis to the combat, and the foolish Emperor has assented. The *Lantern* has been suppressed in Paris, and Rochefort condemned to sixteen months' imprisonment. The foolish Emperor might as well condemn Mercury to remain under his finger. The *Lantern*, forcibly darkened in Paris, suddenly blazes out all over France, all over Europe, from Brussels. The attention of the world has been called to it by the foolish Louis, and the terrible light from Brussels exposes him to universal attention and remark.

But see, for a moment, the difference between the *North Briton*, which was pursued with such wrath by George III. a century ago, and the *Lantern* over which Louis Napoleon hopelessly tries to throw a wet blanket. This is what Wilkes said:

"The minister's speech of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a Prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honor, and unsullied virtue."

This is the most delicate piping of sedition, the tamest treble of treason. But for this the British Court resolved that Wilkes should be ruined.

Listen now to Rochefort in our happy times! See how he drinks "delight of battle," and springs fresh and sparkling into the lists! He addresses himself to the Commander Pinard, one of Louis Napoleon's police agents:

"You must confess, Commander Pinard, that I should be too simple if, while I can continue to show you up in your true colors to France and Europe, I should give up the same when all the trumps are in my hands. Before accepting martyrdom I will prolong the combat. The wrestler who feels able to go on renders a greater service to his cause than the victim whose sole heroism consists in resignation. To suppose that any good can be done with the men of December 2 by stretching out your wrists for their handcuffs and saying, 'Here I am; do with me what you will,' would be stupid indeed. Such a course would be only justifiable when one feels impotent to be of any more use. That is not my case. I shall redouble my blows in order to precipitate the *dénouement*. Ah! you sentence me to sixteen months' imprisonment. Here is my answer: I condemn you to two years of the *Lantern!*"

Here is Puck in open rebellion. Imagine the Emperor reading Number Fourteen in the Tuileries, with a vague suspicion that he has committed a perilous as well as absurd blunder. And after reflecting that, while he can not enforce his decree of imprisonment against Rochefort, he can not escape his own condemnation to the *Lantern*, imagine his mustache curling upward with helpless wrath as he resumes the reading:

"The only way to extinguish the *Lantern* would be to expel your glorious Emperor from the Tuileries. Whenever that devoutly-to-be-wished consummation happens I will put out the *Lantern* with my own hands. Belonging as I do to a political and literary school diametrically opposed to that of Boileau, I am quite willing to leave off writing, but Napoleon must first cease to reign. [This is an allusion to Boileau's celebrated courtier-like line—'*Grand roi, cesse de vaincre ou je cesse d'écrire.*']"

So open, deliberate, determined a defiance Louis Napoleon has not received since he set up his throne. And as he slowly twirls his mustache he reflects that it is he alone who has made those words important and dangerous. As he looks at the passive little sheet in his hand he knows that at that very moment every where in Paris and in Europe, despite all his energy and his army, these words are read, and judgment is passed upon him, not as a despot, but as a nincompoop. Any fool can blow out a candle; but only a wise man knows that to pour water upon burning petroleum is to kindle an enormous conflagration. Let the Emperor read on and see whether he has blown out a candle or watered burning petroleum:

"Now I announce this—that every Saturday the *Lantern*, illegally strangled in France, will appear in some foreign country. It will filter through the French frontiers, and be circulated in Paris to an extent that will astonish you. Your police pretend to be formidable, but my contraband police will be found to match them. You may send to every railway station as formidable armies of police agents as you please; while they search innocent travelers and find nothing, the *Lantern*, which so alarms you, will be distributed by mysterious hands in work-shops, in drawing-rooms, and in barracks—in barracks espe-

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cially, for there our soldiers are beginning to read my writings; and I will continue to teach them that love of country is even better than love of discipline, and that they must beware of the adulterated drinks which it is customary to serve out to them on the eve of a *coup-d'état*."

Will the elect of seven millions remember at this point that at the beginning of the French Revolution Charles Fox said that the French army had proved that in becoming a soldier a man did not cease to be a citizen? Will he also reflect that the French people begin to see very clearly that it was not the election, but the *coup-d'état* that made him Emperor? Will he send for Moustier to write a dispatch to demand of Belgium that it extinguish the *Lantern* and expel Rochefort? And while his hand is upon the bell, will he pause as his eye falls upon the following words?

"I am perfectly aware that the 'strong' French Government will lose no time in demanding my expulsion from Belgium. But I have already taken every precaution not to embarrass this generous country, which puts ours to shame by its respect for law, its communal franchises, and the energy of its liberalism. I am ready for the French Government on that ground. My domicile will be here, and there, and every where. I resign myself to play the part of a wandering journalist and a literary preacher. One day I shall date the *Lantern* from Geneva, another from London, Baden, Heidelberg, Ostend, or Cologne; and when you come to demand my expulsion you must apply to some fifteen governments, of whom fourteen, at least, will laugh in your face."

Sixty-six years ago, reflects the Emperor of France, the First Consul compelled the British Ministry to sue an emigrant Frenchman in London for a libel upon the Consul. But the reflecting Emperor doubts whether that can be done again. He perceives, as the paper flutters from his hand, that he has made himself the target of this invisible and terrible warrior. He feels that he has, as it were, raised Europe against him in the form of this remorseless *Lantern*, which will glare upon him from every side. Perhaps, he says, Villafranca was a blunder, because I alienated Italy. Certainly Bismarck outwitted me in the Prussian and Austrian war. Certainly Mexico was a fearful mistake. And now that I have laid my hand upon this *Lantern* I shall be fortunate if I escape with burned fingers only, and not with an empire in flames. Will not Louis Napoleon agree with us that the best advice to be given to gentlemen proposing to establish empires is—don't try to muzzle the press?

WHY is it that public questions which in this country are rather contemptuously ridiculed are the subject of the gravest consideration by many of the wisest of Englishmen, and are apparently much nearer their practical solution in England than in the United States? A very intelligent woman in this country sends a letter to a political convention proposing a logical application of the Democratic principle to the suffrage, and her suggestion is saluted with a storm of satirical laughter such as that with which a Brobdignag Senate might have received the overture of an equal alliance from a Lilliputian embassador. Meanwhile in the British Parliament the most profound and influential of English political thinkers brings forward substantially the same proposition, and, after a respectful hearing, it receives the support of some of the best men in the House, as it had already that of hundreds of the most eminent English men and women beyond its walls.

Or again, in the State of New Jersey a respectful petition is presented to the Legislature by certain women, who have, at least, thought maturely upon the subject of their request; and the Judiciary Committee of the representatives of that excellent State are good enough to report what they consider to be the duty and sphere of women in human society, and conclude their remarks with this manly observation: "If it be proper for them [the Committee] to make any suggestions for the benefit of the petitioners and those who sympathize with them, they would say, with all respect, with the stern old King of the ambitious Princess:

> ——'A lusty brace
> Of twins may cure her of her folly. By
> The bearing and the training of a child
> Is woman's wisdom.'"

Lord North's Parliament was never more contemptuous of colonial upstarts, and such a Committee might well be sent to Coventry to fraternize with Leofric, Godiva's lord.

But while this is the wisdom of New Jersey, Mr. Sidney Smith, of the London Registration Society, announces that overseers of election must not undertake to interpret Acts of Parliament, but must register the names of all persons as voters, women or not, who are qualified under the new electoral law; and many overseers in country parishes are following his direction; while Mr. Pankhurst writes a brief and cogent article in the true dry British manner, utterly bare of rhetoric and sentiment, in the most vigorous of British Reviews, the *Fortnightly*. The reason of this remarkable difference in the English and American treatment of the same subject must be the difference of wisdom between the American Convention and the British Parliament, and the superior enlightenment of the New Jersey Judiciary Committee compared to that of the English thinkers. The British barbarians have not yet learned, in the delightful words of the New Jersey Committee, that woman "already enjoys, with rare exceptions, if any, all the rights essential to her happiness or consistent with the marriage relation."

It will clearly become necessary, if this unfeminine agitation continues, to teach contentment to women, who have every thing they ought to ask for, by depriving them of some rights they already have. It is a well-known principle among practical turnkeys that if a prisoner is so ungrateful as not to appreciate the luxury of bread and water *and* daylight, nothing proves to him what reason he has to be contented so surely as to take away the daylight for a season. What can be more evident than that men only ought to make the laws? In the first place, they are—men, which is of itself a conclusive argument. In the second place, they are unselfish; and all experience shows, in the recent English divorce laws no less than in the practice of Turkey and Siam, that the laws and customs which they establish are as generously considerate of women as of themselves. The wisdom of China indeed suggests that of New Jersey. A missionary in that country, whom the Easy Chair knows, saw some children playing in the street of the town, and said to them in their language, "Come to me, and I will teach you to read."

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"Corpo di Confucio!" (or the Chinese equivalent) replied the amazed children. "We can't learn to read, we are girls." They had been "cured of the folly" of supposing that they did not enjoy, with rare exceptions, if any, all the rights essential to their happiness or consistent with the marriage relation. There may be a difference between China and the New Jersey Judiciary Committee upon the question what the rights essential to female happiness are, but there is no doubt that the other sex is to determine.

But, as the foolish wise men in England, equally regardless of China and New Jersey, will persist in thinking and talking upon a subject which the New Jersey Judiciary Committee have finally disposed of, and as an Easy Chair's function is to shoot, or at least to aim at, folly as it flies, let us expose the latest whim of English wisdom upon this topic by merely stating it. The whole article of Mr. Pankhurst does not occupy five pages. He cites English precedent, and it appears that in the Great Charter the word man, *homo*, comprehends women as well as men. Lord Coke expressly affirms it. Laws of Henry VII. and of Edward III. are so interpreted by the courts, and by Lord Romilly's Act it is provided by statute that the word man shall be held to include woman unless the contrary is expressly declared. Now in the new electoral law of 1867 there is no such express declaration, and the word "man" is used instead of "male person," as in the Reform Bill of 1832. Therefore the statutory value must be given to the word man.

To this it is objected that the intention of an Act must govern its construction, and that the history of the passage of this Act shows that women were not meant to be included. But the facts do not sustain this inference. When the bill was discussed the Government was asked if it meant to include women. Mr. Disraeli replied that he believed there was a provision excluding Lord Romilly's Act. But there was not. Mr. Mill then raised the question directly by moving to say "person" instead of "man." The motion was lost. So was Mr. Powell's, to say "male person." That is to say, Parliament, with a full knowledge of its legal value, deliberately retained the word "man," and refused to interpret it, leaving that point, if raised, to be determined by the ordinary tribunals. Women are, therefore, within the intention of the Act, because they are within the meaning of the language by which that intention is expressed.

Are they incompetent by the law of England? Certainly not by any statute, decision, or resolution. Indeed, in known cases, women have formerly voted for members of Parliament, and mere disuse can not destroy the right. The alleged incompetency rests upon a dictum and a presumption. Lord Coke's dictum is the *sole authority* for the assertion that women are disabled from voting by the law of England. The *sole reason* is the presumed electoral incapacity. But that can be maintained only upon one ground —that which disqualifies the insane and infants— mental imbecility. Therefore, to hold that English women are incompetent to vote is to declare their perpetual lunacy. Finally, every voter enjoys that right, not in virtue of sex, but in his quality of intelligent human being. To be human and sane are the essential conditions; and whoever is human and sane, and has the statutory qualifications, is entitled to the franchise. Mr. Pankhurst's concluding sentence is so admirable and true that, recklessly braving all the wisdom of the New Jersey Judiciary Committee, the Easy Chair will quote it. "As the fundamental unit of society is the individual, so its freedom springs from the legal independence of the individual; while its power is the result of the development of the individual. But the condition of the independence and development is equality of right. Therefore every extension of the principle of equality of right is an increase of the strength of civilization. The extension now claimed is one which, in its effect, will be a great gain to the life of the nation. And it is, at the same time, sanctioned by justice, the Constitution, and the law of the land."

And Mr. Pankhurst has the temerity to say this in the very face of the New Jersey Judiciary Committee, which had expressly declared that, according to Scripture, woman "is properly subject to her husband; *that her duty is to learn in silence* (not to teach or usurp authority over man), to love her husband and children; that her true ornaments are a meek and quiet spirit, diligence, modesty, sobriety, and virtue; and that her true sphere is home." For what saith Mrs. Barbauld, pressing a nosegay to her poetic bosom?

"Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these,
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please."

That was plainly Elizabeth Tudor's opinion also!

The matter has finally been decided in England in harmony with the New Jersey view. But it is very evident that the question has become serious. The little children are not merely willing but anxious to learn, although they are only girls. That is to say, many of them; but among such is not to be reckoned the wife of a friend of Mr. Julian Goldsmid, M.P. That friend's wife said to that friend, also an M.P., that he was "a great fool for favoring female suffrage; because," said that friend's wife, "women have quite sufficient influence as it is, and do not want votes." If Mr. Julian Goldsmid's friend's wife speaks from actual experience of influence, the vote of Mr. Julian Goldsmid's friend must be strongly suspected to represent the opinion of his wife. But if her mental imbecility affects British legislation indirectly, why not directly? There was a time in England when government by "influence" was considered perilous to liberty. Is not Mr. Julian Goldsmid Englishman and man enough to know that government without responsibility is intolerable?

The letter of Miss Anthony was greeted with such uproarious merriment in the Convention that there must be some exquisite comedy in the mere suggestion she made. And if that suggestion be more laughable than the grave arguments with which it is encountered it must be unimaginably ridiculous, and all who were not present have lost the finest farce of the time.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of September. The approaching Presidential election absorbs public interest. In only two States have votes been taken. In *Vermont* the Republican majority was about 28,000. In *Maine* it was about 20,000. In both of these States Governor, State officers, members of the Legislature, and Congressional Representatives were chosen. The general result must be looked upon as wholly in favor of the Republican party. But the State elections which will occur about the middle of October in *Pennsylvania* and *Indiana* will afford the best indication of the result of the Presidential canvass.

Many eminent speakers on both sides have set forth their views upon the questions of the day. Quite contrary to what seemed the course of the canvass a month ago, the question whether the bonds of the Government shall be paid in gold or paper has been quietly ignored. Both parties appear to acquiesce in the view that the obligation of the Government is to pay in coin. The real issue as now fairly presented is as to the position of that portion of the country which was lately in insurrection, and known as the Southern Confederacy. Many of the leaders in the Confederate movement contend that they only undertook to uphold the Constitution; and that, therefore, the Confederacy was really the Union. Not a few of the leading Democratic speakers and writers advocate this view. The great Democratic party may be considered to maintain that the present State governments of the Southern States are wholly illegal, and should be set aside.

In the Southern States the main question is as to the political status of the present freedmen, formerly slaves. That they are voters under the Constitution, as now formally existing, is assumed on both sides. It had been taken for granted that their votes would be cast for the candidates of the Republican party. But a strenuous effort is made to bring their votes upon the Democratic side. The freedmen are told that their former masters are really their best friends; and that they can best serve their own interests by voting for them. The white people, it is said, own all the property of the country; while the blacks have only their labor. Hence the blacks are absolutely dependent upon the whites. If the white owners of property refuse to employ black laborers they must starve. It is therefore proposed, in many districts, that no employment be given to any blacks who cast their votes for Republican candidates. Meanwhile there is an urgent effort made throughout the entire South to gain the vote of the blacks for the Democratic party. It having been clearly ascertained that almost the entire white vote of the South will be cast for the Democratic candidates, it is hoped by this party that sufficient of the colored vote may be secured to give it the preponderance.

By the existing laws the blacks are entitled to vote; but it is held in some quarters that the right of voting does not involve the right to hold office. This question has come up in Georgia. Among the delegates elected to the Legislature were, in both Houses, about thirty men of color. Their right to seats was denied, and it was decided that they were ineligible, a large number of the white Republican delegates not voting at all upon the question; and it was also voted that the delegates having the next highest votes were entitled to seats. The result is that the Democrats in that State have a decided majority in the Legislature. A subsequent Act of the Legislature excludes people of color from acting as jurors.

Reports of outrages throughout the entire South are made. These reports are so numerous as to warrant the conclusion that the whole region embraced within the bounds of the late Confederacy, including also the State of Kentucky, is in a condition approaching to anarchy. It seems clear that for the present public peace can be maintained only by the action of the military force of the nation. Thus on the 19th of September a political meeting of the Republican party was announced to be held at the little town of Camilla, in Georgia. Some scores of freedmen approached the town, a portion of them being armed. They were met by the Sheriff of the county, who required them to lay their arms aside. This order was not obeyed, and the procession proceeded to march through the street. A drunken fellow named James Johns came up and ordered the music to stop. This demand was not obeyed, and Johns fired his gun; the shot was responded to from the marching column; whereupon a score or so of the residents of the place, already armed, fired into the procession, killing some and wounding more. Then, as the Sheriff states upon oath, "Our citizens, to the number of about thirty, a part of them being mounted, immediately made a charge, and completely routed the whole force. Seven negroes were killed, and, from the best information we have been able to procure, between thirty and forty were wounded." The Sheriff and "other prominent citizens," who unite with him in this statement, "disavow any purpose or intention on the part of ourselves or our citizens to violate law or the peace of the State in what was done. We were willing for them to hold their political meeting at the courthouse in our town if the negroes were disarmed; but we did think, and still think, that it was our duty to obey the orders of the Sheriff, as a civil officer of the State, in breaking up this unlawful assemblage." These prominent citizens, while they do not "boast of what was done by our people," declare that they have "but discharged a painful duty imposed upon them by wicked and corrupt men now engaged in leading astray into acts of lawlessness the colored people of our country." These prominent citizens close by appealing "to the law-making powers of Georgia, and the lawful authorities of the United States, to check the progress of these strolling criminals that are prowling about the homes and disturbing the peace and quiet of our war-stricken people." The Governor of the State sent a message to the Legislature presenting quite a different aspect. According to him the rencontre at Camilla arose from "a determination, publicly express-

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ed by irresponsible persons of one political party, that those of the other political party should not hold meetings" in their town. This message was referred to a committee, the majority of which reported that the charges of the Governor were not sustained, and that there was no necessity to call in military interference in aid of the civil officers. The whole matter will be thoroughly investigated.

In New Orleans a similar riot occurred on the 22d of September. A Republican procession, composed mainly of negroes, numbering some 2000, was marching through the streets. A white man named Costa rushed in upon the procession, shouting for the Democratic candidates. He then fled, and was supposed to have taken refuge in a noted restaurant. Some of the negroes attempted to pursue, and were fired upon from the balcony. At the same time several Democratic meetings were being held. The members rushed to the scene of conflict, and a wild conflict ensued, in which three or four were killed, and fifteen or twenty wounded. There was every prospect of a bloody affray; but General Rousseau, who had just been appointed to the command of the Department, came upon the ground with a troop of cavalry, and quelled further disturbance. A Bill was passed by the Legislature of Louisiana, imposing severe penalties upon all railroads, hotel-keepers, and the like, who should make any distinction on account of race or color in respect to rights and privileges. This was vetoed by Governor Warmoth upon the ground that the bill made a criminal act of what was really only a breach of civil contract. Every man, says the Governor, whether black or white, citizen or alien, has the right to travel upon public conveyances, and to be entertained at public houses; and if these rights are denied he has his remedy by ordinary civil suit.

In *Tennessee* and *Alabama* there have been indications of a conflict between the parties. Delegations appointed by the Legislatures of these States have conferred with the President and the Secretary of War. Directions were given to Generals Meade and Thomas, commanding in these Departments, to the effect that they should at their discretion use the military force of the Government to insure the preservation of the peace. But General George Thomas has been summoned to preside over a court-martial at Washington, to investigate charges against General Dyer, Chief of Ordnance, thus virtually removing him from the command in Tennessee. General Gordon Granger, whose sympathies are understood to be with the Democratic party, is placed in command in Tennessee.

Congress reassembled on the 21st of September, a bare quorum of both Houses being present. No important business was transacted, and both Houses agreed to adjourn until the 16th of October, and then until the 10th of November, and then until the first Monday of December, unless otherwise ordered. The whole point of these resolutions is that, should it become necessary, Congress will meet at the dates designated, upon the call of the presiding officers of each House. Otherwise there will be no meeting until the regular period in December. The action of Congress in this matter will clearly depend upon the course of the President in the interval.

John H. Surratt has again been arraigned for trial. The prosecution declined to proceed upon the charge of murder of Mr. Lincoln, and proposed to try him upon the charges of conspiracy and treason. But his counsel showed that the law in such cases required that the indictment should be found within two years from the time of the alleged offense, unless the respondent was a "fugitive from justice." More than this time had intervened, and there was no averment in the indictment that he was a fugitive. The Court thereupon discharged him. It seems probable, however, that a new indictment will be framed remedying this defect.

Late in August, General Rosecrans, recently appointed Minister from the United States to Mexico, met at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia several of the men who had taken a leading part in the late insurrection. The results of this meeting are embodied in a published correspondence. General Rosecrans writes to General Robert E. Lee that he desires to ascertain "the wishes and intentions of the people of the Southern States, and especially to learn the sentiments of that body of brave, energetic, and self-sacrificing men who, after sustaining the Confederacy for four years, laid down their arms and swore allegiance to the Government of the United States," of which body General Lee was "the trusted and beloved leader." He propounded several questions, adding, "I know you are a representative man in reverence and regard for the Union, the Constitution, and the welfare of the country, and that what you say would be indorsed by nine-tenths of the whole people of the South; but I should like to have the signatures of all the representative Southern men here who concur in your views, and expressions of their concurrence from the principal officers and representative men throughout the South, when they can be procured."—To this General Lee responded in a letter signed by himself and about thirty prominent Southerners, among whom were Beauregard, Alexander H. Stephens, Echols, Pickens, J. R. Anderson, and Letcher. The substance of the reply was: We believe the questions of slavery and the right of secession to have been settled by the war, and we mean in good faith to abide by that decision. The Southern people laid down their arms, and sought to resume their former relations with the United States Government. They complied with all the prescribed conditions, and "if our action in these particulars had been met in a spirit of frankness and cordiality, we believe that ere this the old irritations would have passed away, and the wounds inflicted by the war would have been in a great measure healed." But the respondents complain that while the people of the South "entertain no unfriendly feeling toward the Government of the United States," they are withheld from the exercise of their constitutional rights. They scout at the idea that the Southern people would, were it in their power, oppress the negroes. Each race is necessary, they say, to the other; and so self-interest alone "would prompt the whites of the South to extend to the negroes care and protection;" and so, were it not "for influences exerted to stir up the passions of the negroes, the relations of the two races would soon adjust themselves on a basis of mutual kindness and advantage." The signers of this paper declare, however, that "at present the negroes have neither

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the intelligence nor other qualifications which are necessary to make them safe depositaries of political power." "The great want of the South," they say, "is peace. The people earnestly desire tranquillity and the restoration of the Union." They wish a "restoration of their rights under the Constitution," and, "above all, the right of self-government." These established, they say, in conclusion, "We can safely promise on the behalf of the Southern people, that they will faithfully obey the Constitution and laws of the United States, treat the negro with kindness and humanity, and fulfill every duty incumbent on peaceful citizens loyal to the Constitution of their country."

The Indian war has again broken out upon the plains of the Northwest. Full details of the incidents are still wanting; and we defer a full record of them to a future Number.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have accounts of fresh revolutions and prospects of revolution; but they are as yet too vague to warrant their insertion in this Record.——From the *Plata* we learn that the strong position at Humaita which the Paraguayans have so long held against Brazil and its allies has been abandoned. The first impression was that the war was ended, since Paraguay was supposed to be open to the advance of the Allied forces. But later accounts indicate that the capture of Humaita was a barren triumph. We must wait for further developments before placing upon record the close of this war.

But the interest in mere political matters is wholly lost in that arising from the great earthquake, or rather series of earthquakes, which began on the 13th of August, and continued for many days. The shocks extended all along the coasts of Peru, Chili, and Ecuador, extending far into the interior. It is impossible even now to furnish any adequate account of the ruin wrought. Each successive report adds to the list. Arequipa, the second city in Peru, with a population of 50,000, is wholly overthrown. At Arica, the principal sea-port, were two American vessels, the *Fredonia*, store-ship, and the *Wateree*, steamer. The sea receded from the shore, and then returned in a great wave. The *Fredonia* was wrecked, and all on board lost. The *Wateree* was borne half a mile upon land, and left high and dry, incapable of being moved. In Ecuador the loss of life appears to have been greater than in Peru and Chili. We await further intelligence before giving a full record of this great cataclysm.

EUROPE.

There is a continued apprehension of a war between France and Prussia. Upon what grounds this is to be waged it is hard to say, except that the Emperor of the French is jealous of the recent preponderance gained by Prussia, and is resolved to secure corresponding advantages for himself by extending the French frontiers to the Rhine. In the mean time it is clear that both nations are fully prepared for war. The armies of both are raised to the utmost limit, and are fully equipped with the most effective weapons.

In *Spain* a revolution has broken out which seems to threaten the overthrow of the existing government. So contradictory are the accounts that one can not as yet form any clear idea of the motives for this movement, nor of its possible success. The very latest reports, which bear date Paris, September 30, affirm that the effort is successful; that Madrid is in the hands of the revolutionists, and that a provisional junta has been formed. We transcribe, rather as matters for future reference, the Paris and London telegrams of September 30: "José de la Concha, at the head of the government at the capital, and Manuel Concha, in command of an army in the field, have pronounced for the revolution. The people of Madrid and the army garrisoning the city have followed their example. The statue of the Queen has been dragged through the streets of Madrid by the rebels. Paiva, of the Royal army, who has been marshaling his forces for several days, has been utterly defeated by the insurgents in the province of Ciudad Real. His army is dispersed, and he himself is a fugitive. Marshal Serrano, of the rebel army, is marching upon the capital unopposed. Prince Frederic, Count de Girgenti, brother of the King of Sicily, who was lately married to Queen Isabella's daughter, has been captured by the insurgents. The royal arms have been at Madrid removed from the public buildings throughout the city by the soldiers. The citizens every where fraternize with the army. The buildings in several quarters of the city are illuminated."

The Russians have been gradually pushing their way toward India. They have captured Bokhara, and thereby gained a firm foothold. Unless Great Britain shall choose to withdraw from India, there is every indication that within a few years the armies of Great Britain and Russia will come into conflict in Central Asia.

A somewhat singular correspondence has occurred between Turkey and the United States. By a formal treaty with Turkey no vessel beyond a certain tonnage was to be allowed to pass the Straits of the Dardanelles, and so to appear before Constantinople. Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Franklin*, transcended this limit. Mr. Morris, our chargé at Constantinople, requested the Ottoman Government to relax this rule, on the ground that it had before been relaxed when a foreign vessel conveyed some royal personage: and although Admiral Farragut was not of royal birth, yet his achievements and position fairly entitled him to all the privileges accorded to royalty. This request was courteously conceded to by the Ottoman Government, and our flag-ship was permitted to pass the Straits, the Sultan saying, through Fuad Pasha, Minister for Foreign Affairs, that this exception was made in order that he might thereby testify his regard for the great American Republic. Our representative at the Court of the Sultan and the ministers of other Powers were formally notified that this permission was wholly exceptional.

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Editor's Drawer.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
NOVEMBER!

WHO was it that first misquoted *Hudibras*, and wrote a famous couplet thus:

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still?"

Whoever the adapter may have been, his reading has a firmer hold upon popular memory than the true one. But the idea of *convincing* a man against his will, and of his being of the same opinion still, is sheer nonsense. Butler never wrote this, but—

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still"—

which is logical enough.

WOULD'ST know the correct etymology of *curmudgeon?* You will not find it in Webster, or Walker, or Johnson, but in a new dictionary—"Chambers's Etymological Dictionary"—just issued by the Chambers of Edinburgh. Johnson announced it as derived from the French *cœur méchant;* and thereby hangs a tale. After stating that the word is supposed to come from the two French words named, he thought it right to mention his authority for this derivation—an unknown correspondent. Whereupon Ash, copying Johnson, entered the word as follows in his dictionary: "CURMUDGEON, s. from the French *cœur*, unknown, and *méchant*, correspondent." This derivation, however, can scarcely be correct, for a Frenchman would be inclined to say *méchant cœur* rather than *cœur méchant*. The word really means a corn-merchant—in old English a cornmudgin, because he was supposed to keep up the price of bread by his avarice.

A NEW title for "learned counsel" has been conferred upon the legal profession by a Missouri agriculturist, who having occasion to consult a lawyer in reference to the execution of certain papers, stalked into the office of Counselor T——, and asked, "Are you a *power of attorney?* If you are, I want to know what to do about signing these." The counselor gave a cursory glance at the documents, and intimated to the gentleman that a Notary Public, not a "power of attorney," was what he required.

ARMY anecdotes are still in order. During our last general disturbance a soldier who was spending a few days in Philadelphia became superfluously convivial, and while perambulating the streets of that admirable town fell in with a crowd of colored people on their way to church. Arriving at the meeting-house he went in with the rest, supposing it to be a place of amusement. After waiting some time for the curtain to rise, the minister appeared and proceeded as follows:

"My bruddering, in dat last great day when de trump ob de Lord shall blow, and de sheep shall go to de right and de goats to de left, who wants to be de goats?"

After a short pause he said again, raising his voice: "I say, who'll be de goats?"

The inebriated warrior, supposing the performance was delayed for some person to represent a goat in some play, exclaimed: "Look here, old fellow, rather than to have this thing play out *I'll* be a goat!"

A CORRESPONDENT at Utica informs us that a couple of Irish lads of that city, wishing to obtain a little extra pocket-money, determined to go into the country during harvest-time and work among the farmers. Encountering a kindly-looking man of this class they made application for employment. "Can you cradle?" asked the farmer. Now an Irishman in search of work was never known to confess ignorance of any thing; but this question was a puzzler. The boys looked at each other, as if for a suggestion. No use. At length Dennis, looking boldly at the farmer, said: "Of course we can cradle, *but cuddent ye give us a job out doors?*"

Voici! this from the unreconstructed State of Texas: an Ethiop's commentary on the uncertainty of life, and his greed of hard money. During the age of negro servitude the following incident occurred on a vessel bound from New Orleans to Corpus Christi. A slave, who had long been saving his picked-up earnings with the intention of purchasing his freedom, had placed in the hands of his master the sum of five hundred dollars as part payment. The voyage progressed calmly until one day, by some unlucky chance, Pompey tumbled overboard, and was nearly drowned. After being rescued and landed on deck, drenched and dripping, he rushed toward his master, and exclaimed, "Guess you'd better gib me dose dollars agin, massa: nigga's mighty onsartin property!"

IN a recent Number of the Drawer was mentioned the visit of a young Boston lady to hear a performance on the "great organ." She was accompanied by a young man who had fought throughout the war in one of the Massachusetts regiments. The first piece on the programme was,

Overture..... Beethoven's 12th Mass.

At the conclusion of the performance he expressed to his fair companion the opinion that "that thing from Beethoven's *12th Massachusetts* was a leetle the best thing he ever heerd!"

Something of the same sort has again occurred in that excellent town. A countryman visiting Music Hall was somewhat interested in the counterpart of Beethoven that stands before the organ, and eventually inquired:

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"Is that statoo gilt?"

"No, Sir—bronze," was the response.

"Brunze, hey? must cost consid'ble. Who is the statoo of?"

"Beethoven."

"B. Thoven, hey?" and then, reflectively, with the impression of the statue of B. Franklin fresh in his mind, inquired: "*Was he a Bosting man?*"

ANOTHER Boston story relates to the author of a life of a famous New England advocate. P——, the author aforesaid, was accustomed to cram himself on ancient history, and subsequently to air his knowledge among his friends. Having read up Rollin, he came down to the breakfast-table of the United States Hotel one morning, and seeing John Holmes, accosted him pompously with:

"Ah! Holmes, you are just the man to answer a question that has come up in my mind this morning. Can you tell me in what year of his reign the second Ptolemy died?"

Holmes leaned back in his chair, and looking at P—— with well counterfeited amazement, said, in a voice audible to all present:

"Is Ptolemy dead? poor old cuss! I haven't looked at a newspaper these three days!"

Mr. P—— had no more historical questions to propound.

THE authenticity of an anecdote is made the subject of the following amusing note from M. Amédée Pichot, editor of *La Revue Britannique*, to the London *Times*:

"The *Times* is for me a daily oracle—my law and my prophet. I hope you will allow such a constant and devoted reader to make a critical observation about three lines of an article upon Sir H. L. Bulwer's historical characters: 'He [M. de Talleyrand] married a lady more remarkable for beauty than wisdom, who thought Sir George Robinson was Robinson Crusoe, and asked him after *ce cher* Friday.' Whether the hero of that story be named Sir G. Robinson, Humboldt, or Denon, it has been admitted as literally true in France, in England, every where. I have no interest to make Mme. de Talleyrand a clever or a witty lady. I am the Don Quixote of no fair lady, dead or living; but it seems extraordinary to me that this funny mistake is the only fact quoted to confirm the assertion attributed to the husband of Madame de Talleyrand himself, 'that she was the most stupid woman he had ever known.' Extraordinary, again, is it not, that, hitherto, English readers have overlooked this passage of a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, dated October 22, 1741, thirty years before Madame de Talleyrand was born?—'The whole town is to be to-morrow night at Sir Thomas Robinson's ball, which he gives to a little girl of the Duke of Richmond,' etc. In a note to this letter we are told that Sir Thomas Robinson, of Rokeby Park, commonly called 'Long Sir Thomas,' on account of his stature, is elsewhere styled 'the new Robinson Crusoe' by Walpole, who says, when speaking of him: 'He was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered more remarkable by his hunting-dress—a postillion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims, and once set off on a sudden in his hunting-suit to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris. He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced M. Robinson, and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, "Excuse me, Sir, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe, so remarkable in history?"' Am I wrong to suspect that the mistake of Madame de Talleyrand was an invention of some English wit, or a French *bel esprit*? In that case it wanted originality; and I ask another, not so old as Walpole's era, to declare the lady more remarkable for beauty than wisdom."

THE great riddle controversy continues to be waged by the literary press of England, and professors of riddling are doing their best in presenting choice specimens of the art. The following, about the sound of boots in Noah's ark, has given rise to much speculation:

When from the ark's capacious round
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of *boots* upon the stairs?

A prominent riddleist at once suggested that he first heard the sound of boots in the ark who went before two pair of soles and eels. Most persons accepted this pleasantry as the fittest method of disposing of a very troublesome question. But somebody forthwith wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that he could not be brought to swallow the poor little jest, for he was sure that there were neither soles nor eels in the ark.

To him who cons the matter o'er,
A second thought reveals
That in the ark there never were
Two pairs of soles and eels.

It might have been replied to this writer that he is much too positive, for there were no less than eight souls saved in the ark. But to please him, and to make an end of the matter, suppose we accept a new solution of the marvelous problem. It is suggested in a clever little paper published at Leeds, and called the *Owlet*.

When from the ark went beast and bird,
By two and two in line,
'Twas Noah, walking first, who heard
The High-Lows of the Kine.

EVEN in the "far-off Oregon" our friends do not forget us; for saith one who writes thence: "Thirty years ago 'Harper's Family Library' was quite the rage. In the village in Central New York where I then resided the village library was well stocked with the volumes thereof. Young people at their social gatherings would discuss the books, and express the interest felt in and the improvement gathered from their perusal. One young lady, more 'blue' than others, frankly declared that 'those Harpers must be excellent men, they *write* such good books, and *so many* books, too!'"

To think of the enormous ink-shedding caused by the three thousand different works that have gone forth with the old Cliff Street and the Franklin Square imprint!

IT is related of a certain young aristocrat, whose life had been mainly spent in raising money from

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Jews, that he had heard that a meeting was to be held in Exeter Hall in reference to a new tribe of Jews who had been found in some part of Asia, and who were promising subjects for conversion. To the surprise of the meeting, in came this young nobleman. The chairman expressed delight at his presence. His lordship replied,

"I have seen the interesting advertisement respecting this wealthy new tribe of Jews, and I am come to learn more particulars about them."

The chairman jocosely said, "Perhaps your lordship would like to visit them."

"Indeed I should," was the instant answer; "and that is what has brought me here. I have had the best of every Jew in this country, and *I should like to have some fresh ones.*"

The missionary enterprise, however, was not undertaken by his lordship.

THE abolition of public executions in England, which has just been ordered by the Government, provokes the sarcasm of the comic journals, with whom nothing is too serious for joke. The following poem, entitled "A Gallows Shame," "By One o' the People, as Believes in the Morril Effecks o' Public Executions," expresses the pervading English sentiment:

Well, the country's a comin' to somethink,
Or somethink or other, I s'pose,
But as for the hold institootions,
One arter another they goes!

But this here last bisness at Noogate,
It's that with which mostly I quarrels,
'Cause it cuts at the people's amoosements,
Which likewise it cuts at their morrils.

'Tain't much as we gets of enjoyment,
Along of improvement combined;
But a hangin'-match *was* recreation,
And wonderful good for the mind.

Now they'll make it a swell exhibition,
Like a picter-show—that's what they'll do:
With a reg'lar hangin' committee,
And invites, and tickets to view!

ANOTHER story of Sam Houston: Usually he made it a point, on his way North, to stop three or four days at Cairo to enjoy the fishing. On one occasion he had located himself on the stern guard of a wharf-boat, while a boy, bent on the same business, had taken position on a wood-boat moored a few feet off. Both were patiently awaiting results. At the interesting juncture of a bite at the boy's bait Houston threw out his line, which became hopelessly entangled with that of the boy. There was a pause. Neither seemed to have a word fit for the occasion. At last Houston broke the silence.

"Sonny, go elsewhere and fish, and then we'll avoid entangling alliances."

"You blasted old short-coat," retorted the bud of promise, "go elsewhere yourself and fish."

"I apprehend that you are a very saucy boy," returned the Senator, "for whom there is by no means enough rods in pickle."

"Now look here, old Skeezicks," cried the boy, fully agitated, "I don't want to quarrel with you, nor nobody like you. Your name is Sam Dawson, and you live in Texas; and, like every body else, you stole a hoss, and had to go there; and now you are putting on a big shine, you old thief, and calling yourself Sam Houston." Saying which, this very amiable creature gave a sudden lurch, and pulled the honorable gentleman's rod from his hands, and threw it into the river.

In relating this in his characteristic style Houston said: "I have met men in debate at the bar, on the stump, and upon the floors of Congress, but never was I so completely discomfited. The boy had decidedly the best of me, and, from his looks, I know that when he said I stole a 'hoss,' in his heart of hearts he believed it."

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from one of the flourishing towns of Minnesota, mentions a litigious individual of the place, who, in a letter to his attorney, reminding him that his reputation for honesty was none the best among his neighbors, explained the cause of the unpleasant odor about him by the following classical illustration: "It is said of Dante that the children in the street would run and hide from him as the man who had been in hell, and still *smelled* of hell. So with me, to compare small things with great: I have been in litigation so much that the people here are afraid of me. I smell strongly, not of hell indeed, but of something a great deal worse —law and lawyers."

THE paragraph-puff business is fast becoming one of the acknowledged professions of the times. We are a little behind our English neighbors, however, in the seductive neatness, as it were, the classic finish, so to speak, with which their announcements are made. Here are two, per last steamer, that may serve as hints for the American practitioner:

ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ., Poet Laureate, in his new and beautiful poem, *Lucretius*, describes with subtle art the working of a poisonous philtre administered to the Roman poet by a lady who foolishly believed his affection withdrawn from her, and wished to regain it. Exquisitely the English poet says:

"The wicked broth
Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
And, tickling the brute brain within the man's,
Made havoc among those tender cells."

Poetry and philosophy were never married with a finer result. But there are other than love-poisons, and other than love-philtres, and if the public knew how poisonous is the water they drink, and how wholesome it can be rendered by Messrs. Crystal's filters, they would at once apply at No. 50 Fountain Street, Pond Road, E.C.

SHOULD THE WORD implying excess of joy be spelled Ecstasy or Ecstacy? There has been much debate on this subject, and a very heavy bet has been laid at one of the leading clubs. Some persons rely upon classic argument, and stand up for the *s*, while others are content *stare super vias antiquas*, to stare at the old streets, and use the old and masculine spelling, good enough for him who never saw any other spelling of his noble line than

"Or waked to ecstacy the living lire."

But the spelling is of little consequence, provided the sentiment be felt, and those who would cause either ecstasy, extasy, or ecstacy in the hearts of their little ones, will buy them the Goodigoodi Bonbon, warranted harmless, pleasant, and medicinal. Sold only at Rock & Toffey's, Sweetman's Alley, Strup Road.

A LABORING man, of sober habits and fond of home, unfortunately married a woman who, in her extreme love for the gin-shop, not only spent the greater part of her husband's hard earnings there, but frequently pawned his wearing apparel. At length her course of dissipation led her to leave her husband's home and form a connection with a laborer quite as fond of tippling as she was. A few years after this desertion the husband committed bigamy by marrying a young woman of his own rank in life, of very domestic habits. For this act he was tried and found

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guilty; but all the extenuating circumstances came out in evidence on his behalf. Upon the verdict being delivered Mr. Justice Maule thus addressed him: "Prisoner at the bar, you have committed a grievous offense in the eyes of the law and against the well-being of society, and punished you must be in consequence. You should have instructed an attorney to have brought an action at law against the fellow who had dishonored you for *crim. con.* After obtaining a verdict in such action against him, your next step should have been to have employed a proctor to take the necessary steps on your behalf in the Ecclesiastical Court. That done, you should have employed a solicitor and parliamentary agent to bring your case before the House of Lords on petition for a divorce, supporting such petition with the necessary evidence to get a bill passed in that assembly. This done, the bill should then have been taken to the House of Commons, to be passed there; after which the Queen's assent to the act of parliament would have been obtained, which would have dissolved the marriage with your worthless wife, and allowed you to marry the woman with whom you have committed bigamy. All this you have omitted to do; and having broken the law you must receive the sentence of the court. It is, that you be imprisoned for one day and then discharged!" This judicial sarcasm on the then existing law is said to have had great weight in passing the bill creating the court for the trial of matrimonial and divorce cases.

LORD NEAVES's clever burlesque on the Darwinian theory, published in the July Number of the Drawer, commencing,

"A deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching and stretching became a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny,"

has attracted the criticism of another philosopher, who entitles his effusion,

LORD NOSEHOO ON LORD NEAVES.

"A very good horse from a land good and rich,
If you feed him on worthless Scotch fodder and sich,
The diminutive size of a Shetland will reach,
Which Neaves pretends to deny.

"A respectable fowl with his crop full of grist,
Becomes with Sir John, in that country of mist,
A pert little Bantam as small as your fist,
Which Neaves pretends to deny."

PER CONTRA.

"A little Scotch judge, with a very small brain,
When the facts of a science he strives to arraign,
Makes a very great goose of himself it is plain,
Which nobody will deny."

ANOTHER of the humorous incidents of the war comes to us from Jacksonville, Florida, from one whose duty it was, by the aid of two honorable drum-sticks, to call the armed hosts together for battles:

"While stationed in Louisiana," says our rub-a-dub, "I went out one day, taking my drum, and returned to camp with it full of poultry, slung over my shoulder. Passing Major M——'s tent, where two or three officers were lounging, he said: 'Frank, beat the First Sergeant's call.' What could I do? While cogitating about it, the Major stepped out, evidently annoyed at my delay, and coming close to me, repeated: 'Do you hear, Sir? beat the First Sergeant's call!' Being a pet of the Major's, I thought I'd tell the truth; so, leaning over, whispered: 'I've three or four hens in my drum, and one is for you.' The Major smiled and said, with a wink: 'Oh! you're *sick*, are you?—well, *why didn't you say so?* Call one of the other drummers!'—which I did. The Major had pullet for dinner."

AN old author said, more than two hundred years ago: "To go to law is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost to warm others and singe themselves to cinders. A lawsuit is like a building: we cast up the cost in gross and under-reckon it; but having begun, we are trailed along through several items, till we can neither bear the account nor leave off, though inclined to do so. The anxiety, the trouble, the attendance, the hazard, the checks, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantage taken of us, the hopes deferred, the falseness of pretending friends, the interests of parties, the negligence of agents, and the designs of ruin upon us, do put us upon a combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lie down, be trodden upon, be kicked, and die. So far law may be compared to war, that it is a last resort, and ought never to be used but when all other means do fail."

AN invalid, gradually recovering from an attack of sickness which had left him very weak, was recommended by his physician to rub himself all over every night on going to bed with the best of brandy, as a means of regaining his strength. Accordingly he sent to his family grocer, with whom he had dealt for years, and ordered a quantity of *the very best* "*old cognac*," from the application of which, for several successive nights, he evidently felt much better. So he continued the process until one morning, to his horror, he found his entire cuticle of a deep crimson color—darker by a good many shades than a well-boiled lobster! Springing up in alarm, the family was roused and the doctor sent for in haste. Coming in and taking a look at his patient, he could not restrain a laugh; but seeing the sick man and his family deeply alarmed he sobered his risibles, and asked, "Has he rubbed himself every night, as I ordered?" "Yes, faithfully." "The best of brandy?" "Yes, doctor, the very best; we never use any other." "Let me see it." So the bottle was brought, and the doctor tasted it and shook his head; and thinking a moment, said: "I'll take it home and examine it—there are so many tricks among liquor-dealers." "Oh, no fear of *that* with *our* grocer. He sells none but the *very best* of liquors: imports them all directly himself." "Well, I'll look into it." And calming the family fears, the good doctor departed, taking the pure old cognac in his pocket. In a short time the bell rang, and a note was handed in: "DEAR L.,—Make yourself perfectly easy; the cognac is *very good whisky*, and won't hurt you. *It was the logwood did your business!*"

THE eccentric Elder S——n, well known to many as an active and earnest Baptist preacher, once said from the pulpit: "They say there's no such thing as family government nowadays. But there is—I tell you *there is*—just as much as there ever was; but" (leaning over the pulpit, and

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lowering his voice into a quiet, confidential tone) "the difference is, when I grew up the old folks governed the young ones, but now the young ones govern the old ones!"

Not far from where he said it Mrs. ——, a hard-working woman, one day undertook to flog her boy Johnny, a stout chap of some fifteen years of age, for something he had done or omitted. She laid it on quite smartly for a minute or two, till Johnny, thinking he had borne about enough, suddenly turned and struck the old lady a good smart blow on the side of her cheek. Dropping her stick in utter amazement, she exclaimed: "Well, well! did I ever think it would come to this—my own boy Johnny strike his mother?" "Well, who begun it, I'd like to know—who begun it?" was the filial answer!

Mr. Longfellow's reception in England by the poets, literary people, and artists has far surpassed in enthusiasm any thing previously accorded to an American. Among the bits of pleasantry evoked by his presence is the following from one of the comic journals, supposed to have been spoken by Tennyson, in the style of Hiawatha, on meeting Longfellow at the railway station:

"Should you ask me, H. W. L.,
If that I am glad to see you,
If that in my humble wigwam
We will smoke the fragrant peace-pipe;
I should answer, I should tell you—
From the great lakes of the North Land,
Where once dwelt the grim Ojibways
(Not to mention the Dacotahs),
Where the pumpkin, squash, and greenbacks,
Apple sass and wooden nutmegs,
Flourished in their wild profusion,
Lo! I bid thee hearty welcome,
O musician and sweet singer!"

The ablest of the weekly press of Great Britain, the *Saturday Review*, is particularly noted for its bold and trenchant satire. It has been conspicuously severe of late in its articles on Woman; and, for that matter, on certain prominent public men. One of its favorite aversions is Mr. John Bright, who not long since brought all England to join in the laugh against it by saying that instead of being called a *Saturday Reviewer* it should be called a *Saturday Reviler*. It nevertheless is doing good service by puncturing all sorts of fashionable shams. Could any thing be better than this on "Pinchbeck?"

"We are in the humor to rehabilitate all things, and pinchbeck has now its turn with the rest. The lady of slender means who would refuse to wear imitation lace and false jewelry is as rare as the country society which would exclude the *nouveau riche* because of his newness, and not adopt him because of his riches. The whole anxiety now is, not what a thing is, but how it looks—not its quality, but its appearance. Every part of social and domestic life is dedicated to the apotheosis of pinchbeck. It meets us at the hall-door, where miserable make-believes of stuccoed pillars are supposed to confer a quasi-palatial dignity on a wretched little villa run up without regard to one essential of home comfort or of architectural truth. It goes with us into the cold, conventional drawing-room, where all is for show, nothing for use, where no one lives, and which is just the mere pretense of a dwelling-room, set out to deceive the world into the belief that its cheap finery is the expression of the everyday life and circumstances of the family. It sits with us at the table, which a confectioner out of a back street has furnished, and where every thing, down to the very flowers, is hired for the occasion. It glitters in the brooches and bracelets of the women, in the studs and signet-rings of the men; it is in the hired broughams, the hired waiters, the pigmy page-boys, the faded paper flowers, the cheap Champagne, and the affectation of social consideration that meet us at every turn. The whole of the lower section of the middle classes is penetrated through and through with the worship of pinchbeck, and for one family that holds itself in the honor and simplicity of truth, ten thousand lie to the world and to themselves in frippery and pretense."

This from a gentleman who not long since found himself seated at the hospitable board of the President of a Western college:

A city clergyman, who had just obtained some weeks' vacation from his labors in the midst of the hot weather, when he had got into the country where he could feel himself truly at leisure, exclaimed, "Thank Goodness I do not have to preach or *pray* for the next six weeks!"

From the same source:

When once a clergyman, son of a missionary, born in India, said that he had seen in that country a cannon so large that he had when a boy climbed into it, but so long disused that a hen had built her nest in it, a friend, who is very quick in making puns, and heard this description, immediately exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, it answered for a fowling-piece!"

This for the juveniles: A lovely boy of three and a half years, whose father had bought a house requiring some additional furniture, being brought into it when all the arrangements had been completed and the rest of the family were there, remarked: "Why, mamma, you have got some *new* carpets, eh?" Then, after a further examination of the furniture, "And you've got some *new* chairs too—ain't you, mamma?" Being placed at the tea-table soon after, and told to keep still while his father asked a blessing, he exclaimed, as soon as it was finished: "Why, that is the same *old* blessing, papa!"

Some years ago there went to and fro on one of the steamers on Long Island Sound (Stonington line) a colored man of the name of Watson, who acted in the capacity of barber. The demand for shaving being limited, and a desire for the accumulation of wealth animating his bosom, he obtained from the steward permission to sell ice-cream in the saloon after getting under way. He engaged as assistant a bright boy of twelve, named Frank. On being asked one evening how trade was, Watson replied that there "seemed to be a good deal of cream *sold*, but not much money coming in;" he "couldn't understand it." A few minutes afterward the same question was propounded to Frank. *His* reply was, "Tip-top!" On being told what Watson had stated, he looked up and said, his eye twinkling: "Oh! Watson and me is in company, *but Watson don't know it!*"

The old "East Church" in Salem, Massachusetts, was built in the very olden time and of the best material, principally of white oak. The congregation was largely composed of retired sea-captains, who had done good service to their country, and were loyal to a man. After the death of their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bentley, a delegation from the Society was sent over to the south shore to invite the Rev. Dr. Flint to become their pastor. In the course of the conference the Doctor asked the delegates concerning the char-

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acter of their Church Platform. After looking at each other, one of the delegation said, "It is *white oak*—isn't it, Sam?" "Yes," replied Sam. "Yes, Doctor, our whole church is built of white oak, *platform* and all!" "You perhaps did not understand me," answered the Doctor; "I meant your church *creed*." To this interrogatory the reply was very prompt. "Oh, Doctor, *we are all Democrats, every one of us!*" "Ah!" said the Doctor, "I *understand* it now."

THE Rev. Mr. —— having served the usual term as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Jamestown, New York, was transferred to a thriving church in Cleveland, Ohio, but he did not forget those whom he had left; on the contrary, he delighted to descant upon the enterprise, piety, intelligence, and liberality of Jamestown. Jealousy at last began to be felt by the Cleveland saints. The new pastor, they thought, was hardly doing justice to the advantages and attractions of his present charge; so, to straighten up what seemed to be a little crooked, a worthy and somewhat aged sister took the new preacher in hand. At a social meeting the sister arose to relate her experience. She expressed her deep sense of unworthiness, and her frequent fears that she might, after all, fail to reach the better land; "but, my dear brother," she added, "I do hope and pray that if through my unfaithfulness I should not be deemed worthy to go to *heaven*, I may, through infinite mercy, at least be permitted to go to Jamestown!"

SOME years ago, when the Methodist Episcopal Church held its annual session in Lowell, the question of establishing a Theological School occasioned considerable debate, and was opposed by many even of the more intelligent of the clergy, one of whom objected to it on the ground that the proposed institution would inevitably create *caste* in the ministry, and render the young preachers who should be students therein proud and hard to please. Father T——, the renowned preacher of the Mariner's Church in Boston, took the other view, and in the course of his remarks brought in a little anecdote, viz., a caper cut by the theological students of Harvard in days of yore (they were not proud then) upon a famous Methodist preacher's horse. The young theologues sinfully shaved off the animal's mane and tail, and thought it fun. "Why, Mr. President," said Father T——, "Old Harvard conferred a *diploma* upon Jesse Lee's horse, and it didn't make *him* proud!" To which Dr. B—— replied that he "never knew before that these theological schools conferred diplomas upon *horses*, though he well knew they often did upon *asses!*"

A BALTIMORE correspondent sends a handbill announcing a "colored picnic," to be held in Dr. Bosley's Grove, near Towsontown. Tickets 25 cents. The bill concludes with:

"☞ Good behavior will be strictly enjoined upon all present, and nothing will be left undone *which will tend to mar the pleasure of the company!*"

How about that?

AMONG the first batch of prisoners captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, were many sick—so many that the hospitals were overcrowded. The good people of that city visited them and ministered to their wants. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. L——, accompanied by the post chaplain, went through the wards administering consolation to the dying. Coming to a cot on which was lying a bright young "contraband," the following colloquy took place:

"Well, my little fellow, what brought you here?"

"Bin sick."

"What's the matter?"

"Dunno."

"How are you now?"

"Better."

"Where are you from?"

"Down Souf; all I knows."

(A patient in an adjoining cot informed them that the boy belonged to an officer of the celebrated Seventh Texan Rangers, and that he was from Waco, Texas.)

"Have you any religion?"

"Lots of it!"

"What kind?"

"*Secesh!*"

As this was a particular branch of the Christian faith in which the Doctor did not profess to be posted, he ceased from further interrogatory, and left the unorthodox young person for others less heretical.

A CITIZEN of that thrifty young city known as Brooklyn states that during an interview with a damsel fresh from Ireland, who proposed to do and perform certain household services, she asked his wife: "And plase, ma'am, will ye be afther tellin' me if it's Croton water that ye've got all over the house?" "No," replied the lady; "we do not have Croton water in Brooklyn." "Och! shure, then I'm not afther stayin' here, having been always used to it in Ireland!"

IN this month of November, in the year 1740, died an opulent member of the British Parliament named Hucks. He was a brewer, and by some chance happened once to be exceedingly well mounted in the presence of Louis XV., who inquired who he was. A witty nobleman replied, "Sire, un Chevalier de *Malt!*"

He was brewer to the king's household; was very honest and very loyal. That he might make the latter appear most conspicuous, he placed the statue of King George I. upon Bloomsbury steeple, on which a wag wrote:

"The King of Great Britain was reckoned before
The head of the Church by all good Christian people;
But his brewer has added still one title more
To the rest, and has made him the head of the Steeple."

THAT advertising is coming to be more and more a specialité in literature is sufficiently attested by such announcements as the following, from a recent Number of the London *Times*:

"A FOREIGN LADY, who is about to travel, wishes to meet with a *cheerful* young Widow who would join her."

Would not some hilarious bereaved Mother or jolly young Orphan do as well?

IF there be any one thing more annoying than another to a writer for the press, it is a typographical error; yet it is something at which, as

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a general thing, he heartily laughs. In a recent English paper we have the experiences of a literary gentleman, who, besides noting a few blunders that happened to himself, has given some time to the collation of those that have occurred to others. His first experience was in a short paper he had written on British rule in India. With the concluding sentence he had taken particular pains, and prided himself much on its majestic Ciceronian swell. It was a long sentence, but it ended thus: "When that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilization, and the nursery of arts." Judge of his emotions when reading, on the following morning, that magnificent concluding sentence! In the last word the letters *a* and *r* had been transposed, and it stood thus: "When that Empire was the seat of learning, the home of civilization, and the nursery of rats!" Rats!

An amusing instance of typographical error occurred some seven or eight years ago in the London *Times*. In its Parliamentary report of Disraeli's famous speech upon the causes of the rebellion in India, that usually accurate paper made him speak of the important law "that now permits Hindoo *windows* to marry." How far the privilege had been taken advantage of did not appear. Another ludicrous mistake was made about the same time in a report of evidence given before a Parliamentary committee. A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" The gentleman replied in the affirmative. He must have been somewhat annoyed, in reading the report a few days after, to find the question and answer permanently recorded as follows: "Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Work-house?" "Yes." Much less unhappy was the blunder which the Missouri paper committed when it informed its readers that "the wife crop of Gasconade County, during the previous year, had been 25,000 gals." The next paper corrected the error by putting "wine" in the place of "wife." Still better was the mistake made by a newspaper in its report of an inquest held on the body of a notorious glutton, who had choked himself while devouring part of a Christmas goose. The verdict of "suffocation" was printed, with more truth than was intended, "stuffocation."

An instance is mentioned of an Ayrshire poet who had been quite ruined by the absurdities which had been put into his mouth, in the Poet's Corner, by a careless or mischievous printer. The gentleman could give me no specimens, but the statement can readily be credited if many corrections had to be made like the following, which appeared in a provincial paper in 1858: "ERRATUM.—In the piece on our fourth page, entitled, 'We must not lag behind,' instead of the line, 'That moulds its dirty shirt,' please read, 'That would its duty shirk!'"

It is not in the newspapers alone that errors of so serious a kind occur. Mr. Pycroft notices a curious case of misquotation in Johnson's Dictionary, where, under the verb "to sit," the following occurs as an authority: "*Asses are ye that sit in judgment* (Judges v. 10)"—the verse being in reality, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment."

Sometimes the clergy are made victims, as was the case in a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verse, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause," reading, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." Campbell's celebrated "Essay on Miracles" appeared in one of the advertisements as "Campbell's Essay on Mangles."

Occasionally a ludicrous incongruity occurs by the misplacing of lines; as, for instance, in an English paper, a line belonging to the report of a public meeting found its way accidentally among the births. The result was the following remarkable announcement: "On the 8d inst., at Elkington, the wife of Mr. Terry, schoolmaster, of a son. He spoke indistinctly, but was understood to say that, on the 5th inst., at Bond Gate, Ripon, the wife of Mr. Joseph Lonsdale, tailor, of a daughter." Less recent, but not less astounding, was the following item of local news which appeared in a Scotch paper: "Last Saturday a poor woman in King Street was safely delivered of one sergeant, two corporals, and thirteen rank and file." Her Gracious Majesty is in the way of making donations in cases of three or more children at a birth; whether she made any proportionate acknowledgment of the foregoing prodigy of both fecundity and patriotism has never "transpired."

FEW men were more agreeable in society, or had finer conversational power, than the late Francis Granger. For full threescore years he had mingled with the wisest and wittiest men of the nation. When Mr. Seward was elected Governor (Seward, Weed, Fillmore, and Granger all came into public life together on the Antimasonic wave that revolutionized first Western New York and then the State) Mr. Granger visited Albany to be present at his inauguration. He was sitting with Mr. Weed and others in the *Evening Journal* office, when a young officer of the Governor's staff came in, displaying great consequence of manner. As he went out Mr. Granger quietly remarked: "I now know why we have been through all this trouble to place our party in power; it was on purpose to make this young man feel good."

AT the beginning of the Antimasonic excitement Mr. Thomas Armstrong, of Wayne, a Democrat, was elected to the Assembly. He took board at Albany the ensuing winter at one of the cheaper hotels. A few weeks afterward, however, he changed his quarters, and came up on Capitol Hill. Surprise was expressed by some one that a country member should come to a more expensive hotel, which Mr. Armstrong explained by stating that there were so many Antimasons at his previous quarters as to render it unpleasant.

"But you have made yourself worse off up here," said his friend; "for here are Francis Granger and all the leaders of the Antimasonic party."

"Oh, but hang it all," cried Armstrong, "those fellows down at that hotel believe in it!"

A CERICAL correspondent, writing from the city founded by the excellent but defunct W. Penn, informs us that not long since at the break-

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ing ground for a railroad in a certain town in the Southwest, a clergyman, on being called upon to open the proceedings with prayer, took from his pocket a manuscript supplication, prepared for the occasion, which he read. A colored brother present, leaning upon his shovel noticing the movement, remarked with a grin, "Golly! dat's de fust time dis darkey ever knew de Lord written to on the subjeck of a railroad!"

THE same correspondent mentions having been present this summer at a camp-meeting in Massachusetts, where he heard a sermon on the possibility of the early conversion of the world, which the speaker thought might possibly occur in the course of a hundred and fifty years. Among the reasons adduced for that hope the preacher spoke of the power that had this season been manifested at camp-meetings, and specially the spiritual power that had been displayed at Manheim in Pennsylvania, and expressed the hope that such displays as had been witnessed in Manheim might be manifested here. At the conclusion of the discourse a brother was called upon to lead the congregation in prayer, and about the middle of his supplication broke out with this petition: "O Lord, we have heard a great deal of Manheim, Manheim in Pennsylvania; but, Lord, what's Pennsylvania in comparison with Massachusetts? When Thy sun shines on this continent, does he not *first* illume Massachusetts, Plymouth Rock, *and the Pilgrim Fathers?* Oh thou God of the Pilgrim Fathers, *visit* Massachusetts with a blessing!" As a matter of State pride the supplication might be regarded as defensible.

THE anecdote in the August Number of the Drawer of the person who mistook the figure of Columbia for Mrs. Grant reminds a correspondent in Michigan of something of the same sort that occurred in his neighborhood. Soon after the assassination of President Lincoln an illustration was published in *Harper's Weekly* representing the dead President lying in state, surrounded by symbols of mourning, while near the coffin stood the figure of Columbia gazing sadly at the deceased. An old lady who happened to be visiting our correspondent, seeing the *Weekly* lying on the table, took it up, turned over the pages leisurely, and, coming to this engraving, sighed deeply and said: "Oh dear! if there ain't Mr. Linkin a-layin' in his coffin; and there's Miss Linkin too, *in her night-clothes*, a-cryin'!"

ON one of the "magnificent sleeping palaces" (so called) of a certain railway leading out of New York a spruce, pompous colored citizen officiated as "major-domo." The night was one of the hottest and closest of this year's heated term. A passenger being in the act of mounting to his perch, and overhearing Sambo in a spirited altercation with one of his fellow-martyrs in reference to closing the windows, called out:

"Sambo, I hope you're not going to asphyxiate us all here to-night."

"No, Sah!" says Sambo, "no, Sah, we nebber does dat on dis train; we lets ebbery gem'man *fix* hisse'f just as he likes." There was a smile, and then off:

"Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless us! this is pleasant,
Sleeping on the rail!"

IN closing the Thirty-seventh Volume of the Magazine, with an increasing circulation, it has been suggested that it might be gratifying to the reader to receive, as a sort of souvenir, a portrait of the Editor of the Drawer, who has so long and faithfully labored for their entertainment. It is a great pleasure to present this "cartoon," representing our accomplished artist, Mr. Nast, seated gracefully at his easel, and on his left a spirited portrait of "Ourself." Surrounding and gazing upon this fine production are several hundred persons who will be recognized as having hewn their way to fame, to say nothing of the fine old salt who is perched gayly upon the knob of the drawer outside. Inside will be perceived the capacious basket filled with contributions for future Numbers. "Dost like the picture?"



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